

A PERFECT GETAWAY

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GLITCH IN:

1 INT. BANQUET ROOM - "W" HOTEL - WESTWOOD - NIGHT 1

A raucous wedding reception. It's after dinner, after midnight, after all sense of decorum. If there's a real videographer here, we don't see him: OUR POV, bouncy and raw, is through the lens of different video-cams around the party. We FEATURE...

A table of her friends, sorority sisters, wiping armpits with napkins, trying to cool down before hitting the dance floor again. Unaware of OUR VIDEO CAMERA:

BRIDESMAID #1

...it was all me. I was there at the Black Eyed Peas concert...I made the intros...I got them hooked up...I told Cliff he couldn't play games with an Alpha Phi girl when he was seeing that other little slut. And then when he was going to propose? Finally? He practiced on me to get it right.

\*

\*

BRIDESMAID #2

So you gonna fuck him tonight, Rita?

Scandalous laughter.

BRIDESMAID #1

(recovering with a joke)  
I already did.

More laughter -- until "Rita" spots OUR CAMERA.

BRIDESMAID #1

You gimme that thing. Right. Now.

GLITCH TO:

A1 A scrum of his friends, film freaks, all hoisting Handycams and Coronas. A1

GROOMSMAN #1

(unaware of CAMERA)  
"Puppet show?" She did a puppet show after I left?

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

Hey! What's the good word for Cliff and Cydney?

The guys orient to CAMERA.

BEST MAN

First the big studio sale, now the big wedding. M.V.P. year for our boy Clifford....

GROOMSMAN #2

I fuckin' hate you, Anderson!

GROOMSMAN #3

When you're all famous, don't forget your posse from film class. Boys in the 'Wood Hood.

BEST MAN

You dance with who brung ya, Cliff, you dance with who brung ya....

GROOMSMAN #1

(still not to CAMERA)

It's bullshit, right? Puppets just can't pop out of a body like that. You guys're just makin' shit up 'cuz I split the party early....

GLITCH TO:

B1 Bouquet toss. The girls leap and scramble.

B1

GLITCH TO:

C1 Garter toss. The guys bob and weave.

C1

GLITCH TO:

D1 The BAND PLAYS Gary Hoey's "Money." Background, we see the bride, CYDNEY, wearing pinned-on greenbacks. Foreground, a CHEAP MAN has his buck all ready to go.

D1

CHEAP MAN

It's called "a dollar dance."

CHEAP MAN'S WIFE

In 1967, it was a "dollar dance."  
Try a fifty.

As they wrangle over denominations, Cydney changes dance partners in the background. A BEAR OF A MAN wraps her up.

GLITCH TO:

E1 The CROWD ROARS approval: Cydney just pushed cake into her husband's face. Sputtering, CLIFF takes off his glasses and looks around. All we see are two eyes and a mouth.

E1

CROWD VOICE #1

Facial!

CROWD VOICE #2

Cliff! You look like a white bowling ball, dude!

GLITCH TO:

F1 Gift table. Unsupervised, the RING BOY and FLOWER GIRL tear F1  
open wedding gifts. Christmas came early.

GLITCH TO:

G1 The PARENTS OF THE GROOM. Father is retired Navy. He's G1  
trying to determine the exit-strategy.

FATHER OF GROOM

Now I am still transporting Cliff and  
Cydney to the airport, correct?  
First thing in the morning?

MOTHER OF GROOM

That changed. We're picking them up  
after the honeymoon.

FATHER OF GROOM

Just put it on paper, that's all I  
ask. If Cliff can write a 120-page  
story for them, maybe he can write a  
one-page movement-order for his  
father. Where is that boy, anyway?

GLITCH TO:

H1 The bar. Cliff is put in a headlock by an aggressively drunk H1  
TOMMY. It's an old sibling ritual that Cliff keeps hoping \*  
will die a natural death. It hasn't.

TOMMY

My little brother gettin' married  
before me, huh? \*

CLIFF

Yeah, I wonder why. C'mon, let up.

TOMMY

Barkeep! 'Nother brewsky here, huh? \*

CLIFF

Tommy, your armpit smells like ass,  
okay? Will you let the fuck up? \*  
Christ, 28 years old and he's still  
doin' it to me.... \*

TOMMY

Came all the way from Michigan to  
do this one more time....

\*

Tommy savagely knuckle-rubs the top of Cliff's head.

\*

GLITCH TO:

J1 Pool deck. CYDNEY'S SISTER tries to hide her cigarette while  
being interviewed on CAMERA. She's with a CLUELESS HUSBAND  
who pages through a guide book of Hawaii.

J1

\*

\*

CYDNEY'S SISTER

...well, far be it from my little  
sister to do the typical honeymoon --  
a high-rise in Waikiki with a little  
snorkel-pond? Don't think so. Some  
friends of ours did The Kalalau Trail  
last year and came back with the most  
amazing pictures, so --

CLUELESS HUSBAND

So they're going to Maui, right?

\*

\*

Sister rolls her eyes. CAM PUSHES IN on a fold-out map of  
the Hawaiian islands as Husband gets corrected.

\*

\*

CYDNEY'S SISTER

"Kauai." The last island, number  
five, one-two-three-four-five, right  
there. And hon, if you don't know  
what you're sayin', please don't say  
it on camera, 'kay?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(back to CAMERA)

\*

I think they just wanted to start off  
their lives together with some kind  
of...adventure....

\*

\*

\*

2 EXT. "W" HOTEL - WESTWOOD - NIGHT

2

VIDEO: Cliff and Cydney dash for the limo. He's a winning  
combination of looks and smarts. She's Alpha Phi, all rose  
and honey. Details beyond that are lost in a blizzard of  
rice, confetti, camera flashes. With his own Handycam, Cliff  
tapes the WELL-WISHERS all around them.

3 EXT. ROAD TO HANALEI - DAY

3

VIDEO: We're SHOOTING Cliff from the POV of his own lap.  
He laps a shaved ice as he drives some kind of convertible,  
palm trees gliding through FRAME, everything set against an  
achingly blue sky.

CYDNEY (O.S.)  
I have a question for you, Mr.  
Cliff Anderson of Venice Beach,  
California....

CLIFF  
Yes, Mrs. Cydney Anderson, formally  
Miss Cydney Carswell of Pacific  
Palisades, California....

CYDNEY (O.S.)  
How'd you get the little scar?

Her finger enters FRAME, touching under his chin.

CYDNEY (O.S./CONT'D)  
Can't believe I just found it.

CLIFF  
Long story. Involves Homeland  
Security and me being unexpectedly  
pressed into service as a deputy air  
marshal. I don't talk about it much.

CYDNEY (O.S.)  
Try again. Less grandiose. \*

CLIFF  
Brother hit me with his skateboard  
when I was nine years old. Claims it  
was an accident.

CYDNEY (O.S.)  
Which brother's this?

CLIFF  
That'd be Tommy. The one from  
Michigan. \*

CYDNEY (O.S.)  
Thought he said "Maryland" at the  
wedding.

CLIFF  
Excuse me, whose brother is this?

CYDNEY (O.S.)  
Well, I saw like 16 brothers there.  
Okay, "Tommy from Michigan." A new  
wife should know these things.... \*

CUT TO:

A3 FLY CAM SHOT: Our first FILM VIEW reveals Cydney with her head in Cliff's lap, Handycam rolling, her feet out the passenger window of a yellow Jeep. They drive through the endless lushness of Kauai. A3 \*  
\*  
\*

B3 CLOSER TWO SHOT B3

CYDNEY

"Mrs. Cydney Anderson...Mrs. Cydney Carswell Anderson...." It's like writing checks in January -- I know I'm going to blow it.

CLIFF

Keep practicing.

CYDNEY

Practice on this....

\*  
\*

She steals his shaved ice, gives it a suggestively long lick.

CLIFF

Didn't that guidebook say there were no snakes in Hawaii?

4 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER COMPANY - KAUAI - DAY 4

Outside, we see a WHAPPING helo on the pad, head-dipped tourists boarding. Inside, we FIND Cliff at the counter, paying cash for an upcoming tour.

COUNTER GIRL

Now what about the extra video? Camera's right there in front of you, getting all your reactions. We cut it into scenery from the tour.

CLIFF

(patting Handycam)  
Think I'll take my own, thanks.

COUNTER GIRL

Have it ready before you leave.

\*

CLIFF

Just the one-hour "Fly Over To Die Over," please. And might'nt you've come up with a better name?

\*  
\*

An unwatched TV drones nearby, volume low.

TV ANCHOR

...from all over the world, some to get married, some on their honeymoon,  
(MORE)

TV ANCHOR (CONT'D)

others to simply enjoy the trade winds and liquid sunshine. But for at least two young people, it seems paradise became a very dangerous place. Reporting from Honolulu is our own Katie Nakamura....

That HELO REVS UP outside. Cliff joins Cydney at the window to watch the take-off -- but CAMERA STAYS BEHIND on that TV, where the scene changes to a field reporter at a major crime scene. The HELO drowns out her words, but the ticker at the bottom of the screen reads...

"Grisly Discovery At Honolulu Harbor."

5 EXT. KAUAI - HELICOPTER VIEW - DAY 5

OUR AIRBORNE POV sweeps up and over a mountain ridge to reveal the great Wai'ale'ale Crater. Our stomachs drop out beneath us. What a rush.

6 INT. HUGHES 500 HELICOPTER - DAY 6

We find Cliff and Cydney inside the sight-seeing chopper -- the doorless chopper -- as it banks to offer up a new vista. Cliff hangs out the starboard side to get it all on tape. Cydney hangs onto him, not trusting the harnesses.

CYDNEY  
Get back in here!

CLIFF  
Never knew there were so many shades  
of green! Here, get a picture of me!

Everywhere, waterfalls drop 3,000 feet. It's like all the Earth's rivers end right here.

7 EXT. KAUAI - AERIAL MONTAGE - DAY 7

The sight-seeing chopper overflies the Waimea Canyon, the "Grand Canyon of the Pacific," all wild and raw... Exotic Manawaiopuna Falls, familiar from "Jurassic Park"...

A pod of whales breaching coastal waters...

And the great Napali Coast. Steep green mountains, carved by a million years of erosion, end abruptly at the Pacific Ocean. A hiking trail is seen twisting and turning with the coastline.



8 INT. HUGHES 500 HELICOPTER - DAY 8

From that trail below, TINY TREKKERS wave to us.

CLIFF  
(to pilot)  
I'm gonna do that! Kalalau! That  
trail right down there! \*

PILOT  
Did it myself, back-in-the-day!  
Show you what it's all for....

They THUNDER on toward...

Kalalau Beach, a golden crescent of sand. Mountains cordon  
it off from inland areas -- and the rest of civilization.

PILOT  
Most gorgeous dead-end God ever made!

CYDNEY  
Forget the hike! Just drop us off  
right now!

PILOT  
Only two ways in and out, Cydney --  
on foot or by kayak. But that's what  
makes it special!

The pilot banks away. Cydney and Cliff crane necks to keep  
the beach in view as long as possible.

9 EXT. HANAIEI BRIDGE - DAY 9

FLY CAM SHOT: In a valley floor quilted with taro fields,  
Cliff and Cydney drive over a one-lane bridge and head for  
the sleepy town of Hanalei. \*

10 EXT. GENERAL STORE - HANAIEI - DAY 10

The yellow Jeep parks. One tire stops right on a discarded  
newspaper, the "Oahu Daily News."

11 INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY 11

SUPPLY GUY  
Now how many days you allow?

A native SUPPLY GUY huddles with Cliff over a trail map.  
Nearby, his greying EARTH MOMMA wife rings purchases --  
dehydrated food in pouches, iodine pills, water-camels,  
mess kits, magnesium fire-starter, white gas stove.

CLIFF

One day in, one on the beach, another day out?

SUPPLY GUY

Common mistake.

CLIFF

You think I need more?

SUPPLY GUY

I don't know if you'll need more, but you'll sure want more. But so long as you got your permits and they're generally up-to-date....

CLIFF

Yeah, yeah, right here....

He keeps them inside a color brochure.

SUPPLY GUY

(checking permits)

Because the rangers do get out and work the trail, especially after the three-mile marker. So you want to keep these close, Cliff.

Frowning, Cliff pulls a can off a shelf. It's some kind of cut-rate Spam. If such a thing is possible.

CLIFF

People will actually eat this?  
"Potted Meat Product?"

EARTH MOMMA

Honey, I won't even read the ingredients. Comes to \$427.57.

\*

Cydney appears with a few more things -- hats, sunblock, bandana -- adds them to the check-out pile.

CYDNEY

And these.  
(snuggling up to Cliff)  
Miss me?

CLIFF

(scowling at map)  
Three days sounds plenty to me....

Through an unwashed window, we see a primer-grey El Camino park outside.

CYDNEY

Nine whole minutes -- that's the longest we've been away from each other since we got married. You musta missed me something awful, huh?

CLIFF

(to Supply Guy)  
11.5 miles, right? Each way?

CYDNEY

(in Cliff's ear)  
C'mon, just say you did. I'll give you a b.j. in the car...another one....

SUPPLY GUY

But see, you're gonna cross five valleys, and each time you do, you're gonna gain or lose 1,000 feet of elevation. That's the killer.

CLOSE on a mechanical parrot mounted above the entrance door, the Hawaiian equivalent of a dingle-bell. It SQUAWKS as someone enters.

CYDNEY

(mock huffy)  
Well, I missed you.

CLIFF

(teasing her)  
What, did you go somewhere?

EARTH MOMMA

Make that \$475.35. \*

Cliff produces a wad of cash.

CLIFF

Know it looks like I robbed a bank, but....

CYDNEY

Our wedding haul.

Now reveal CHRONIC, the owner of the El Camino. He's a blonde-dreaded Rasta-punk with a beaded "CHRONIC" choker around his neck. \*

(NOTE: Chronic and Earth Momma slip into local pidgin-speak. It happens background.)

EARTH MOMMA

Howzit, baby boy....  
(kissing him)  
(MORE)

EARTH MOMMA (CONT'D)

Glad see back. Nowhere near  
Honolulu, were you?

CHRONIC

(shaking head)

Other side. Waves was junk for three  
days, mo bettah here. Why, what's  
the stink in 'Lulu?

EARTH MOMMA

(remembering customers)

Maybe nuff for now. Wanna help these  
two out to their car?

CHRONIC

Shoots, yeah. Just dump my gear,  
be ri' widdem.

Chronic flashes Cliff and Cydney a grin before heading for  
the rear of the store. He seems like a harmless dooper.  
Though he did get a look at Cliff's wad of cash.

CLIFF

(to Earth Momma)

I think we got it. Thanks.

12 EXT. GENERAL STORE - TOWN OF HANALEI - DAY

12

Finished loading, Cliff and Cydney hop back into the Jeep.  
As they CRANK OVER, the Supply Guy and his wife step outside  
to see them off.

SUPPLY GUY

And get an early start!

EARTH MOMMA

Aloha!

A friendly round of waves. But as Cliff backs up...  
One tire uncovers that Oahu newspaper -- the one they never  
saw. A photo shows two bodies covered in bloody sheets.  
The headline reveals "Young Couple Butchered in Honolulu."

13 EXT. NORTH SHORE - KAUAI - SUNRISE

13

BEAUTY SHOT: First light bathes the island gold.

14 INT./EXT. JEEP - NORTH SHORE ROAD - MORNING

14

FLY CAM SHOT: We're bombing along Highway 560 in our yellow  
Jeep, en route to the trailhead. 93.5 ("KONG") plays some  
bouncy reggae, "I Need Your Love."

\*

CYDNEY  
(singing along)  
*Won't you open up your heart...  
And let me in...  
For you and I will never part...  
That you should know, so...  
I need your love for more than just  
an hour...  
I need your love more than just a  
day...  
So hold me close, my love will never  
falter...  
I need your love each and every day...  
Na-na-na-na-na....*

Cliff joins in on the NA-NA-NA chorus.

CYDNEY  
I love our new lives.

The Jeep wheels onward, soon rounding a bend and passing...

Two hitchers, backs turned, thumbs out.

Cliff pulls over.

CYDNEY  
What're you doin'?

CLIFF  
It's Hawaii.

It's a two-word defense unto itself. Cydney scowls at her side mirror. There we see the two hitchers hustling closer. Male and female, late 20s.

CYDNEY  
So in Hawaii, Cliff and Cydney do  
things they normally wouldn't?  
Like pick up hitch-hikers?

CLIFF  
Nothing bad ever happens here, right?

HIS REARVIEW MIRROR POV: Of the hitchers. The closer they get, the dodgier they get: The girl looks like Oxnard surfer skank, wearing an almost-nuthin' bandana top. The guy is dark and ripped, the kind of rip you get from steroids or prison. Or steroids in prison.

CYDNEY  
That's a hard look they got....

KALE (him) and CLEO (her) sling their rucksacks aboard.

CLIFF  
How far you goin'?

CLEO  
Lumahai beach? That area?

CYDNEY  
(buying time)  
Lumahai...Lumahai...not sure we know  
that....

CLEO  
'Bout 10 miles ahead, right on this  
road. You know, right by where the  
big trail starts. You know that  
trail?

CLIFF  
Oh, yeah, sure. That big trail....

Cliff spots a tattoo on Kale's chest. It's right where an  
E.R. doctor might want to put his defib paddle. And it says  
"DO NOT REVIVE."

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
...but we aren't goin' that far.

Cydney looks relieved. But Kale looks unhappy about getting  
out of a ride he's already in. Especially when that ride is  
full of trail gear.

KALE  
So how far do you go?

CLIFF  
Just, y'know. Up the road here.  
(off Kale's stare)  
So if you just hang here another five  
minutes, maybe someone else comes  
along who can take you all the --

CLEO  
We was waitin' for, like, an hour  
'fore you stopped. Maybe more.  
Shit, thought this was Hawaii.

Kale jumps out, grabs his rucksack.

KALE  
C'mon.

With a desperate edge, Cleo produces photos and starts  
showing them to Cydney.

CLEO

Some of these pitchers totally suck -- just one of those cameras you chuck afterwards. But this one, this one's good....

KALE

These people wanna see less of us, Cleo. Not more.

CLEO

That's Kale gettin' a new tatt....

CYDNEY

Uh-huh....

CLEO

Oh, here, here it is. That's us doin' the deed on Oahu -- just woke up one morning and decided to get married. Pretty, isn't it?

CYDNEY

(coming around)

Oh, yeah. It is pretty with that whole arbor of....

(a double-take)

Is this a grocery store?

CLEO

"Paula's Market." They do it up real nice for you -- put that big hoop thing over your head with all kinds of lettuces and pineapple parts and stuff. Produce manager took that pitcher. I know it sounds kinda tacky? But it was pretty friggin' pretty after they added all the little radishes in there....

Cydney shows the photo to Cliff.

CYDNEY

Kale and Cleo getting married on Oahu.

CLIFF

(nodding "nice")

Suitable for framing.

He taps his wedding ring on the steering wheel, deliberating a beat before...

CLIFF

Tell you what. We'll just drive you there.

CYDNEY

Only 10 miles, right? Coulda been there by now.

KALE

Maybe next time.

CLEO

Aw, Kale. Don't be that way.

KALE

Get out, baby.

CLIFF

C'mon, guys. Let's not turn this into a bigger deal than it really --

KALE

Cleo. Get the fuck out of this man's ride.

Cleo knows that tone of voice -- and knows to respect it. Kale rounds the car for a private word with Cliff.

KALE

My mother, she was like this... metaphysical gypsy Christian psychic chick. Know the type, right?

\*

CLIFF

Oh, sure.

KALE

I used to think she was messed up in the head, but then sometimes... something occurs...that makes me think I acquired some of her gypsy powers. Like right now. Right now I do believe I can divine what you're thinking.

CLIFF

An' what's that?

KALE

"I hope I never run into this dire motherfucker again."

It's a pretty good guess. Kale raps on the Jeep like a car salesman seeing you off the lot.



KALE  
Take care, Hot Wheels.

Cliff takes the cue and hits the gas.

15 INT. MOVING JEEP - HIGHWAY 560 - DAY 15

CYDNEY  
So. Could we maybe have handled that better?

CLIFF  
Forget it. Already in my rearview mirror.

REARVIEW MIRROR POV: Of Kale and Cleo. Growing small.

16 EXT. KALALAU TRAILHEAD - DAY 16

Two kinds of people here: Those who haven't done the trail unpack cars energetically. Those who just finished the trail -- muddy to the knees -- load cars like the living dead.

VIDEO POV: Smiles back in place, Cliff and Cydney pose near a sign heralding the "Kalalau Trail." Per norm, Cydney is draped all over Cliff. When the VIDEO IMAGE CLICKS OFF...

We CUT BACK to our FILM VIEW. A CAMERA SAMARITAN returns the Handycam to Cliff.

CLIFF  
Look good?  
CAMERA SAMARITAN  
I was just pointing and shooting.  
Too many buttons on these new things.

CLIFF  
Yeah -- that's what you get for buyin' top-of-the-line. Might have to actually break down and read the manual someday.

CYDNEY  
*Let's get it star-ted...let's get it star-ted in here....*

Cliff and Cydney shrug into their packs and hit the trail. They pass another sign.

FALLING ROCKS AND STEEP DROP-OFFS  
ALONG CLIFFSIDE TRAIL  
FROM HERE TO KALALAU

17 EXT. ABOVE KE'E BEACH - THE TRAIL - DAY 17

A half-hour later. Now baptized in sweat and mud, Cliff and Cydney reach an open spot on the trail and look back on...

The northern tip of the island. Sunlight rakes across Ke'e beach and its postcard-perfect reef lagoon. Beyond that lies a sea of undulating glass.

CLIFF

The perfect getaway.

18 EXT. CRAWLER'S LEDGE - THE TRAIL - DAY 18\*

The terra-cotta trail narrows. To the right is one of those "steep drop-offs." Making things worse, a weepy waterfall drains across the trail ahead, and some of the rocks seem slippery with moss. (VFX SHOTS.) \*

CYDNEY

Well, everyone else did it.

CLIFF

Did they really?

He leans right, checking for bodies that might be littering the CRASHING SURF far below. \*

NICK (O.S.)

Show it no fear.

Coming up from behind is NICK, 32. He wears nylon jeans, sport sandals, mil-spec Boonie hat, an engaging grin -- all wrapped up in an air of invincibility. Make that "a flair" of invincibility.

CYDNEY

(re trail)

Is some of it washed out, or....

NICK

Watch me. Keep your eyes down, your speed up...avoid the green rocks... and just...be...fearless.

Just like that, he's across the bad patch.

CYDNEY

(to Cliff)

Made it look easy.

CLIFF

He's not wearing an A-16 store on his back.

In fact, all Nick carries is a butane tank and walking stick. Now Cliff girds and goes. He's not as slick as Nick, but he makes it to the other side without calamity. Nick pulls him past and now motions for...

Cydney. Starting across.

Nick holds out his stick, offering it should she need it.

Below Cydney, WAVES BOOM ONTO ROCKS.

CLIFF

Doin' good, Cydney, doin' real good....

Suddenly a TOURIST HELO ROCKETS overhead.

Cydney startles.

Her foot hits a green rock. Pushes off. Slips.

Cydney totters on the edge, her hand grabbing blindly for...

Nick's stick. Missing...missing...

And snagging it.

Nick pulls hard and straight. Suddenly Cydney is on the other side, the safe side, reeled into Nick's arms.

CYDNEY

Shit. Did I almost die right there?

NICK

Not on my watch.

\*

CLIFF

C'mere, c'mere....

CYDNEY

Thought I was doin' pretty well until that damn....

Cliff takes possession of the shaken Cydney. When they look for Nick, he's already heading out.

CLIFF

Hey! What's your name?

19 EXT. THE TRAIL - MINUTES LATER

19

Hiking as a threesome now:

NICK

Now have we crossed paths before?  
Some theater of the world? 'Cuz when  
I first saw you guys, I was feelin' a  
little deja-vuey.

\*

CLIFF

Nowhere I remember, Nick.

NICK

But that face.... You some kinda  
actor, Cliff?

CLIFF

No, no, no.

NICK

Haven't seen you on TV.

CLIFF

No such luck.

CYDNEY

Actually, Cliff's a screenplay  
writer, very sought-after. Several  
of the big studios want him for their  
movie projects now.

NICK

Knew I smelled fame and fortune on  
you. Screenplay writer, huh?

CLIFF

(mock humble)

We say "screenwriter."

NICK

Any movies I might know?

CLIFF

Well, my first script is actually in  
pre-production right now. So ask me  
again this time next year, and....

NICK

Who's in it?

CLIFF

Still trying to figure that out.  
Still casting up.

NICK

Well, Nick Cage is always money in my book. I like how he gets all mad RIGHT AT THE END OF THE SENTENCE! So you got a good Act Two twist?

CLIFF

(suddenly on guard)  
You, uh, in the business, Nick?

NICK

Me? Nah. Just took some course -- one of those writing boot camps. Had so many ass-puckering experiences in life, I figure, hell, I'll just throw 'em down on paper, make myself a million bucks.

CLIFF

Not so easy, is it?

NICK

I liked it all 'cept the paperwork -- y'know, actually makin' pages? But I got the basics down -- three acts, hero with a journey, red snappers. All that stuff.

CLIFF

"Red snappers?"

NICK

You know, you bring in a character just to mess with the audience. You try to throw 'em off-track by --

CLIFF

"Herring." "Red herring."

NICK

Pretty sure it's "snapper." 'Scuse me while I shake the bush here....

Nick steps off-trail, unzips. Cliff does likewise. Cydney looks out over the ocean.

NICK

So you're like halfway to famous, huh, Cliff?

CYDNEY

There's a whole big crew gettin' ready up in Vancouver. Building sets.

NICK  
(frowning)  
They're there and you're here?

CLIFF  
Well, it's a long story, but...they  
brought on another guy to do a quick  
rewrite.

NICK  
On your story?

CLIFF  
Just a two-week punch-up.

NICK  
Yeah? And how long ago was this?

CLIFF  
Uh...nine weeks.

\*

NICK  
(shaking head)  
That ain't right. It's your baby,  
your vision, Cliff. Shouldn't let  
them get away with that.

CYDNEY  
He's got these agents, but they don't  
want to fight for him. I finally  
told Cliff he just should get new --

CLIFF  
Hey, not that "me" isn't my favorite  
subject? But maybe we can just talk  
about something else for awhile.  
Jesus.

NICK  
(zipping up)  
I'll just say one more thing, Cliff.  
One last pearl of wisdom.

CLIFF  
Get a new agent?

NICK  
Get a new story.

Nick's eyes are dancing: He may have just the one in mind.

20 EXT. THE TRAIL - DAY

20

Stalled on the trail are THREE CORN-FED KANSAS CITY GIRLS, late teens whose adjective-de-jour is "major." They're all jabbing cell phones with frustrating results. When they spot Cliff, Cydney, and Nick approaching...

\*

K.C. GIRL #1

You hear about Oahu? What happened there?

CYDNEY

Why? What did happen?

K.C. GIRL #1

Well, my dad just called from K.C.K.? Couldn't hear everything, reception's like major shit out here, but... he was sayin' something about some murders....

Suddenly everyone has a cell phone out, thumbing buttons and wandering around for reception like dowsers searching for water.

NICK

Flat-line.

CLIFF

In and out. Mostly out.  
(to girls)  
Was this in Honolulu?

K.C. GIRL #3

"Dad" wants us to leave. I think he's in major over-reaction mode, okay?

K.C. GIRL #2

Some newlyweds got killed. Is that right, Lori? That what he said?

CYDNEY

God, we were just there. Day before yesterday.

K.C. GIRL #3

No way do I chicken-shit outta here. We planned this for five-and-a-half months. Does he not even know it's a different island?

CYDNEY

What else he say, your dad? Do they know who did it?

K.C. GIRL #1  
Looking for two people -- man and a  
woman. 'Sall I got.

NICK  
(to Cliff)  
Like that movie, huh? "Natural Born  
Killers?"

Girls #1 and #2 actually gasp.

K.C. GIRL #2  
Oh, that movie so freaked me out.

K.C. GIRL #1  
Majorly.

K.C. GIRL #2  
When his head is doing that thing?

Girl #3, the one who wants to stay, squints raw ire at Nick.  
"Thanks, asshole."

CLIFF  
(to Cydney)  
Whaddya think?

CYDNEY  
That's Oahu, not here.

CLIFF  
Speak now or forever hold your  
peace....

CYDNEY  
Hey. This is our honeymoon.  
(to K.C. girls)  
C'mon, guys, you can hike with us.  
We're going all the way to Kalalau  
Beach. All the way to the end.

K.C. GIRL #2  
(a beat)  
So you're like...newlyweds.

\*  
\*  
\*

K.C. GIRL #1  
Well, that's cool...but, uh, I think  
we're just gonna get the hell out of  
Hawaii. Thanks anyway.

K.C. GIRL #3  
ARE YOU MAJOR-ASS CRAZY?

K.C. GIRL #2  
Second the motion!



K.C. GIRL #1  
(to Cydney and Cliff,  
creeped out for them)  
Hokay. Have a swell honeymoon,  
guys....

The K.C. girls grab packs and start back for the trail-head. Girl #3 follows reluctantly, HARANGUING the other two as major cowards. But soon they're all running.

21 EXT. NAPALI CLIFFS - THE TRAIL - DAY 21

FLY CAM SHOT: We're short-cutting over switchbacks, our AIRBORNE CAMERA soon finding Cliff, Cydney, and Nick back on the move. \*  
\*  
\*

22 EXT. TRAIL JUNCTION/NAPALI CLIFFS - SAME 22

NICK  
Well, my exit here. Be safe -- some  
hard yards ahead. \*

Leaving the main trail, Nick starts up a connecting path. Cydney notes a rock painted with a cryptic "S.F."

CYDNEY  
You're camping at "Secret Falls?"  
(off Nick's look)  
Well, they talk about it in the guide  
book.

NICK  
Just for the day. Had to run back to  
the truck for a little butane.

CYDNEY  
How close is it?

NICK  
Like everything else in Hawaii --  
"As close as faraway gets."

CYDNEY  
(to Cliff, hopeful)  
Sounds romantic....

Cliff considers the new trail. It's steep, slippery, laced with tree roots. Not so romantic.

CLIFF  
Wanna make that beach by sunset.

CYDNEY  
(to Nick)  
It's only, what, a mile? The falls?

CLIFF  
Maybe we should let the man have his  
privacy.

NICK  
Don't matter to me. Plenty of Eden  
to go around.

About to decline, Cliff spots...

Two trekkers on a switchback far behind them. One is male,  
the other female. And they look uncomfortably like....

CYDNEY  
What?

She tracks his gaze, but now the two trekkers have slipped  
from sight. Was it even them?

CLIFF  
One mile, huh?

23 EXT. TRAIL TO SECRET FALLS - DAY

23

En route to Secret Falls, Nick and Cydney are in the lead,  
chatting it up like old friends.

CYDNEY  
...and all of Cliff's family came  
into town -- he's Catholic, or at  
least he began that way, so that was  
kind of a happy invasion. And I've  
got a big family, too, all really  
close...and then my other sisters had  
to be invited, my sorority sisters....  
Kept going up and up, but I'd say we  
had 300 people at the reception...  
maybe more. But I'll tell you, it was  
just the most magical weekend....

Nick helps her over the rough patches, once pushing on her  
ass when she threatens to fall back onto him. They laugh it  
off as they PASS CAMERA. Next comes...

The unlaughing Cliff. He's sweating like pig at a luau,  
struggling with the grade and the weight on his back.  
Stopping for water, he turns to check...

The trail behind us. We listen carefully for a few moments but hear only BIRD CALLS. No human sounds.

Satisfied he's alone, Cliff turns back and bumps into Nick.

NICK  
Gotta maintain your grouping.  
This way.

\*  
\*

24 EXT. SECRET FALLS - DAY

24

OUR BUSHWHACKING POV: The bamboo soon parts to reveal a grotto of matchless beauty. A single cataract of water drops 50 feet to feed a limpid pool reserved for...

A water nymph. Stroking languidly across the pool.

Cydney sheds her pack. Cliff squats and leans back on his, watching...

The nymph. Switching to backstroke, she rolls over.

CLIFF  
I do believe...she's clotheless.

CYDNEY  
I do believe...he is too.  
Nick is shedding externals as he moves to the pool. He dives in like a human blade, barely rippling the surface, then resurfaces to greet the water nymph mouth-first.

NICK  
THIS IS GINA!

CLIFF  
Did he mention Gina before?

NICK  
THE CRAZY-ASS LOVE OF MY CRAZY-ASS  
LIFE!

CYDNEY  
Mentioning it right now.

CLIFF  
Okay. So they're like "a couple."

Cydney slides him a look. *"I know what you're thinking and stop it."*

GINA  
YA'LL COMIN' IN OR WHAT?

CYDNEY  
(to Cliff)  
Are we all goin' in or what?

CLIFF  
(taking out cell phone)  
Gimme a minute...see if I can get  
some reception here....

CYDNEY  
Well, while you're doin' that....

Feeling frisky, she reaches back and plucks the strings on her halter top. It draws a look from Cliff.

CYDNEY  
"It's Hawaii."

The halter hits the ground. With one arm draped demurely across her chest, Cydney moves to pool's edge and swipes a toe. She deliberates over her Calvin Klein's but eases in with them still on.

CYDNEY  
Burr-r-r-r-r....  
NICK  
(to Gina)  
Guess the carpet don't match the  
drapes....

GINA  
(splashing him)  
Oh, you shush up.

INTERCUT Cliff, firing up his cell phone. It's tricked out, Internet capable. The reception's still on life-support -- but there is a heartbeat there.

Cliff looks up-waterfall. Can he get up there? To that terrace?

Cydney and Gina meet up in the pool.

CYDNEY  
Hope we're not intruding on your own  
private paradise here.

GINA  
Forget it. Nicko's always bringin'  
home strays.

CYDNEY  
"Mrs. Cydney Anderson." We're  
newlyweds.

GINA  
"Miss Gina Scruggs." We're not.

She shoots a not-so-subtle look in Nick's direction. He shoots a little palm-squirt back at her.

GINA  
(back to Cydney)  
'Cuz, you see, it's illegal to marry children.

NICK  
Even in Georgia?

She goes after him. He dives away in mock horror.

25 EXT. TOP OF SECRET FALLS - DAY 25

FLY CAM: Moving better without his pack, Cliff reaches the top of the waterfall and the stream that feeds it. \*

He checks his phone. Same crappy signal. He waves the phone overhead like a witch doctor shaking a talisman, checks again. Ah, that's better.

Cliff goes on-line. Googles "Honolulu murders." Gets some hits, a lot of hits. Picks the most promising one.

26 EXT. SECRET FALLS - DAY 26

Treading water:

GINA  
Are you shittin' me?

CYDNEY  
Some girls on the trail told us.

GINA  
Well, gads. So much for paradise.  
They know who it was did the killin'?

CYDNEY  
Not that we heard. But I think Cliff  
is trying to find out more right  
now....

27 EXT. TOP OF SECRET FALLS - DAY 27

CLIFF  
(mumble-reading off phone)  
...Thursday on Oahu...possibly  
Mainlanders on their honeymoon...  
(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

teeth and fingerprints removed...  
 have reason to believe killers  
may have jumped islands, possibly  
 to Kauai...

\*  
\*  
\*

28 EXT. SECRET FALLS - DAY

28 \*

Nick slips out of the water. He dons his Boonie hat first  
 before reaching for clothes. But now he clocks...

Two rucksacks. And they weren't here before.

29 EXT. TOP OF SECRET FALLS - DAY

29

CLIFF

(off phone)

...security camera behind dance  
 club...released this photo of  
 suspects....

A "DOWNLOAD PHOTO" button blinks at Cliff. He's about to hit  
 it when he spots a reflection in the moving water. It's of a  
 woman standing across the stream.

Cleo.

KALE (O.S.)

'Know what I heard?

\*  
\*

Cliff whirls. Even closer, Kale is dunking his head-rag in  
 the stream, using it to wipe off trail-grime. It's not the  
 least bit threatening, what he does. And that's what makes  
 it threatening.

KALE (CONT'D)

Few people die out here every year.  
 They stand under a waterfall, get hit  
 by some falling rock. Or maybe they  
 just slip and go right over, vanish.  
 Who knows how? Or even why? May be  
 the wages of sin.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Cliff pockets the cellphone. Kale stands and reties his  
 head-rag.

KALE

How you doin', Hot Wheels?

\*  
\*

CLIFF

Good.

\*  
\*

KALE

Two lies in one day. Comes natural  
 to you, huh?

\*  
\*

CLIFF

Are you following us, Kale?

\*  
\*

KALE

You know, it ain't that you deceived us -- every man got a pack of lies in 'im. It's that you thought we was foolish enough to buy it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLIFF

I'm not sure what --

\*  
\*

KALE

Just 'cuz we choose to look a certain way, you think that automatically makes us, what, desperados? You think a man's inner soul is revealed by his exterior visage?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLIFF

No. I don't think that.

\*  
\*

KALE

There you go again. Jesus, feels like the whole world is just spittin' in my face, sometimes....

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

It's said like someone abused his entire life. Not wanting to get into Kale's childhood trauma right now:

CLIFF

Thought you said you were goin' to Lumahai Beach.

CLEO

Goin' to that area. That's what we said.

\*  
\*  
\*

CLIFF

Well, you didn't say you were doin' the trail.

KALE

Neither did you.

Cliff tries to leave. Kale blocks.

CLIFF

Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry if you think we.... But we did offer a ride and you didn't want it. You didn't take it. So I really don't see what the issue is between....

Over Kale's shoulder, Nick. He's made it to the top of the falls -- and shit, are we glad to see him.

CLEO

Kale....

She tips her head Nick's way.

NICK

Joy and happiness here?

\*  
\*

Nick and Kale assess each other. They're both formidable in different ways: Kale is thick and savage, a street brawler who might punch your face through the back of your skull. Nick is lean and cocksure, a 10-and-0 middleweight who seems willing to fight out of his class.

CLIFF

Think we're good.

This time he gets past Kale.

KALE

So how far you goin', Hot Wheels?

CLIFF

Just playin' it by ear. You?

KALE

Maybe that first beach. Whazzit called?

CLIFF

"Hanakapi'ai." Good day hike.

KALE

Maybe there, maybe further.

CLIFF

Need permits to go farther.

Kale just laughs. Cliff and Nick start down.

CLEO

Shoulda just given us a ride, man.

30 EXT. SECRET FALLS - DAY

30

Out of the pool, Gina slips on a tight tee-top stencilled, "What're YOU Lookin' At?" She's shaping up as delightfully and unapologetically trashy.



GINA

...so after a \$45 taxi ride, we wind up at the "Ocean View Hotel," which, come to find, actually hadn't had an ocean view since 1987 when all these high-rises went up 'cross the street. Waikiki? Honestly, that whole place was dancin' on my very last nerve....

Cydney only half-listens: Those two rucksacks are familiar, and now her eyes search the path to the upper falls. She's relieved when Cliff and Nick appear.

CYDNEY

Are we okay?

CLIFF

Let's keep an eye on our time.

CYDNEY

Do those packs belong to who I think they belong --

CLIFF

Said they were gonna do the trail all along. I don't know, maybe they were. Christ, 1:30 already.

He moves to his pack and starts zipping flaps.

GINA

Wanna break down that tarp, Nicko? We should be clack-a-lackin', too.  
(to Cydney)  
Thought we'd tag along, if it's okay. All goin' to the same place, right?

CYDNEY

Fine by me, if....

She looks for Cliff's sign-off. But he's still messing with his pack.

CLIFF

You take the permits?

CYDNEY

Never touched 'em.

CLIFF

Well, they were right here inside this brochure...

CYDNEY

Did you leave them at the store?

CLIFF  
I'm pretty sure I had them right....  
In fact, I'm positive I put....

His eyes fall on Kale's rucksack.

TIME CUT TO:

A30 CLOSEUPS of Cliff's hands pillaging the rucksack. It's a rat's nest in there, and we don't find any permits. But we do uncover... A30

A business card. "Ernesto Padillo, Parole Agent, California Department of Corrections." And scrawled on the backside: "Next appt -- 8/11."

NICK (O.S.)  
While we're still young, Cliff!

Cliff stands to get a sight-line: Nick, Gina, and Cydney are all loaded up and ready to head down-trail.

CLIFF  
One sec!

TIME CUT TO:

B30 Backpack on, Cliff joins the others. B30

NICK  
We leave no man behind.

CLIFF  
Let's do some hard yards. \*

31 EXT. THE TRAIL - DAY 31

FLY CAM: A foursome now, Cliff, Cydney, Nick, Gina are back trekking the main trail. The great Pacific, just hours ago turquoise, has changed its mood to slate-grey. Miles out, flat-bottomed clouds drop veils of rain. \*

GINA  
(seeing it coming)  
Well, guess you can't have rainbows without a little rain....

NICK  
You hear that Cliff here's a big screenplay writer?

GINA  
(impressed)  
You write for the movies? Well,  
whopty-tah....

CLIFF  
We say "screenwriter."

NICK  
He's on the prowl for a new story.  
You know, Cliff, I could tell you  
shit you ain't seen in no Hollywood  
movie before. Like the time --

GINA  
(sotto to Nick)  
You watch yourself now....

NICK  
What?

GINA  
You know what I mean.

Gina sparks up a little Maui-Wowie.

NICK  
Well, maybe Cliff here can change the  
names to protect the guilty. You do  
that in movies, right? 'Cuz some of  
the stuff I got here is like double  
down-low.

\*

Cliff checks the trail behind. All clear.

GINA  
Do you know Johnny Depp?

NICK  
He knows Nick Cage. Can you see  
him playin' me in some movie?

CYDNEY  
(to Cliff, surprised)  
You know Nick Cage?

CLIFF  
Guess I do now.

He slips out his phone. No reception here. Fuck.

GINA  
Me myself, I like that Johnny Depp  
better. He's just dreamy.

\*

NICK

But look, it all starts with story. Like the time I made a surprise visit to a certain dictator's palace on the Tigris River. Newly evacuated -- could still smell fine Havana tobacco hangin' in the air. We were tasked with finding perishable intel, computer disks, shit like that. But in the master bathroom -- about the size of Ethiopia, by the way, big golden dolphins for faucets -- there was this lock-box bolted to the floor. Had initials engraved on top, his initials. We start beatin' on the lock --

CLIFF

(orienting)

Iraq. You were in Iraq.

NICK

First in. Me and my wolf pack. Fuck those pictures you saw about the 4th Infantry -- that was later. What I'm givin' you now is God's Real Shit from an operator who had true eyes-on.

GINA

(sing-songy)

He's not supposed to talk about this stuff....

She offers the joint to Cydney.

CYDNEY

No, no. But you go ahead.

NICK

So inside this box, I figure maybe cash, maybe a set of pearl-handled pistols, or hey, maybe some damn fine Presidential-grade hashish. We finally burn it open with 50-grain det-cord. Handy tool, det-cord -- you can wrap it around a tree three feet thick and -- PHHHHT! -- drop it across the trail when someone's hot on your ass. Remember that trick.

CLIFF

"Det cord." Nice detail.

NICK

Well, gotta get the details right. Otherwise, you're just makin' another big crap-tastic movie. So we open up that box and what do we find? Iron Man. Avengers. The dude was a Silver Age Marvel freak. And can you believe what he had most of? In his own personal stash?

\*  
\*

CLIFF

I wasn't there, Nick.

NICK

Sub-Mariner.

CLIFF

You mean like "Namor, Prince of the Deep?"

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

All in French, some reason.

\*

CLIFF

Really. So why Sub-Mariner? Isn't that one of the shit titles?

\*

NICK

One theory? Tug-job material. Mr. Presidente had a thing for French-speaking fellahs with little Speedos and big spears. One theory.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLIFF

So you're Special Ops. Seals, Rangers, what?

NICK

Officially...I'm only allowed to say that I've been a sworn officer participating in the tactical phase of certain missions that would make most men wanna crawl up and hide inside their own assholes.

CYDNEY

But unofficially....

NICK

I'm a Goddamn American Jedi. Possible Title #1, by the way. See this?

\*

He whips off his Boonie hat and bandana beneath. There's a wicked scar on the back of his head where someone seemingly tried a back-door lobotomy.

CYDNEY

Oooh. Put it back on.

NICK

Took frag from a Bounding Betty -- anti-personnel mine. Caved in back'a my head. Medivacked out to Germany, got my skull rebuilt with space-age titanium. Can't go through a metal detector without ringing cherries. But that's cool, cuz, see...it lets me travel with Gilligan just about whenever I want.

\*

CYDNEY

"Gilligan?"

Nick hikes up his nylon pants. A 10-inch tactical knife, black, is strapped to one shin bone.

NICK

"My little buddy."

Cliff stops looking over his shoulder now -- and starts looking at Nick.

CLIFF

That's some toothpick.

NICK

But here's the kicker: When I took that shrapnel? I never felt it, Cliff. I mean, I felt impact, felt my backside go all wet -- but no real pain. Now maybe I don't recall events in full -- they did scoop out a little Grey Spam back there -- but they tell me, get this, my wolf pack will swear that I was ambulatory for more than 17 minutes before they forced me to lie down. Tackled me. And even then, I was lookin' to monkey-fuck a Marlboro Light. No nerve endings in the brain, Cliff. Remember that when you write the scene.

Cliff touches eyes with Cydney.

CLIFF

Yeah. Lotta good details there.

GINA  
(proud)  
He's very hard to kill.

32 EXT. THE TRAIL - DAY 32

As those storm clouds march closer to shore.

33 EXT. SPILLWAY - THE TRAIL - DAY 33

Nick, Gina, Cliff, and Cydney reach a wide swath of water flowing across the trail. TWO TIRED TREKKERS appear on the opposite side.

Nick and Gina ford across. Cliff drops his pack and starts adjusting straps -- but it's really an excuse to hang back, to get separation on...

Nick and Gina. Meeting the trekkers halfway across.

GINA  
Y'all make it to the beach?

TIRED TREKKER #1  
Just keep goin'. It's great.

Nick and Gina slosh on. Soon the trekkers are across the spillway and with Cliff and Cydney.

CLIFF  
(low)  
See any rangers up ahead?

TIRED TREKKER #1  
None we saw.

CYDNEY  
So just another three miles to the beach? We hope?

TIRED TREKKER #1  
Yeah, but...a lot of twists and turns ahead.

The trekkers keep going. Cliff checks on Nick and Gina. They're just reaching the other side.

CLIFF  
Further we go, fewer people on the trail.

CYDNEY  
And your point is....

\*

He peeks at his cell phone. Some reception now.

CLIFF  
(chin-nodding)  
Over there. Pretend you need to  
piss.

CYDNEY  
"Pretend?"

She squats in bushes. Cliff calls up that web-page, the one with the "DOWNLOAD NOW" button. He keys it. Line by line a picture appears.

CLIFF  
Cops in Honolulu released a photo...  
'parently killers didn't know they  
were on camera....

It's a marginal photo to begin with -- black-and-white by night -- and the low-rez screen doesn't help. But two figures are seen, male and female, dragging bodies down a rain-slicked wharf.

CLIFF  
Shit.

CYDNEY  
What?

He shows her. There's a telling moment where we HEAR HER PISS-STREAM STOP prematurely.

CYDNEY  
Could be anybody.

CLIFF  
You sure about that? They don't look...  
familiar?

GINA  
Y'ALL GOOD BACK THERE?

CLIFF  
Bathroom break!

CYDNEY  
It could be anybody, Cliff.

Now Cliff unzips, buying a little more time.

CLIFF  
Well, how much we really know about  
these people? Aside from him and his  
stories -- which, I might add, are  
(MORE)



CLIFF (CONT'D)

starting to sound more and more  
bullshitty to me. Next we're gonna  
hear he's got the heart of a baboon,  
or something.

\*  
\*  
\*

CYDNEY

I think he just wants to impress.  
He's hoping you'll want to write a  
movie about his --

CLIFF

What do we know?

CYDNEY

(a sigh, then rat-a-tat)  
She's from Savannah, father was an  
over-controlling military shit, she  
rebelled, met Nick in South Carolina  
but he reminded her too much of  
Daddy, he chased her until finally  
giving up and moving on, that's when  
she got interested in him, of course,  
first time in Hawaii, thought Waikiki  
was a little Las Vegas but they love  
it here on Kauai.

(off his look)

Girls talk.

CLIFF

So they were on Oahu, too.

CYDNEY

I guess they were.

HOLD on their pensive faces a beat before we...

CUT TO:

A33 Nick and Gina. Waiting on their side of the spillway.  
Watching Cliff and Cydney talking 30 yards back.

A33

NICK

Interesting guy, Cliff.

GINA

First man ever who wants to talk  
while he's in the bathroom, though.  
What is goin' on back there?

Rain starts to fall. Trying to move things along:

NICK

"YOU KEEP SHAKIN' THAT BUSH SO WE  
KNOW YOU'RE THERE! JUST KEEP SHAKIN'  
THAT BUSH, LUKE!"

Cliff waves at Nick from afar.

CUT TO:

B33 Cliff and Cydney. She decides she's not going to let her head go where Cliff's went. B33

CYDNEY

Look, we're supposed to be on our honeymoon, okay? And this is one of the most beautiful places on Earth -- rain or shine -- so why don't you just slow down that overactive brain of yours. I want to enjoy myself here.

She starts across the spillway toward Nick and Gina. Cliff lingers, fixated on that photo on his cell phone.

CYDNEY

Babe, we're gonna be fine.

34 EXT. RAIN MONTAGE - THE TRAIL - DAY 34

RAIN HAMMERS down.

VARIOUS SHOTS of water cascading down the valleys, spouting over cliffs, sweeping across the trail. It's like the opening salvo of some biblical flood.

35 EXT. CAMPSITE - COASTAL BLUFF - RAIN - DAY 35

Just off-trail is a coastal bluff with a rare bit of flat land. A lean-to is already up, basic cover for Cydney and Gina as they unpack and try to keep things dry.

GINA

Well, guess the beach'll still be there tomorrow....

The wind steals a bed-pad. Cydney goes after it.

CYDNEY

Hope we are!

Nearby, Cliff erects a small tent. He's trying to stomp stakes into the ground. But soon he hears a PRECISION CLINGING and tracks the sound to...

Nick. Putting up his own tent, he HAMMERS his stakes with a steel trail axe. All finished, he flips the axe to...

Cliff. Catching it. Right before it hit his head.

NICK

Good reflexes! For a writer!

Cliff glares. He's either getting really worried about this guy -- or righteously pissed off.

CUT TO:

A35 QUICK SHOTS of Cydney and Gina. Firing up white-gas stoves. A35  
Plunking purification tablets into water. Running up a  
lantern for more light. Rummaging through their dehydrated  
food pouches, playing "Who Has the Worse Shit For Dinner?"

CYDNEY

"Macaroni and Cheese?" With real  
"Imitation Cheese?"

GINA

Honey, that's a vegetable dish where  
I come from. What else?

CYDNEY

We bought "Chicken A La King -- with  
Pre-Toasted Toast."

GINA

Gotcha beat. "Hungarian-Style Goulash  
with Beef-Shank Bits."

CYDNEY

Okay, but is that really worse than,  
say, oh, "Vegetarian Corned Beef  
Hash?"

GINA

Suspicious, isn't it? But I might  
open that before I'd open..."Chicken  
Omelette Surprise."

CYDNEY

What's wrong with that? And what's  
the surprise?

GINA

The "surprise" is that we're gonna  
take the egg out of the chicken, whip  
it up, then put the chicken back in  
the egg. Who the hell eats chicken  
omelettes, anyway?

CYDNEY

Well, all this pales compared to what  
I'm about to show you right now.

(with a flourish)

"Potted. Meat. Product."

GINA  
(scandalized)  
Oh, you didn't.

CYDNEY  
Cliff. He can be gross sometimes.

Knowing it's a winner, she hands the can to Gina and reaches for a sip of water.

GINA  
(reading label)  
"Partially Defatted Cooked Pork Fatty  
Tissue." Dear Lord, what do we tell  
the children....

Cydney snarfs water out her nose. The girls, anyway, are getting along just fine.

36 EXT. CAMPSITE/THE TRAIL - RAIN - DAY 36

100 feet removed, we see the campsite through a gauze of rain. Presently two boots slosh into foreground and stop. Another pair of boots joins.

Someone's watching our camp.

37 EXT. CAMPSITE - COASTAL BLUFF - RAIN - DAY 37

Zippering up a fresh wind-breaker, Cliff exits his tent and heads for the lean-to where...

The girls are on their feet, alert, staring out at...

Nick. He's a statue in the rain, eyes riveted on some inland trees that wuther in the wind.

CLIFF  
What?

CYDNEY  
What what?

CLIFF  
Whaddya mean, "What what?" What's  
everyone lookin' at?

CYDNEY  
Whatever he's lookin' at.

Tense and quiet, they all scan. It's approaching twilight now, that time of day that can play tricks on your eyes. Is there something out there?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK  
Probably just a goat. Lot of 'em in  
these valleys.

CLIFF  
I haven't seen any goats.

Relaxing, Nick ducks under the lean-to, opens a bottle of  
"Scorpion Mescal," takes a slug. A scorpion floats inside,  
blissful in death.

NICK  
Don't expect you would, Cliff -- your  
situational awareness kinda sucks.  
That's not a knock -- you're a  
screenwriter, I'm a Jedi. Just the  
different paths we chose.

He passes Cliff the Scorpion Mescal.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(re scorpion)  
Think they kill him first? Or he  
just drown in there? Always wonder.

CLIFF  
Just so I know whether to be  
offended or not, define "situational  
awareness."

Nick starts assembling a bi-fold apparatus from his pack,  
opening it up, dogging it down, running carbon cables through  
eccentric pulleys.

NICK  
What's the first thing you do when  
you step onto a plane? Maybe have a  
sip of that fine champagne up there.  
You do fly First Class, right?

CLIFF  
I put my shit away like everyone  
else. That's what I do.

NICK  
When I board a plane -- makin' my way  
back to the cheap seats -- I clock  
every door and pace off the distance  
between those exits and my seat. If  
the plane loses power on take-off, I  
can make egress in the dark, totally  
blind. If the aisle crowds up, I  
know I'm climbin' over the back of  
36D, the guy with the shiny toupee,  
to make that over-the-wing exit. I  
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

know the handle swings down, not up,  
I know the door swings in, not out.  
And I know all this inside of 30  
seconds, Cliff -- before they even  
pop the cork for you up there in  
Hollywood Class.

His apparatus is taking shape as a compound hunting bow.  
Nick checks the string tension -- TWANG! -- and adjusts some  
more like a man tuning his guitar.

NICK (CONT'D)

See, if you wait until the emergency  
happens to figure out what you're  
gonna do -- you're already dead.

An itchy silence: Taken one way, it was an engaging story  
that could work its way into a screenplay. Taken another,  
it's a death sentence.

CYDNEY

(trying to change  
subjects)

Well, chances of that happening....

NICK

Happened in Sioux City.

CYDNEY

Sioux City?

NICK

DC-10 rolled four times on landing,  
wound up in a Iowa cornfield. 112  
dead.

CYDNEY

(remembering)

I saw it on TV. Awful.

NICK

And I saw it from the inside.

A beat. *"Are you tellin' us...."*

GINA

(even prouder)

He's really hard to kill.

Nick takes another pull of Scorpion Mescal, grabs the axe,  
flips it to Cliff. Again.

NICK

Lessgo.

CLIFF  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. What you goin'  
after with that thing?

NICK  
Dinner. C'mon.

CLIFF  
Dry underwear. But thanks.

NICK  
Here, kitty, kitty, kitty....

CLIFF  
Excuse me?

NICK  
Hey, no problem. You wanna stay in  
the kitchen with the lady-folk, you  
stay.

38 EXT. TREE LINE NEAR CAMPSITE - RAIN - DAY

38

Portrait of a man in his element: Nick is on the prowl,  
hunting bow at low guard, eyes on high alert. He PASSES  
CAMERA, and a beat later comes...

Cliff, axe in hand. He can't fathom how he came to be out  
here in the dark...in the rain...on his honeymoon. Soon he  
pauses, eyes searching. Behind him, the smeary glow of our  
campsite is still visible. But where'd Nick go?

NICK (O.S.)  
You know, crossed my mind...

He rolls out from behind a tree.

NICK (CONT'D)  
...that it crossed your mind...that  
we're the ones. Me and Gina.

CLIFF  
"The ones" who....

NICK  
It's okay, Cliff. I mean, that's  
your screenplay-writer mind workin'  
its magic, spinning stuff every which  
way. You gotta think like that.

CLIFF  
(laughing it off)  
What, the killers?

NICK  
"The Gruesome Twosome." Possible  
Title #2.

\*  
\*

CLIFF  
Sounds like your mind's spinnin',  
Nick.

NICK  
So you think it's just coincidence  
we were there at the same time.  
On Oahu.

CLIFF  
(nodding)  
Just like me and Cydney we were  
there.

NICK  
Lotta people on Oahu when the murders  
happened. That's how you look at it,  
huh, Cliff?

CLIFF  
Exactly how I look at it, Nick.

NICK  
Good.  
(a scanning beat)  
Though would make a helluvan Act Two  
twist.

CLIFF  
We're not really hunting goats, are  
we?

NICK  
No.

It hangs there a beat.

CLIFF  
Then why don't you just tell me what  
the hell we are --

NICK  
(drawing close)  
We got us a shadow -- two of 'em.  
Haven't identified as hostile yet,  
but they passed our camp once...  
doubled back for a second look...  
then took cover in here.  
(off Cliff's face)  
I know you didn't see them.



CLIFF  
People at the falls?

\*  
\*

NICK  
This is someone else.

A spooky beat.

CLIFF  
Should get back to camp, then.

NICK  
Gina can take care of herself.

CLIFF  
Thinking 'bout Cydney.

NICK  
Gina can take care of her, too.

CLIFF  
(screwing up face)  
Are you just so fuckin' with me,  
Nick?

NICK  
If I was the killer, wouldn't stay  
on Oahu. I'd fall back to the most  
remote part of the most remote  
island. I'd come right here.

With that, he vanishes into the forest. Cliff takes a moment  
to wipe his glasses dry. And think. And follow.

39 EXT. CAMPSITE - COASTAL BLUFF - RAIN - DAY

39

Staring out into rainy twilight:

CYDNEY  
Little worried about Cliff. He's not  
really the bow-and-arrow type.

GINA  
(shrugging)  
Boys are happiest when they're  
huntin' something they can't quite  
catch. 'Sides, gives us a little  
time together.

She looks at Cydney unbrokenly as she sparks up a joint,  
takes an inviting pull.

CYDNEY  
Dope was never my thing.

GINA

So what is your thing, Cydney?  
We haven't really heard yet.

CYDNEY

Probably sound boring to you.

GINA

Try me.

CYDNEY

Well, we're working very hard at getting pregnant. We'll have five kids, two boys and three girls, and they'll be beautiful beyond belief, of course. We'll live in the Palisades near one of the bluffs, take long summer walks and look out at the sailboats on the ocean, all of us, the whole big family. And I guess I'll just be happy to be "Mom" and "Mrs. Cydney Anderson" for a good long while.

GINA

"It's Pillsbury fresh."

Cydney cocks her head. *"What's that supposed to mean?"*

GINA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Some people get all dull when they smoke? Me myself, I get an edge. So why do I think there's some wild-child in your past?

CYDNEY

Why do you?

GINA

(indicating eyebrow)

Hmm, maybe those liddle-iddy-biddy holes where the rings useta be.

What, three or four of 'em?

(a beat)

Had this preacher back in Georgia. Used to tell all the kids we'd rot in hell for havin' sex outside the sanctity of marriage. Then bless his heart, one day his wife catches him out back of the Waffle House with some hooker -- some hooker with a really big dick. So now when I meet people who wanna tell me how so damn perfect their lives are?

\*

\*

She shrugs. *"They usually ain't."* Cydney rocks back and just eyes Gina, realizing she's smarter than she lets on.

CYDNEY

Well, it gets into things.

GINA

Worst we can do is rot in hell.

And the rain keeps coming.

40 EXT. GUAVA FOREST - RAIN - DAY

40

Cliff threads his way through dank forest. The deeper he goes, the darker it gets. The deeper he goes, the more the axe-handle rolls in his hand.

CLIFF'S POV: Of Nick leading the way. He throws a few hand-signals back at us that seem like the Chinese version of rock-scissor-paper.

Cliff starts to close the gap. But he slows when he catches something out of the edge of one eye.

CLIFF'S POV: A smear of lantern-light.

CLIFF

Nick.

But Nick prowls on, slipping out of view. Cliff decides to veer off toward that light.

CLIFF'S POV: Under an umbrella of foliage, two rain-blurred silhouettes cross in front of a lantern. One man. One woman.

Cliff draws closer, for a few seconds losing the strangers behind thicket. When his sight-line opens up again...

CLIFF'S POV: We see that the woman is clearly not Cleo. This is someone new. And the man....

The man is missing. Gone.

41 EXT. CAMPSITE - COASTAL BLUFF - RAIN - DAY

41

We're back with the girls. Back in confessional.

CYDNEY

I lie about my old life sometimes.  
Because when my folks finally stopped  
knocking the crap out of each other  
and split up, they decided they could  
(MORE)

\*  
\*



CYDNEY (CONT'D)

Goldie, the neighbor's labrador.  
And it still had the panty-hose  
around its neck from when he hung it  
from the tree.

\*

Gina stares without blinking. "Maybe I didn't know Rocky."

\*

CYDNEY (CONT'D)

Rocky said if I ever told anybody,  
he'd come get me -- swore he'd track  
me down. There was no place on Earth  
he wasn't gonna find me.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

GINA

Ya ever tell anybody?

CYDNEY

Yeah. Right now.

\*

Something SLAMS into the tarp. Both girls SCREAM. But it  
was only a tree branch, driven by the wind. They decompress  
with nervous laughter.

CYDNEY

Always amazes me how much people talk  
about themselves when they're on  
vacation...talk to people they only  
just met....

42 EXT. GUAVA FOREST - RAIN - DAY

42

Just beyond the reach of the lantern, Cliff circles the  
strangers' camp, trying to get to the other side, trying to  
locate that missing man.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

Spring-loaded, Cliff whirls, grabbing, shoving the man up  
against a tree trunk, cocking the axe behind one ear.

\*

\*

CHRONIC

You Cliff? Cliff Anderson?

It's "Chronic." The doper son from the general store.

CLIFF

What're you doin' here?

CHRONIC

Shoots, thought that was you at that  
camp. But then I seen four peeps,  
not two, and that stumbled me up.



43 EXT. CAMPSITE - COASTAL BLUFF - RAIN - TWILIGHT

43

20 minutes later. The rain is letting up, but daylight is nearly gone. Soaked to his underwear, Cliff slogs back into camp.

CYDNEY  
Where you been, babe? Everything  
okay?

\*  
\*  
\*

GINA  
Where's Nicko at?

CLIFF  
Last time I saw him, it was somewhere  
over in that....

Nick reappears. Something's yoked over his shoulders.

GINA  
Well, lookit that.

Reaching camp, Nick dumps it on the ground. It's a goat.  
A big bloody one.

CYDNEY  
Yeah. Look at that.

NICK  
One to the neck, broke it off, body's  
clean.

GINA  
Baby, you are a Man In Full. But  
howzabout we put its head thataway,  
so it drains downhill instead of all  
over our shit?

Gina pulls pink Latex gloves from her pack.

NICK  
Be sure and cinch off the esophagus  
this time, huh? Don't wanna foul the  
meat.

GINA  
Now you gonna do this, or am I?

NICK  
(to Cliff)  
Ran into your two friends. They  
looked a little spooked. What'd you  
say to them, anyway?

CLIFF

Just, uh....

GINA

Borrow that thing, Cliff?

Gloved up, Gina slips the axe out of his hand. She pushes a button on the handle -- a button he never saw -- and a knife jumps from the bottom of the handle: These people have weapons inside weapons.

GINA (CONT'D)

Spent one summer in the meat department at Piggly Wiggly's, so this ain't nothin' to me. But if you're squeamish....

She rips the goat from sternum to anus. As with everything, Gina does it with a certain tawdry panache.

NICK

(to Cliff, Cydney)  
Guys hungry?

CYDNEY

Would it be too late to get goat cheese out of this?

GINA

(grubbing around  
inside the goat)  
See first...you gotta pull out the bag...the gut-bag...which is more interesting than gory, really....

44 INT. TENT - COASTAL BLUFF - NIGHT

44

Cliff and Cydney crawl into their tent. It's dark and tight in here -- the perfect setting for a hushed but urgent conversation. Through the flap, we can see Nick and Gina peeling down the goat carcass.

CLIFF

Okay. These two have graduated to the "officially crazy" category. You know that, right?

\*  
\*

CYDNEY

So let's get out of here. Just pack up and go. We'll come up with an excuse and just --

\*  
\*



CLIFF

Like what? "We think you're the killers?"

CYDNEY

One of us isn't feeling good. We don't have to go through with this. C'mon, babe, we'll leave right --

CLIFF

It was hard enough comin' in. Now you wanna leave?

CYDNEY

Well, what do you suggest?

He thinks.

CLIFF

Only couple more miles to the beach.

CYDNEY

Be people there....

CLIFF

I think we have to ride this out -- keep Nick talkin', keep him thinkin' he's gonna be the star of some movie, keep 'em both happy so that everyone gets to that beach alive. But we keep the game face on. Do not let them know anything's wrong here. Y'understand me? Do you?

\*

Subordinating, she rolls away and then spoons back into him. Her eyes puddle up.

CYDNEY

And I thought we were gonna have a real honeymoon....

45 INT. TENT - COASTAL BLUFF - MORNING

45

CLOSE on Cliff's eyes. They crack open after a few miserable hours of sleep. What woke him? That THUMPING SOUND? He turns to check on Cydney...

And finds her missing. The THUMPING GROWS LOUDER. Cliff spiders through the tent-flap...

46 EXT. CAMPSITE - COASTAL BLUFF - CONTINUOUS

46

...and stands up outside.

WIDE FROM HELICOPTER: The storm has been chased away by a brilliant blue morning. Already up, Nick, Gina, and Cydney watch TWO POLICE HELOS CIRCLE the campsite aggressively.

\*

NICK  
(at Cliff)  
Shit, it was only one goat!

Abruptly the helos break off...

And start vulturing over a second campsite down the coast.

An AMPLIFIED VOICE booms orders:

HELO VOICE  
THIS IS THE KAUAI COUNTY POLICE...  
WE WANT TO SEE YOUR HANDS...HANDS,  
SHOW US HANDS...NOW WE WANT YOU ON  
THE GROUND...WE WANT YOU FACE-DOWN  
ON THE GROUND....

Cliff starts running there. Nick hooks his arm.

NICK  
Those boys're comin' heavy. Might  
wanna hang back, let 'em do their --

Cliff shirks free. He and Cydney are first down the trail. Gina follows. Nick stays behind to pour himself more coffee.

47 EXT. SECOND CAMPSITE - THE TRAIL - DAY

47

Rough hands lift someone's face out of the mud. It's Kale, already cuffed, getting hair-yanked onto his feet. Cleo gets similar handling.

KALE  
What're you messin' with us for?  
Nothin' to do with it. Nothin'.

CLEO  
Get your hands offa.... HE'S FUCKIN'  
GROPIN' ME, THIS GUY! HEEELP!

Nearby, a PERIMETER COP blocks the trail. Cliff, Cydney, and Gina hustle up, joining a few other trekkers being held back. But everyone can see what's happening.

GINA  
So what the hell they do?

PERIMETER COP  
Can't say.

KALE

Go ahead, look all you want! You think there's a gun here? Show me a gun! Show me!

GINA

(to perimeter cop)  
Somethin' about Honolulu, ain't it? The murders there?

PERIMETER COP

Really can't say.

CYDNEY

(to Cliff)  
They think it's them. Kale and Cleo....

Overhearing, Perimeter Cop turns back to give her a look. He's one of these guys who can make anyone feel like a criminal.

PERIMETER COP

Friends of yours?

CYDNEY

We just ran into them once or twice.

PERIMETER COP

Which is it? Once or twice?

CYDNEY

We barely know them, okay?

CLOSE on latexed hands searching belongings. There's no gun in Kale's rucksack, but the hands dwell on a box of Chiclets gum -- a curiously NOISY BOX. When that box is opened...

Teeth spill out. Shattered human teeth.

KALE

That ain't mine! He put that there! These guys are planting shit in my bag!

CLEO

IS SOMEBODY TAPING THIS?

PERIMETER COP

(to Cydney)  
Well, prob'ly a good thing you don't know them. Very good thing.

GINA  
(to Cliff and Cydney)  
Wow. And I thought it was you guys  
this whole time.

The humor is lost on Cliff -- at first. Then he starts laughing at the irony, laughing in relief, laughing all the way to the ground. Finding it infectious, Cydney goes off too.

CYDNEY  
Oh, God. So much for our "game  
face," huh?

48 EXT. RED HILL - ABOVE KALALAU BEACH - DAY

48

The expansive sand flats of Kalalau Beach stretch below us. Green cathedral mountains backdrop the beach, and sea mists create a hazy rainbow over the shoreline.

GINA  
Well, whoopty-tah.

Back on the trail and back in good spirits, Cliff, Cydney, Nick, Gina overlook the magical place that is Kalalau Beach. Everyone's muddy as hell and proud of it.

NICK  
Ample time to sunset, too.

\*

Cliff breaks out the Handycam.

CLIFF  
Get the two of us? Front of the  
rainbow here?

Cliff and Cydney cozy up. Gina rolls video.

CYDNEY  
We survived The Trail! And our  
honeymoon!

CLIFF  
This is it! End of the line!

49 EXT. KALALAU BEACH - DAY

49

Other people dot the sand, though it's anything but crowded here. In a series of VIGNETTES, we set the stage:

A49 Nude RA-DEVOTEES doing an eccentric combination of sun  
worship, yoga, and kabuki theatre...

A49

B49 Cliff, Cydney, Nick, Gina setting up camp close to the inland tree-line... B49

C49 Nick slugging mescal, eyeing the scorpion floating inside, still pondering that dead-or-alive issue... C49

D49 TEENS playing nerf-ball... D49

E49 Gina heading for the waterfall with empty water-camels, rolling the Handycam en route... E49 \*  
\*

F49 Cliff firing up a stove... F49

G49 Nick joining the nerf-ball game, playing QB of course... G49

H49 Gina at the waterfall now, cleaning the trail axe of dried goat blood... H49 \*

J49 FOUR KAYAKERS beaching their boats, heading up the sand to explore... J49

K49 And a LONG SHOT of Cliff and Cydney kicking back at the campsite, talking quietly, holding hands. K49

50 EXT. KALALAU BEACH - DAY 50

Down on the wet sand now, Nick checks out the kayaks.  
Cliff joins.

CLIFF

Sea caves down the coast.

NICK

Read about that. Round this point,  
west-southwest, I guess.

Cliff floats a kayak.

CLIFF

So let's do it.

(off Nick's look)

I cut a deal with those guys -- two  
kayaks, one hour, 40 bucks.

Torn, Nick checks his watch, then looks back toward the waterfall. Toward the unseen Gina.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

And no, you don't owe me 20.

NICK

Got some plans here, that's all.

CLIFF  
What kinda plans?

NICK  
Covert plans.

CLIFF  
Nick. You can handle a kayak. \*

NICK  
Hey, pallie, I shot Fives on the  
Grand Canyon in one of these things.

CLIFF  
So lessgo. Give us a chance to talk  
about our movie deal. \*

That does the trick.

NICK  
CYDNEY! TELL HER I'LL BE BACK FOR A  
SUNSET WALK! ME AND GINA!

Cydney waves her understanding.

51 EXT. KALALAU BEACH - DAY

51

Returning with filled water-camels, Gina spots Cliff and Nick  
rolling kayaks through the breakers.

GINA  
(to Cydney)  
WHERE THOSE BOYS OFF TO?

Down the beach, Cydney can be seen filing her nails at the  
campsite.

CYDNEY  
Won't be long now....

GINA  
WHAT?

CYDNEY  
WON'T BE LONG!

Gina nods. She picks off a few shots of the boys as they  
clear the breakers. Good stuff. But when she tries to shut  
the Handycam down... \*

She accidentally depresses the memory stick. It ejects.  
She pushes it back in its slot -- and that activates the  
auto-load feature: Suddenly all kinds of stored photos  
are popping up on the LCD screen. \*

52 EXT. BEYOND BREAKERS - OCEAN - SAME 52

Cliff and Nick in kayaks. Turning west.

53 EXT. KALALAU BEACH - SAME 53

Gina. Sitting down in warm sand, toggling through photos, going back in time to a wedding in California. It brings a wistful smile to Gina's face. For a second or two.

GINA

Well, now who are these....

Gina straightens as if an ice spear is shoved up her spine. Something's wrong. Impossibly wrong. Suddenly Gina's on her feet, running. \*

\*  
\*

GINA

Nick?

The Handycam hits the sand.

GINA

NICKO?

54 EXT. BEYOND BREAKERS - OCEAN - SAME 54

Cliff and Nick. They spot Gina splashing into the surf, shouting, waving.

CLIFF

What's she sayin'?

NICK

Not sure. But got a good bounce to her, doesn't she?

(waving paddle)

SUNSET! I'M COMIN' BACK!

55 EXT. KALALAU BEACH - SAME 55

Gina. Remembering she has a cell phone, she whips it out, speed dials "Nicko." All she gets is a FAST BUSY.

GINA

You hunka shit!

GINA'S POV: Cliff and Nick vanishing around a rocky point.

She fast-scans all around her. Low cliffs prevent her from following via the beach. But inland -- back by the waterfall -- there's a saddle in the mountains. Can she follow that way?

Axe in hand, Gina runs. She runs like Nick's life depends on it.

\*  
\*

SOMEONE ELSE'S POV: Watching Gina vanish inland.

It's Cydney. She reaches down and picks up the Handycam, the one Gina dropped like Kryptonite. She looks at the screen and sees what Gina saw -- and knows what Gina knows.

LOW-ANGLE of the Handycam again dropping onto sand. Beyond, we see Cydney's feet...then her legs...then all of her as she sprints away. But we STAY RIGHT HERE on...

The Handycam's LCD screen. It shows Cliff and Cydney posing for wedding photographs -- only it's not Cliff and Cydney. At least not the ones we know.

The battery fails. The screen dies.

56 EXT. OCEAN - NAPALI COAST - DAY

56

Cliff leads as they paddle west down the coast, mountains to their left. Nick slows to take in the magnificent isolation.

CLIFF (O.S./RADIO)  
Runnin' out of gas?

Cliff is waving a little two-way radio at him. Nick searches his kayak and comes up with a matching unit. Over radios:

NICK  
Our own tactical frequency, huh?

CLIFF  
Let's keep the speed up. Want to get you back in time.

NICK  
Copy that. Jedi out.

CLIFF  
"Copy that. Jedi out."

57 EXT. START OF INLAND PASSAGE - DAY

57

Gina claws her way to the top of the waterfall.

She splashes across the small but swift river up here. Loses her balance. Goes down. Flails her way to the other side. Finds a foot path...

And charges on, pushing west.



58 EXT. SEA CAVE ENTRANCE - NAPALI COAST - DAY 58

Nick and Cliff paddle toward a jagged opening in the coast. It's a sea cave -- but with sunlight inside.

59 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 59

They ride into the cave on an ocean swell.

NICK  
Hoooo-yah....

There's open sky above them. It's like being inside a huge rock-faced cauldron.

CLIFF  
"Hoooo-yah...."

60 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - DAY 60

Gina reaches a vertical wall of vegetation -- a near-perfect dead-end. She scans desperately for a low-point she can negotiate, but it's just not there.

GINA  
Where, where, where....

Eyes down, she follows the foot path faithfully to its terminus. It brings her to a different section of wall...

And there it is. She rips it free from years of entangled foliage.

It's a long knotted rope. The world's worst ladder.

61 EXT. TOP OF ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - DAY 61

Gina tops the rope and explodes past CAMERA -- the CAMERA THAT NOW PEERS BACK DOWN the wall of vegetation she just climbed. Someone's down there, following her.

Cydney.

62 EXT. SEA CLIFF - DAY 62

Gina blitzes to the edge of a sea cliff. Looks down. Can't spot any kayaks on the coast below her.

GINA  
WHERE ARE YOU?

63 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY

63

Nick floats on his kayak as if floating in a backyard pool, legs strewn overboard, sipping Mescal, just letting the incoming swells cradle-rock him back and forth. Cliff is perched on a rock outcropping at the center of the cave.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLIFF

Wanna ask you something, Nick.

NICK

Shoot.

CLIFF

"Shake that bush." What is that?  
What's that from?

NICK

Kiddin' me.

CLIFF

Special Op lingo?

NICK

"What we have here is failure to  
communicate."

(sitting up to make  
eye-contact)

Paul Newman. "Cool Hand Luke."  
Right 'fore he makes his break from  
the chain-gang. Man, you should know  
that.

CLIFF

I should, huh?

Nick as he considers the dead scorpion floating in his bottle. Then he considers himself floating inside this cave. Not so different, really.

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

He goes in alive....

Alarms sound in his head as we RACK FOCUS to the background:  
Cliff is gone from the rock outcropping. Nick knows it  
without even looking.

\*  
\*

A63 ALL IN ONE SHOT: Making no sudden moves, Nick sets his mescal bottle adrift. It fills with water, and we FOLLOW THAT SINKING BOTTLE underwater, leading us to Nick's hand as he reaches for his ankle-blade. We FOLLOW THAT BLADED HAND back up to the surface -- where Cliff has reappeared.

A63 \*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLIFF  
Well, the stories were great, Nick.  
Really helpful.

He takes a 9mm out of its baggie like a guy unwrapping lunch. \*

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
But your "situational awareness?"  
Actually kinda sucks.

64 EXT. ABOVE OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 64

WIDE FROM HELICOPTER: Gina skids to a stop at another edge, this one overlooking the open-ceiling cave. She gets there just in time to witness... \*

65 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 65

Nick's murder.

NICK  
Cliff....

CLIFF  
Call me "Nick."

BOOM! The pistol sounds like a cannon inside the sea cave.

SHOCK CUT TO:

66 EXT. BEHIND CLUB - HONOLULU HARBOR - FIVE NIGHTS AGO 66

BOOM! Suddenly we're somewhere else, looking at the startled face of the world's newest murder victim. Boneless, he drops out of FRAME to reveal the gunman who just put a slug in the back of the victim's head.

It's Cliff -- or at least the guy we know as "Cliff." But now he has stringy locks, chin hair, predatory eyes. With him is...

"Cydney." Only now she's a dirty blonde with eyebrow-rings. \*

WIDER to show that we're on a wharf in Honolulu Harbor. Rain and THUMPING CLUB MUSIC helped dampen the gunshots. There's a second body here, too, that of...

The real Cydney. She lies next to her husband of three days, their blood mingling on the boardwalk.

(NOTE: Prior to this moment, we've seen the real Cliff and Cydney only in the wedding video that began the movie. And even then, we only glimpsed them.)

A66 In FAST CLOSEUPS, we see:

A66

"Cliff's" hands removing wallets...wedding rings...car keys...Handycam...

"Cydney's" hands SNICKING OPEN A STILETTO, pearl-handled. It cuts a sample of the real Cydney's hair...

"Cliff" producing a Leatherman tool, selecting a file, running it down the barrel of a 9mm to change rifling-marks.

"Cydney" holding the real Cydney's hand flat to the ground, palm up. And like any good whittler, she cuts away from her.

"CLIFF"

Rule One....

"CYDNEY"

Never cut forensics a break.

"Cliff" switches to pliers -- and goes after teeth.

67 EXT. UNDERWATER - FIVE NIGHTS AGO

67

The surface is stippled by rain. Presently 20 small objects appear, streaming blood as they float down at us.

They're fingerpads. They're fingerprints.

68 EXT. STAIRWELL - HONOLULU HARBOR - FIVE NIGHTS AGO

68

SURVEILLANCE CAM POV: "Cliff" and "Cydney" dragging two bodies into FRAME...stuffing them under a trashy stairwell... and withdrawing from this POV.

69 INT. \$69 MOTEL - OAHU - FOUR DAYS AGO

69

The Handycam is patched into a shitty Motorola TV. Wedding video plays. We see Cliff's brother throwing Cliff in a headlock. Absorbing the details is...

"Cliff." Shaving his facial hair.

TOMMY (ON VIDEO)

\*

My little brother gettin' married before me, huh?

CLIFF (ON VIDEO)

Yeah, I wonder why. C'mon, let up.

TOMMY (ON VIDEO)

\*

Hey, barkeep! 'Nother brewsky here, huh?

CLIFF (ON VIDEO)

Tommy, your armpit smells like ass,  
okay? Will you let the fuck up?  
Christ, 28 years old and he's still  
doin' it to me....

\*

TOMMY (ON VIDEO)

Came all the way from Michigan to  
do this one more time....

\*

INTERCUT WITH "Cydney" nearby. Darkening her hair with a  
color kit. Referencing both a driver's license tucked into  
the mirror frame and the hair sample she took last night.

"CYDNEY"

Loreal #40. "Espresso Brown."

A69 In CU MONTAGE, scissors working...hair hitting the floor... A69  
piercings being removed...wedding ring being added...their  
victims' clothes being shrugged on, zipped up, buttoned down.

B69 CUs OF JUST THEIR MOUTHS: B69

"CLIFF"

"Well, we say 'screenwriter,' not  
'screenplay writer'..."

"CYDNEY"

"Don't know why I'm tellin' you this.  
We just came here to dance..."

"CLIFF"

"...just a two-week punch-up...."

"CYDNEY"

...always amazes me how much people  
talk about themselves when they're on  
vacation...talk to people they only  
just met...."

70 EXT. FERRY PIER - HONOLULU HARBOR - FOUR DAYS AGO 70

Suitcase WHEELS CLACK-CLACK over a boardwalk.

Pulling the suitcase, "Cydney" catches her reflection in a  
storefront window. It brings her to a stop. "Cliff" appears  
in the distorted reflection beside her. Their transformation  
is dramatic and persuasive.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

"CYDNEY"

She was kind of classy, huh?

\*

"CLIFF"  
 (chastising)  
 Rule Two. Keep your game face on.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

71 EXT. FERRY - HONOLULU HARBOR - FOUR DAYS AGO

71

HORNS BLAST. A ramp retracts. Diesel fumes cloud the air. The FERRY GROANS away from the pier with...

"Cliff" and "Cydney" aboard. "Cliff" ejects the DV tape that shows the real Cliff and Cydney, drops it into the harbor. As he clacks in a fresh tape, he notes...

A taxi speeding onto the pier. Two people pile out, waving, SHOUTING for the ferry to wait. "Cliff" just stares emptily as the ferry gains speeds, no compassion for the two who missed the boat. Compassion is for others. For the weak. For idiots.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

"CLIFF"  
 (offering Handycam)  
 Hey, you mind getting us here?

An OBLIGING STRANGER rolls tape as "Cliff" and "Cydney" cozy up against the ferry railing. They're falling right into character.

72 EXT. PIER - HONOLULU HARBOR - FOUR DAYS AGO

72

And the two people left standing on the pier? Nick and Gina. From here, they can still see "Cliff" and "Cydney" at the rear of the departing ferry.

NICK  
 Well, shit. Maybe that wasn't the one to Kauai.

GINA  
 Pretty sure it was, doll baby.

NICK  
 No, no, think that was the one to Maui -- smaller boat. We're lookin' for the somethin' with some big-ass hydrofoils and....

She taps his shoulder, points to a embarkation sign. "Kauai."

GINA  
 Pretty sure it was.

NICK  
Y'know, if you're so smart, you'd  
play dumb once in a while.

GINA  
Let's find us a schedule. See how  
much time we gotta kill.

73 INT./EXT. JEWELRY STORE - HONOLULU HARBOR - FOUR DAYS AGO

73

Just inside the store, Gina tries on gimcrack jewelry. Nick  
peruses a display of adventure brochures. Soon Gina moves  
deeper into the store and starts to eye pricier stuff like...

Diamond rings.

CLERK  
Something I can show you?

GINA  
Well, not me. But see that  
dangerously handsome man just over  
there? When he asks what I was in  
here lookin' at, you can show him  
this ring...and that one...and by all  
means, this liddle rascal right here.

CLERK  
(re Nick)  
Seems more interested in water  
sports, right now.

\*  
\*

GINA  
That's just an operational cover --  
trust me, he's watchin' us. And any  
second now, he's gonna come in here,  
pull me out -- but leave something  
behind so that he can double-back and  
ask you, private-like, what I was  
lookin' at.

CLERK  
Been playing this game awhile?

GINA  
(sighing)  
"Nicko" -- love him to tears, but he  
does take his own sweet time.

74 EXT. JEWELRY STORE - HONOLULU HARBOR - FOUR DAYS AGO

74

Exiting the store:

NICK  
Shoot.

GINA  
What?

NICK  
Left my canteen.

GINA  
I'll wait right here.

75 INT. JEWELRY STORE - HONOLULU HARBOR - FOUR DAYS AGO

75

Showing rings to Nick:

CLERK  
...oh, and let's not overlook this  
little "rascal" right here. So I  
take it you're planning the next  
step?

NICK  
Oh, I got plans. Covert plans.

Nick unpockets a ring-box. Inside is another diamond ring.

CLERK  
Oh.

NICK  
Gonna make a sunset proposal on  
Kalalau Beach -- supposed to be one  
of the most romantic spots there is,  
right? But I just wanna be sure this  
isn't, you know, "underwhelming"  
compared to whatever's stuck in that  
twangy little head of hers.

The clerk takes the ring. Puts a loup on it.

NICK (CONT'D)  
That's what they called a real  
"heirloom" diamond. Beat out 19  
other bidders for it.  
(biting a lip)  
Will it fly?

CLERK  
Well, to tell the truth....

She thinks it's shit.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

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\*



NICK

Look, if it's truly gonna disappoint her, I'll roll over and play dead for you -- I'll be the easiest mark you ever had. But please, just help me get it right. Never had to do this whole diamond thing before -- and I don't ever wanna do it again. Gina's gonna be the first and the last for me. She is the one.

\*

If there's one thing that comes through with Nick -- through all his bravado and foibles -- is that he's got heart. A big elephant's heart.

CLERK

To tell the truth...I think she'll love anything you give her.

She hands his ring back.

76 EXT. JEWELRY STORE - HONOLULU HARBOR - FOUR DAYS AGO

76

Flipping his water bottle conspicuously, Nick exits.

NICK

Always tryin' to sell you somethin', those people.

GINA

Didn't work, did it?

NICK

On me? Nooohoho -- they ran into one tough hombre.

\*

GINA

So you didn't buy anything?

NICK

What would I want in there?

GINA

Well, you took so long, I just....

NICK

Nooohoho. Got away clean. Almost 1300, catch that ferry?

\*

\*

He slaps her ass to get her moving then struggles to uncap his bottle. Gina cracks it for him.

\*

\*

GINA

There you go, "hombre."

NICK  
Sweaty hands.

GINA  
That happens around me.

NICK  
And always in public, for some  
fuckin' reason.

They share a laugh, and we can see how these two were made for each other. But reaching a corner, their faces fall:

Patrol cars flashing. DETECTIVES mulling. Anxious REPORTERS hustling to go live.

A van WHOOP-WHOOPS behind Nick and Gina. They clear for the "COUNTY CORONER" van as it joins the crime scene ahead.

GINA  
C'mon. Don't got nothin' to do  
with us.

77 INT. SUITE - PRINCEVILLE HOTEL - KAUAI - FOUR DAYS AGO

77

On a 50-inch widescreen, we watch a forensics show on the Discovery Channel, "The New Detectives." PULL BACK to reveal a grand hotel suite. A WAITER lays out breakfast, pouring two flutes of Perrier-Jouet, dropping a raspberry into each.

WAITER  
(calling)  
Complementary, Mr. Anderson. Part  
of the honeymoon package.

"Cliff" steps out of a marble-clad bathroom, toweling off.

"CLIFF"  
You're the best. Take the old cart  
with you? Oh, and take this too.

He tips twenty. The waiter jangles out happy. "Cliff" drinks champagne straight from the bottle as he turns up the volume on the widescreen.

TV NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...it was only then that the  
detectives realized the reason they  
had found no fingerprints at the  
crime scene was because the robbers  
had coated their fingers with  
adhesive -- or "Super Glue" -- prior  
to entering the bank....

"CLIFF"  
Fuckin' repeat.

He clicks off. Dumps the remote. Sifts through some of the real Cliff's belongings, finding...

Permits for the Kalalau Trail. They're paper-clipped to a color brochure of the trail. "The Perfect Getaway."

78 EXT. BALCONY - PRINCEVILLE HOTEL - KAUAI - THREE DAYS AGO

78

The suite's balcony has explosive views of the Pacific and the island Nihili. "Cydney" lounges face-down topless on a chaise, luxuriating in the soft trade winds.

"Cliff" steps outside with the Handycam. He shoots the Bali Hai view.

"CYDNEY"  
Tell me it'll never end.

"CLIFF"  
Always ends. Trick is...

HANDYCAM POV: ZOOMING IN on another couple on another balcony. She's sprawled across his lap, slathering him with kisses. Newlyweds. About the right age, too.

"CLIFF"  
...to have more starts than ends.  
To have the idiot cops always playin'  
catch-up.

HANDYCAM POV: The woman moves inside. We get a better angle on the man now: He's black. The woman was white.

Losing interest, "Cliff" shuts down the Handycam.

"CYDNEY"  
Well, all I wanna do is catch up on  
my sleep right now....

"CLIFF"  
Rule Three....

"CYDNEY"  
Oh, go away with your rules.  
Nothin's gettin' me off this balcony  
today.

\*

He dumps cold champagne on her back. She squeals and jumps off the chaise.

"CYDNEY"

You unbelievable asshole!

"CLIFF"

Never wear the same skin too long.  
We keep moving.

\*

A30 EXT. SECRET FALLS - YESTERDAY

A30

REDUX: We're back at Secret Falls. "Cliff" has just found...

A business card: "Ernesto Padillo, Parole Agent, California Department of Corrections." And scrawled on the backside: "NEXT APPT -- 8/11."

NICK (O.S.)

While we're still young, Cliff!

"Cliff" stands to get a sight-line: Nick, Gina, and "Cydney" are all loaded up and ready to head back down.

"CLIFF"

One sec!

CUT TO:

AA30 THE PART OF THE SCENE we didn't see: "Cliff" unpockets a Chiclets box -- and plants it in Kales's rucksack.

AA30

42 EXT. GUAVA FOREST - RAIN - YESTERDAY

42

REDUX: We're back in the rain, back in that dark dank forest with Chronic and "Cliff."

CHRONIC

Thanks -- but I'm not feelin' the runnin' stream of love here. Gonna banzai back to town. But watch yourself on this trail, huh? Mess you up good 'less you know it good.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

A42 THE REST OF THE SCENE:

A42

Chronic starts to leave. Cliff catches him.

\*

"CLIFF"

Hang on. I was waitin' to tell a ranger, but haven't seen any yet. And I don't know that it's really anything...I mean, maybe people are allowed to carry guns out here....

CHRONIC  
Guns? Nahhh. Who's got guns?

"CLIFF"  
Goes by "Kale." Runs with a girl,  
"Cleo." If those are their real  
names.

\*

CHRONIC  
Big caveman dude? Little hoser  
chick?

"CLIFF"  
Might've been a 9mm -- not too good  
at these things. But maybe when you  
get back, you tell somebody 'bout  
this, okay? Maybe you let the cops  
decide if it's important or not....

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

14 INT./EXT. NORTH SHORE ROAD - YESTERDAY MORNING

14

REDUX: We're back in the Jeep stopped at roadside. "Cydney"  
shows a grocery-store wedding photo to "Cliff."

"CYDNEY"  
Kale and Cleo getting married on  
Oahu.

"CLIFF"  
(nodding "nice")  
Suitable for framing.

A33 EXT. SPILLWAY - THE TRAIL - YESTERDAY

A33

REDUX: We're back at the spillway with Nick and Gina.  
30 yards back, "Cliff" and "Cydney," take a piss break.

NICK  
Interesting guy, Cliff.

GINA  
First man ever who wants to talk  
while he's in the bathroom, though.  
What is goin' on back there?

\*

CUT TO:

BB33 "Cliff" and "Cydney." Now we get the PART OF THE SCENE we  
weren't privy to before:

BB33 \*  
\*

"CLIFF"  
I say let Nick keep pitching his  
stories. Let him dig his own grave.

"CYDNEY"

(resisting)

This isn't Honolulu -- and this guy isn't some soft-boy screenplay writer.

"CLIFF"

What, you actually buy this Jedi shit? He gets his skull opened up by a land-mine and walks it off? He's tryin' to impress me. Me. Because he thinks I'm gonna make a movie out of his life, everything becomes exaggerated, overblown. Trust me, I know a narcissist when I see one -- and this guy is amateur-hour.

(correcting her)

"Screenwriter."

"CYDNEY"

I don't know...if half his stories are true....

"CLIFF"

I know exactly what he is, and he has no clue what I am. That's the advantage we exploit.

(almost a throwaway)

Let's do it at the beach.

"CYDNEY"

Be people there....

"CLIFF"

So we split the herd and run 'em down, just like it's been done for millions of years.

"CYDNEY"

Just feels like we're rushing....

"CLIFF"

Don't tell me you're startin' to like Gina. See, that's your mistake, you get too close, you get too attached to your --

"CYDNEY"

Maybe I'm starting to like Cydney.

"CLIFF"

Bigger mistake.

\*

"CYDNEY"

She's a nice girl. And I want you to start thinking of me like Cliff would think of her. Even if it's not real. Even if you're physically incapable of actually being like that, I want you to pretend that part of it, too.

It's a perverse resistance but understandable: Cydney is everything that "Cydney" never had a chance to be. Rain starts falling. From the other side of the spillway...

NICK

"YOU KEEP SHAKIN' THAT BUSH SO WE KNOW YOU'RE THERE! JUST KEEP SHAKIN' THAT BUSH, LUKE!"

"Cliff" smiles and waves.

"CLIFF"

What is this idiot talkin' about?

CUT TO:

B33 Now PATCH BACK INTO the part we did see: "Cydney" decides she's not going to let her head go where "Cliff's" went. B33

"CYDNEY"

Look, we're supposed to be on our honeymoon, okay? And this is one of the most beautiful places on Earth -- rain or shine -- so why don't you just slow down that overactive brain of yours. I want to enjoy myself here.

She starts across the spillway toward Nick and Gina. "Cliff" lingers, fixated on that photo on his cell phone.

"CYDNEY"

Babe, we're gonna be fine.

41 EXT. CAMPSITE - COASTAL BLUFF - RAIN - YESTERDAY 41

REDUX: We're back in the storm. Back under the lean-to with "Cydney" and Gina as something SLAMS into the tarp. Both girls SCREAM. But it was only a tree branch, driven by the wind. They decompress with nervous laughter.

"CYDNEY"

Always amazes me how much people talk about themselves when they're on  
(MORE)

"CYDNEY" (CONT'D)  
vacation...talk to people they only  
just met....

CUT TO:

A41 What we didn't see:

A41

"CYDNEY"  
Keep another secret, Gina?

GINA  
What, you got more?

\*

"Cydney" digs in her pack, produces little "wontons" of aluminum foil. She peels one open to reveal clear chunky crystals.

"CYDNEY"  
Like I said, "Dope was never my  
thing." Wanna go fast?

GINA  
Thanks. But that shit's a little  
West Coast for me.

"CYDNEY"  
Well, I can handle it, but Cliff...  
gotta keep it away from him because  
he just goes all.... Well, you do  
not want to get him goin' fast.

GINA  
Cliff? Our Cliff? I took him for  
Mr. Dolphin Safe Tuna.

"CYDNEY"  
He's more complicated than that.

\*

79 EXT. KALALAU BEACH - EARLIER TODAY

79

CLOSE as hands open a foil wonton...drop crystal chunks into a glass pipe...heat the pipe over the stove until the crystals liquefy and start to sublime.

"Cliff" and "Cydney" relax at the beach campsite. "Cliff" takes a deep pull on the pipe as he clocks...

A79 Gina. Heading toward the waterfall.

A79

B79 Nick. Playing nerf-ball. QB of course.

B79

C79 The four kayakers. Beaching their kayaks.

C79



"Cliff" exhales -- and his lids lower dangerously, his face reminding us of a young lion overlooking the Serengeti plain. Of an apex predator.

"CLIFF"

Sometimes I wonder if they were all created for us. If they had any life before we showed up. Sometimes it seems like nothing exists until we get there...till we put eyes on it. Like the whole fucking world was manufactured just for our wants and needs.

"CYDNEY"

Think it'll be a nice sunset?

"CLIFF"

I mean, if I look away...turn my head for a second here...would they all stop moving? Shut down? Just go into some energy-saving hibernation mode until the time I choose to reactivate them by simply....

D79 He looks back. The people on the beach are moving again. Just like he expected. (VFX SHOT.)

D79

\*

"CYDNEY"

You should say sweet stuff to me once in a while.

\*

\*

"CLIFF"

(test-driving a new rule)  
It's like...like reality doesn't exist until we get there....

"CYDNEY"

C'mon, babe. Drop the l-word on me.

She rubs his crotch. Immune, he offers her the pipe.

"CLIFF"

I'll take Nick. You're on Gina.

"CYDNEY"

Hey, fuck you dead, huh?

"CLIFF"

How many times do I need to say it? If there's one person in the world I could love, it's you. Why is that never enough?

"CYDNEY"

Forget it, forget it, forget it....

She looks off. He reaches out and takes her hand.

"CLIFF"

It's you who helps create this --  
this fever-dream of immortality.  
You're the privileged witness who's  
going to help me lead a hundred  
different lives. It's you.

She dumps his hand.

"CYDNEY"

How's this for a new rule? "Always  
be sincere even when you're not."

(off his wounded look)

Look, I understand that in some bent  
way, my need for attachment fits your  
need for detachment, okay? It's a  
fucking fit and a fitting fuck.  
That's it. So let's not lie to  
ourselves anymore.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

"CLIFF"

I'm not lying now. I love the idea  
of loving you.

Two "loves" in the same breath: It doesn't even add up to  
one, really, not in the real world. But it's more than  
"Cydney" typically gets.

"CYDNEY"

And I love hearing it. It's sick,  
it's sad, but I do. Does that make  
me crazy, Rocky?

\*

"CLIFF"

It makes you exciting.

She accepts the pipe. Accepts the blood-letting to come.

"CYDNEY"

(as Gina)

"Well, whoopty-tah."

Now "Cliff" lines up Nick with his pistol-fingers.

\*

SHOCK CUT BACK TO:

80 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY

80

BOOM! The pistol sounds like a cannon inside the sea cave.

A bullet tags Nick behind the ear. Blood sprays as he falls back onto the kayak, overturning it. Nick slides into the water like a dead seal. \*

GINA (O.S.)  
NOOOOOO....

"Cliff" snaps a look up to see...

Gina 50 feet above him, perched on the rim of the sea cave, her face stretched in anguish.

"Cliff" lifts his 9mm, FIRES.

81 EXT. ABOVE OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 81

BULLETS CHEW the rocky lip at Gina's feet. She spirals away but now spots...

"Cydney." Charging with the stiletto. Maybe she said she could handle crystal meth, but right now she looks W.O.A. -- Wide Open Awake.

Collision. Gina's trail-axe goes airborne... \*

82 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - CONTINUOUS 82 \*

...and falls here, whiskering past Cliff before BITING into the hull of the Nick's kayak. \*

83 EXT. ABOVE OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 83

Gina caught "Cydney's" stiletto hand -- barely. \*

WIDE FROM HELICOPTER: FIGHT SCENE. Veteran of a few bar brawls, Gina drives a knee into "Cydney's" crotch. It's half-effective against a woman -- so Gina does it again for full effect. When "Cydney" goes lax... \*

Gina torques free, stripping the stiletto from "Cydney's" hand as she gains her feet. Mistake #1: She's letting up in the middle of a fight. \*

GINA  
WHY ARE YOU DOIN' THIS?

"CYDNEY"  
(a perfect mirror)  
"WHY ARE YOU DOIN' THIS?"

Gina swings to slash rather than stabbing for her heart: Mistake #2. Still on her knees, "Cydney" blocks with one arm, uppercuts with the other, catching Gina...

Square in the solar-plexus. An inhuman sound gushes out -- like a hot-air balloon ripping open.

The stiletto goes free.

84 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 84

"Cliff" trains his pistol on the overturned kayak -- waiting for Nick to resurface. And waiting.

85 EXT. ABOVE OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 85

"Cydney" snatches up the stiletto, cocks it overhead as she speeds back, trying to finish the fight with one big "Psycho" stab on...

Gina. Rising as if to meet the attack...

Then dropping low, chopping "Cydney" at the knees.

Still coming down, the stiletto digs into Gina's ass.

Gina GASPS PAIN even as she drives up and out, giving it all she's got. "Cydney" somersaults overhead...

...slams flat-backed near the rim of the sea cave...

...tumbles through open air...

86 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 86

...and makes a LIQUID CRATER in the water below.

87 EXT. ABOVE OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 87

Gina yanks the blade out of her ass. She's desperate to go back to the edge to look again -- to check for Nick -- but knows "Cliff" is down there gunning for her.

GINA

Nicko?

(nothing)

NICKOOOO?

Still nothing. With an inspiration, Gina grubs through her ditty bag for...

Her phone. Her camera phone.

Staying low, she shimmies to the edge...rolls on her back... holds the phone overhead. CH-CLICK! If you had to photograph Medusa, this would be how.

CLOSE on her phone. A photo of the sea cave resolves.  
Just one overturned kayak. Nothing else.

"What the hell?" Gina steals another photo.

It resolves. Still nobody.

A hold-your-breath beat -- then Gina rolls over and puts  
naked eyes on...

The sea cave below. "Cliff" and "Cydney" are both gone.  
All Gina sees now is the overturned kayak -- and a floating  
Boonie hat nearby.

WIDE FROM HELICOPTER: Of Gina all alone. Eerily so. \*

88 EXT. SEA CLIFF - DAY

88

Gina hobbles to a cliff on the sea side. She can HEAR SURF  
CRASHING below, but the shore itself is blocked from view.

She scans the ocean. Are they paddling back to the beach?  
Where the hell are they? Her suspicion returns to...

The cliff below her.

CLOSE on Gina's feet. Inching closer to the edge.

GINA'S POV: Easing out over the sea-cliff. Trying to see  
more. Needing to know if they're climbing up to get her.  
And just as every nerve-ending in her body is focused on the  
danger below...

Her PHONE GOES OFF. It scares the wet crap out of us. Gina  
thumbs "TALK" -- and doesn't. We HEAR BREATHING on the other  
end. Is it him? Is "Cliff" calling her now? \*

\*

GINA  
(a dread whisper)  
Who is this? \*

\*

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Uh, hello, my name is Woody, and I'm  
following up today to make sure  
you're getting the most out of your  
current AT&T calling plan. We  
noticed that you exceeded your  
"Anytime Minutes" last month --

GINA  
Flamin' Jesus, you don't work the  
whole trip, and now you decide to...  
What state you in? Where you at?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I'm, uh...not supposed to say.

GINA  
Woody. There's been some murders in Honolulu, maybe you've heard, maybe you haven't. But they're comin' after me, so you gotta help me out here, okay? Woody? You there?

We can almost hear Woody's brain hitting the frying pan on the other end of the call: This wasn't covered in training. A DEEP BREATH and then...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
With our "Free to Roam" plan, we can offer you more minutes regardless of the time of day or even the state you're --

GINA  
SCREW THE CALLING PLAN and listen to me good. You're gonna be my 9-1-1 boy, okay, Woody? I need you to call up the police in Princeville, Kauai. You tell them I'm being chased by the killers, and that if they can get to Kalalau Beach in 30 minutes, I'll have them there. Can you do that for me? WOODY?

Another beat.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I have to put you on hold now.

GINA  
No, you do not check with your supervisor, don't you dare check, you just do it. And we need some kinda air-ambulance, too, in case....

On the ocean below, "Cydney" appears. She's paddling a kayak backwards, away from shore, stopping when she sees Gina. She's too far away to be a threat. So what is she doing?

GINA  
(into phone)  
Can you swear to me you'll do this?  
Please, please, swear to me you will.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
This is in the Pacific Ocean?

GINA  
Oh, tell me you're taping this call.  
Yes it's in the Pacific Ocean, yes  
I'm on Kauai, yes it's one of the  
five islands of the...

\*  
\*

"CYDNEY'S" VOICE (O.S.)  
...to your left...

GINA  
(into phone)  
...the Hawaiian chain of....

"CYDNEY'S" VOICE (O.S.)  
...more...more...

It's the world's strangest ventriloquist act: "Cydney's"  
whispered voice is heard nearby, yet "Cydney" herself is a  
quarter-mile off, bobbing on the ocean.

With a radio to her mouth.

"CYDNEY'S" VOICE (O.S.)  
Right there.

Realizing, Gina spasms to get away from the edge but...

Something grabs her ankle. And yanks.

A88 GO WIDE to reveal "Cliff" in a recess just below her. With A88  
"Cydney" spotting for him, he made a blind-grab for Gina.  
Now he's trying to drag her off the edge. (VFX SHOT.)

Gina kicks for all she's worth.

"Cliff's" other hand appears -- with a BLASTING 9MM.

Nightmare of nightmares: Some sociopath who you can't see --  
and who can't see you -- has you by the ankle and is PUMPING  
ROUNDS at your face from five feet away.

The PHONE EXPLODES in Gina's hand. A chunk of her palm flies  
away with it. HOWLING pain, Gina keeps kicking until  
suddenly...

She's free.

"Cliff" makes one more blind-grab. And misses.

Gina eyes the hand that now gropes for purchase. With a rush  
of unfiltered hatred, she pounces back with the stiletto...

And just drills that hand. It brings a BIGGER HOWL from  
somewhere below.

Leaving him staked to the ground, Gina stumbles back to...

89 EXT. ABOVE OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 89

The sea cave. Hoping against hope, she scans one more time for Nick. But he's gone.

90 EXT. SEA CLIFF - DAY 90

CLOSE on "Cliff's" good hand yanking the stiletto out of his staked hand. It's a macabre sight.

91 EXT. OCEAN - NAPALI COAST - DAY 91

In the kayak, "Cydney" watches "Cliff" drag himself up onto the cliff-top and look around. There's no sign of Gina.

92 EXT. SEA CLIFF - DAY 92

"CLIFF"

(into radio)

She got off a call, asked for help  
back at the beach.

\*  
\*

Even with a quarter-mile separation, they manage to look into each others' eyes.

"CYDNEY"

(into radio)

"Nothing exists until we get there."

\*

"Cydney" jams a paddle into the water and pulls hard.

93 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - DAY 93

Nick's kayak rides the swells forlornly. Presently CAMERA DROPS UNDERWATER to find...

Nick's body floating beneath the kayak. We aren't sure -- blood clouds the water -- but is his head missing?

94 INT. KAYAK - UNDERWATER - DAY 94

We find the missing head here, breathing from the air-pocket inside the kayak. Nick is alive.

Deciding it's time, he pushes out...



- 95 INT./EXT. OPEN-CEILING CAVE - CONTINUOUS 95
- ...and claws onto the back of the kayak. Blood sheets from the rear of his head where we glimpse...
- Titanium. The bullet ripped open a flap of scalp -- but didn't penetrate his space-age skull.
- NICK
- Okay. Somebody monkey-fuck me up  
a Marlboro Light.
- A95 QUICK CUTS: Doing jungle surgery, Nick folds his scalp back into place...snugs on his Boonie hat...then loops a tie-down strap around the outside of the hat and cinches it tight. It's a stylish tourniquet for his head. A95
- Almost good to go, Nick reaches into a pocket to check one more thing.
- The E-bay engagement ring. Still in its box. He tucks it away -- and yanks the trail-axe out of the kayak's hull. \*
- NICK \*
- Here I come, baby. \*
- 96 EXT. INLAND PASSAGE - BACK TO KALALAU BEACH - LATE DAY 96
- WIDE FROM HELICOPTER: On a mountain ridge, one small figure runs for her life. \*
- Gina. Hobbled but denying the pain. Moving as fast as she can over uneven, ankle-twisting ground. Somewhere behind her comes...
- "Cliff". Pistol out. Smelling blood. Crunked up on speed and making good time for it. And somewhere behind him...
- Nick. Gilligan in one hand, axe in the other. Tracking their blood and heedless of his own. Wearing his wounds like a badge of honor, in fact, because he is a Goddamn American Jedi. And somewhere far to his left... \*
- 97 EXT. OCEAN - NAPALI COAST - LATE DAY 97
- "Cydney." Paddling hard. Shooting over swells. Making the best time of all.
- 98 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 98
- Down to one good hand, Gina descends the rope awkwardly. Skips the last few knots and drops bodily to the ground. Gets up and runs right into...

A man.

It's one of the four kayakers who didn't expect to be on foot right now.

KAYAKER #1

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Sorry to scare you. But you wouldn't happen to have seen two --

GINA

(crazed)

Go back, go back, go back to the beach...he's comin' this way....

KAYAKER #1

Well, we would -- but someone stole two kayaks and some of our gear, okay? Someone who headed off this direc --

GINA

He's got a gun...he fuckin' shot Nicko and he shot me right in the fuckin' hand, okay? HE'S GOT A GUN!

The kayakers swap looks. *"What the hell did we walk into?"*

KAYAKER #2

(taking her arm)

Let me see that....

GINA

Lemme go, lemme go, lemme --

KAYAKER #2

Hey, HEY, HEY. I'm an EMT, okay? I can help, but I just gotta take a look at it first.

(to others)

Let's get her down.

GINA

NO! I CAN'T STOP!

She fights. The kayakers corral Gina, trying to help but actually putting her in greater danger. Because behind them...unseen...

That knotted rope is moving. Swaying. Carrying someone's weight from above.

99 EXT. ROCKY POINT/KALALAU BEACH - LATE DAY 99

"Cydney" paddles past a rocky point. Ahead of her, Kalalau Beach sweeps into view.

100 EXT. INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 100

KAYAKER #2  
Gettin' shocky. Lie her down.

GINA  
No, no, no, there'll be someone at the beach, I called for help, I did, we should all just get back to the --

KAYAKER #2  
YOU'RE SAFE HERE, OKAY? We're not gonna let anything happen to you. You'll be safe as long as you do what I ask you to --

GINA  
He was right behind me a minute ago....

KAYAKER #1  
Who was? Who we talkin' about?

"CLIFF" (O.S.)  
Thank God.

Everyone turns to see "Cliff" releasing the rope ladder and strolling forward. His wounded hand is wrapped, but he looks little worse than other trekkers we've seen.

"CLIFF"  
Gina, you feelin' better?

GINA  
Ohfuck, ohfuck, ohfuck....

"CLIFF"  
Guess not.

Kayakers #1 and #2 rise to meet "Cliff," faces wary, eyes hunting for any sign of a weapon. The other two hang onto Gina.

"CLIFF"  
I'm Cliff.

KAYAKER #1  
Robert.

"CLIFF"

Sorry about all this. It's been a helluva vacation, believe me. And here we all thought it was going to be the trip of a life --

KAYAKER #1

Just tell us what's going on.

GINA

HE KILLED MY NICKO!

"Cliff" ushers the two kayakers back toward the rope ladder. He wants to get out of Gina's earshot. And vice versa.

"CLIFF"

Her name is Gina. She's a friend of my wife's, and she has a little issue with, uh, well, crystal meth, okay? She's normally pretty functional, but as you can see, this ain't normal.

GINA

HE WANTS TO BE US!

\*

"CLIFF"

Iced out of her mind right now. Here, lookit this.

Proving his point, he picks up a foil wonton. It "fell" where Gina fell off the rope ladder.

"CLIFF"

Been finding these whole trip.

Kayaker #2, the EMT guy, peels back the foil. Crystals.

"CLIFF"

Look, she just got in over her head this time. Hope we don't have to involve police or anyone like that. I'll make sure she gets back safe.

Kayaker #1 and #2 swap glances. *"Sounds okay."*

KAYAKER #1

Look, we're just out here 'cuz someone took off with two of our boats. Last thing we want is to step in someone else's mess. Right?

KAYAKER #2

Yeah, right. Except....

"CLIFF"  
'Cept what?

KAYAKER #2  
I don't get why her pupils are normal  
and yours are the size of olives.

A time-stopped moment: No heartbeats. No breaths. No words  
until...

"CLIFF"  
(narcissistically wounded)  
You know, guys, it was a perfectly  
good story.

Cobra-fast, he comes up with the 9mm. \*

Gina tears free.

A100 In RAPID-FIRE SHOTS, "Cliff" drops the kayakers with the A100 \*  
calm of a guy whacking weeds. (VFX SHOTS.)

It's fucking shocking how he mows them down just to get a  
line-of-sight on...

Gina. Running like a scalded cat.

"Cliff." He's got the perfect shot on her backside. \*

The 9MM. CLICKING DRY. \*

"CLIFF"  
Oh, count your freakin' shots.

He ZINGS out a clip.

B100 HIGH ANGLE: From a vantage halfway up the rope ladder, we B100 \*  
look down on "Cliff" as he reloads. In SILENT SLOW MOTION,  
Nick freefalls into FRAME after separating from the rope  
somewhere above, blood in his eyes, cocking back his  
tactical knife as he drops full-weight toward...

"Cliff." Slapping home a fresh clip in SLOW MOTION.

TIGHT on a metal-tipped strap on Nick's clothing. Flapping  
in SLOW MOTION, it goes TING-TING-TING. And just that  
smallest of sounds...

C100 Alerts "Cliff." He upturns his face. In a time-stopped C100 \*  
moment... \*

"CLIFF"  
(stunned)  
Why aren't you dead? \*

- D100 A FAST CRASHING COLLISION. The 9MM EXPLODES. The blade flashes and bites. Bodies avalanche across the ground. D100
- 101 EXT. KALALAU BEACH - LATE DAY 101
- "Cydney" beaches the kayak. Hears THUMPING. Looks up the coast to spot...
- A helo coming out of the sun.
- "Cydney" scans the beach and waterfall area, looking for Gina. She hasn't make it back yet.
- The police helo comes in for a beach landing. Waving her arms frantically, "Cydney" runs to it. \*
- 102 EXT. INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 102
- Running, Gina dares to glance over her shoulder -- and finds no one chasing her. Lungs on fire, she slows and listens. It's eerily quiet back there. \*
- 103 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 103
- Still down, Nick wears a fresh bullet-wound in one shoulder. Not far away...
- Lies "Cliff." His good hand is now his bad hand: Nick's blade came down the valley of his fingers, separating the third and fourth metacarpal and nearly bifurcating the hand.
- Nick reaches for Gilligan.
- "Cliff" reaches for the 9mm. He struggles to hold it in his maimed hands.
- 104 EXT. INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 104
- Gina backpedals up the next rise, stretching her neck, trying to gain some elevation to peer back on...
- The rope-ladder area. A familiar figure staggers to his feet.
- GINA  
(almost crying)  
Nicko?
- 105 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 105
- Nick advances on "Cliff," who tries to pull the trigger but finds it's like shooting with his feet. The FIRST SHOT... \*

ZINGS past Nick's ear. He keeps coming.

The SECOND SHOT...

Goes wild. Nick keeps coming.

A THIRD SHOT...

Rips open Nick's pantleg. With a closing rush of speed, Nick punts the pistol out of "Cliff's" hands...

...catches it in midair...

...and sticks the muzzle in "Cliff's" eye-socket as he jams the tactical knife up under "Cliff's" chin. He just might kill this fucker twice. \*

NICK

So how many times? How many people you done this to?

"CLIFF" \*

'Nough to get good at it. Christ, bit my tongue. Hate that. \*

NICK \*

It's gonna stop hurting any second now. \*

"CLIFF" \*

Oh, you think this is it, Nick? Bad guy buys it, crowd goes nuts? You know what I hate 'bout that ending? Aside from it being cliché? It's your version of reality, "pallie"... \*

Behind Nick, a HELICOPTER ROARS into view, dominating FRAME. Police are visible through an open door, one with rifle. \*

"CLIFF" (CONT'D) \*

Not mine. \*

106 INT. POLICE HELO - LATE DAY

106 \*

POLICE POV: The four kayakers lie dead on the ground. A fifth victim -- "Cliff" -- is about to be killed by Nick. It's a damning picture, made even more so by... \*

"CYDNEY"

(re Nick)

Oh, my Go.... That's him. That's the one who tried to kill us!

Inside, we find "Cydney" with a blanket over her shoulders, playing the role of harrowed survivor. A young POLICE LIEUTENANT splits his attention between her...the dire situation below...and the MARKSMAN who awaits his order.

\*

107 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY

107

AMPLIFIED VOICE  
WEAPONS DOWN, PUT YOUR WEAPONS DOWN!

PROP-WASH BLASTS everything. Nick is momentarily confused. Capitalizing on it, "Cliff" grabs Nick's gun-hand -- and makes sure the barrel of the 9mm stays pointed at him.

\*

\*

\*

"CLIFF"

\*

What're you gonna do, Nick? Sure feel good to squeeze that trigger -- but you kill me, you kill yourself. Just ain't gonna do that, are you? Too much to live for. Too many attachments. Too soft.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

108 INT. POLICE HELO - LATE DAY

108 \*

"CYDNEY"

\*

I'm the one who called for help, they're the ones who did all those awful things, now please, please do something BEFORE HE KILLS MY HUSBAND!

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

109 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY

109 \*

AMPLIFIED VOICE  
LAST CHANCE! WEAPONS DOWN!

\*

\*

"CLIFF"

\*

What're we gonna do here, Nick? Don't kill me and I'll just come back. These idiots can't keep me locked up. Hey, one year from today, I want you in Honolulu, Pier 19. Right around noon, some guy will brush by you, give you a little bump. You'll turn around and see him walking off. He won't look like me -- but might look a little like you. He'll be holding a shaved ice, let's say cherry, bright red in honor of all the blood we spilled here today. Circle the date, Nicko. Because that's the day you'll know just how good I really fucking am.

\*

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110 INT. POLICE HELO - LATE DAY 110 \*

"CYDNEY"  
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR! \*  
\*

111 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 111

"CLIFF"  
Hoooo-yah.... \*  
\*

112 INT. POLICE HELO - LATE DAY 112 \*

LIEUTENANT \*  
(to marksman)  
Do it.

MARKSMAN POV: A nano-second before he takes the shot,  
another figure careens into his cross-hairs, crashing into  
Nick, covering him up, acting as a human shield.

It's Gina.

A hand grips the marksman's shoulder. *"Hold off!"*

113 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 113

GINA  
Don't you die on me, oh Christ,  
don't you die again....

Coming out of his homicidal fugue, Nick drops the blade and  
pistol -- and raises his arms as best he can.

114 INT. POLICE HELO - LATE DAY 114

"Cydney." Sinking back. Knowing that another reality  
prevailed this time.

115 EXT. ROPE LADDER - INLAND PASSAGE - LATE DAY 115

Gina continues to hug Nick like it was the last day on Earth.  
It nearly was. Behind Nick's back:

"CLIFF"  
Hey. I woulda done it if I were you.

Nick crushes his face with a crescent-kick.

NICK  
Well, you ain't me.

A115 The HELO BARKS MORE ORDERS...the PROP-WASH hurricanes around A115 them...but Nick and Gina are in their own world now, propping each other up, knowing it'll come out right as long as they both live to tell the tale.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 EXT. MEDIVAC HELO - SUNSET 116

A MEDIVAC HELO. Heading up the coast. Heading back to civilization.

117 INT. MEDIVAC HELO - SUNSET 117

In one litter lies Gina, eyes closed, an I.V. line in her hand. Across the aisle is Nick, similarly tended to. As the helo banks, the ocean horizon appears in a window, and Nick hoists himself up to see...

God's best sunset.

NICK

Hey. 'Is's for you.

He's got the ring-box. Gina takes it but can't get it open. The MED-TECH helps out.

GINA

Holy crap. You buy this on Honolulu?  
In that shop?

NICK

E-bay. Beat out 19 other shmucks.

\*

GINA

Well, how long you had it?

NICK

Year and a half.

GINA

"A year and a...." What the hell you waitin' for, you dumb bastard?

NICK

The right moment.

She thinks about ragging on him some more -- in fact, she thinks about standing right up and boxing his ears. But her eyes go dewy first.

GINA  
(to med-tech)  
Would you...can you just....

Gently, without disturbing the I.V., the stranger slips the ring on Gina's finger.

GINA  
Oh, Nicko. You are a Man in Full.

Taking it for a "yes," Nick leans back. Gina does likewise. Suddenly stricken by the same thought...

NICK  
Let's not do a honeymoon.

GINA  
I don't need no honeymoon.

FADE OUT