

The Descendants

Screenplay

By

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Adapted from the novel by

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FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A young, slight, bespectacled ASIAN-AMERICAN BOY is standing at the front of the room, looking right into CAMERA.

Behind him, above the black board, a BANNER hangs. It reads, "We Are Proud! We Are Konawaema Elementary!"

In his hand, he is holding an unremarkable ROCK, displaying it.

ASIAN-AMERICAN BOY
(robotic, almost
rehearsed)

For "Show and Tell," I brought this rock. I found it in my backyard. I like it because it is shiny. My Dad says that if I keep collecting rocks, we're going to have to buy a second house.

The Asian-American Boy smiles, proud of his rehearsed "joke."

JUMP CUT.

Now, a SAMOAN GIRL is standing in the same spot, addressing CAMERA as well. She's holding a LARGE CONCH SHELL.

SAMOAN GIRL
I brought this conch shell. It's special to me because I ate what was inside of it and had to go to the hospital.

JUMP CUT.

A HAWAIIAN BOY is "jamming" on a 'OHE HANO IHO (A nose flute made out of bamboo).

JUMP CUT.

A PRETTY GIRL, who looks like a 10-year-old Paris Hilton, is showing off her Blackberry.

PRETTY GIRL
(pointing)
And if I push this button, I can just tell my phone who I want it to call.

JUMP CUT.

AN AWKWARD KID, stricken with stage fright, is holding up a FEATHER. He's not saying a thing, just displaying it. Long beat of awkwardness, until...

JUMP CUT.

A JAPANESE GIRL is tap dancing, fervently.

JUMP CUT.

The Pretty Girl is back, still showing off her phone.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Call Tricia.

Beat. Nothing happens. She looks at the screen.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)
 Call Tricia.

Beat. Again, nothing.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)
 Call Tricia.

JUMP CUT.

A POLYNESIAN BOY is playing his Playstation PSP.

POLYNESIAN BOY
 (staring at screen,
 concentrating)
 See, in order to get the Key of
 Loganon, I have to hit the
 Sarganoid with my Light Rod right
 on his temple.
 (then, frustrated)
 No! I hit it! I did hit it!

JUMP CUT.

The Awkward Kid is back, still just standing there, displaying his feather.

JUMP CUT.

The Pretty Girl is back again. This time, talking on her phone.

PRETTY GIRL
 Hey. What are you doing?
 (beat, then)
 (MORE)

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)
 Nothing. Just showing my class my
 phone.

JUMP CUT.

This time, our set FRAME is empty. That is, until...

SCOTTIE KING (10) steps into frame. She's quite overweight. But despite her size, there is a strong air of confidence about her and the way she carries herself. She isn't too pretty yet, but it's clear that could all change.

She's wearing a T-shirt that's clearly two sizes too big, even for her. It reads, "I'm not that kind of girl. But, I can be!"

Scottie clears her throat, then...

SCOTTIE
 For "Show and Tell" today,...I
 brought pictures I took of my Mom
 in a coma.

With that, she holds up an open SCRAPBOOK.

CLOSE ON SCRAPBOOK PAGE. It's filled with Polaroid shots of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN lying in a hospital bed, eyes closed.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES: THE DESCENDANTS

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Scottie is just outside the classroom door, dancing. Yes, dancing. Whatever music she is hearing in her head, it's clearly making her groove. She's definitely in her own world.

Behind her, through the open classroom doorway, we see MS. MUMEA, a young Polynesian teacher, talking with Scottie's dad, MATT KING (40s). Although neatly dressed in a pressed button-down and khakis, Matt looks exhausted, emotionally spent.

MS. MUMEA
 I guess what I'm saying is that,
 maybe Scottie needs some time away
 from school.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MS. MUMEA
More time, you know, around her
mother.

Matt rubs his eyes. Exhales.

MATT
Well,...the hospital suggested
getting back to a normal routine,
so...

MS. MUMEA
I know. I just think that Scottie
is not herself. I mean, she is, but
uh...

Ms. Mumea considers the best way to put it.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)
(singing, a la Gwen
Stefani)
"This shit is bananas. B-A-N-A-N-A-
S!..."

Matt and Ms. Mumea look over at....

Scottie, her back to them, gyrating in the doorway.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
(singing)
"This shit is bananas. B-A-N-A-N-A-
S!

This goes on way too long, with Matt just staring at Scottie.
Ms. Mumea keeps glancing over at Matt, wondering if he's
going to step in. Finally, she...

MS. MUMEA
Scottie, that's inappropriate.

Scottie stops on cue. Matt, realizing that he should have
been the one to do that...

MATT
Yeah, Scottie. Come on.

Matt turns back to Ms. Mumea, slightly embarrassed. She gives
him a sympathetic smile. Beat.

MS. MUMEA
So, has Scottie been, uh,...talking
about things?

Matt gives her a "Huh?" look, as if he didn't hear what she
said.

MS. MUMEA (CONT'D)
Have you been talking with...?

MATT
("no")
Oh. Yes.

MS. MUMEA
(nodding head)
Good. Good.

MATT
Yeah.

Beat.

MATT (CONT'D)
You mean, like...?

MS. MUMEA
Uh, how she's feeling. What's on
her mind...

MATT
No. Yeah. Of course.

Matt turns back to Scottie, who is now posing for a Polaroid
"self-portrait." She SNAPS the photo.

MS. MUMEA
Look, I know this must be hard for
you.

Matt scrunches his face. He's probably heard this line from a
lot of people.

MS. MUMEA (CONT'D)
But, I think she needs to be around
her mother...to prepare...

Matt snaps around.

MATT
(short)
For what?

MS. MUMEA
 (taken aback)
 Oh, uh...

MATT
 I'm not thinking that way.

MS. MUMEA
 No, and you shouldn't be. I'm only
 saying...just in case...

MATT
 I'm sorry. What qualifies you?
 Because it's my understanding that
 you're an elementary school
 teacher. But, if I'm wrong, please
 by all means, give me your
 prognosis.

Ms. Mumea looks like she could cry at any second. Matt rubs his eyes again. Exhales.

MATT (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. That wasn't, uh...

Long beat. Awkward.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Okay. Well, it was nice meeting
 you.

Matt starts to extend his hand to shake, but then thinks better of it.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Okay.
 (then)
 Scottie, get your things.

He walks off, AS WE...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

Matt is driving down a beautiful stretch of Hawaiian highway. Scottie is in the backseat. They ride in silence. Every once and a while, Matt glances into the rearview mirror, checking on Scottie.

CLOSE ON REARVIEW MIRROR. Scottie's just staring out the window, but she seems content.

MATT
So, Scottie,...what's on your mind?

SCOTTIE
(shrugging)
Nothing.

Matt just nods. That got him nowhere.

He pulls up to a stoplight. Beat.

MATT
And, uh...how are you feeling...?

Suddenly, something catches Scottie's attention outside the window. She sits up, excited.

SCOTTIE
(calling out)
Dorks!

Startled, Matt looks over at what she's yelling at.

It's a FAMILY OF FOUR (Two parents and two teens) walking along the sidewalk. They are all wearing purple T-shirts that read, "Fischer Family Reunion."

The light turns green. Unfortunately, Matt has to pass the family again. This time, Scottie leans out the window, almost in their faces.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
Dorks!

Scottie sits back in her seat, laughing. Matt glances in the rearview mirror.

CLOSE ON MIRROR. We see the FATHER gesturing wildly as his OLDER SON is taking off his purple T-shirt and throwing it to the ground.

Matt just looks back at his daughter, who's in hysterics.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Matt's car turns into the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

CLOSE ON A POSTCARD - It's a beautiful, young woman in a white bikini. She's straddling a surfboard, getting splashed from some unseen person. Her mouth is wide open, laughing. The caption - "Life's a DAMN hot beach."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

Matt, staring at a rack of postcards. He seems almost disgusted, sick to his stomach.

PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL...

Matt's in the HOSPITAL GIFT SHOP. It's a very sterile environment, if it wasn't for all the wall to wall stuffed animals, cards, balloons, etc..

A GUY walks behind Matt. He peers over Matt's shoulders at the postcard, ogling. Matt, feeling him, hurriedly empties out the rack of all the remaining postcards with the young woman. Shoots the guy a look, then crosses off to...

THE COUNTER.

Along with the postcards, Matt sets down a can of Diet Coke and a "Get Well" card. Behind the counter is the SHOPKEEPER, sitting on a stool and reading the newspaper.

SHOPKEEPER
(from behind her paper)
You ready?

MATT
Yeah.

SHOPKEEPER
Okay. Let me get to good stopping place.

This seems to take longer than it should. Matt can hear her MUMBLING from behind the newspaper. She clearly reads aloud to herself. Matt notices the front page headline.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER. The headline reads, "Shareholders Narrow Down Bids For Land. Local Bidder, Holitzer, Still in Mix." There is a large photo of Matt, with the caption "Attorney Matt King, Shareholder."

Finally, the shopkeeper emerges from her paper. She's an elderly, Asian woman, dressed in a muumuu.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)
I no want forget what happen in
article.

She wrestles with the newspaper, struggling to fold it. Matt watches as his photo comes in and out of view. The woman finally wins the battle, laying the paper on the counter. Matt seems relieved that the photo ends up face down.

MATT
(re: postcards)
Why do you sell these?

The shopkeeper flips through the stack.

SHOPKEEPER
Hey. They all the same cards. You
buy like all the same cards?

MATT
These are inappropriate for a
hospital gift shop.

SHOPKEEPER
What? You no like girls?

MATT
No, I like women. Not underage
girls.

SHOPKEEPER
How you know she underage?

The shopkeeper picks up the postcards, starts to put them under the counter.

MATT
No, no, I'm buying them. I want
them.

The shopkeeper eyes him, confused.

MATT (CONT'D)
Yes, I'll take them!

SHOPKEEPER
Okay, fine.

She puts everything in a bag.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)
Buy underage girl all for yourself.

MATT
She's my daughter.

He snatches the bag out of her hands, walks off.

SHOPKEEPER
(calling off)
Well, instead of snapping at me,
maybe you no allow your daughter to
take pictures, then!

As Matt exits, he pulls the postcards out of the bag and
throws them in a nearby trash can.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Matt enters. Like the rest of the hospital, the room itself
is sterile. But, the view is all Hawaii. Just beyond the
window, paradise.

Scottie is playing hopscotch on the linoleum, using a tongue
depressor as a marker.

In the bed, asleep, JOANIE KING. (The Beautiful Woman from
Scottie's Polaroids). Even enveloped in a sea of machines and
monitors, two things are obvious: Joanie is stunningly
beautiful and much younger than Matt.

Matt pulls the can of soda out of the bag.

MATT
Here. I got you this.

SCOTTIE
(off can)
Diet?!
(then)
Oh, you won't let me have sugar,
but I can have cancer?

MATT
You don't need more sugar.

SCOTTIE
I don't need cancer, either.

MATT
Fine. Then, don't drink it.

SCOTTIE

No, I'm going to drink it. I'm just saying. Thanks for the cancer.

Matt just shakes his head, bemused. He walks over to Joanie's bed. He looks down at her, smiles, and strokes her hair.

MATT

Did you talk to your mom?

SCOTTIE

I haven't thought of a good story to tell her.

MATT

You said you wanted to talk to her. What have you been doing in here this whole time?

SCOTTIE

Trying to think of a good story. She'd want it to be a good story!

MATT

Just tell her about school.

SCOTTIE

She never cares about what's going on at school!

MATT

Then, what about after-school? She's always driving you around the island for something.

(then)

Gymnastics? Soccer? Piano?

SCOTTIE

I don't do any of those things.

Matt seems genuinely surprised by this. "Oops." He pulls the "Get Well" card out of the bag, hands it to Scottie.

MATT

Okay. Well, if you're not going to say something, write her a note.

SCOTTIE

How is she going to read it?

MATT

Scottie, stop fighting me on everything.

SCOTTIE

I don't know what to write!

MATT

Say, "Get well. Wake up. I love you. Don't leave me with Dad anymore!"

Scottie pouts. Matt collects himself. Beat.

MATT (CONT'D)

Okay, look. We'll go home. You'll think of a good story. And you'll tell mom tomorrow. Okay?

Scottie nods.

MATT (CONT'D)

Okay, grab your scrapbook.

Scottie goes over to a chair, gets her book.

Matt, again, turns his attention to Joanie. Takes her in. He leans down, WHISPERS something in Joanie's ear. But, we can't hear what he says.

He finishes, kisses her on the forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Scottie make their way through the busy hallway. Matt notices DR. JOHNSTON (late 60s), standing at the nurse's station, with a group of fellow doctors.

Matt places his hand on Scottie's shoulder, hoping to pick up their pace. Dr. Johnston glances over, noticing Matt. He gestures for Matt to wait. Matt squints, as if to pretend he doesn't even recognize him. Dr. Johnston breaks away from the other doctors, starts walking toward them.

DR. JOHNSTON

Matt!

Not knowing what else to do, Matt turns down the next hallway they get to.

MATT

(to Scottie)

Walk faster.

SCOTTIE

Why?

MATT

Let's race.

That's all Scottie needs to hear - an excuse to run. She sprints down the hallway. Matt walks faster, then breaks into a jog.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Matt is on his bed, working. Papers, documents are strewn all over the place. Unfortunately, nothing's keeping his attention. He looks over at the bedside table, picks up a picture frame.

CLOSE ON FRAME. It is a photo of the three women in his life. Joanie, flanked by Scottie and ALEXANDRA (the girl from the postcards). They are standing on a pier, in front of a speedboat. Joanie is holding a trophy over her head in victory. Scottie, like her mother, is beaming. Alexandra, on the other hand, looks like she wants to be anywhere but there.

As Matt sets down the picture frame, he notices the copy of HONOLULU WEEKLY that was under it. He picks it up, flips to a certain page.

CLOSE ON PAGE. It seems to be a fashion advertisement. On it, a PHOTO of a FAMILY OF FIVE, all holding hands. The MODEL portraying the "Mom" in the "family" looks very familiar to us. In fact,...

It's JOANIE, looking radiant.

She's joined by her "HUSBAND" and three "KIDS." The kids are all different nationalities. One is Asian. One is Filipino. And the other, is Hapa or of "mixed descent." All three kids are pointing up at something that we can't see in the "sky".

Matt looks up from the magazine, smiles. Beat.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Okay. I know what I want my new thing to be...

Just then, a DARK FIGURE walks past the foot of the bed. Matt doesn't seem startled by this at all.

Suddenly, Joanie climbs onto the other side of the bed, sits beside Matt. She pulls her hair back, puts it in a ponytail. She's not wearing make-up, but looks amazingly young and beautiful. She cozies up to Matt.

JOANIE
...Racing speedboats!

MATT
(off magazine ad)
Are these supposed to be your kids?

JOANIE
Troy, at the club, wants to put a team together. Invited me to join.

MATT
(still into magazine)
What is this even an ad for?

JOANIE
I'm going to do it.

MATT
(smiling)
You don't know anything about racing, Joanie.

JOANIE
That's the point, Matt. It's something new.

Matt holds up the magazine.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
Hilo Hattie.

Matt scrunches his face.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
(off Matt)
What? They like to represent Asians, Filipinos, and Hapas.

MATT
So, you and your white husband...?

JOANIE
(laughing)
Adopted them.

Matt's having fun. He's animated.

MATT

Why not just have an Asian mom and a Filipino dad?

JOANIE

They like white adults with ethnic kids.

MATT

Well then, how about throwing a black kid in there?

JOANIE

(flustered)

The few black people in Hawaii are military.

MATT

Then, make the dad a black sergeant.

JOANIE

That's not a target market.

MATT

And what the hell are these kids pointing at, anyway?

Joanie playfully swats Matt, laughing.

JOANIE

Their glorious future.

They lock eyes, kiss.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Race boats with me.

MATT

(smiling, emphatic)

No.

JOANIE

Come on. We can put a rocking chair on deck.

MATT

(amused)

Is that so?

JOANIE

And a defibrillator.

Matt laughs, grabs at Joanie, playfully. She squirms, laughs, and hops back out of bed.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
 Okay, suit yourself. But, just know
 Troy likes to have his shirt
 off...a lot.

She smiles. Matt takes her in, as...

...the DARK FIGURE moves across the foot of the bed,
 revealing...

Matt, just sitting there. The "animated" side of him slowly
 disappears. The room feels empty again.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Matt is cooking breakfast. This doesn't seem to be his
 comfort zone, as the kitchen seems like a disaster area. The
 counters are covered in what look like "failed attempts" to
 make eggs.

Scottie is sitting on a stool at the counter. She has cut out
 the article about Matt from the previous day's newspaper and
 is pasting it into her scrapbook.

Matt's iPhone RINGS. He looks around, but doesn't see it. It
 RINGS again. And AGAIN.

MATT
 (flustered)
 Where is my phone?

SCOTTIE
 (not looking up)
 It's in my bookbag.

MATT
 What? Why?

SCOTTIE
 (shrugging)
 In case I get kidnapped.

Matt shakes his head, grabs the phone out of her bag, looks
 at the screen.

CLOSE ON CALLER ID. It's reads, "Hugh."

Matt makes a face. Gathers himself. Clearly, not in the mood to take this call.

MATT
 (into phone)
 Hey. I haven't made a decision.

CUT TO:

INT. TIKI'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The atmosphere, dark. The walls, covered in woven mats. The bar and tables, stapled with skirts of raffia. The only real source of light is provided with each opening of the front door, which gives everyone in the bar a brief glimpse of paradise. That is, if their backs weren't to the door.

Sitting at the bar, on his phone, is HUGH KING (50s). All upper body, with skinny legs. His tan skin looks even more "Hawaiian Tropic" against his wild, white tufts of hair. Hugh is the quintessential Hawaiian "businessman" - short-sleeved shirt, shorts, and flip-flops. If it wasn't for an Old-fashioned and a cigarette in his hands, and the fact that he's way past his prime, you'd think Hugh was off to play beach volleyball.

Next to Hugh, on the bar, a copy of the newspaper we saw earlier.

HUGH
 Good morning to you, too, cousin.
 (then)
 Did you see yesterday's paper?

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt CRACKS an egg on the side of a frying pan.

MATT
 (lying)
 Uh, no.

It BREAKS badly.

HUGH (V.O.)
 You've gotta see this photo of us.

Matt tries to delicately pick pieces of SHELL out of the frying pan. He's unsuccessful, burning his fingers.

CUT TO:

INT. TIKI'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Hugh is looking at the newspaper.

HUGH

Jesus. We look like a bunch of
fucking bums and stuntpeople.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER. It's a GROUP SHOT. A bunch of men and women, all tan, all in the most casual of beach-looking wear. Among them, we can make out Hugh and Matt. The caption, "The Shareholders."

Hugh motions to a BARTENDER, shaking his now empty glass.

MATT (O.S.)

Wait, are you at Tiki's? It's not
even 10 in the morning.

HUGH

I know. I got a late start.

Hugh lets out a short, loud laugh.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Listen, cousin, we're within a week
of the deadline. We need to move on
this. They will pull these offers.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt moves the eggs around in the pan with a spatula. Clearly, he didn't coat the pan because the eggs are sticking to it horribly.

MATT

I'm aware of that.

HUGH (O.S.)

This doesn't have to be this
difficult.

CUT TO:

INT. TIKI'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

HUGH
 We're all thinking the same thing.
 Go with Holitzer. It's a lower bid,
 but it's local money.

The bartender drops off another Old-Fashioned. Hugh immediately taps the glass with his finger.

HUGH (CONT'D)
 (to bartender)
 Hey. Less ice. More of what
 actually cost you money.

The bartender rolls his eyes, takes the drink back.

HUGH (CONT'D)
 Then, they put up a strip mall or
 Wal-Mart and everyone's pissed at
 us.
 (then)
 Come on. It'll be fun.

MATT (V.O.)
 Look, Hugh, this isn't a good time.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt places the plate of eggs in front of Scottie.

SCOTTIE
 (not looking up)
 I don't like eggs.

MATT
 Well, why didn't you say that
 before I started making them?

SCOTTIE
 (shrugging)
 I thought they were for you.

MATT
 (into phone)
 I gotta go.

HUGH (V.O.)
 Cousin, we can't keep stalling.

Matt hangs up. He goes over to the sink, dumps the eggs, and the entire plate.

SCOTTIE
(not looking up)
I don't want to go to the hospital
today.

Matt, his back still to Scottie, takes a moment, collects himself. Then, turns to her.

MATT
Okay, well, what do you want to do?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON OVER-SIZED T-SHIRT. It reads, "Mrs. Clooney."

PULL BACK to REVEAL...

Scottie, followed by Matt, walking past a row of PARKED CARS. In addition to her T-shirt, Scottie's ensemble includes wooden clogs too big for her feet and sunglasses too big for her face. Clearly, all of it belongs to Joanie.

As they approach two large GATE DOORS...

SCOTTIE
Okay, we can't leave until
something funny, sad, or horrible
happens to me.

MATT
Sounds like a plan.

They enter.

CLOSE ON GATE DOOR. It reads, "South Swell Beach Club. Members Only."

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Scottie make their way down the sandy walkway that runs alongside the dining room.

The dining room itself is a large open terrace with coral pillars and ceiling fans. It's not particularly crowded, save for some tables of elderly women playing bridge.

Suddenly, Scottie stops in her tracks, and looks back at Matt.

MATT

What?

SCOTTIE

This is where we part ways.

Matt is taken aback, but bemused.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

(pointing)

You can sit over there.

MATT

And you're going to be...?

SCOTTIE

At the bar.

Matt smiles.

MATT

Oh, you need a drink.

SCOTTIE

I could relax with one, yeah.

Matt complies, grabs a used newspaper off of a nearby table, and heads to his "post," while Scottie crosses over to the...

BAR.

JERRY, the bartender, is cleaning up behind the counter. Scottie approaches. There's a swagger to her step, like she's someone else.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Jerry baby!

Jerry looks up.

JERRY

Well, well, little Miss King.

SCOTTIE

What's wrong with this picture?

Scottie points to her empty "cupped" hand.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

And what can you do about it?

Jerry's clearly seen this act before. He's amused.

JERRY
How about the usual?

SCOTTIE
Shot of Cuervo Gold, please!

Scottie hops up on the bar stool. Her legs don't reach the metal footrest, so she crosses them on the seat and balances.

Jerry looks over in the direction of Matt, winks.

ON MATT, who shrugs. He goes back to reading. Matt's clearly within earshot.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
(singing)
"Everybody loves me, but my husband ignores me, guess I'll have to eat the worm!"
(then, spoken)
Give me two of everything, Jerry baby!

Scottie spins around on the stool. Jerry glances over in Matt's direction, wondering if he caught that.

ON MATT. He stays hidden behind the paper, but clearly he did.

JERRY
I tell you what. How about your usual? A virgin daiquiri?

SCOTTIE
Just keep them coming, Jerry baby!
(then, singing)
"I like it like that. Keep working that fat."

Jerry shoots another glance over at...

MATT, who peers from behind the paper to see...

SCOTTIE, now standing on the metal footsteps of the stool, looking over her shoulder at her butt, shaking it back and forth.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
(singing)
"I like it like that. Keep working the fat."

Matt can't help but smile. But, suddenly, something catches his attention in the distance.

MATT'S POV of FOUR GUYS entering from the OUTSIDE PATIO, laughing. They are all young, tan. Clearly, regulars at the club.

Matt's demeanor changes. The smile is gone. He jumps up, hurries over to Scottie.

MATT
(to Scottie)
Let's head down to the beach.

One of the four guys notices Matt.

GUY
Oh. Hey, Matt.

MATT
(short)
Troy.

TROY (GUY)
Hey, Scottie.

Matt makes a point to step in front of Scottie, shielding her.

MATT
You look...awake.

TROY
(to others)
I'll catch up to you, guys.

MATT
No, please. Stay. Enjoy yourselves.

Matt's intimidating stare proves too much for Troy. He averts his eyes, looks to the ground. In fact, all of the guys are looking anywhere but at Matt.

TROY
So...uh, what's going on?

Even Troy realizes that was a dumb question.

TROY (CONT'D)
(flustered)
I mean, how's Joanie doing?
(then)
I visited her. She looked good.

MATT
Then, why'd you ask?

Troy, once again, looks to the ground. Beat. Scottie leans out from behind Matt.

SCOTTIE
Did you talk to her?

TROY
Yeah, Scottie, I did...

MATT
(to Scottie)
Come on. Let's go.

Matt puts his hand on Scottie's shoulder, encouraging her to leave, but she won't budge.

TROY
I talked about the boat. Told her it was in good shape. That it was ready for her...

MATT
That's enough.

TROY
And her hand moved, Scottie.

Scottie looks up.

TROY (CONT'D)
Yeah. I really think she heard me...

MATT
I said that's enough.
(then, to Scottie)
Let's go.

Matt walks past Troy, hoping she will follow. But, the damage is done. Scottie's eyes start to well up. Troy turns to Matt.

TROY
There were a lot of chops and holes that day, Matt.

Matt doesn't look back.

TROY (CONT'D)

We tried to pass the other boat,
...She wanted us to win so bad,
Matt...I just...Lots of chops and
holes...

SCOTTIE

It doesn't mean anything!

Both Troy and Matt turn to Scottie.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

It doesn't mean anything! She
always twitches!

Matt crosses to her, reaches out, but she steps back.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

It's not just for you! She's not
moving because of you!

With that, Scottie is off. Sprinting out of the dining room
terrace, toward the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Scottie is sprinting down the beach, Matt a good distance
behind her.

As he chases after her, Matt notices MOTHERS standing on the
beach, yelling in the direction of the water. He can't
understand them, but they seem panicked. Then, Matt notices
KIDS, running in the opposite direction, away from the water.
They're passing him, running into the open arms of their
mothers. They seem frantic and scared.

Matt looks ahead of him. Scottie has reached the water, but
that hasn't stopped her speed. She continues, breaking
through the smaller waves until it's deep enough to dive into
the water.

Matt stops just at the edge of the water, trying to catch his
breath. More kids climb out of the water, frantic, as Scottie
swims out into the ocean.

A MOTHER runs up to Matt. Her KID practically clinging to her
thigh, crying.

MOTHER
 (frantic)
 Is that your daughter who just went
 out there?!

MATT
 Scottie!

MOTHER
 You need to get her out of the
 water! They're a ton of man-of-
 wars!

Hearing "man-of-wars," Matt realizes he needs to make more of
 a "physical" effort. He runs down to the edge of the water,
 but keeps a safe enough distance, so as not to get wet.

MATT
 Scottie, get back here, right now!

Unfortunately, the Mother moves with him. In fact, other
 MOTHERS with their CRYING KIDS join them, surrounding Matt.

MOTHER #2
 Whose kid is that?!

MOTHER
 (pointing)
 It's his!

MOTHER #2
 Well, you need to get her out of
 the water!

MATT
 I'm trying.
 (then, yelling off)
 Scottie!

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Scottie swims parallel to the shore.

The CAMERA dips below the water line, down into the ocean.
 From below, we see them - the HERD of man-of-wars - floating
 along with Scottie, as if she's their leader.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

MOTHER #3

The swell must have brought them
in! They're tons of them!

MATT

Scottie!

MOTHER #2

She has to be getting stung!

MOTHER

Sir, you need to get her to shore!

Matt turns to the Mothers.

MATT

What the fuck does it look like I'm
doing, lady?!

The mothers are aghast. Matt turns back to find...

SCOTTIE COMING OUT OF THE WATER. Something seems attached to
her hand, but it's too hard to tell from this distance. As
she approaches them, we see it...

A tiny Portuguese man-of-war. The clot of its body and the
clear blue bubble on her palm, while its long, dark blue tail
is wrapped around her wrist.

MOTHER

Oh my God!

The sight of the man-of-war elicits SCREAMS from the other
kids. They clutch to their mothers. Scottie's demeanor, on
the other hand, is the polar opposite of how she went into
the water. She's calm now, almost at peace.

SCOTTIE

Dad, I was swimming with a herd of
minor wars!

MOTHER #2

She's in shock!

MOTHER

Well, she's filled with poison!

Matt just stares at his daughter's arm, in disbelief.

SCOTTIE
Dad, did you hear me? I got
attacked by minor wars!

MATT
Why would you stay out there? How
could you tolerate that?

Matt grabs a stick out of the sand.

SCOTTIE
Because it's an awesome story to
tell Mom. I got attacked by minor
wars!

MATT
Scottie, they're not called minor
wars.

Matt starts to pry the man-of-war off with the stick.

SCOTTIE
I know that. Duh. They're manowars.
But, it's our joke. Mom will like
it.

MATT
(frustrated)
It's man-of-war. Man-of-war.

SCOTTIE
Then, why does everyone call them
manowars?

MATT
Because words get abbreviated...!
(then)
Goddamit!

The man-of-war pops off her hand. It falls to the sand. The
KIDS all SCREAM again.

MATT (CONT'D)
We've got to get you home.

SCOTTIE
No! I need to go to the hospital! I
have a story!

MATT
We need to clean you off. Get some
ice on those stings.

SCOTTIE
I want to see Mom.

MATT
Scottie, we're going home and
that's the end of it!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER

Matt, walking at a brisk pace, is leading Scottie by the arm.
They turn into the...

HOSPITAL ROOM.

Stop in their tracks, stare.

MATT/SCOTTIE POV of an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, sitting on Joanie's
bed. On the meal tray, a bunch of cosmetics. The woman is
applying make up to Joanie's face. She looks up at them.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
(pleasant)
Hi there.

MATT
Hey.

Matt and Scottie look at Joanie's face.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
(re: make-up)
Oh, I hope you don't mind. I just
thought Joanie might want to look
pretty.

MATT
(short)
She is pretty.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
(thrown)
Oh. No, I know...

MATT
(to Scottie, impatient)
Okay. Tell your story.

Scottie, her excitement subsided, just stands there, looking
at the Attractive Woman.

SCOTTIE'S POV of the WOMAN. Her body, slender, tan, and tone.

Scottie looks down at her own body. She tugs on the hem of her over-sized T-Shirt, stretching it out even further.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

I'm a friend of your wife. We've modelled together.

MATT

No. Yeah, I know. Uh, Tia or Tara...?

The woman scrunches her face.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

(pointed)

Allison.

MATT

Oh.

(then)

Listen, my daughter has her mind set on telling her mom a story, so...

SCOTTIE

I don't want to tell it anymore.

MATT

Yes, you do.

SCOTTIE

No, I don't.

MATT

Why?! Because Tara's here?!

SCOTTIE

Because it's not funny! Mom would want it to be funny!

MATT

Then, I'll laugh while you tell it!

Matt looks over at Allison, who's just sitting there.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to Allison)

Could you start packing up, please?!

Allison, jolted, starts to fumble with all the make-up. Her eyes start to well up.

SCOTTIE
I'm not telling the story!

Scottie darts past Matt, out door. Matt, exasperated, looks at Allison, who's now full on crying.

Beat. It's very uncomfortable.

MATT
She looks beautiful. Thanks.

Somehow this comment elicits even LOUDER crying from Allison, and through her tears, she just nods her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Scottie runs out of the hospital, followed by Matt.

MATT
Scottie, stop!

But, she doesn't. Matt runs faster, catching up to her and grabbing her arm. He turns her around.

MATT (CONT'D)
I said, stop!

Scottie stands there for a beat, silent. But then, lets out a GUTTURAL SCREAM. Matt flustered, follows suit, joining in with his own guttural SCREAM. It's almost as if they are competing, seeing who can out scream who. That is, until...

HONK!

Matt and Scottie stop, look over at...

A LARGE CADILLAC. In the driver's seat, an OLD WOMAN who can barely see over the steering wheel. She just stares at them, blankly. They stare back.

Beat.

She HONKS again.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

Matt and Scottie sit in traffic on very over-developed strip of highway. A large Costco. A K-Mart Superstore. Applebees, Chili's and Fuddruckers.

Matt's car is behind a huge white truck. He leans out the window. Up ahead, just a sea of red lights. They're going nowhere anytime soon.

Matt glances in the rearview mirror.

CLOSE ON MIRROR. Scottie is just staring out the window, scratching her stings, which are now raised red lesions.

Matt's iPhone RINGS. He looks at the screen.

CLOSE ON CALLER ID. It reads, "Unavailable"

MATT
(answering)
Hello?

DR. JOHNSTON (V.O.)
Matt. It's Dr. Johnston.

Matt winces. Shit. He looks back at Scottie in the rearview mirror. Her attention, still out the window.

MATT
Hey.

DR. JOHNSTON (V.O.)
I tried to talk to you yesterday. I guess you didn't see me.

MATT
Oh, I, uh...Sorry.

DR. JOHNSTON (V.O.)
Listen, Matt. I'd rather do this in person, but...the pressure to Joanie's brain has increased. We could drain the fluid. We could do surgical intervention. But,...it wouldn't help.

Matt checks in with Scottie again.

MATT
Uh-huh.

DR. JOHNSTON (V.O.)
 She'll never be the same, Matt.
 Even if she survives, she won't be
 her.

Matt eyes start to well up, but he fights it.

MATT
 Okay. So, ...?

DR. JOHNSTON (V.O.)
 We need to take her off life
 support.
 (then)
 In the meantime, tell everyone,
 Matt. She'll hang on for some time
 after, but they should come as soon
 as possible. To say their "good-
 byes."

Matt continues to fight - stay "all business."

MATT
 Okay. Okay.

DR. JOHNSTON
 I'm sorry, Matt.

MATT
 Yeah.

Matt hangs up. Beat.

Suddenly, Scottie looks forward, right into the rearview
 mirror.

SCOTTIE
 I'm just going to talk to Mom when
 she gets up.

She looks back out the window.

This hits Matt hard, but he keeps it together. The large
 white truck moves forward a little, just enough to expose a
 sign on the side of the road.

CLOSE ON EXIT SIGN. It reads "Honolulu International
 Airport."

Matt considers for a beat. Then suddenly, turns off road,
 driving along the side of it and takes the exit ramp.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

A RENTAL CAR turns into a driveway, passing through two LARGE IRON GATES.

CLOSE ON GATE SIGN. It reads, "La Pietra - Hawaii School For Girls."

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - THAT NIGHT

Matt KNOCKS on a door. Scottie leans against the wall, she looks exhausted. The DORM MOTHER opens it slowly, cautious of this strange man at her door. She's dressed in a hideous flannel nightgown, curlers in her hair. Inside her "apartment," we can see that the television is on. It's "American Idol."

MATT

I'm here to pick up my daughter,
Alex.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Dorm Mother KNOCKS on a different door. While they wait for an answer, the Dorm Mother glances back at Matt, judging. She then looks down at Scottie, noting that she's in shorts.

DORM MOTHER

(to Matt)

It's cold outside. And nighttime.

MATT

Thank you.

Beat.

DORM MOTHER

(then, off Scottie's
stings)

Is she okay?

SCOTTIE

I got attacked by a man-of-war,
lady.

The Dorm Mother glances at Matt, who flashes her a quick smile. Finally, the door opens. A GIRL answers. She's clearly been fast asleep.

DORM MOTHER
Wake up your roommate, sweetie.

The girl takes a moment, something gives her pause.

GIRL
Alex isn't here.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Matt, who is holding Scottie's hand, and the Dorm Mother, now wearing a down coat over her nightgown, navigate the darkness. Scottie seems enthralled by the look of her breath as she exhales into the cold air. In the distance, we hear GIRLS LAUGHING and SHOUTS OF ENTHUSIASM.

As they approach the sounds, what little moonlight there is reveals the source...

ALEXANDRA and her friend, EMILY, hitting golf balls in the middle of the night.

DORM MOTHER
Girls!

Startled, the girls look over.

EMILY
Run!!

With that, Emily takes off. But, she doesn't get very far until falling flat on her face, golf club in hand. Alexandra leans over, laughing hysterically.

ALEXANDRA
You're such a idiot! "Run!" Emily,
you yelled, "Run!"

Emily rolls over on her back, laughing as well.

EMILY
How far did I get?!

MATT
 (to Dorm Mother)
 I pay fifteen grand a year for this
 kind of crap not to happen.
 (then)
 Alex!

Alex turns.

ALEXANDRA
 What?!
 (then)
 Dad?

Alex starts laughing again.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
 My fucking Dad is here!

The girls laugh some more.

SCOTTIE
 (light, pleasant)
 Hey, Alex!

Scottie doesn't seem to be registering the severity of the moment.

EMILY
 Hey, Mrs. Murphy, did you come out
 to play a round with us?!

ALEXANDRA
 Yeah, eighteen holes?!

Again, more laughter. Alexandra falls to her knees.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
 (trying to catch her
 breath)
 Oh, God! Oh, my God!

Scottie starts to laugh too, as if to copy her older sister. Most likely, she has no idea what's funny.

EMILY
 Eighteen holes?!
 Eight...een...holes!

MATT
 Alex!

Nothing, but laughter.

MATT (CONT'D)

Alex!

ALEXANDRA

What?!

With that, Alex stands, leans against her golf club. Smirks.

MATT

You need to come with us. I need to
bring you home. To see mom.

Alex takes a beat, stumbles a little. Then,...

ALEXANDRA

Fuck Mom.

With that, she hurls the golf club into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Matt carries a "passed out" Alex her up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - ALEX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt is laying Alex in her bed. He slips off her shoes, and
pulls the covers over her. He watches her sleep for a second.
She seems like a different person. Calm.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Alex is at the counter, eating a bowl of cereal. Matt enters,
starts to make some coffee. He looks back at Alex, who has
yet to look at him.

MATT

So, what's your handicap?

She still doesn't look up.

MATT (CONT'D)
 I meant to ask you last night, but
 you seemed pre-occupied with
 vomiting.

Alex just rolls her eyes, ignores. Beat.

MATT (CONT'D)
 (genuine)
 Well, it's good to see you. It's
 nice to have you home.

Alex gets up from the counter, grabs the bowl. She lifts her
 spoon and circles it in the air, "Whoopi!"

MATT (CONT'D)
 Put that in the dishwasher.

Alexandra puts it all in the sink and walks away.

MATT (CONT'D)
 I'd like to talk to you.

ALEXANDRA
 I'm going swimming.

With that, she leaves the kitchen.

MATT
 (calling off)
 Fine, then I'm going swimming, too.

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)
 Good times.

Matt puts her bowl and spoon in the dishwasher.

CUT TO:

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - POOL

Matt walks out the patio doors. Alex is already in the water,
 sitting on the steps of the shallow end.

Matt pulls off his shirt. He's definitely not in the best
 shape of his life, but even worse, he's as pasty as they
 come. His "farmer's tan" is VERY pronounced.

ALEXANDRA
 (off Matt)
 Eww.

Matt looks down at his body.

MATT

Thank you.

ALEXANDRA

How are you even Hawaiian?

Just then, Scottie runs out the patio doors. She's dressed in an over-sized black negligee. Her legs and arms are covered in dabs of white ointment. She snaps a Polaroid of Alex.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

What the fuck! Get out of my underwear, dork!

MATT

Don't yell at your sister like that.

ALEXANDRA

She's wearing my fucking underwear!

Scottie starts to pose, like a model.

SCOTTIE

Ooo, la, la. I've got a big shoot coming up.

Matt definitely doesn't want to see this.

MATT

Scottie, go to your room and change!

SCOTTIE

Into what?

MATT

Anything that's not worn in amateur porn!

SCOTTIE

What's "porn?"

MATT

Something I already regret saying!
(then)
Go!

Scottie flips him off and runs inside. Alex climbs out of the pool.

ALEXANDRA
You're doing a real good job.

MATT
I need your help with her.

ALEXANDRA
I can see that.

Alex gets out of the pool, grabs her towel, dries off.

MATT
No, listen to me. Your mother isn't well, Alex.

ALEXANDRA
Obviously.

MATT
Watch it. Don't do that.
(then)
She isn't going to wake up. The doctors are going to stop caring for her. Do you understand what I'm saying? We're giving up.

Alex stands still. Matt steps forward, his arms outstretched.

MATT (CONT'D)
Come here.

Alex steps back.

ALEXANDRA
What?

MATT
I'm just, uh...

Matt's confused by this moment, too. Alex looks at Matt's outstretched arms.

ALEXANDRA
(scoffing)
Oh, yeah. Yeah, right.

MATT
Look, I'm trying here. To deal.

ALEXANDRA
Deal with what, Dad?! What are we dealing with?!

MATT
We're saying goodbye, Alex!

ALEXANDRA
Well, I don't want to!

MATT
None of us do, ...!

ALEXANDRA
No, I mean, I don't want to!

MATT
Don't say that. You don't mean that.

ALEXANDRA
Oh, what do I mean, Dad?! Because you know me so well! What's in my head right now?! What am I thinking?! Why don't I...?!

Then, it comes. Alex's shoulders start to shake. The tears follow.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
I can't...I can't talk to her.

Matt goes to hug her, but she pulls away.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
This is so weird.

Tears stream down her face, her breath choppy.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
And Jesus Christ, Dad! You tell me next to the goddamn pool!

Alex storms off, back inside. Matt follows.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alex walks over to the sink. Matt enters.

MATT
Look, I'm going moment to moment to here. I'm not sure of the right way to do any of this.

ALEXANDRA

Well, check that one off your list.
Because, that wasn't it.

MATT

Alex, we don't have to visit your
mom today. But, you do need to see
her and I do need to tell people.
Family. Friends. They need to know
what's going on.

Alex splashes her face with water.

ALEXANDRA

Then, call them. I don't care.

MATT

No, I want to do it in person. Out
of respect for your mother.

(then)

And I want you and Scottie to go
with me. But, I don't want your
sister knowing everything. Not yet.
That's why I need you.

Alex walks to the refrigerator pulls out a beer, but Matt
intercepts it right away and puts it right back.

MATT (CONT'D)

Look, we'll at least go over to
your grandparents. And then, with
our close friends, we'll just
gather them all here. At the same
time. Even if we just tell them all
what's happening. That's it.

Alex, rolls her eyes, starts to exit.

MATT (CONT'D)

Alex.

She stops at the patio door, turns.

MATT (CONT'D)

It'll be nice to talk about your
mother with everyone. Console one
another. Honor her.

Alex laughs, scoffs.

MATT (CONT'D)

I know, it sounds hokey...

ALEXANDRA

That's not what I was laughing at.

Alex exits, as Scottie enters.

SCOTTIE

How's this?

Scottie displays what she is wearing. It's another over-sized T-shirt and very high heel shoes that are way too big for her. The T-Shirt reads, "She's Fat. I'm Drunk. It's On."

MATT

Much better.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. Matt is at his desk, working. Behind him, bookcases filled with what appear to be law books. The walls, adorned with credentials. Matt's desk is littered with papers. Clearly, he's trying to get work done, but nothing seems to be holding his attention.

He glances up, takes off his reading glasses, just as...

...a DARK FIGURE walks past the edge of the desk.

JOANIE (O.S.)

So, Alex just said something interesting to me.

JOANIE approaches, carrying a plate of food. She sets it down on top of Matt's pile of papers.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

She wants to model.

Matt moves the plate of food to the side, continues to look over his stuff.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

You know, we have a dining room.

Finally, Matt looks up.

MATT

I'm sorry. I'm just preparing for a case that I've resigned to lose.

JOANIE
So,...what do you think?

MATT
About what?

Joanie rolls her eyes, starts to walk away.

MATT (CONT'D)
What?

Joanie stops, turns.

JOANIE
Your daughter has taken a vested
interest in modelling. Do you want
to weigh in on that?

MATT
I'd say that it doesn't surprise
me.

JOANIE
What's that supposed to mean?

MATT
It means that if it's something you
do, naturally I assume she'll want
to, too.

JOANIE
You say that like it's a bad thing.

MATT
No. I'm simply saying that I'm not
surprised because Alex has always
wanted to be just like you.
(then)
Both of our daughters do.

JOANIE
Scottie's not a model.

MATT
Great. You should tell her that.

JOANIE
Fuck you. That's not what I meant.

Beat. Matt goes back to his work.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
 (fed up)
 I guess I'll just make the
 decision...again.

With that, the DARK FIGURE swipes across the edge of the desk, revealing Matt lost in that thought. Without even thinking, he reaches for the "plate of food."

But, it's not there.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Matt enters, goes to pour himself some coffee.

MATT
 (calling off)
 Girls, let's move it! I want to get
 on the road!

Behind him, sitting at the breakfast table, a strange presence. A YOUNG MAN (17). Tall, lanky and odd. He's just staring at the back of Matt, waiting. Matt turns. He jumps, startled. They stare at one another for a beat.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Hello.

YOUNG MAN
 'Sup, bro?
 (then)
 I'm Sid.

Sid gets up, extends his hand. Matt, reluctantly, takes it. Sid pulls Matt into him, thumps him on his back, and then casts him back out.

MATT
 And, Sid, you're in my kitchen
 because...?

SID (YOUNG MAN)
 Alex invited me.

This gives Matt pause.

MATT
 (cautious)
 For breakfast or...last night?

Sid lets out a short laugh, sits. Just then, Scottie enters.

SCOTTIE
Morning, Dad. Morning, Sid.

Matt looks at Sid.

SID
We met "last night."

Sid winks at Matt.

SCOTTIE
He and Alex were making so much noise, I went in her room to complain.

Matt looks horrified.

MATT
(calling off)
Alex!

Just then, Alex enters.

ALEXANDRA
I'm right here.

MATT
(pointed)
Yeah, and Sid's here, too.

ALEXANDRA
I know. I told you he would be.

MATT
No, you didn't.

ALEXANDRA
Oh. In my mind, I did.

Alex goes to Sid, gives him a kiss.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
How'd you sleep?

SID
On the couch? Great.

Sid leans around Alex, winks at Matt, again.

MATT

(annoyed)

Okay, well, Sid? I'm actually taking the girls to visit their mother, and then we're going to see their grandparents, so...

ALEXANDRA

He's going with us.

Matt looks at Alex, feeling railroaded.

SCOTTIE

(to Sid)

Our grandmother doesn't ever remember us.

MATT

Scottie, you just have to remind her. You know that.

SCOTTIE

(to Sid)

A lot. Like, every second.

MATT

(sotto)

Alex, this is a family matter.

ALEXANDRA

He already knows everything. I caught him up.

(then, to room)

Shotgun!

With that, Scottie bolts from the kitchen table, down the hall.

SCOTTIE

Uh-uh! You can't call shotgun unless you're on the way to the car!

(then)

Shotgun!

Alex starts to follow, but Matt grabs her arm, gently stops her.

MATT

(sotto)

I don't know who this guy is.

ALEXANDRA

(as if completely put out)
I know him from here. When I went to school at Punahou. Before I was sent away to "get focused." He lives in Kailua. He's got some shit going on, too. So, we just want to be around each other.

(then)

There. You're up to speed.

MATT

Alex,...

ALEXANDRA

Trust me, Dad. I'll be more civil with him around.

Sid passes by, winks at Matt again.

MATT

(off wink)

Is there something wrong with your eye?

Sid lets out another short laugh. Alex smirks, follows.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Matt drives the "brood" down a beautiful stretch of highway. Scottie has triumphed with "shotgun." Sid is splayed across the backseat, Alex nestled into him. Arms, legs, everything intertwined.

Matt keeps glancing at them in the rearview mirror. He's already "over" Sid.

SID

Hey, Matt?

Matt's eyes widen. Really? First name terms?

SID (CONT'D)

Matt, you remember E.T.? The extra-terrestrial? What if E.T. was the dork of his planet? What if they just sent him here because they wanted to unload him on us?

ALEXANDRA
Ignore him. He gets like this when
he's stoned.

Sid playfully hits Alex's knee, smiling.

SCOTTIE
(excited)
I want to get stoned!

Sid lets out a short laugh. And with that, Matt just reaches
down to the car radio, turns it on. LOUD.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Alex and Scottie stand beside Joanie's bed. Matt, behind
them.

As for Joanie, she's starting to look different. No make-up.
Her hair darker, damp.

SCOTTIE
(whispering)
Say something.

ALEXANDRA
Hi, Mom.

SCOTTIE
Tell her you were drunk. Tell her
you're an alcoholic.

ALEXANDRA
I guess it's in the genes.

MATT
Girls. Be serious.

ALEXANDRA
Sorry for being bad, Mom. For
wasting Dad's money on coke and
liquor.

MATT
Alex.

SCOTTIE
Dad makes me drink Diet Coke.

ALEXANDRA

Wasting money you could have used
on face lotion.

MATT

Alex, stop talking that way.

ALEXANDRA

Money you could have used to get a
family that excited you.

Suddenly, Matt grabs Alex's shoulder, pulls his hand back,
and SPANKS her. The moment just sits there. Alex, stunned,
looks up at Matt, who's stunned as well.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Did you just spank me?

SCOTTIE

Ooo, you got served!

MATT

Scottie, step into the hall.

SCOTTIE

But, she's the one out of line!

MATT

Go find Sid.

SCOTTIE

He's having a cigarette. I
shouldn't be around secondhand
smoke!

MATT

Scottie, now!

Scottie runs out. Matt is burning a whole in the side of
Alex, staring.

MATT (CONT'D)

The other day you were in tears. I
know you love her. I know you have
more to say.

Beat.

ALEXANDRA

Don't bring me here again.

Alex storms out.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - LATER

CLOSE ON crystal clear, blue water. There's barely any movement in it. That is, until...

An OLD MAN, all goggles and swimmer's cap, breaks the surface. His face slick with water, the old man gasps for air, his mouth drawn out, then returns below the surface.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

The old man is swimming laps. Matt, with his "brood," is standing at one end of the pool. The old man gets to the side with Matt, touches the side of the pool, and turns back for another lap.

SCOTTIE

Should we tell him we're here?

MATT

He knows.

The old man continues to swim laps and they continue to watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - LATER

Matt, Alex, and Sid are now sitting poolside with SCOTT (70s), our old man swimmer. In the distance, we see Scottie with their grandmother, ALICE, walking through a small garden. Scott, now wearing a robe, is looking over some papers.

Sid is splayed out on one of the lounge chairs. Alex is sitting on the edge, just by his legs.

Matt watches Scott read. He mumbles as he scans the documents.

SCOTT

This is like reading Korean.

MATT

Do you want me to walk you through it, Scott?

Scott ignores him. Beat.

MATT (CONT'D)

It's basically your daughter's instructions...to us. Telling us what she wants, or in this case, doesn't want.

Still nothing from Scott. It seems like he's mulling it over, but he just keeps flipping the pages, like he's just filling time.

MATT (CONT'D)

So, you know, no mechanical ventilation...

SCOTT

(snapping)

I know exactly what it says.

He throws the papers down.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It says the doctors can't do squat, and she'd rather go on to another place.

Scott gets up, but it's not without a struggle. He tries to balance, support himself on the chairs. Matt gets up to help him, but is swatted away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I got it.

(then)

Joanie had the good sense to write this thing here. Get us prepared. She's a smart girl. Strong.

(then)

Stronger than you, Matt. She lived more in a year than you did in a decade, sitting in your office, hoarding your cash.

Matt just sits there, taking it. Alex glares at him, upset by this fact.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Maybe if you'd let her have her own boat, some safer equipment...Maybe, she wouldn't have...

Scott is on the verge of succumbing to his emotions. Clearly, not something he is comfortable with. He pushes through it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 She's a good girl! Joanie's a good girl.

Just then, Scottie and Alice approach.

ALICE
 Oh, do we have guests?

SCOTT
 It's your family, Alice. You said "hello" earlier.

ALICE
 Hello, I'm Alice.

SCOTT
 Alice, they know you. They're family.
 (then, re: Sid)
 Well, except this kid. I don't know who the hell this is.

SID
 I'm here for Alex.

Scott ignores this.

SCOTT
 (to Alice)
 We need to go see Joanie today.

ALICE
 Oh. And Chachi?

Sid lets out a short burst of uncontrollable laughter.

SCOTT
 (to Sid)
 Watch it, punk.
 (then)
 No, Alice. Our Joanie. Your daughter. We need to go visit her.

ALICE
 (chanting)
 Joanie and Chachi! Joanie and Chachi!

Sid can't help it. He laughs again. In fact, he starts chanting with her.

SID/ALICE
 Joanie and Chachi! Joanie and
 Chachi!

Suddenly, Scott punches Sid right in the eye. Sid flies back off the lounge chair. Alex screams, while Scottie captures the moment with her Polaroid camera.

And Alice just starts cheering wildly as if something else completely different had just happened.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

Matt, back at the wheel. Scottie, riding "shotgun." Alex and Sid, whose eye is already light blue and puffy, in the back. Alex, clearly upset, keeps shooting looks at her father, who doesn't seem to be catching them. No one is speaking.

That is, until Sid laughs to himself.

SID
 I just got cold-cocked by a fucking
 old man.

He lets out a short, burst of laughter. And with that, we're back to silence.

Until, once again, Sid laughs to himself. He just can't stop reliving the moment.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Alex opens the freezer door, grabs a package of frozen peas, slams the door shut. She walks over to...

Sid, sitting on one of the stools at the counter, hands him the peas. Scottie, sitting on the other stool, is pasting her Polaroid of "the fight" onto an empty page in her scrapbook. Alex looks out onto the patio.

ALEX'S POV of Matt, lounging by the pool, drinking a beer.

ALEXANDRA
 (to Sid)
 Take Scottie into the den. Watch
 some TV.

Alex heads out to the patio, making a point to shut the sliding glass door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Alex approaches.

ALEXANDRA
So, why'd you take all that shit
from Grandpa?

MATT
Oh, is that why you've been
shooting me looks?

ALEXANDRA
Why'd you let him go on about Mom
like that?

MATT
(resigned)
I was just letting him be angry.

ALEXANDRA
Well, how about standing up for
yourself?! Showing some balls.

MATT
(confused)
Alex, what would I have gained from
that?

She turns away.

MATT (CONT'D)
What?!

Matt sits up.

ALEXANDRA
You just sat there, letting him put
Mom up on this fucking pedestal.
Just because she's dying.

Matt gets up, goes to her.

MATT
Jesus, Alex. What the hell is going
on?! What is wrong with you?

Alex keeps her back to him, stewing.

MATT (CONT'D)

Okay, whatever you're mad at your mother for, however you two left things, you need to drop it. It's nothing right now.

(then)

She's dying. And she loves you. And you love her. So, move on.

Alex shakes her head, scoffs.

ALEXANDRA

You have no idea! You have no idea!

MATT

Okay, what?! What don't I know, Alex?

She whips around, her eyes full of tears.

ALEXANDRA

She was cheating on you, Dad!

MATT

What?

ALEXANDRA

Yeah, she was fucking around on you!

Matt looks away, still not believing.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

I caught her!

Matt looks at Alex. She's dead serious.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

And when I confronted her, she denied it.

For Alex, the tears come again.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

I wanted to tell you. I wanted to tell you everything, but it was hard...

Matt sits down on the lounge chair, stunned.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
Then the accident happened, and...

Matt holds up his hand.

MATT
Wait.

He needs a second. He rubs his eyes, processes.

MATT (CONT'D)
I don't...
(beat, then)
When?

Alex doesn't answer, not quite following.

MATT (CONT'D)
(a little more emphatic)
When did you see them?

ALEXANDRA
I was going into Black Point to
meet friends.

MATT
And you just...saw them?

ALEXANDRA
Yeah. In his driveway. I saw them
walk into his house. It was last
Christmas.

Something hits Matt. He perks up. His face looks different,
determined.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Matt's car SCREECHES up to a house.

Matt jumps out, slamming the door, and walks up to the...

FRONT DOOR.

Bangs furiously. Finally, a woman, KAI (Late 30s) answers.
Behind her, SAM (Late 30s), her husband.

KAI
Matt?

MATT
Who is he?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kai and Matt are sitting across from one another at the kitchen table. Clearly, Sam and Kai were in the middle of breakfast. There are bowls and cereal boxes on the table. Sam places down a tray of custard pastries, and joins them.

MATT
Does she love him? Who is he?

Kai slides her hand across the table, almost touching Matt's hands.

KAI
Matt...

MATT
I know this may be uncomfortable
for both of you. But, I'm sorry, I
need to know.
(then)
I would very much like to know
who's screwing my wife.

Kai slides her hand back, her demeanor shifted.

KAI
You're angry.

MATT
No shit. No shit I'm angry, Kai.

Matt looks like he could lose it. He grabs a pastry and stuffs it in his mouth. He's just trying to occupy himself.

KAI
(softly)
This is why.

MATT
This is why what?

Sam looks off, anywhere but there. He's uncomfortable. Matt catches this.

MATT (CONT'D)
What's why, Sam?

Kai touches Sam's hand, as if to silence him. Matt takes another big bite of his pastry.

MATT (CONT'D)

This is why she cheated on me?
Because I talk with my mouth full?
Huh? Is that why? Or because I use
curse words? Because I'm a cusser
with shitty etiquette?!

Kai leans back in her chair.

KAI

Wow.

(then)

I think we should talk another
time. You need to cool it.

MATT

Is it Troy? That tan shithead?

Sam breaks his silence.

SAM

No. You don't know him, Matt.

KAI

Oh, don't you even, Sam! You're her
friend. Shame on you.

SAM

I'm Matt's friend, too.

KAI

(to Matt)

Listen. It's not Joanie's fault.
She has needs. She was lonely.

MATT

Was it still going on up until the
accident?

SAM

Yes.

KAI

Sam!

SAM

I stayed out of it, Matt. Anytime
Kai talked about it, I walked away.

KAI
(to Sam)
Wow. Wow. Who are you?

MATT
And I bet you just ate it up, Kai.
You probably encouraged her to have
an affair. Add some drama to your
own life without having to take any
risks.

KAI
You're being awful.

MATT
Who are you guys protecting? Huh?
Because Joanie doesn't need your
protection. She's going to die.

KAI
Don't say that!

MATT
She's not recovering, Kai. In fact,
she's worse. We're withdrawing
care.

Kai loses it, starts to cry.

MATT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm upset. That's not
how I wanted to tell you guys. I
just...

Beat.

MATT (CONT'D)
Does she love him?

Kai glares up at Matt, her face red and puffy.

KAI
Jesus, Matt. How can you...? Who
cares?
(then)
Yes, she loved him. She was crazy
about him. She was going to ask you
for a divorce.
(then)
Does that make it better? Knowing?
Does that help the fact that your
wife is dying?

SAM

Kai. Stop it.

Kai breaks down again. Matt, lifeless, pushes back from the table, gets up. He leaves, not looking back at either one of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Matt, back in his car, starts the engine. Suddenly, KNOCKING on the driver's side window. It's Sam. Matt rolls down his window.

SAM

Brian Speers. His name is Brian Speers.

Sam gives Matt a sympathetic look, pats his shoulder, walks off. Matt sits for a moment. Over this, WE HEAR the sound of PEOPLE TALKING and LAUGHING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON MATT, just staring off. He brings a cocktail up to his lips, drinks.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

Matt, now dressed in shirt and blazer, standing in the entry way of his...

LIVING ROOM.

Before him, a large GROUP OF PEOPLE (the source of our TALKING and LAUGHING). They are spread out around the room, drinking. Matt takes another swig of his drink, puts on his best smile, and begins the unfortunate task of MINGLING.

As Matt moves through the room, PEOPLE acknowledge him, breaking away from their conversations just long enough to console...

MALE GUEST

Hey Matt, we're thinking of you.

...and...

FEMALE GUEST

Let us know if there's anything we
can do.

...and...

MALE GUEST #2

Joanie's a fighter. She's a
fighter.

All the while, Matt keeps up appearances, forcing a smile.

He rounds the corner, sees SAM and KAI. Sam gives him a
sympathetic nod, while Kai just looks away.

Just beyond them, he spots Allison. He quickly changes
directions, but not soon enough. She looks over at him.
Panicked, he just...

MATT

(way too loud)

Hello!

Allison looks away, quickly. She's clearly now afraid of him.
Matt just pushes on and finally...

...lands at a table, covered with food. Sushi, fruit
platters, etc.. Leaning against the table, facing the room,
an AWKWARD TEEN. His face is an unfortunate "road map" of
acne. Matt joins him, leaning against the table as well.

Beat.

AWKWARD TEEN

Hey, Mr. King.

MATT

Hey, Buzz.

BUZZ (AWKWARD TEEN)

Sorry about all this stuff. It
blows.

Matt looks right at him. No truer words have been spoken.

MATT

Yes, it does, Buzz.

Matt takes a swig of his drink. Just then, Buzz reveals his
own cocktail glass that he had been hiding behind his back.
He drinks, too.

BUZZ
 (off his cocktail)
 Please don't tell my Mom I'm
 drinking.

MATT
 I won't.

Beat.

BUZZ
 Sometimes I steal beers out of your
 garage fridge.

MATT
 I know.

Beat. Buzz slinks off.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Matt is cleaning dishes in the sink. Sam enters, tentatively.

SAM
 Hey, Matt, ...?

Matt keeps his back to Sam, his head down.

SAM (CONT'D)
 I think people are starting to
 wonder what's going on. Maybe, you
 want to say something?

MATT
 Oh, I'm just trying to figure out
 what to lead with, Sam. The fact
 that Joanie's dying. Or that she
 fucked around on me.

He turns around, takes another swig of his drink. Beat.

MATT (CONT'D)
 I want to take this anger out
 there. I do. I want to be a selfish
 prick. Make it all about me.
 (beat)
 I mean, that's what I want to do.

Matt finishes off his drink, puts the glass in the sink.

MATT (V.O) (CONT'D)
Joanie's coma is permanent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Matt is addressing the group. Matt seems emotionless, just very "matter-of-fact."

MATT
We're going to honor her wishes and
unhook her from the machines.
She's not going to make it through
this.

Matt looks out a nearby window.

CLOSE ON WINDOW. Outside, we see Sid playing with Scottie,
occupying her. Alex is sitting nearby.

MATT (CONT'D)
So, please, visit her. Soon. Say
your "good-byes."

With that, a few WOMEN make moves toward Matt, as if wanting
to console, but he's quick to turn, escape.

He passes by Sam, who's standing in the entry way.

MATT (CONT'D)
I need to get out of here.

As he exits, we hear LOUD THUNDER.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - THAT NIGHT

Matt is parked on the side of the road. It's pitch black
outside, save for the light from the car's headlights. It's
pouring down rain.

Matt just stares straight ahead, as...

...the DARK FIGURE passes in front of the car.

WE HEAR the CAR DOOR OPEN. Joanie, soaking wet, gets in.
Slams the door. She's wearing a festive holiday dress, very
"Christmas-y."

They sit in silence. Joanie just staring at Matt, who won't look at her.

JOANIE
We've been here all of 45 minutes,
Matt.

MATT
Stay as long as you want.

JOANIE
And you're just going to sit out
here?

Matt doesn't answer, just shrugs. Joanie, shakes her head, exasperated.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
Kai and Sam are your friends, too.
It's not like you don't know
anyone.

MATT
I'm not having a good time.

JOANIE
Well, I am.

MATT
Then, stay.

JOANIE
Fine.

She starts to get out, but then stops. She looks at Matt, who has made no effort to stop her. Beat.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
I'm not happy.

MATT
Well, have another drink.

JOANIE
Please, Matt. I'm trying here.
Listen to me.

Beat.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
I'm not getting what I need from
this. You've been distant...for a
long time. And,...I don't know.

Beat. Matt just looks straight ahead. Joanie, like before, stares at him, hoping for something. But, it doesn't come.

She gets out of the car, and...

...the DARK FIGURE moves across the front.

Matt, opens his mouth to speak, but realizes she's gone.

Matt TURNS THE CAR back onto the road, making a U-TURN. As he does, the headlights shine on a sign.

CLOSE ON REAL ESTATE SIGN. It reads, "Diamond Head Real Estate." Underneath that, a PHOTO of a MAN, good-looking. Under the photo, a phone number and a NAME...

...BRIAN SPEER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Matt is standing in the middle of Joanie's room, looking at her. The room is different this time. Before it was stark and sterile, now it's been filled with the signs of visitors - flowers, balloons, cards, etc.. But, beyond that, there are more personal items. On the bureau, picture frames, plants. On Joanie's bed, a quilt.

From behind, we see Matt look down at his hand. He's holding something, but we can't see what it is.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Matt is sitting on his bed. On his lap, a phone. In his hand, a slip of paper with a phone number. He considers for a moment, then picks up the phone, starts to dial. But, caves. He hangs up. A beat.

He tries again. This time, he lets it ring. And ring. And ring again. Then he panics, starts to hang up, but...

BRIAN (O.S.)
Hello, this is Brian.

Matt lifts the phone to his ear, almost starts to respond, but...

BRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Sorry, I missed your call. But, I'm
 probably out making someone's
 dreams of owning a home come true.
 Hope I can do the same for you.
 Leave a message.

BEEP. Matt hangs up quickly, grimaces.

MATT
 Dork.

Feeling a presence, Matt looks up. It's Alex, standing in the doorway.

ALEXANDRA
 Hey.

MATT
 Close the door.

Alex does, steps into the room.

MATT (CONT'D)
 I need to talk to him.

ALEXANDRA
 Who?

MATT
 Brian.
 (then)
 That's his name. The guy you saw
 with your mom.

ALEXANDRA
 What? Why?

MATT
 Because I feel like I should give
 your Mom what she wants, and
 apparently, she wanted him.

Alex scoffs.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Alex, he gave her
something...Because I stopped.

ALEXANDRA
 So, you're going to find this
 fucking loser?

MATT

I can't just be angry...

ALEXANDRA

Yes, you can. I am. I'm fucking pissed. And you should be, too!

MATT

I don't want to leave it like that.

ALEXANDRA

It's her fault! It's her fault we're here!

(then)

And, as far as I'm concerned, that's how she's decided to leave it!

Alex opens the door, slamming it on the way out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - THE NEXT MORNING

Matt is on the phone, pacing.

MATT

Yeah, hi. I'm interested in the home on Palms. 3520.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAMOND HEAD REAL ESTATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A young, bubbly POLYNESIAN WOMAN sits behind a desk, working on her computer. In fact, she's navigating her own MySpace page.

POLYNESIAN WOMAN

Oh my God. I love that house!

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN. We see photos of the Polynesian Woman and "friends" playing laser tag, hanging out on the beach, etc.. She's really "personalized" her page with decorative stuff.

POLYNESIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to be so mad if you buy it. I'm serious. No, I'm kidding.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alex enters, noticing Matt outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Matt continues to pace.

POLYNESIAN WOMAN (V.O.)
It's four bedrooms, three and a
half baths...

Alex exits the house, approaches.

MATT
Actually, is Brian Speer there? I
believe he's covering this
property.

Alex gives him a "What the fuck are you doing?" look. Matt averts.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAMOND HEAD REAL ESTATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Polynesian Woman, still navigating, CLICKS her "mouse."

POLYNESIAN WOMAN
He's on Kauai on vacation.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN. She's checking her MAIL from a
"Friend." She's opened a MESSAGE that reads, "Would U like 2
meet sometime?"

MATT (V.O.)
How would I get in touch with him?
Does he have a cellphone?

The Polynesian Woman starts typing again.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN. She's "replying" to the MESSAGE.
She types, "OMG! Totally! Send me a photo!"

POLYNESIAN WOMAN
Oh, we can't give out that
information. I'd be, like, totally
fired.

(MORE)

POLYNESIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (then, mock sarcasm)
 And I LOVE my job.
 (then, laughing)
 No, I'm kidding. No, I'm serious.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

MATT
 (thinking)
 Okay...Any chance you know where
 he's staying on Kauai? I need to
 find him.

POLYNESIAN WOMAN (V.O.)
 He's renting a house in Hanalei.
 That's all I know.

MATT
 Great. Thanks.

POLYNESIAN WOMAN (V.O.)
 Bye-ee!

Matt hangs up. He looks at Alex.

ALEXANDRA
 (off Matt, wary)
 What?

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - LATER

Matt is seated on the aisle. Scottie and Alex are in the
 seats next to him, asleep. Matt looks over, and we PAN...

...to find SID, sitting across the aisle, looking at the
 laminated safety card.

SID
 Look at these passengers, bro.

He holds out the brochure for Matt to see.

SID (CONT'D)
 They aren't even wet.

Matt looks.

CLOSE ON BROCHURE. It's an animated panel with a group of passengers, getting into a raft. Their life vests are inflated and behind them the airplane, floating on the water.

SID (CONT'D)

And this Asian dude. He's smiling. The plane just crashed and he's fucking smiling. Probably, because he just got his bag worked from some hot stewardess...

MATT

Sid.

(then)

You're only here because that was the only way to get Alex to come.

SID

(getting it)

Cool.

Beat.

SID (CONT'D)

Does that mean I can't ask you a question?

MATT

("yes")

No.

SID

Alex tells me your Hawaiian royalty.

MATT

That's a statement.

Sid laughs, realizing.

SID

(in a questioning tone)

Alex tells me your Hawaiian royalty?

Sid smirks, chuckles, at his own cleverness. Matt just pushes through.

MATT

No.

(then)

It's complicated.

Matt opens a magazine, hoping that will satisfy Sid. But, alas, Sid just stares. He's got nothing better to do.

MATT (CONT'D)
My great-grandfather...

SID
A white dude.

MATT
Yes.
(then, quickly, rote)
He married Princess Kekipi, who was
the last direct descendant of King
Kamehameha...

SID
Nice.

Matt shoots him a look. Sid takes the hint. Zips it.

MATT
Kekipi died first. My great-
grandfather got all the land. And
now, me and my cousins, have it
all.

SID
And, now, you guys want to sell it.

Matt shrugs. "We'll see." Sid just nods his head, sinks back into his chair.

SID (CONT'D)
Fucked up people with power, huh?

Matt looks at Sid.

SID (CONT'D)
(off Matt, smirking)
I'm just giving you shit.

Matt leans back into his chair. "Who the fuck is this guy?"
Over this we hear INCESSANT CAR HONKING.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - LATER

Matt and the "brood" stand curbside, their bags beside them. Matt is looking up the road at the source of the RANDOM HONKING. It's a Jeep Wrangler, swerving its way through traffic. Matt sighs. Unfortunately, this is their ride.

The Jeep screeches to a stop right in front of them. At the wheel...

RALPH
Yo, Mattie!

RALPH (40s), a man-child with a grin from ear to ear. Ralph's very white teeth are framed by his very tan face. Another example of the Hawaiian "business" man. Khaki pants, a Reyn's spooner shirt, rubber slippers, and a briefcase. He's a bundle of energy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Ralph drives his Jeep Wrangler along paradise-filled landscape. It's a stark contrast to the "over-developed" city of Honolulu we saw earlier. Matt is in the passenger seat, uncomfortable, with his bags on his lap. The kids are crammed in the back. Scottie is on cloud nine, thrilled by it all - the speed, the wind in their faces.

RALPH
(to Matt, yelling over the wind)
Were you surprised that I was on time?

MATT
You weren't.

Ralph laughs.

RALPH
Okay, well, were you surprised I arrived?

Matt just politely smiles, nods.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Yeah, it's my new thing. Being on top of stuff.
(then)
(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)
Work in progress. But gotta get
serious, you know?

Again, a polite nod.

RALPH (CONT'D)
You here to talk to some of the
cousins? Make sure they're happy
with your choice?

MATT
No. To be honest, I want to make a
decision without being influenced
by the majority.

Ralph laughs, shakes his head.

RALPH
Yeah, right.

Matt's confused by this reaction.

RALPH (CONT'D)
How's Joanie?

MATT
The same.

RALPH
Strong lady.

MATT
Yeah.

RALPH
She'll be fine.

Ralph slaps Matt's back. Matt just smiles. He doesn't have a
better response.

RALPH (CONT'D)
I saw her a few months ago at the
last shareholder's meeting.

Matt looks over, again confused. This is news.

MATT
Joanie?

RALPH
Yeah, remember?

MATT
 ("no")
 Oh, sure. I remember.

RALPH
 You're lucky you have someone that
 fired up speaking on your behalf.

Matt still feigns understanding.

MATT
 Right.
 (beat, then)
 So, what did she say? At the
 meeting?

RALPH
 I thought you remembered?

MATT
 Oh, I, uh...

Ralph playfully slaps Matt's again.

RALPH
 (laughing)
 I'm just fucking with you!

Ralph instantly makes a face, catching himself for cussing.

RALPH (CONT'D)
 (to backseat)
 Sorry about the language, girls.

SCOTTIE
 We can say "fuck."

MATT
 So, what did she say again?

RALPH
 (joking)
 Who?

Ralph laughs. Matt is not amused, but he manages a courtesy
 laugh.

RALPH (CONT'D)
 Joanie was saying how it was
 ridiculous not to accept Holitzer's
 offer. He had a solid plan and he
 was going to open up so many
 opportunities and so on.

(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)

And as the largest shareholder and last direct descendant, you'd appreciate everyone's support because it was going to happen with or without our consent.

Matt just looks off, confused.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I'm surprised you don't remember. It kind of pissed people off.

(then)

Oh, that's right. You don't want to be "influenced by the majority."

Ralph laughs, slaps Matt on the back again.

As they head over the crest of hill, we see...

HANAIEI. A valley of taro plantations. In the distance, the deep, blue ocean. They race down the hill. Scottie holds up her hands, screams, like it's a roller coaster.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - THE NEXT MORNING

Matt is hanging up the phone. He walks over to the sliding glass doors, looks out onto the beach below.

MATT'S POV of Alex, Sid, and Scottie walking out onto the beach. They have chairs, beach gear, etc.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Matt approaches the kids, all stretched out on their towels, soaking up the sun.

MATT

I just got off the phone with Dr. Johnston. Your mom's doing well.

Alex doesn't even flinch, she just lays there, stoic. Hidden by her sunglasses. Matt notices that Scottie has stuffed her bikini top with two lumps of wet sand. Like her sister, Scottie is wearing shades. She's even copying Alex's "sun tanning" position.

MATT (CONT'D)

Scottie, take those out.

SCOTTIE
They're my beach boobs.

MATT
Get up. Throw a ball or something.

SCOTTIE
I need some color.

MATT
It's not good for you.

SCOTTIE
I've already got cancer from your
diet soda.

Alex lets out a laugh. Scottie, smiles, excited that she
"entertained" her sister.

MATT
(to Scottie)
What happened to your scrapbook?
Why aren't you working on that
anymore?

SCOTTIE
It's stupid.

MATT
No, it's not.

SCOTTIE
Well, I'm over it.

Matt gives up. He looks at the long stretch of beach, and the
equally long stretch of houses. A lot of possibilities. Brian
could be anywhere.

MATT
Who wants to go for a walk?

SCOTTIE
Not me.

SID
I'll go, bro.

Matt grimaces, not the person he was hoping for.

SCOTTIE
You know what? I feel like I should
stretch my legs.

Scottie gets up, the lumps of sanding spill out of her suit. Alex doesn't move.

MATT
Alex?

ALEXANDRA
No thanks.

SID
Come on, babe. Let's walk.

Alex takes a beat, then ties the straps of her bikini while on her stomach, flips over. She joins them. Matt rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Matt leads the "brood" down the beach. The way they follow him, one after the other, makes him look like a mother duck, leading them. Sid is clearly "taking a hit" of weed. His hands clasped around the pipe, partly to shield from the wind, partly just to "shield."

SCOTTIE
Dad?

MATT
Mm-hmm.

Matt is fixated on the houses he passes. Brian could be anywhere.

SCOTTIE
What do you love about Mom?

Matt looks back at Scottie. Then Alex, her face expectant.

ALEXANDRA
(taunting)
Yeah, Dad. What do you love about her?

Matt's on the spot.

MATT
Well, I love...I don't know. I love the things we love together.

SCOTTIE
(disappointed)
Oh.

Matt looks back at Scottie, shuffling her feet in the sand.

MATT
Did I ever tell you guys about the
time that your mom was almost a
shark's dinner?

SCOTTIE
(perking up)
Really?

MATT
(nodding)
We were camping on the beach with
the Mitchells. You're mom had gone
out surfing on Molokai. And, while
riding a wave, she saw a shark
beneath her. She said it was wide
and dark under the water so she
knew it wasn't a dolphin.

Scottie's hooked. Alex is reluctantly paying attention.

MATT (CONT'D)
She got down on her stomach, so she
wouldn't fall. Started paddling
toward shore. But, when she looked
down, she didn't see the shark. It
was gone. That is, until she looked
behind her. There it was. A giant
fin. The shore was too far, so she
decided to paddle toward a sharp
peninsula. When she got close
enough, she paddled right up onto
the rocks.

SCOTTIE
And the shark bit the board!

MATT
No. She never saw the shark again.
But, that night at camp, we had
fish for dinner. Your mom sank her
teeth into the tuna and said, "I
could have been dinner tonight."
And then, she told us that story.

ALEXANDRA
 (challenging)
 How come she never told us?

Matt eyes Alex.

MATT
 I guess she got new stories.

Scottie runs ahead of the pack. She seems rejuvenated.

SCOTTIE
 Mom's not afraid of anything!

MATT
 How about you, Scottie? What do you
 love about Mom?

SCOTTIE
 Lots of stuff. She's not old and
 ugly, like most moms.

ALEXANDRA
 This is stupid.

Matt glares back at Alex, who has turned back.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
 Come on, Sid.

Sid complies, and head's back with her. Matt stops.

MATT
 (calling, to Scottie)
 Scottie, that's far enough for
 tonight. Let's get back.

Scottie sprints back toward him. She's in the mood for a
 race, but Matt doesn't have it in him. He just follows,
 slowly.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Alex is smoking a cigarette out on the balcony. The sun is
 just about to set. Matt slides open the glass door, joins
 her.

MATT
 (re: cigarette)
 Put that out.

Alex looks at Matt, takes one last, long drag. Then, rubs the cigarette out on the bottom of her sandal.

MATT (CONT'D)

You could at least smoke Lights.
Like Sid.

ALEXANDRA

Oh, is that your favorite thing
about him? His healthy choice in
cigarettes?

Alex sits in one of the chairs, puts her feet up on the railing and leans back.

MATT

Listen. I'm sorry. That you knew
this about your mom. That you felt
like you had to hold onto it. To
protect me.

(then)

If that's what you were doing. I
don't know.

(then)

But, I am sorry. And you have every
right to be angry. At her and at
me. We've put a lot on you,...for a
long time. And that wasn't fair.

Beat. Matt attempts to make eye contact with his daughter, see where he sits with her. But, she keeps her gaze averted.

ALEXANDRA

She wouldn't end it. She didn't
even care enough about me, about
any of us, to end it. Even after I
told her I knew.

Alex's eyes well up, but she looks away, hiding.

MATT

I don't think she ever meant to
hurt you. I just think she wasn't
getting what she needed.

ALEXANDRA

Well, it's still shitty.

MATT

I know.

Beat.

ALEXANDRA
I want to meet him.

MATT
(concerned)
Alex, I don't know...

ALEXANDRA
I want to see who she chose.

For the first time, she looks up at Matt. She means it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - THAT NIGHT

Matt is in bed, unable to sleep. He looks over at the alarm clock.

CLOSE ON CLOCK. It reads, "1:10 AM."

He glances down the hall of the suite. He notices the bathroom light on and the door slightly cracked. He gets up, heads down the...

HALLWAY.

As he gets closer, Matt can hear MOVEMENT in the bathroom. Matt makes a point to walk lightly as he peeks through the crack of the door.

MATT'S POV of Scottie, standing on top of the bathroom counter, her legs on either side of the sink. She's striking poses in the wall-to-wall mirror. She'll hold one for a few seconds, then move on to a different pose.

Matt is just about to walk in, tell her to go to bed, when Scottie pushes her arms against the sides of her breasts to form cleavage. Matt steps back, too embarrassed to enter having seen that. But, he can't walk away. He watches his strange daughter.

SCOTTIE
(to herself)
"Have you been thinking about me?"
(then, slightly different
voice)
"What do you mean?"
(then, back to other
voice)
"'What do I mean?' Come here, you
bastard."

With that, Scottie leans in, pressing her hands against the mirror, and starts kissing it. An open-mouthed kiss, her tongue on the glass.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
 "Ooh, baby. Put your junk in my trunk. I want to go all night long."

Startled, Matt steps back, hitting a hallway table. To him, the sound is louder than it is. He panics, scurrying down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Matt approaches Sid, who is asleep on a cot in the "common area." Matt shakes him awake. He's not being delicate about it at all. Sid rolls over, squinting.

MATT
 I don't want you and Alex doing anything physical around Scottie. At all. You got me?

SID
 (confused)
 ...Okay.

MATT
 I'm serious. Don't touch each other. Don't talk about touching each other. Don't...

SID
 Relax, bro.

MATT
 I just saw Scottie in the bathroom. Playacting. I hope. And I swear to God if she's imitating something that she saw you two doing...

SID
 Dude, it's not like that between us. Trust me. We're just here for each other.

Matt rubs his eyes. He's all over the place right now.

MATT

Well, does Scottie know about her mom and Brian? Is that it? Is that what she's...?

(then)

Has she said anything to you?

SID

No.

Beat. Matt just exhales.

SID (CONT'D)

I'm sure it's nothing, bro. Kids just do some fucked up, weird things. I know I still do.

Beat.

MATT

Sorry. I just,...

Matt sits on the edge of the couch.

SID

It's going to get worse. After your wife dies. Dealing with them.

Matt looks over.

SID (CONT'D)

Sorry, bro. It just does.

Sid reaches into his bag, pulls out a one-hitter.

SID (CONT'D)

Whoa, man. That was intense. You shaking me and shit.

(then, imitating)

"Do you...?" "Does she...?" "Stop touching..."

(then)

I gotta bring it down after that.

He lights up, takes a hit. Offers it to Matt, who considers, then shrugs. "Why not?" He sits on the edge of the couch, lights up. Matt's good at this, takes a hit like a pro.

MATT

(off Sid)

Joanie taught me.

SID

Well, you should do it more often.
You clearly need it.

(then)

And I deal, too. If you like the
product.

MATT

Your parents must be proud.

For the first time, something seems to give Sid pause.

SID

It's possible.

Sid pulls his knees up to his chest, stares down at them.

SID (CONT'D)

My mom's kind of busy right now.
Getting my dad's things organized.
He died a few months ago.

Sid sort of smiles, as if he's okay with it. Matt senses that Sid doesn't want to go further with this. Matt hands him back the one-hitter, gets up.

MATT

Well, we should get some sleep.

Sid "toasts" him with the one-hitter.

SID

Nice chat, bro.

Matt nods, starts back down the hallway.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - THE NEXT MORNING

Matt is jogging along the edge of the ocean. It's early, so the beach seems deserted save for some SURFERS checking out the swell, a couple of FISHERMEN planting their poles in the sand, and a lone MAN jogging toward Matt. As the man gets closer, Matt realizes...

It's BRIAN SPEER.

They pass one another. Matt continues for a moment, then turns, following Brian. The back of Brian's T-shirt reads, "Stanford Lacrosse" and he's wearing those serious runner shorts - thin with large slits on the sides.

Matt struggles to keep up with Brian's pace. He's clearly in better shape. A wave crashes onto the shore, causing Brian to sprint away from it. But, Matt's too focused on Brian to notice. He runs right through the water, letting it splash up on his legs.

Suddenly, as they approach the pier, Brian stops in his tracks. Matt, trying so hard to keep up with Brian's speed, almost doesn't have enough time to stop. He gets a little too close for comfort.

Brian checks his pulse with his watch. Matt walks in small circles in the sand, filling time. He keeps glancing over at Brian. Should he do this now? Confront him?

Just then, Brian turns around. Matt, quickly faces the water and starts to stretch in some odd position. Brian runs past Matt, heading back in the direction they just came. Matt lets him get ahead, then starts up after him.

After a while, Brian cuts up away from the water, jogging toward a row of small blue cottages. Matt stops, watches as Brian heads up the porch steps of one and starts to stretch.

Matt considers for a moment, takes a deep breath, then starts to walk toward the cottage, trudging through the deep soft sand.

MATT

(rehearsing, to himself)

Hi. You don't know me, but I know you...

Matt stops, judges this "rehearsal." Just then, TWO YOUNG BOYS run out of the screen door of Brian's cottage, and hug him. After them, a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a white bathing suit, and large white sun hat. She kisses Brian on the cheek. Matt takes this in.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - LATER

From a distance, Matt is now seated in the sand, watching the beautiful woman in the white bathing suit. She is now sitting on a beach chair, reading. Her boys are in the ocean, body surfing, waiting for a big wave to come in. Every now and then, she glances up, keeping an eye on them.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(yelling, to the boys)

Chris! Billy!

(MORE)

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Stay in the zone, please! I want to
 be able to see you!

The beautiful woman looks over in the direction of Matt. Quickly and awkwardly, Matt looks to the sky. He even randomly points at nothing in particular, trying to make himself look engaged in something. The woman looks up in the sky to see what Matt could be pointing at, but then returns to her reading.

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)
 There you are.

Matt looks behind him. Alex and Scottie, walking up, carrying beach stuff - towels, magazines, etc.. Trailing them, Sid, once again, toking up.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
 Sid said he heard you get up to go
 jog, so I assumed we'd better find
 out where you collapsed.

Scottie, dressed in another over-sized T-Shirt, runs ahead of Alex. Sid parks himself in the sand.

SCOTTIE
 (accusatory)
 Alex ordered room service, Dad! Are
 you going to spank her...?

MATT
 (snapping)
 Who keeps buying you these God-
 awful things?!

CLOSE ON T-SHIRT. It reads, "I Only Have Sex On Days That End in 'Y'."

SCOTTIE
 They're Mom's.

MATT
 Well,..when we get back, we're
 buying you appropriate clothes.

SCOTTIE
 I won't wear them!

ALEXANDRA
 Scottie, I'll take you shopping.
 We'll get cool stuff.

SCOTTIE
 Well,...it better be cool.

Matt looks at Alex, smiles. Matt turns his attention back to the Beautiful Woman, whose boys are waving to her to "join them." She gets up and starts to walk toward the water.

MATT

Let's go for a swim.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Matt wades in the water, watching the woman, who is wading as well. Scottie has moved over toward the two boys, CHRIS and BILLY. They all watch the incoming waves, looking for a good one. Sid and Alex have swam out to a floating dock, and are sunbathing.

Suddenly, a BIG WAVE.

CHRIS

I got dibs!

Chris takes off, thrashing at the water. Scottie goes after the same wave. She catches it, riding it to the shore. But for Chris, the wave just passes under him, and he sails down its back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to Scottie)

You got in my way! Go find your own lineup!

Scottie is now swimming back out.

SCOTTIE

I wasn't in your way! You didn't swim hard enough!

BILLY

My brother called 'dibs!'

The woman looks over at Matt, who takes the moment to "parent."

MATT

I think you can all manage to share an ocean.

The woman smiles, and Matt returns the sentiment.

MATT (CONT'D)
 (to Chris, off incoming
 wave)
 Here comes a set that has your name
 on it, buddy.

CHRIS
 Catch this one, Mom!

The woman seems almost thrown that she's been put up to the challenge. She starts to backstroke. Clearly, a novice to body surfing. Scottie, who takes a stab at this wave too, starts thrashing at the water, picking up speed. The woman, noticing Scottie's technique, flips over and makes a more concerted effort to stay ahead of the incoming wave. But just as the woman looks back, the wave SLAMS down on top of her. She's gone, swallowed by the sea.

Scottie, on the other hand, catches the same wave, rides it to shore. Matt swims toward shore, looking for the woman. As he approaches the shore, Scottie is already standing. The woman is on her side in the sand, her long hair wrapped around her head, and the bottom part of her swimming suit is hiked up, revealing her ass. Even in this awkward position, the woman is laughing, hysterically.

Matt approaches.

MATT
 You okay?

Just then, another wave CRASHES into the woman, and she slides down the shore, receding with it. Matt helps her up. She steadies herself, placing her hands on Matt's shoulders.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
 (still laughing)
 My God. I feel like I've gone
 through a car wash.

Matt laughs too hard at this. The woman realizing her hands are still on his shoulders, quickly removes them. Beat.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)
 Hey, look at me!

They both do.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
 I'm a boy!

They look down. Sand has gotten into the bottom of Scottie's suit, creating a huge bulge.

MATT
Scottie, take that out.

SCOTTIE
I got a huge wiener.

Scottie "adjusts" herself, runs back into the water. Matt, embarrassed, looks down at the sand.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
She's funny.
(then)
I mean, you know, entertaining.

MATT
No, she's crazy.

Matt looks at Scottie, who is now just sitting in the sand, letting the waves toss her around.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Is that your other daughter out there?

The woman motions toward the raft. Matt looks out.

MATT'S POV of Sid leaning over Alex, putting his mouth to hers. Alex raises her hand to his head. They make-out.

MATT
Yeah. I'm doing a real great job.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
It's hard.
(then)
Are you on your own?

Matt takes a moment. Should he?

MATT
Not exactly. Their, uh...mother is in the hospital right now.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Oh, I'm sorry. It's none of my business.

MATT
No, I didn't mean to...
(then)
She was in a boating accident.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Oh, no. Sailing? Or was she on one
of those with a motor?

Matt can't help but laugh at this.

MATT
One with a motor.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(embarrassed)
Sorry, I'm just trying to...make
this less awkward.

Beat.

MATT
So...are you staying in one of the
these cottages?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Yes. My husband had to come for
work. So, we thought we'd make a
vacation of it.
(then)
He knows the owner, Hugh, so...

Matt perks up.

MATT
Hugh King?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Oh, do you know him?

MATT
Uh, yeah. He's my cousin.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Oh. Okay. So, you probably know my
husband, then. Brian Speer?

Matt looks back out at the ocean, considers. He notices that
Chris has drifted farther out into the water. He seems to be
fighting the current, unsuccessfully.

MATT
Uh, no, I don't think so.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Oh. I just assumed...

MATT
 (yelling)
 Scottie, tell her son to swim
 parallel to the beach.

The woman now looks out at Chris, struggling in the water.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
 Is he okay?

MATT
 He's fine. Current's just tricky.

Matt looks at the woman. Her face is full of worry. Matt takes a beat, then...

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Chris has his arms around Matt's neck. Matt's tugging him back to shore. They climb out of the water. Chris runs over to his mother, hugs her.

Matt darts off in the opposite direction, he's got other things on his mind now. Questions.

MATT
 Alex! Scottie! Let's go!

The Beautiful Woman notices that Matt is leaving.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
 (yelling)
 Oh. Uh, thank you!

Matt turns only to wave, never breaking his stride.

CUT TO:

INT. TIKI'S BAR - LATER

Matt storms in, followed by the "brood."

Unlike the first time we saw the place, there is life beyond the bar area. The tables are full, people milling about. More festive. On stage, a GROUP OF OLD HAWAIIANS, are playing ukuleles and singing.

ALEXANDRA
 Dad, what are we doing here?

Matt is preoccupied. He's scanning the bar area.

MATT
We're eating dinner.

Finally, he finds what he's looking for. Or rather, who.

MATT'S POV of HUGH, sitting on a stool. His back is to us, but the white tufts of hair, tan skin - there's no mistaking him.

MATT (CONT'D)
Get a table. Order me something.

ALEXANDRA
What do you want?

MATT
It doesn't matter. It all comes out fried.

With that, Matt walks off, approaching...

THE BAR.

MATT (CONT'D)
Since when do you own property in Hanalei?

Hugh turns, focuses his eyes. He's clearly been hitting the "Old-Fashioneds."

HUGH
Cousin!
(then)
If I'd have known you were coming to Kauai, I would have picked you up at the airport.

MATT
(impatient)
I called Ralph.

HUGH
(smiling)
Good. Because I'm just saying that.
(then, pointing at himself)
Guess who's not allowed to drive a car anymore?

MATT
 (more impatient)
 Hugh, your cottages. By the bay...

HUGH
 What, are you surprised, cousin?
 (then)
 You're not the only one with a day
 job. Unlike the rest of them, I'm
 not sitting around waiting for you
 to determine our fate.

Hugh takes a swig of his drink. The band finishes a song.
 Hugh looks over his shoulder toward the stage.

HUGH (CONT'D)
 (yelling, to band)
 Hana Hou!

With that, the band starts playing again.

MATT
 I just want to know about the guy
 you're renting to. Brian Speer?

HUGH
 Who?
 (then)
 Oh. Yeah, he's a determined son-of-
 a-bitch. He's, ah, Lou's
 sister's...No, wait. Lou has a
 sister, and the sister's
 husband...Lou's brother-in-law is
 cousins with that guy's wife.

Matt is confused. Hugh somehow seems to be getting drunker
 just sitting here.

HUGH (CONT'D)
 No, wait. Which cottage are you
 talking about?

MATT
 Brian Speer. The guy with the wife
 and two boys.

HUGH
 Oh, yeah. Determined son-of-a-
 bitch. I'm doing some business with
 this guy and this guy is that guy's
 friend.

(then)
 Wait. What am I saying?

(MORE)

HUGH (CONT'D)
 (then, indicating Matt)
We're doing business with him.

Matt is still confused, trying to navigate Hugh's train of thought.

HUGH (CONT'D)
 Yeah. Don Holitzer. Don's friend is staying in the cottage.
 (then, to band)
 Hana hou!

But, the band is still playing.

MATT
 (re: band)
 Hugh, they're still in the middle of a song.

HUGH
 So?

MATT
 So, stop telling them to "play it again!"
 (then)
 Now, Don's friend...?

HUGH
 Is a Realtor.

MATT
 Right.

HUGH
 Yeah, so if we sell our land to Holitzer to redevelop, then this guy will be in charge of all the real estate transactions.

The moment of epiphany for Matt.

HUGH (CONT'D)
 He's going to make a shitload of money.

MATT
 Not if we don't go with that bid.

HUGH
 Matt, we all want Don.
 (then)
 So did Joanie.

Matt's fuming. He downs the rest of Hugh's old-fashioned.

HUGH (CONT'D)
 (off drink)
 Hey!

Matt storms over to...

A TABLE. Alex, Scottie, and Sid are looking over menus.

MATT
 (determined)
 We're out of here.

SCOTTIE
 But, we've only gotten drinks.

But, Matt's on a different wave-length. He makes a bee-line for the door. The "brood" takes the hint, follows.

As they all exit, WE HEAR...

HUGH (O.S.)
 Hana hou!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Matt exits the restaurant, followed by the "brood." He is lost in thought. Alex catches up to him.

MATT
 That woman on the beach today. That was his wife.

ALEXANDRA
 What? Why didn't you say anything?
 (then)
Did you say anything? To her?

MATT
 That's what we're going to do now.

ALEXANDRA
 "We're?"

MATT
 You're going to talk to her, while I talk to him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Matt is down the beach, a safe distance from the cottage. The lights are on and there's clearly movement inside. Matt notices that Chris and Billy are out front, playing with a small group of other boys. Behind Matt, we can see Alex talking in private to Sid. Scottie, as usual, is running around, in her own world.

Alex and Sid approach Matt.

SID
Give'em hell, man.
(then, calling off)
Hey, Scottie.

Scottie runs over, joins them. Sid motions to the boys playing.

SID (CONT'D)
Let's go hang with those guys from today.

SCOTTIE
You mean the retard who almost drowned? I don't want to play with him.

SID
I do.

Sid starts to walk off.

SCOTTIE
Mmm, I guess I could play a little bit.

She runs after them. Matt and Alex walk up to...

THE COTTAGE.

Just as they approach, the beautiful woman from the beach backs out of the screen door, carrying a platter of hamburger patties and a spatula.

MATT
Hello!

The woman turns, a bit startled.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Oh. Uh, hello.

MATT

I am such an idiot. I do know your husband. I just put it together. We were walking back to the hotel from Tiki's, and I saw your boys down on the beach. I thought we'd drop in and say howdy to you. And to Brian...who I know.

Alex looks at Matt, mouthing the word, "Howdy?"

MATT (CONT'D)

This is my daughter, Alex.

Matt motions to the woman.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

This is, uh...

The woman starts laughing.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Yeah, I was just going to say, we never exchanged names.

(then)

I'm Julie.

MATT

Oh. Matt.

JULIE

I actually was telling my husband earlier about meeting you, but realized I didn't know your name. Even after all that.

(then)

Please, come up on the porch.

They do. Matt leans against the railing, while Alex stands on the edge on the top step, rocking back and forth. Julie sits in a chair, setting the spatula on the railing.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I have to admit that I thought you might be mistaken when you said you didn't know Brian. I figured you must have crossed paths. He's been so involved.

MATT

Yeah. I don't know what I was thinking.

JULIE

Yeah. So...in a couple of days,
right?

Matt looks at her, quizzical.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You'll know soon. You and your
cousins vote, right?
(then, catching herself)
I'm sorry. That's a conflict of
interest. That was stupid of me.

MATT

That's okay.
(then)
Yeah. It will be over in couple of
days.

Julie smiles. An awkward beat of silence.

JULIE

Oh. Offering you a drink might be
nice, right?

MATT

Sure.

Julie gets up, knocking the spatula off the railing, onto the
ground below.

MATT (CONT'D)

Let me get that.

Matt goes down the porch stairs, retrieves it. At this
moment, we hear the SCREEN DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. Matt looks
up. Silhouetted against the door, it's....

BRIAN

(very friendly)
Hi. I'm Brian.

Brian looks just like his real estate sign photo, except now
he's in casual clothes. He's spotless, hair slicked back with
heavy gel, clean shaven. It's a nice contrast to Matt, who
having been out all day, looks weathered by the sun and sand.
Matt seems proud of this, feeling rough and in power. It's a
stark contrast to how we first met him.

Brian extends his hand. Matt moves to take it.

MATT
(smiling)
Brian.

Matt pumps Brian's hand vigorously, then releases it. Brian gives his own hand a tiny shake, massages it.

MATT (CONT'D)
We've actually met before. Matt King. My wife is Joanie.

Brian's smile wilts.

MATT (CONT'D)
I think we met at a shareholders' meeting.
(then)
This is my daughter, Alex.

Brian stays locked on Matt.

JULIE
Matt's the one I was telling you about. He saved Christopher.

Beat. No movement. It's almost a staring game between three people - Brian, Matt and Alex.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I was just going to get drinks.

Brian loses the staring contest, breaking away.

BRIAN
Good.
(then)
Good, good.

Julie walks past Brian. He, oddly, pats her on the back. Once she's gone...

MATT
Joanie's dying.

Brian's body tenses.

MATT (CONT'D)
Oh, wait. "Fuck you."
(then)
And my wife is dying.

BRIAN

I can't...I'm sorry. I never
thought it would come to this.

(then)

I can't have you here...

Just then, Julie exits the screen door, carrying a glass of red wine and a soda for Alex.

JULIE

I hope this is okay.

Matt takes the wine, sips.

MATT

Perfect.

Julie notices Brian, withdrawn.

JULIE

Everyone's so serious. Please don't
tell me you're talking business.

ALEXANDRA

No. We were talking about love.

JULIE

Well...

Julie playfully bumps her shoulder against Brian, who looks at her with a furrowed brow.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What about love?

No one answers. Brian just looks at Matt. He's getting pissed. Matt's enjoying it.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

Is this about the boy on the raft?
Are you in love?

ALEXANDRA

No, he's my friend. We have things
in common, that's all.

Julie wraps her arms around Brian's waist, presses into him.

JULIE

Sometimes that's how it starts.

ALEXANDRA

No. We have a friendship that we don't have to work on.

JULIE

But, I saw him kiss you.

ALEXANDRA

Oh, please. We're friends, but of course he's going to try to get laid.

Alex locks eyes with Brian.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Every guy wants to get laid.

Julie squeezes Brian.

JULIE

(smiling)

We're in for it, aren't we?

BRIAN

What?

Julie is slightly put off by Brian's abrupt behavior.

JULIE

Our boys, sweetie. Our boys.

MATT

(enjoying, off cottage)

What a great old place.

JULIE

Oh, well, you should see the inside.

MATT

I was just going to say it'd be nice to see the inside.

(then)

Brian, will you show me around?

Matt smiles at Brian, who is even more angry at this point.

ALEXANDRA

(quickly)

Yes, and Julie, you and I can talk about love.

MATT
There you go.

Matt smiles even bigger, enjoying.

BRIAN
(reluctant)
Sure. But, they're pretty much all
alike along here.

MATT
(very cheery)
Well, let's see, Brian.

Matt walks up to the door, makes a point to let Brian open it
for him. Matt enters the...

COTTAGE.

Followed by Brian, who sweeps his arms out, displaying the
room.

BRIAN
Here it is.

The cottage itself is quaint and small, with low ceilings.
The decor is old-fashioned with furniture of questionable
comfort. The room is filled with decorative sewing baskets,
Hawaiian quilts, etc..

MATT
So, Brian, I'm curious. How'd you
meet?

BRIAN
I can't do this.

MATT
Well, I can't very well ask her all
the details, so I need to ask you.
I want to know.
(then)
How'd you meet?

Brian exhales.

BRIAN
At a party...I think...

MATT
Last Christmas. It was last
Christmas.

BRIAN

Then, why ask me?

MATT

Hey. I'm doing you a favor here. I could go out there right now and fuck up your life for good. So, get a better attitude.

Matt takes another sip of his wine, grimaces.

MATT (CONT'D)

Can I get a beer? This could be the worst wine I've ever tasted.

Brian takes the wine glass, shuffles into the kitchen.

MATT (CONT'D)

So, what makes a person cross that line? Huh? What made you ask her out?

(then)

I mean, Joanie was a model who watched football and raced boats. So, it's not that amazing, I guess.

Brian returns with the beer, hands it to Matt. He also got one for himself.

MATT (CONT'D)

Or was it about business? Because, apparently, Joanie loved the idea of Don.

BRIAN

It's not what you think.

MATT

Oh, what do I think, Brian?

BRIAN

Me and Joanie. It just happened.

MATT

Now, when you found out her connection to me, did you decide then to commit the adultery, or were you already committed? Did you ask her to sway me? Because, boy, she was hot for Holitzer. That doesn't just happen.

Brian doesn't say anything, ignoring Matt's questioning face.

MATT (CONT'D)
Was she going to leave me?

BRIAN
What do want from me?!

MATT
Right now, I want you to answer my question.

BRIAN
But, what do you want from me? What do you want from this?
(then)
I get it. You're pissed...

MATT
Was she going to leave me?

BRIAN
She would have. But it wouldn't have happened.
(then)
I love Julie. I would never leave her.

Brian's stance seems to soften. His anger gives way to anguish. He looks sunken. Finally, and maybe for the first time, he looks Matt in the eyes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Please don't tell her. Please. I don't know what I've done.

Beat.

MATT
Did she love you?

Brian nods, sips his beer.

MATT (CONT'D)
Did you love her?

No response. Brian just looks down.

MATT (CONT'D)
You used her. To get to me.

Brian sighs.

BRIAN

It was an affair. An attraction.
Sex.

(then)

She suggested everything beyond
that, and I went with it.

Matt starts to well up. He turns away, wipes his eyes. He's not wasting tears in front of Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I love Julie very much. I love my
family.

Matt locks eyes with Brian.

MATT

I love my family, too.

BRIAN

Then, why are you here?
(then, indicating Alex)
Bringing them into this?

Matt looks back at...

ALEX, laughing with Julie.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That's all I can give
you.

(beat)

It doesn't change what
happened...Or what's happening.

Matt cringes. The bastard is right.

Matt, exhales, gets up. Brian extends his hand, offering to take the beer from Matt. Matt, purposely, sets it down on a table himself.

MATT

Say "good-bye" to her. She, at
least, deserves that.

Matt opens the screen door, steps out onto...

THE PORCH.

He makes sure the door closes before Brian gets to it. No need to make it easier for him.

Julie and Alex are still laughing, enjoying their company. It seems very genuine.

MATT (CONT'D)
We should go.

JULIE
Oh, alright. Well, thanks for stopping by.

MATT
Say 'good-bye,' Alex.

ALEXANDRA
Bye, Julie.

Alex looks over her shoulder, back at Brian.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(almost taunting)
Bye, Brian.

Alex runs down the porch, toward Sid and the others playing on the beach.

JULIE
(smiling)
Good night, Matt.

With that, Matt takes Julie's hand, pulls her into him. He leans in, parts his lips, and kisses her. Although stunned, Julie accepts the moment, leaning in a bit.

Matt pulls away, slowly. Julie's eyes are still closed, lost in the moment. It was a damn good kiss.

MATT
Good night.

Matt doesn't look back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Matt, reserved, stoic, is walking along the edge of the water. Alex catches up to him. In the background, Sid is occupying Scottie, playing "tag."

ALEXANDRA
That was so awesome!
(then)
(MORE)

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
 What did he say? Was he fucking
 freaked? Did he totally cry and
 shit?

MATT
 That was a mistake, Alex.

ALEXANDRA
Uh, I don't think so...

Matt stops, looks right at her. He's conscious that Scottie and Sid are getting closer.

MATT
 I shouldn't of brought you. I
 shouldn't be giving you more
 reasons to hate your mother.

ALEXANDRA
 They deserved...

MATT
 No. It's over.
 (then)
 That got us nothing.

Alex pulls away, just as Sid and Scottie approach. Sid, sensing the mood, looks at Alex. Without missing a beat, she takes his hand, and pulls him off for some private time. Matt can only watch. He's feels even more distant to her than ever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANE - THAT NIGHT

The plane is quiet, and dimly lit. Not many people on the 9:15 flight. Outside the windows, pitch black. Matt is seated next to Scottie, who is asleep, resting on his shoulder. Across the aisle, Alex is asleep, leaning on Sid. Matt seems drained, lost in thought. He looks down at Scottie...

MATT (V.O.)
 (gently)
 Do you know what's happening?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Matt is standing beside Joanie's bed. Scottie is seated in a chair. It's a different Scottie. Her hair is brushed, neat.

Very put together. Her clothes are now appropriate by the standards of a girl her age, but somehow it doesn't seem to fit her. She seems uncomfortable. Not "Scottie."

As for Joanie, she looks very different, too. Gaunt and pasty, vacant-looking. She is no longer attached to any machines. Her breathing, weak and infrequent.

MATT

Scottie, I asked you a question. Do you know what's happening?

SCOTTIE

Yes, Dad, God.

Scottie looks up at him for a second, then it's back to pulling on her clothes, trying to make them work for her.

MATT

(gently)
Come here.

Scottie, reluctantly, goes to her dad. Matt takes her hand.

MATT (CONT'D)

I want you to talk to your mother. You don't need a good story. Just talk to her.

Scottie tries to pull away, but Matt won't let go. She struggles.

MATT (CONT'D)

Put your hand on her. I need to know that you understand what's happening, Scottie.

SCOTTIE

I do.

MATT

Then, tell me!

Matt unclenches Scottie's fist and stuffs it into Joanie's hand. He makes Joanie's hand grip Scottie's. Suddenly, Joanie breathes loudly, like she's trying to catch her breath.

SCOTTIE

Mom can't breathe!

MATT

She can breathe, Scottie! She's not struggling! She's not suffering!

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)

Dad!

Matt turns, sees Alex standing in the doorway. Scottie breaks away from Matt, goes right to Alex. Scottie wraps her arms around her sister's waist. Alex strokes her hair.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Go find Sid.

It takes a moment, but she complies.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

You're yelling at her for not knowing, for not behaving the way you want her to, but she doesn't know what's going on. You made that choice for her.

MATT

She needs to do this, Alex. You need to do this.

ALEXANDRA

I could say the same thing to you.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Matt enters. Sid is watching television. In fact, the TV is the only thing illuminating the room. And the room itself, filled with plenty of residual pot smoke.

Feeling his stare, Sid looks up at Matt.

SID

(re: television)

Have you ever noticed actors smoking in movies?

Matt looks.

ON THE TV. Some movie with characters smoking cigarettes.

SID (CONT'D)

They always overdue it. It's so exaggerated. They always pick something off their tongue and try to talk while holding in the smoke.

He imitates it, showing Matt, as...

SID (CONT'D)
 (as "movie character")
 "I have no idea who murdered him."
 (then)
 It's so lame.

MATT
 Brian didn't love her. He didn't
 love my wife.

Sid just sits there. He doesn't know what to say. However, he starts to open his mouth, feeling like he should.

MATT (CONT'D)
 (waves him off)
 No. I'm not looking to have
 a...conversation with you. No
 offense.
 (then)
 I just needed to say that out
 loud...to someone. At least,
 someone I know can hear it.

Sid just sits there, following orders.

MATT (CONT'D)
 I've failed my daughters. I'm
failing. I just want them to have a
 better impression of their mother.
 To protect them. But, I've managed
 to do nothing but the opposite of
 that. And now,...who is their
 mother? Who should she be to them?
 The one who was in love and loved
 passionately and recklessly by
 someone else? Or the one who was
 deceived and desperate? The one who
 will never know the mistakes that
 she made.

Matt sits there for a beat, pondering to himself. Sid just watches him. A long silence. Then, Matt starts out the room.

SID
 Just get them to love their mother
 again.

Matt looks back.

SID (CONT'D)
Sorry, if that constitutes as a
conversation.

Matt takes it in, walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Matt walks down the hallway. He stops in front of Scottie's bedroom door. We know it's hers by the fact that it's heavily decorated - magazine clippings, Polaroids, etc..

Matt listens for a moment, then lightly taps on the door.

MATT
Scottie, sweetie. I need you to get
up now. We've got people coming
over.

He taps again. Nothing.

MATT (CONT'D)
Scottie?

Matt opens the door. Although the bed has been slept in, Scottie is nowhere in sight. Matt, growing concerned, heads down the hallway to...

ALEX'S ROOM.

He knocks and enters. Alex, startled, sits up in her bed. No Scottie.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Matt, followed by Alex, run down the stairs and turn into the...

LIVING ROOM. No Sid or Scottie.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Matt and Alex run down the hall. As they approach Joanie's room, Sid is sitting in a chair outside her door, which is closed.

SID

She woke me up. Wanted to see her.

Matt looks in through the door's window.

MATT'S POV of Scottie, curled up on the bed with Joanie.

Matt slowly opens the door, Alex starts to follow, but Matt motions for her to stay. He enters...

JOANIE'S ROOM.

Matt can see Scottie better now. She's under her mom's arm, her head resting on Joanie's chest. Her back is to Matt.

MATT

(softly)

Scottie?

Scottie doesn't move.

SCOTTIE

I still don't know what to say to her.

Matt approaches, gets down on his knees, resting his head on Scottie's back.

MATT

Scottie,...forgive me.

Matt tears up.

SCOTTIE

Dad,...what's happening?

With that, Matt exhales. He could lose it for real, but now is not the time. Scottie is showing her strength. He needs to do the same. He wipes his eyes, puts his hand on Scottie's back, and..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We're back outside the door window. Alex and Sid watch from outside. We can't hear anything, but we can tell that Matt has started to talk. He's started to tell Scottie everything.

Alex opens the door, approaches. Seeing her, Matt takes Alex's hand, pulling her in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - POOL - LATER THAT DAY

A large group of PEOPLE are gathered, mingling and drinking. It's all of Matt's COUSINS, including Hugh and Ralph. And like those two, they really do all look like a bunch of very tan "beach bums and stunt people."

Matt is seated in a folding chair on the lawn. In his lap, a thick contract. In the pool, Alex and Sid splash around with Scottie.

Hugh approaches Matt, cocktail and contract in hand.

HUGH

Will this thing hold me?

Hugh points to an empty folding chair next to Matt.

MATT

It should.

Hugh sits, tentatively. The plastic cords of the chair STRETCH, but ultimately, they hold.

HUGH

It's like a goddamn ass hammock.

MATT

I'm not going to sign. I can't.

Hugh considers. Then, shakes his drink, takes a swig, and spits out an ice cube.

HUGH

We need your approval to move.

MATT

I know. I'm sorry. I can't do it.

HUGH
You're going to piss off a lot of
people.

MATT
I know that.

Matt smiles at Hugh, who reciprocates.

HUGH
Can I ask why?

MATT
Well,...the less dignified reason?
Revenge.
(then)
I don't want Brian to profit from
my failure.

Hugh gives him a quizzical look, "What?" Matt just waves it off. He doesn't want to get into it.

MATT (CONT'D)
This is our responsibility, Hugh.

Matt looks over at the pool.

MATT'S POV of Alex and Scottie, splashing around.

MATT (CONT'D)
And,...I want to take care of it.

Hugh places his hand on Matt's shoulder, takes another swig.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We didn't do anything for this
land. It was given to us by someone
who entrusted us with its care.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - POOL - A LITTLE LATER

Matt is now addressing his cousins.

MATT
I look around me. Our once flat
faces have sharpened. Our hair has
straightened. Evidence of our
ethnicity, all but erased.
(then)
But, we are Hawaiians.
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

And it's a miracle that we own this much of Hawaii. So, let's do right here. Because once we vote to sell, that's it. Something that was given to us, to protect, will be gone. Something that was ours to pass on, will be gone.

(then)

I've taken a lot of things for granted in my life...

Matt locks eyes with Alex and Scottie, who are standing by the pool. He doesn't need to say more than that. They know.

MATT (CONT'D)

(then, to Group)

And we've taken a lot of things for granted.

(then)

We are descendants...of something greater than us.

Matt motions to his daughters.

MATT (CONT'D)

And they are descendants. And I want to do right by them.

Matt smiles. The girls, reciprocate.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Although Joanie is still in bed, hanging on, Matt has started packing up the personal belongings.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Matt?

Matt turns toward the door. It's JULIE SPEER. She's carrying a large vase of flowers.

MATT

(taken aback)

Oh, hi. Julie.

Julie has a faint smile on her face, but it's clear that she is nervous. She looks over at Joanie.

JULIE
 I, uh,...I just thought I'd...
 (then)
 I brought some flowers.

Matt snaps to, goes to take the vase from her.

MATT
 Sorry, let me get those...

JULIE
 I know we just met, but...

MATT
 No, I just...didn't expect you.
 But, it's nice of you to visit.

Matt goes to set the vase with the other flowers, but the counter is full. He looks for another spot, but there's only one place for them...the floor. He awkwardly sets them in the corner, looking to Julie as if to apologize for the lack of space.

JULIE
 (off placement of vase)
 No, that's fine. She seems very popular.

Another awkward beat. Julie wonders where to stand.

MATT
 So, uh...

JULIE
 I know, Matt.
 (then)
 I've come because my husband
 wouldn't.

Julie again looks over at Joanie.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 I know he was sleeping with her. I
 know she's...not well.

MATT
 She's dying.

Julie's eyes well up. She turns toward the door.

JULIE
 I don't know what I'm doing here.

She fumbles with her purse, meandering in a small circle. She doesn't know where or what to do or how to carry herself.

MATT

I shouldn't have come to your house like that. I didn't know he had a family.

Julie fans the air in front of her face, trying to control herself.

JULIE

The fact that he wouldn't come. It didn't feel right.

Julie approaches Joanie's bed. Matt moves a little toward her, as if to protect Joanie. Julie looks down at Joanie, who now seems like a ghost of her former self.

JULIE (CONT'D)

She's beautiful.

(beat, then)

I feel awful, but I'm just so angry. Angry at both of them.

Julie just stares at Joanie. It's a stark contrast - one woman, healthy and the other, dying.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I wanted to come here. I thought I was doing something noble, but...

(then, to Joanie)

I forgive you...for trying to take him. For tearing my family apart.

Matt grabs Julie's hand.

MATT

Stop. Don't do that.

Julie looks right at Matt, a mixture of anger and sadness.

JULIE

He didn't love her!

MATT

Well, he didn't love you for a while, either.

Julie pulls away, walks toward the door.

JULIE

I didn't mean to act this way. I
just...love my family, that's all.

(beat)

They're all I have.

Julie stands there, looking at Matt, his back to her. His attention is on Joanie, now holding her hand. Beat.

MATT

This is my wife. And she's leaving
me.

Julie steps forward, as if thinking she should hug Matt or something. But,...

MATT (CONT'D)

Go home. Because you can.

Julie starts to say something, but thinks better of it. She still has her husband. She leaves. The door closes.

Matt sits on Joanie's bed. He touches her face, rubs his palm over her forehead and into her hairline.

THE SCREEN FLASHES WHITE.

FLASH TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FLASHBACK

We're back to days before, the moment that Matt leaned down to WHISPER something in Joanie's ear. But, this time, we hear it.

MATT

(whispering)

If you wake up, I'll do things
differently.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - PRESENT

Matt's eyes well up. Those words mean even more now.

He collapses over the bed, balling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - LATER THAT DAY

Matt and the girls are sitting in a canoe, floating just outside the waves. Although isolated at this moment, the ocean is not without activity. In the distance, sailing boats, motor boats, jet skis, people swimming, etc..

They sit for a beat, just floating in silence. The small waves SMACK against the side of the canoe, THUMPING.

MATT

Should we put them here?

Alex looks to Scottie, letting her decide. Scottie takes a beat, then nods. She reaches into her backpack, pulling out a canister.

SCOTTIE

I never told her a good story. I should have told her a good story.

Scottie seems depressed, disappointed in herself. Matt considers, then...

MATT

Your mom cried. After that shark almost got her, she was a mess.

Scottie and Alex look at Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)

I was by the fire that night. The Mitchells were hiking when I saw your mom maneuvering over the black rocks. I knew something was wrong because it wasn't your mother. She seemed collapsed, unsure of her steps. I ran over to her. Her face was white. There were scratches on her knees and thighs. Her body was shaking. And she sank down into the sand, pulling me with her. And she just leaned into my chest and cried. She thought she was going to die. She was angry that it was her time. She was scared.

(then)

Everything I told you about the shark was true. It pursuing her. Her escape. Just her reaction was different. For me, anyway.

(then)

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

That night around the fire, for the Mitchells, the bravado was back. "I could have been dinner." But, that's all it was,...a performance.

Matt has tears in his eyes, but they're different this time. They are joyous, as if realizing something that he had forgotten.

MATT (CONT'D)

And that, Scottie, is what I loved about your mother. That she shared that with me. That the truth was ours. That she was fragile. That she needed me. That I knew she needed us.

ALEXANDRA

That makes it a better story.

Scottie and Alex wipe tears from their faces. As does, Matt. Scottie looks down at the canister. A moment, then...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Show us your tits!

The three of them, undoubtedly startled, look over at...

A BOOZE CRUISE.

The boat, filled with drunk GUYS and GIRLS, has drifted over. Loud music pumps. People are dancing, their drinks spilling all over the deck. FOUR GUYS are standing at the front of the boat, leaning all over each other for support. And as the boat passes by...

DRUNK GUYS

Whoop! Whoop! Show us your tits!

Matt looks over at the girls. They look at him. Beat. And then,...

They're LAUGHING. How can they not?

SCOTTIE

(to canister)

Hey, mom? The day we spread your ashes, you flashed some drunk guys your boobs.

And with that, Scottie opens the canister, and tosses the ashes into the sky. Matt and Alex laugh more.

Alex places four plumeria leis in the water. The three watch as they float out toward the horizon.

Scottie looks at her hands, noticing they're covered in ashes. Her palms, under her nails, grey. She pulls her scrapbook out of her bag, opens it to the back - the last page. She presses her hand onto the paper, making a print.

CLOSE ON ash handprint.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH

We are still CLOSE ON the handprint.

PULL BACK to reveal Matt, now sitting in a beach chair, looking at Scottie's scrapbook.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

Hey, Dad!

Matt looks up, closing the scrapbook.

MATT'S POV of Scottie and Alex, dressed in wet suits and holding surfboards, standing side by side.

Matt waves. They wave back, then run out into the ocean.

Just then, the DARK FIGURE moves in front of Matt, and...

JOANIE sits beside him in the sand. She, too, is in a wet suit. She's beaming, full of life.

JOANIE

Okay, I know what you're going to say. That it's dangerous and there are a thousand other reasons not to, but...I want to teach the girls to surf.

She winces, wondering what Matt will say.

MATT

And if I say "no?"

JOANIE

(smiling)
I'd do it anyway.

Joanie smiles. They kiss. She gets up and,...

...as the DARK FIGURE passes back in front...

 JOANIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, I'll take care of
 them.

With that, she's gone.

Matt just looks out at the ocean.

MATT'S POV of the girls surfing, showing off what they had
learned.

Matt smiles, AS WE...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END