

THE ISLAND

Based on a true story

Episode 1: "Through A Glass Darkly"

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SUPER OVER BLACK:

"Human trafficking is the fastest growing international crime, and one of the largest sources of criminal income for global organized crime."

- UNITED NATIONS OFFICE OF DRUGS & CRIME (2015)

SUPER: THE FOLLOWING IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY

FADE IN:

EXT. KAILUA BEACH, OAHU, HAWAII - DAWN

Establishing. SUNRISE. Dark WAVES CRASH on golden sand, ringed by lush, green mountains. PAN OVER crystalline waters, past the local Hawaiian SURFERS, to:

A WOMAN, late 30s- mid 40s, petite, fit. She is SWIMMING in OPEN WATER. Gracefully, athletically. ALONE.

THERAPIST VOICE (V.O.)

Tell me about the dream.

MALIA (V.O.)

It always starts the same way. I'm out in the ocean, about a mile out, on my morning swim.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Alone?

MALIA (V.O.)

Yes. And totally calm...

As she gracefully glides through the water, we soak in the extreme beauty of the Hawaiian islands.

MALIA (V.O.)

Until suddenly...I start to panic. My heart starts racing, I can't breathe, I'm terrified...

WE SEE the woman abruptly start to swim FASTER.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

(calmly)

What are you scared of?

MALIA (V.O.)
I... I feel like someone's watching
me. Literally like a person is
staring at me, stalking me...

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Can you see who it is?

MALIA (V.O.)
(agitated, reliving it)
No...

Ominous, eerie music as we watch the woman PUSHING, PANTING,
SWIMMING harder...

MALIA (V.O.)
I struggle to get ahead. Terrified
they're going to grab me...

DR. NAWAI (V.O.)
Who's going to grab you?

MALIA (V.O.)
(more intense)
I don't know... !

ZOOM in, closer. She's now swimming as if her life depended
on it. AGGRESSIVE, CHOPPY, panicked. Until suddenly --

WHOOSH! She POPS up, in the middle of the ocean, GASPING.

MALIA (V.O.)
And then I WAKE UP.

Off the woman's TERRIFIED FACE, we SMASH CUT TO --

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Establishing. Beige walls, soft lighting, leafy plants.
Impressive FRAMED UNIVERSITY DEGREES on the walls. DR.
JENNIFER NAWAI, 30s, Asian, attractive, preternaturally calm,
STARES at an UNSEEN PATIENT.

DR. NAWAI
Why do you feel someone's watching?

PAN TO the PATIENT, that woman from the ocean. Meet MALIA
D'AUBREY, 30s. Feminine, delicate, but with a dark EDGE.
There's a CHIP on her shoulder, BURIED way deep somewhere.
PIERCING EYES STARE directly at the doctor.

MALIA

It's a sense. He's there. I can feel it.

DR. NAWAI

So the person is a man?

MALIA

No, I... Why do you say that?

DR. NAWAI

You just identified the person using a male pronoun. He's there.

MALIA

I did?

(off her NOD)

I...I guess it is a man. I hadn't allowed myself to picture anyone.

DR. NAWAI

Since this is our first session, why don't you start by telling me about male figures in your life.

(checking her file)

You're married?

MALIA

Yes.

DR. NAWAI

Happily?

MALIA

Yes.

(interrupting)

If it's alright with you, I'd like to focus on the dream.

DR. NAWAI

We will. But the dream is symbolic of something you're working through in your emotional subconscious.

(matter of fact)

Since the person watching you is male, it may be someone you know.

MALIA

(changing the subject)

Do you deal with premonitions?

DR. NAWAI
(matter of fact)
No. I'm a forensic psychiatrist,
not a paranormalist. Sorry.

MALIA
I'm sorry, forensic...?

DR. NAWAI
Psychiatry related to the fields of
law enforcement and criminology.

MALIA
My husband is a cop.

DR. NAWAI
Hence the referral perhaps. Tell
me about your husband.

MALIA
Roger is...great. Well-liked. A
respected officer.

Malia SHIFTS SLIGHTLY. Nawai makes a NOTE.

DR. NAWAI
Is that difficult, being married to
a cop?

MALIA
No. Why?

Malia SHIFTS again.

DR. NAWAI
Just trying to pinpoint the source
of your anxiety.

MALIA
(smirking)
Well, sitting here is a bit fucking
unnerving.

She smiles. Nawai doesn't. A beat.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Sorry. Get around cops long enough
you begin to talk like one. My
father was a cop also.

DR. NAWAI
In Hawaii? Now retired?

MALIA
Deceased.

DR. NAWAI
So your late father was a cop and
you married a cop.

MALIA
Yes.

DR. NAWAI
But you're not a cop.

MALIA
Criminal investigator.

DR. NAWAI
What's the difference?

MALIA
I work for myself. I'm not
 beholden to any special interests.
Including the cops.

Now the doctor SMILES and JOTS down a note of the correction.

DR. NAWAI
Originally from Hawaii?

Malia NODS.

DR. NAWAI (CONT'D)
What types of crime do you
investigate?

MALIA
White collar. Criminal conspiracy,
corruption, racketeering...

DR. NAWAI
Sounds stressful.

MALIA
(shrugs)
Everyone's got stress.

The DOCTOR looks up at her. Evaluating.

DR. NAWAI
Alright, then. Tell me about your
work.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARD AVENUE, HONOLULU, OAHU - DAY

ESTABLISHING. A busy commercial street, populated by STRIP MALLS. Oddly, twenty near-identical NAIL SALONS are scattered up and down the street.

ZOOM IN on an electrical pole just outside one salon. The pole's plastered with flyers. ECU: "MISSING: HAVE YOU SEEN THESE GIRLS?" Smiling photos of two SCHOOLGIRLS, ASIAN, ages 10-13, stare back.

PAN DOWN the street to reveal the SAME SIGNS on EVERY POLE.

INT. MALIA'S BEDROOM/ HOME OFFICE - DAY

Establishing. A cramped, tiny office space. A small desk, bulletin board, and sliver of an ocean view frame a wall with various MEDIA COMMENDATIONS and local civic AWARDS.

Tacked up on the bulletin board are NEWS CLIPPINGS: ECU: "LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR BUSTED!" "ENVIRONMENTAL OIL SPILL EXPOSED!" "STING OPERATION REVEALS CITY CORRUPTION."

Also tacked up is that same flyer of the missing girls.

MALIA, in jeans/tank top, drying wet hair, SITS facing the board, TYPING at a laptop, focused. Her CELL then RINGS.

MALIA

D'Aubrey...

Suddenly a DISTORTED VOICE comes through on the other end.

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O.)

(mechanical sounding)

"350 Ward Avenue has information you seek..."

MALIA

(annoyed)

Who is this?

SILENCE. Malia SIGHS, stops answering her emails.

MALIA (CONT'D)

Listen, if this is about the illegal gambling, I have more than enough to nail these mother fuckers...

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O.)

(cutting her off)

GO. Before it's too late.

CLICK. Malia STARES at her phone, annoyed. It's probably a prank. She SITS a BEAT, but is now unable to concentrate.

MALIA
(frustrated)
God dammit.

A BEAT later, she grabs her call and runs out the door.

EXT. WARD AVENUE/ "24 HOUR NAILS" - NAIL SALON - DAY

MALIA stands outside one of the NAIL SALONS. A neon "OPEN 24 HRS" sign FLASHES in the window.

Malia turns to CAMERAMAN, MARTY KAHALE, 30s, Samoan, stocky, genial, melodramatic. Her "Guy Friday." Marty's in floral shorts/flip flops, his standard work uniform.

CAMERAMAN MARTY
(disbelieving)
A nail salon?

MALIA
They gave this address.
(beat)
Maybe it's Senator Watkins with his pants down again.

CAMERAMAN MARTY
(smirking)
Still trying to erase that visual.

MALIA
On my count. Ready?

MARTY nods. Malia silently counts -- "Four, three, two,..." She KNOCKS, then immediately OPENS the door and they ENTER.

INT. NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON a petite, thin ASIAN WOMAN, gray hair, 70s, grandmotherly, at the front desk. We'll call her GRANDMA WU.

MALIA
Ma'am, we'd like to ask a few questions about your business...

Grandma Wu LOOKS at Malia, then DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA. MARTY keeps his CAMERA ROLLING.

GRANDMA WU
No camera allowed in here...!

Grandma SHOVES her hand into the lens of the camera.

MALIA
(undeterred)
We're investigating allegations of
illegal gambling in and around Ward
Avenue. Care to comment?

GRANDMA WU
(belligerent)
I no answer to you...!

Grandma now COVERS the lens and PUSHES against Marty.
Luckily he's 325 pounds, doesn't budge a muscle.

MALIA
Are you the owner of this salon?

Grandma IGNORES her, and SHUFFLES down a narrow, cheaply
paneled hallway, draped with various satin CHINESE BANNERS.

CAMERAMAN MARTY
We following?

MALIA
No. Hold up.

Malia calmly WALKS around the counter to the DESK. Smiling
"LUCKY CAT" STATUES wave their paws back and forth.

MALIA (CONT'D)
May as well see what they got.
Maybe we'll recognize a name.

ECU -- HUNDREDS of stacks of PAPER RECEIPTS, all HANDWRITTEN
in CHINESE HAN CHARACTERS. Marty films as Malia sifts
through the receipts.

MALIA (CONT'D)
What are the chances you'd do this
many nails in a month?

MARTY
Uh oh. Here comes the "spidey
sense" kicking in...

Malia shoots him a LOOK, then CONTINUES down the hallway.
ANGLE ON: EIGHT PLYWOOD DOORS, four on each side, all CLOSED.

Malia opens the FIRST DOOR. REVEAL: a MASSAGE TABLE with a
used sheet, and a shelf full of various SEX LUBRICANTS.

MALIA
So much for a nail salon.

MARTY
(chuckling)
Happy ending with every pedicure..!

Marty FILMS the room, camera rolling. SUDDENLY, without warning -- SFX: A low GUTTURAL MOAN. ANIMAL? HUMAN? .

MALIA
What the hell?
(silencing him)
Sh... Listen. What is that?

CAMERAMAN MARTY
Sounds like a dog.

SFX: A low MOANING sound again.

MALIA
No. That's human. Where's it coming from?

Malia DUCKS back into the hallway. She LISTENS a beat, then follows the SOUND. It's LOUDER now, rhythmic. Clearly coming from inside a ROOM.

Malia MOTIONS for Marty to follow. She TRIES the door, but it's LOCKED, won't open. The MOANING CONTINUES.

MALIA (CONT'D)
We gotta get in there.

CAMERAMAN MARTY
Last time you said that we ended up in jail.

MALIA
C'mon, Marty. Where's your guts?

CAMERAMAN MARTY
Back in that jail!

Malia THRUSTS her 110 lbs. against the door. No luck.

CAMERAMAN MARTY (CONT'D)
(sighing, resigned)
Step aside lightweight.

Marty uses his size 13 FOOT to BUST down the DOOR. BOOM.

REVEAL: MALIA'S POV -- (NOTE: The following will be depicted as sensitively as possible)

ANGLE ON a young GIRL, Caucasian, 13-14. Crouched on the floor, KNEES UP to her chest, wearing a WHITE COTTON t-shirt.

A smear of BLOOD sits underneath her. She's CATATONIC, MOANING and MURMURING something while rocking back and forth.

CAMERAMAN MARTY (CONT'D (CONT'D)
What the fuck....

Malia DOESN'T answer. She instinctively HEADS towards the girl, SCANNING the room with her eyes.

Malia's POV - One wall is MIRRORED, floor to ceiling, suggesting TWO WAY CAMERAS. A white tile floor and slanted drain suggest cleanup. Near the girl are USED DRUG SYRINGES, SPOONS, RUBBER BANDS, and a thin dust of WHITE POWDER.

Malia COUGHS at the pungent STENCH in the air, as she gingerly APPROACHES the girl. Marty stays in the doorway.

GIRL
(catatonic)
No, no more... no more... No!

MALIA
Sh, sh... it's OK. It's OK...

The GIRL doesn't even see Malia. She continues rocking. SUDDENLY -- A FLASH of something by the door.

CAMERAMAN MARTY
OW!

Marty DROPS the camera and GRABS his shoulder.

CAMERAMAN MARTY (CONT'D)
She fucking STABBED me!

He YANKS A STEEL LETTER OPENER out of his shoulder. BLOOD oozes down his arm.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING DOWN the hall. Malia instantly REACTS, JUMPING up from a crouched position.

MALIA
Stay with her...

She RUNS down the hallway. ANGLE ON -- Grandma Wu headed OUT the front door.

TRACK MALIA, RACING after her, OUT THE DOOR into --

EXT. WARD AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

ONCOMING TRAFFIC. A CAR SWERVES, then HITS Grandma HEAD ON. She CRASHES onto the hood, then LANDS in the street.

A DRIVER (Male, 20s, surfer type, ethnic), immediately EXITS as CARS STOP and HONK, and ONLOOKERS race out to help.

DRIVER

I didn't even see her! I swear!

Malia RUSHES over and KNEELS by Grandma, seemingly concerned, When we get CLOSER we realize: she's PINNING GRANDMA DOWN.

Grandma, coherent, PUSHES against her to ESCAPE, but Malia forcibly holds her back down.

MALIA

(whispering in her ear)

Stay down, bitch, or I'll tell them about the girl.

She then TURNS to ONLOOKERS, as if for her wellbeing.

MALIA (CONT'D)

Keep her safe until help arrives.

The ONLOOKER NODS and KNEELS next to Grandma. Malia then JUMPS UP and GETS on her cell, DIALING 911.

MALIA (CONT'D)

(into her cell)

I need an ambulance. 350 Ward Avenue... Hurry.

TRACK MALIA, as she RACES back inside, down the hall, and REENTERS the room.

The girl sits ROCKING, fists clenched, SHIVERING. Marty NURSES his bloody shoulder.

OFF MALIA, instinctively KNEELING and CRADLING the girl, not saying a word, as off in the distance SIRENS begin to wail.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HONOLULU HOSPITAL / E.R. - LATER

Malia STANDS with two HONOLULU POLICE UNIT OFFICERS, outside a cordoned off E.R. area. Each gives a statement.

MALIA

Somebody called with an anonymous tip. We went down there to investigate, but the owner took off. Then we heard moaning, and found her in a room...

She indicates the GIRL, now on a makeshift bed/gurney.

CAMERAMAN MARTY
(shaking his head)
That shit was fucked up, man.
"Fifty Shades of Sick."

The officer JOTS down notes.

VICE SQUAD DET. ROGER SOMERS, 40s, then enters. Half Caucasian/ ethnic Polynesian, chiseled jaw, creased forehead, and a hardened look that suggests he's taken a few hits.

Roger APPROACHES Malia, concerned, and the other OFFICERS instinctively BACK OFF, signaling to let him handle her.

DET. ROGER SOMERS
Baby, are you okay?

MALIA
I'm fine. Really.

He HUGS her tightly. She looks a bit embarrassed.

DET. ROGER SOMERS
I thought we agreed you weren't going to bust in alone...

MALIA
I'm sorry. It was just one of those things. I called Marty, we went in fast, and...

CAMERAMAN MARTY
And I got freakin' impaled!

Roger turns to MARTY.

DET. ROGER SOMERS
I owe you a beer, Marty.

CAMERAMAN MARTY
One? Try four.

Marty SMIRKS and WALKS off, letting them have a moment alone.

DET. ROGER SOMERS
You could've gotten hurt.

MALIA
I'm fine. You know how it is. Half the time anonymous tips are a bust. This one wasn't.
(MORE)

MALIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

When can I talk to her?

DET. ROGER SOMERS

Sex Crimes has her right now. Give it a few days, let us dig into it.

MALIA

C'mon, Roger, I FOUND her. What do we know so far?

DET. ROGER SOMERS

Nothing I can share just yet.

He indicates others are listening. Malia NODS, FRUSTRATED, but getting it. She changes the subject.

MALIA

So I had that appointment today.

DET. ROGER SOMERS

Good. Hopefully now you'll sleep.

MALIA

You home later?

DET. ROGER SOMERS

Nah, working late. I'll make it up to you later. Promise.

He KISSES her forehead. Malia NODS, WATCHING as he JOINS the other officers, instantly genial. The all around "good guy." Marty SEES her looking over, longingly, and steps in.

CAMERAMAN MARTY

You could buy me a beer...

MALIA

Go home to Tess, she'll be worried. Rain check, I promise.

CAMERAMAN MARTY

Better be soon. I don't get stabbed for just any chick...

She SMILES, as he mock SALUTES her, then takes off. Off Malia, feeling ALONE.

EXT. KAILUA BEACH / MALIA'S CONDO COMPLEX - DUSK

Establishing. An indigo island SUNSET.

PAN TO a tiny BEACH COMMUNITY across a two-lane highway.
Wetsuit clad SURFERS DART across the highway to --

A small 1960's CONDO COMPLEX. An old security CALL BOX/PHONE,
and SURFERS entering in and out suggest a low crime area.

INT. MALIA'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

ESTABLISHING. Typical BACHELOR PAD. CHROME/BLACK LACQUER
tables, BLACK LEATHER COUCHES, and SPORTS MEMORABILIA. The
few feminine touches are FRAMED WEDDING PHOTOS and a cat.

Malia SCROUNGES through a near EMPTY FRIDGE, finding a half-
eaten can of TUNA. She DUMPS it onto a plate, REFILLS her
glass of Cotes Du Rhone, and TURNS on the LOCAL NEWS.

The CAT brazenly walks up and eats tuna off her plate.

MALIA

Hey you, that's mine.

She pretend scolds, then FEEDS him a piece.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

(on TV)

Tonight Channel 7 investigates the
emergence of missing local girl
Alanna Turner, found in an Oahu
nail salon by Honolulu P.D....

Hearing this, Malia GLANCES UP to SEE a PICTURE of her girl.

MALIA

(disgusted)

HPD's claiming credit?

NEWS ANCHOR

...Sources say Turner remains
hospitalized in serious condition,
following her ordeal. Police
indicate this resembles the
disappearance of two other local
girls that remain missing...

Malia abruptly PUTS down her plate, and GRABS her keys.

MALIA

Hell if I'm waiting to talk to her.

(to the cat)

All yours.

Off the cat, digging into the tuna, as Malia TAKES off.

INT. HONOLULU HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. A private room with POLICE stationed outside. Malia approaches YANG, 20s, a ROOKIE COP, guarding alone.

MALIA

Hey, Yang. Roger still here?

ROOKIE COP YANG

Nah, he left a while ago. Said he was headed home.

Malia REGISTERS this a BEAT, but says nothing.

MALIA

Mind if I pop in to check our girl?

ROOKIE COP YANG

He said to keep everyone out.

MALIA

He means reporters. I found her for chrissake.

Yang HESITATES, GLANCES around, then STEPS ASIDE. Malia seizes her opportunity fast and ENTERS.

INSIDE the room -- Malia's POV: the GIRL is now hooked up to various MACHINES, with a bruised FACE, and a LARGE GASH across her skull. Across from her sits a COUPLE, 40s, conservative dress, short haircuts suggesting MILITARY, silently crying. Malia makes a guess -- her PARENTS.

MALIA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Excuse me, ma'am, sir. I'm so sorry about your daughter.

The WOMAN NODS, and her HUSBAND says nothing.

MALIA (CONT'D)

If you don't mind, I'd just like to ask her a few questions.

(pulling out I.D.)

I'm Malia D'Aubrey, criminal investigator.

MR. TURNER

Please leave us alone.

MALIA

You don't understand. I SAW what they did to her. I just need to talk to her for a moment...

MRS. TURNER
(infuriated)
Talk to her? She can't speak!
They RAPED her! She's...

She TRAILS OFF, BURYING her head in her husband's shoulder.

MR. TURNER
Please just go.

MALIA
Sir, there are other girls missing.
This could be a pattern.

MR. TURNER
(realizing)
They said she ran away...

MALIA
Five minutes. Please, on behalf of
the other girls.

She HOLDS up the FLYER with the two other GIRLS' pictures.

MR. TURNER
(shaking his head)
We've been through enough.

Malia NODS, and slowly STARTS to walk away. Then --

MRS. TURNER
Joe, if there's another girl...

Malia TURNS back around and faces the mother.

MRS. TURNER (CONT'D)
Alanna's not like this... She's...
(choking up)
...a really good kid...

She GRABS Malia's hands. Malia NODS, understanding.

MALIA
I won't stay long.

Mrs. Turner NODS, then buries herself in her husband's chest.
Malia approaches Alanna, half conscious. An i.v. drips in
her arm. Both hands are still closed in CLENCHED FISTS.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Alanna... My name's Malia. I was
with you earlier today...
(beat)
(MORE)

MALIA (CONT'D)
Can you tell me the name of the
person who took you?

Alanna's eyes are OPEN, dilated, but she's NONRESPONSIVE.
Staring off into space. Malia slides her chair closer.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Did someone bring you to the salon?

Alanna TWITCHES ever so slightly. Malia holds up the flyer.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Do you recognize these girls?

A slight TWITCH again at the sight of the flyer. Then she
begins THRASHING.

MRS. TURNER
Oh my god. Please stop!

MALIA
(ignoring her)
Alanna, do you know where they are?

Suddenly ALANNA starts MURMURING.

ALANNA
(murmuring, asleep)
No more white icccce...Stop...!

It sounds like she's HISSING.

MR. TURNER
That's enough! Please!

SUDDENLY -- Alanna begins THRASHING, then CONVULSING. Her
PARENTS rush to her side, as an E.R. DOCTOR RUSHES in.

E.R. DOCTOR
All of you need to exit. NOW.

Malia NODS, and quickly EXITS, SHAKEN.

Outside, Malia searches "WHITE ICE" in her phone. HEROIN.

ECU: Malia scrolls down. "Heroin bust at BLACK DRAGON INC,
CHINATOWN Honolulu." She notes the address.

OFF MALIA, nothing to lose.

EXT. CHINATOWN, HONOLULU - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. One of the world's oldest CHINATOWN areas. NEON SIGNS, MASSAGE PARLORS, RESTAURANTS, and SIGNS, all in Chinese. LOCALS and ASIAN BUSINESSMEN frequent, not tourists.

It's also a huge haven for CRIMINAL ACTIVITY.

ANGLE ON MALIA - Jeans, leather jacket, WALKING through the streets, observing all around her. She knows Chinatown well.

Malia CHECKS her phone, then continues walking, past THROGS of DANCERS, ILLEGAL DRUG SUPPLIERS, and GAMBLING VENDORS (illegally selling tickets behind fruit kiosks).

Various CLUB BOUNCERS try to SHOVE a card into her hand.

Suddenly a BOY, 15, Asian, BUMPS into her. Malia GLIMPSES his face for a split second, just before he RUSHES off. (NOTE: This is BRYAN. A key figure later.)

Malia ADJUSTS herself and instinctively FEELS for her wallet. Still there. She continues walking, until she SEES a NEON RED/BLACK SYMBOL amidst Chinese characters. It matches the one on her phone.

SUBTITLE: "BLACK DRAGON"

Malia GLANCES around, takes in her surroundings, then ENTERS.

INT. BLACK DRAGON RESTAURANT/BAR - CONTINUOUS

ESTABLISHING. A dimly lit Chinese restaurant. Various STAFF (THAI and LAOTIAN girls, 20s), HUSTLE amidst crowded tables of ASIAN PATRONS. ALL LOOK UP as Malia enters, then away.

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN
(whispering, subtitled)
Who brought the fucking HAOLE...?

He and his business companion CRACKS UP. Both EYE Malia seductively. Malia IGNORES it and SITS down. A WAITRESS hands her a menu. No eye contact.

Malia then picks up her cell and TEXTS.

ECU: (text) "INSIDE. WHERE R YOU?" She puts her phone down on the table. Seconds later --

SFX: PING. ECU: (text): "NO WARRANT. WAIT!"

Malia SIGHS, frustrated, and GLANCES around the room. Out of the corner of her eye she SEES two ELDERLY ASIAN WOMEN, 70s, angrily ARGUING in the back. One TURNS, and accidentally makes EYE CONTACT with Malia.

REVEAL: It's the woman from the nail salon (GRANDMA WU).

SEEING Malia, she immediately DUCKS behind the thick red velvet curtains of the restaurant.

Reflexively Malia JUMPS up and GIVES CHASE. She PUSHES back the curtains to find - an old SET OF RICKETY WOODEN STEPS leading to a SECOND FLOOR.

Malia RACES up the steps to REVEAL --

An empty ILLEGAL GAMBLING ROOM. TRASH litters the floor, along with empty vodka bottles, used cigarettes, TIN FOIL PIECES (dusted with drug powder) and CONDOM WRAPPERS.

She GLANCES around - FOUR WALLS, NO ESCAPE. Where the fuck did she go?

Suddenly she hears YELLING (SFX: MANDARIN) and FOOTSTEPS ABOVE HER HEAD - she's on the roof!

Malia SLAMS her body against each wall, feeling for a hidden panel/door - anything. She POUNDS on the WALL, in vain --

Until SUDDENLY -- A DOOR SLIDES to reveal: a SECOND SET of RICKETY WOOD STEPS. MALIA races up the steps to the --

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

ESTABLISHING. An AERIAL VIEW of CHINATOWN below. Over the blare of horns and noises, Malia suddenly HEARS --

SFX: PROPELLER. REVEAL: A sleek, expensive AUGUSTA WESTLAND AW 119 KE KOALA PRIVATE HELICOPTER. It FLOATS upwards into the night sky.

Malia YANKS out her CELL and SNAPS a PHOTO as it disappears.

OFF MALIA, disgusted.

MOMENTS LATER -- SAME LOCATION

Malia STANDS with DETECTIVE ROB HAKU, 50s, ETHNIC, veteran Vice Detective. HAKU'S no nonsense, by the book.

MALIA
(caustic)
Just in time...!

DET. HAKU
Got here as soon as we could.
Judge wouldn't give us a warrant.

MALIA
(livid)
Nah, course not. Drugged out rape
victim. What's the rush?

DET. HAKU
Hey, don't kill the messenger.

MALIA
She was HERE, the entire fucking
time! How the hell'd she get
released?

DET. HAKU
Someone posted bail.

MALIA
Let me guess. Grandma's son-in-law
is a state legislator. Or no, a
Congressman. Am I right?

DET. HAKU
(not a touch of irony)
Welcome to Chinatown.

Malia KICKS the door, then HEADS back downstairs.

INT. RESTAURANT/ILLEGAL GAMBLING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CSI's dust for EVIDENCE. Malia PACES, agitated.

MALIA
Those girls were here. I can
almost smell it.

DET. HAKU
Might be the heroin.
(holding a piece of foil)
Black Pearl. High grade.
(beat)
If it's any consolation, your girl
at the hospital's getting released.

MALIA
Great. Rescue one and lose ten.

DET. HAKU
Better one than none.

Malia's not listening. She GLANCES down and sees a ripped CONDOM WRAPPER, unusual lettering on the outside. She POCKETS it before anyone sees her.

Malia then heads for the door. Haku's surprised.

DET. HAKU (CONT'D)
Had enough for one night?

MALIA
More than I can take.

Off MALIA, EXITING, mind whirling.

INTERCUT -- PRESENT

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Nawai SITS with Malia.

DR. NAWAI
Isn't that considered evidence?

MALIA
They let her get away. Somebody had to do something.

DR. NAWAI
So you took it upon yourself.

MALIA
Here we go. "Acting on impulse, problem with authority figures..."

DR. NAWAI
Do YOU think you have a problem?

MALIA
NO. I just act on instinct. Simple as that. If my gut says something's fucked up, it usually is.

DR. NAWAI
Does your "gut" create conflict with others?

MALIA
Doesn't always win me friends.

They share a SMILE.

DR. NAWAI
Must make it difficult to deal with
law enforcement.

MALIA
I trust my gut more than the cops.

DR. NAWAI
(surprised)
That's a dark statement, coming
from the wife of one.

Malia hesitates a BEAT.

MALIA
Let's just say there's an attitude
here in the islands, particularly
with politicians and law
enforcement, that they run the show
and we're expected to go along.

DR. NAWAI
How so?

MALIA
They dictate the rules, and we're
supposed to accept it as "island
tradition" or "culture."

DR. NAWAI
And that applies here?

MALIA
Yes. There's an attitude towards
women that paid sex, even with
underage, is acceptable within some
cultures. So they ignore U.S. law,
in favor of profit.
(beat, matter of fact)
And the police look the other way.

DR. NAWAI
How does that make you feel? As a
woman?

MALIA
Fuck 'em.

Off MALIA, a far off stare in her eyes.

EXT. HONOLULU SUPREME COURT COURTHOUSE - DAY

ESTABLISHING. Hawaii's highest state courthouse. A GOLD STATUE of KING KAMEHAMEHA, last independent ruler, LOOMS large outside. Symbol of Hawaii's refusal to capitulate.

A remnant of the past, which, for some, is Hawaii's future.

INT. COURTHOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

Establishing. JOHANNA DAO's office. Johanna's Laotian, 20s, but looks OLDER. A brilliant translator, she's fluent in six languages, and one of the few TRANSLATORS NOT ON THE TAKE.

(NOTE: In Hawaii, CORRUPT TRANSLATORS are a BIG BUSINESS. As many as 80% are bought off. Traffickers pay off translators, bribe officials and install their own family into these jobs. We will explore this later in the series.)

Johanna EYES Malia up and down. Malia looks exhausted.

JOHANNA

What the hell happened to you?

MALIA

Don't ask. I need a favor.

Malia presents the condom wrapper in a plastic baggie. Johanna PICKS it up with a tweezer, examining it.

JOHANNA

(teasing)

Trolling the clubs again I see.

MALIA

Please. Who has time?

JOHANNA

(grinning)

How else do you acquire this shit?

MALIA

You don't wanna know.

Johanna STUDIES the wrapper's CHINESE CHARACTERS.

JOHANNA

Made in China but sold in other parts of Asia.

MALIA

Not here in the States?

JOHANNA

Not legally. One of the ingredients
is tiger foreskin.
(off Malia's LOOK)
Supposedly it gives more pleasure.

MALIA

Who dreams up this shit?

JOHANNA

The creepy asshole whose hands were
all over the wrapper. Did you go to
the address?

MALIA

What address?

Johanna POINTS to a series of FAINT CHINESE CHARACTERS
written on the inside in pencil.

MALIA (CONT'D)

I thought that was an expiration
date. What's it say?

JOHANNA

Farm L, Oahu. North Shore.
(beat)
Probably one of those state farms
they sublease. You see signs for
'em all over up the North coast.

MALIA

How do we find out who owns?

JOHANNA

You can't. They don't list the
real tenants. It's subleased ten
times so it's untraceable. Like
catching a needle in a haystack.

MALIA

Typical island transparency.

JOHANNA

Price you pay for paradise.

She gingerly tweezes the condom wrapper, puts it back in the
clear plastic baggie and hands it to Malia.

MALIA

(grinning)
You know what this means.

JOHANNA
(off her look)
Oh no you don't. You're NOT
dragging me out there.

MALIA
How will I know what they're
saying?

JOHANNA
Hire a different translator.
Preferably one with an MMA belt.

MALIA
Half of 'em work for the
traffickers.

JOHANNA
Sorry. I like my limbs attached.

Malia HOLDS up pictures of the two young GIRLS missing.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
(reacting)
God damn it. Don't pull that shit.
(beat, sighing)
What time?

MALIA
Dawn. And wear your cute surfer
girl gear.

JOHANNA
I don't do cute. And SOME of us
work for a living, you know...!

Too late. Malia's already out the door.

EXT. MANOA, OAHU/ HOUSE - DAY

ESTABLISHING. Average, middle class neighborhood. Malia
EXITS her beat up JEEP WRANGLER and walks up to a typical
Hawaiian "plantation style" HOUSE. Near identical to every
other house in the neighborhood.

Except this is a SAFE HOUSE.

A designated police house to protect high risk victims from
perpetrators. BLINDS and curtains are SHUT and SECURITY
CAMERAS are everywhere.

Malia WALKS up to a CAR parked across the street. She RAPS
on the ROLLED UP WINDOW.

MALIA
Just me, guys.

The WINDOW rolls down to reveal to TWO SURVEILLANCE COPS.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER
Who are you?

SURVEILLANCE LEAD OFFICER
The boss' wife, idiot.

MALIA
Checking up on our girl. Cool?

LEAD OFFICER NODS permission, then ROLLS up the window.

Malia WALKS up the driveway, and KNOCKS on the door. NO ANSWER. She PEEKS through frosted glass door panels. MOVEMENT inside. She PRESSES the DOORBELL again and WAITS.

ALANNA TURNER, the girl from the hospital, peeks out. No longer strung out on meth, just EXHAUSTED.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Don't open your door to ANYONE.
You WAIT for I.D. From EVERYONE.

ALANNA
(hostile)
What is this, a trick?

Malia HOLDS her card up.

MALIA
Not if you wanna be safe.

Alanna starts to SHUT the door. Malia JAMS her ARM inside.

MALIA (CONT'D)
(interrupting)
I need to talk to you.

ALANNA
I got nothing to say.

MALIA
Other girls are missing, Alanna.

ALANNA
I don't know anything about that.

MALIA
I think you do. Girls, your age,
taken just like you were.
(MORE)

MALIA (CONT'D)
What if I hadn't come to get you
that night?

The door STOPS. Alanna's silent.

ALANNA
Please... Just leave me alone.

Malia EASES the door slowly open.

MALIA
I can't. Look, I know what
happened to you was terrible...

ALANNA
(hostile)
You don't know SHIT.

MALIA
Then educate me.

Alanna SAYS NOTHING. She stares at the ground.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Let me guess. They told you
they'd torture you, kill your
family as you watch, then kill you.
They're BUYING your silence.
COUNTING on you to let them win.
(harsh)
You gonna give those FUCKERS what
they want? Let 'em hurt other
girls?

Alanna LOOKS directly at Malia, terrified.

ALANNA
My parents don't want me to say
anything. They just want to
pretend it didn't happen.

MALIA
But you can't, can you? It haunts
you in your sleep.
(beat)
I can help. Just let me in.

Alanna OPENS the door all the way. Malia STEPS inside.

INT. ALANNA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Malia ENTERS, PEERS around. ESTABLISHING. The entire house is DARK, blinds drawn. A literal and figurative DARK HELL. Malia SITS DOWN on a sofa. Alanna SITS in SILENCE. Then --

ALANNA
(panicking)
I can't do this...

MALIA
They can't hurt you anymore.

ALANNA
You don't know ...!

MALIA
I DO know. I lost a friend just
like you once. A long time ago.
(raw)
Don't let them win.

Alanna, stunned, SITS back down.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Tell me what happened that night.
Everything.

FLASHBACK -- (intercut)

EXT. HONOLULU MALL - DAY

ESTABLISHING. FLOWER LEI KIOSKS meets FOREVER 21. Alanna, in board shorts and Hello Kitty T-shirt, TALKS to a BOY, 15-16. (NOTE: This is the SAME BOY we saw briefly in Chinatown.)

ALANNA (V.O.)
This guy from my school came up to
me at the mall, and asked if I
wanted to be in an MTV show. He
said his name was Brian...

Now we STEP INTO THE ACTION. Brian whips out an iPhone and starts filming Alanna. She LAUGHS, enjoying the flirtation.

ALANNA
What are you doing?

BRIAN
Filming your audition.

She GIGGLES and GRINS, nervously twirling her hair.

ALANNA (V.O.)
He asked me out to a movie. I knew
my parents wouldn't let me go, so I
told them I was with my friends...

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Alanna STANDS with LISA, 13, and a group of 6th grade GIRLS,
outside a typical multiplex.

ALANNA
Okay, let's go over it again.

LISA
If your mom calls, you're with us.
(whispering)
Are you going to make out with him?

Alanna GRINS. The other girls GIGGLE. Brian APPROACHES.

BRIAN
Ready to go?

Alanna SMILES and NODS. The other girls GRIN. Alanna WAVES.

ALANNA (V.O.)
He took me out to eat, bought me
jewelry... like a boyfriend.

INT. H&M STORE/ HONOLULU MALL - DAY

BRIAN buys Alanna a cute necklace. She GRINS.

ALANNA
Until this one night...

EXT. THAI RESTAURANT/CHINATOWN - HONOLULU - NIGHT

Alanna waits, alone, outside a Thai restaurant in Chinatown.
She LOOKS around, nervously.

ALANNA (V.O.)
He told me to meet him at this Thai
place he said was his favorite.
So I snuck out of my house, and
took a bus to get there. But when
I arrived, he wasn't there.

MALIA (V.O.)
Where was it?

ALANNA (V.O.)
Chinatown.

Alanna CHECKS her cell phone. No text messages.

ALANNA (V.O.)
Then this other guy showed up...

ANGLE ON a beefy ASIAN/SAMOAN BODYGUARD type, 30s, pulling up in a TOWNCAR. He gets out and APPROACHES Alanna.

BODYGUARD
Hey, Alanna, right?

Alanna turns, looks a bit startled.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)
I'm Brian's brother.
(beat, explaining)
His car died. He's at a gas station nearby. He told me to come find you, and bring you to him.

Alanna LOOKS AROUND, unsure.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)
C'mon, he's waiting for you...

He HOLDS open the back door. Alanna, glancing around, GETS IN. He sits down next to her and TAPS the divider window, for the DRIVER to take off.

MALIA (V.O.)
Where did he take you?

ALANNA (V.O.)
I don't know. A second after I got in, I felt a pinch in my arm...

The BODYGUARD shoves a NEEDLE into her arm. She SCREAMS, but he covers her mouth with a chloroform rag.

ALANNA (V.O.)
Then I blacked out.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR/ SECRET UPPER ROOM - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. A large upper ROOM with heavy black out CURTAINS. Through a small slit NEON SIGNS flash brief light across the walls. INSIDE are several CHAISE LOUNGES, and numerous DOORS.

NOTE: The following visuals will be GRAINY, BLURRED IMAGES, suggesting the DRUG FUELED HAZE of Alanna, in flashback.

Sweaty, Alanna VOMITS. She tries to sit up, but she's WOOZY. The room SPINS. A DISTORTED MALE FACE then starts talking --

MAN
(deep voice)
Shhhh. You're safe now.

ALANNA
(terrified)
Who...who are you?

She TRIES to focus. HER POV: A MAN, 6'4, ASIAN (CHINESE), impeccably groomed, STARES at her. He's wearing a silk suit, with a RED SILK POCKET SQUARE. ECU: A small BLACK DRAGON SYMBOL APPLIQUE on the square matches the restaurant sign, as does a small TATTOO on his front left hand.

MEET BLACK DRAGON. A brutal HUMAN TRAFFICKER.

MALIA (V.O.)
What did he look like?

ALANNA (V.O.)
Tall. Asian. Chinese I think.

BLACK DRAGON SMILES sadistically, STROKING Alanna's hair.

BLACK DRAGON
(condescending voice)
Slowly... that's it. Good girl.

ALANNA
Where... where's...?

She can't remember Brian's name. He eases her onto a chaise.

BLACK DRAGON
Relax. We'll take good care of you. If you're a good girl.

Alanna looks TERRIFIED and THROWS UP. She starts to CRY.

ALANNA
I want to go home...

BLACK DRAGON
Tell me your name?

Alanna can't remember. He SLAPS HER.

BLACK DRAGON (CONT'D)
I said... what's your name?

ALANNA
(sobbing)
I don't know...!

BLACK DRAGON
Good. We'll give you a new name.

He STARES at her, lachieviously eyeing her lily white skin.

BLACK DRAGON (CONT'D)
Lily. That's your name. Say it.
Say your new name...

ALANNA
(mumbling, terrified)
Ll...Lily...

BLACK DRAGON
(sinister)
Good girl. Now, only use your new
name, or we will punish you. You
don't want to be punished, do you?
(booming angry voice)
DO YOU?

Alanna numbly shakes her head, "NO."

BLACK DRAGON (CONT'D)
That's a good girl.
(clapping his hands)

NOTE: The following dialogue is briefly in FRENCH. This
will become an important detail to the investigation later.

BLACK DRAGON (CONT'D)
(in FRENCH; subtitled)
Jade. Come here.

A young GIRL, 14-15, ASIAN, long dark hair, approaches.

BLACK DRAGON (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Let's welcome Lily.

Jade LOOKS down. Alanna looks terrified.

MALIA (V.O.)
What did Jade look like?

ALANNA (V.O.)
 Asian, really long dark hair, a
 little older than me. She had this
 long flower tattoo down her arm...

ECU of the girl, a GREEN LOTUS FLOWER TATTOO down her upper
 arm to her forearm.

ALANNA (V.O.)
 He only spoke French to her.

MALIA (V.O.)
 (puzzled)
 French? Are you sure?

ALANNA (V.O.)
 Yes.

Jade obediently takes out a thick BLACK BAND and slides it on
 Alanna's arm. Alanna RESISTS, but a BODYGUARD pins her down.

BLACK DRAGON
 (subtitled)
 Now, Jade. NOW.

Jade takes out a long NEEDLE from her pocket. Alanna SCREAMS.
 She PLUNGES it into Alanna's arm. Alanna PASSES OUT.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR/ SECRET UPPER ROOM - HOURS LATER

Alanna AWAKENS in the same room, but realizes she's CHAINED
 around her wrists. She STRUGGLES, but can't escape - they're
 bolted to the floor. SUDDENLY she hears other VOICES.

ANGLE ON VARIOUS OTHER GIRLS, ages, 12-20, Asian.

ALANNA (V.O.)
 I woke up later in this room full
 of GIRLS...

MALIA (V.O.)
 How many?

ALANNA (V.O.)
 ...Fifteen, twenty. Maybe more.

MALIA (V.O.)
 How old were they?

Alanna looks around, processing. Still woozy, drugged.

ALANNA (V.O.)
Like my age or a little older.

MALIA (V.O.)
Did you recognize any of them?

ALANNA (V.O.)
Only Jade...

JADE quietly SLIDES over to Alanna, trying to comfort her.

JADE
(in ENGLISH, to Alanna)
Shhhh... it's okay. Just be quiet.

She SNEAKS her a small piece of rice cake.

JADE (CONT'D)
Here. Eat this.

Alanna LOOKS at it skeptically.

JADE (CONT'D)
It's okay. I promise.

Alanna, starving, eats it. Jade SNEAKS her more. Alanna notices that Jade is NOT CHAINED. Suddenly --

SFX: A LOUD GONG.

Jade quickly MOVES away from Alanna, and KNEELS on the floor. Various MEN ENTER. ANGLE ON the CLIENTS -- ten to fifteen different MEN, all ages, races, some well dressed BUSINESSMEN, others TOURISTS in KHAKIS.

ALANNA (V.O.)
They brought in these men...

MALIA (V.O.)
What did they look like?

ALANNA (V.O.)
All different. Different ages,
races, clothes...

MALIA (V.O.)
What did they do?

Then men EYE the GIRLS, then WALK amidst them, POINTING.

ALANNA (V.O.)
...The men pointed at us. Then
this lady called Ivory unlocked us
and handed us to them...

ANGLE ON a well dressed, slim ASIAN WOMAN, aka IVORY, 40s, who unlocks each girl, and HANDS them off.

MALIA (V.O.)
Did someone... pick you?

ALANNA (V.O.)
(quietly)
Yes...

Angle on a MAN, 40s, pointing to Alanna. Another man ARGUES, but Ivory STEPS in, UNLOCKS Alanna, and HANDS her to the first MAN. Alanna's led away into --

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR/ SECRET ADJACENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A dimly lit room. A MIST covers the air. The Man leads Alanna to a massage bed. CUT AWAY TO --

INT. ALANNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Malia SITS with Alanna, her arm around her.

MALIA
Did he...rape you?

ALANNA
(crying softly)
Yes.

MALIA
Had you ever...

ALANNA
No.

MALIA
How many times did this happen?

ALANNA (V.O.)
Every night. All different guys.

INTERCUT --

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR / SECRET ADJACENT ROOM - NIGHT

A 50-something BUSINESSMAN EXITS.

ALANNA (V.O.)
After each one left, Ivory would
come in and wake me up.

Seconds later IVORY ENTERS, wielding a needle. ECU on Alanna's face, EYES SHOOTING OPEN, as Ivory injects her. IVORY then EXITS.

ALANNA (V.O.)
 She called it WHITE ICE. I fought
 it at first, but eventually I gave
 up. It made it hurt less.

ANOTHER MAN, 20s, immediately ENTERS and CLOSES the door.

MALIA (V.O.)
 How many men each a night?

ALANNA (V.O.)
 Twenty, maybe? I would lose count.
 We would stay in the same room, all
 night, until we were done.

MALIA (V.O.)
 What happened the night I found
 you?

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR / SECRET UPPER ROOM - NIGHT

TIME ELAPSE. Alanna now looks GAUNT. HUGE CIRCLES under her eyes. (NOTE: She is NO LONGER CHAINED, signifying she no longer resists.)

ALANNA (V.O.)
 Jade got sick.

Alanna kneels next to JADE LOTUS, who's SHAKING.

ALANNA
 Are you okay?

She SHAKES her head "no" then VOMITS. Alanna REACHES to her.

ALANNA (V.O.)
 I tried to help her, because she
 was so nice to me...

IVORY STEPS in, SMACKS ALANNA across the skull, then YELLS something to her (in FRENCH) and then POINTS to the floor.

Alanna, terrified, RETURNS to her spot, kneeling. A second later JADE begins CONVULSING. Various GIRLS PANIC.

ALANNA
 (begging)
 Help her! Please!

Ivory SILENCES the girls. She CLAPS her hands, then YELLS something to the GUARDS (IN FRENCH). Two BODYGUARDS instantly PULL Jade's body out of the room.

MALIA (V.O.)
Was she alive?

ALANNA (V.O.)
I don't know. The next thing I
knew Ivory pointed to me. They made
me take her place.

Ivory again YELLS something to the guards, in FRENCH. The GUARDS GRAB Alanna, FORCE a BLANKET over her head, then lead her away.

EXT. TOWN CAR/CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Alanna's SHOVED inside a trunk. She KICKS and STRUGGLES, as the GUARD SHUTS the trunk. The car then TAKES OFF.

EXT. WARD AVENUE NAIL SALON - NIGHT

Alanna, still covered, is led inside a back entrance.

INT. NAIL SALON - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now we see GRANDMA WU LEAD Alanna into the SIDE ROOM. She REMOVES Alanna's blanket. A MAN, 40s, ENTERS and HANDS Grandma a WAD of CASH. She CHECKS it, then EXITS. The man GRINS sadistically and walks towards Alanna.

ALANNA (V.O.)
He kept giving me more drugs... but
no food. I passed out. When I woke
up he was gone, and you were there.

INT. ALANNA'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

Alanna SITS tearfully with Malia.

ALANNA
Why were you there that night?

MALIA
Someone wanted you found.

Alanna SMILES at first, then suddenly PANICS.

ALANNA
If they find out I talked to you...

MALIA
You're in protective custody.

ALANNA
You don't know him, he'll...!

MALIA
LISTEN to me. You are in a police
safe house, surrounded by cops. Do
you understand that?

Alanna NODS, calming.

MALIA (CONT'D)
The police'll need a description to
a sketch artist to check for this
guy. He might be in their database.

ALANNA
No way. I can't...

MALIA
You CAN. You are safer when this
guy is caught.

Alanna sits, head down, and THINKS. We see the FEAR wash
over her face. Then resolution.

ALANNA
(hesitantly)
Will you go with me?

MALIA
If you want me to.

Malia pulls out a CARD from her wallet and HANDS it to her.

MALIA (CONT'D)
This is my friend Jim, a detective.
We'll meet with him and give a
private description. Okay?

Alanna NODS, but looks really uncertain.

MALIA (CONT'D)
I'll set it up.
(beat)
I promise you, if it's the last
thing I do, we'll GET this asshole.

Off Alanna, NODDING. Wanting to believe her.

EXT. DIAMOND HEAD/WAIKIKI BEACH - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. A dark, mysterious island mist settling in.

INT. MALIA'S CONDO/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Malia lies NAKED, submerged in water in a bathtub, eyes CLOSED. ALONE. An empty bottle of wine and one lone glass suggest she's been heavily drinking.

INSERT -- MALIA'S DREAM --

Malia's SWIMMING again. She's peaceful, calm -- then suddenly someone GRABS her.

She SITS up, GASPING, in the bath.

Seconds later she HEARS a NOISE, and a DOOR unlock to an adjacent room.

MALIA

Roger?

NO ANSWER. She quickly GETS out of the tub and throws on a towel. The door to the bathroom is ajar. She's freaked.

MALIA (CONT'D)

(more agitated)

Roger!

STILL NO ANSWER. Malia's now terrified.

PAN TO OUTSIDE, in the hallway, where a DARK FIGURE PASSES. It's PITCH BLACK. We hear FUMBLING, then a drawer OPEN and SLAM SHUT.

Malia, clad in a towel, GRABS the wine bottle, PREPARED to defend herself. She STANDS at the door, READY--.

The FIGURE walks RIGHT INTO HER. Both GASP. It's Roger.

ROGER

Jesus! You trying to kill me?

MALIA

Why didn't you answer?

ROGER

I didn't HEAR you. And I thought you were sleeping. I wanted you to get some rest.

(beat)

What the hell's gotten into you?

MALIA

You scared me, that's all.

Both take a second to RECOVER, catching their breath.

MALIA (CONT'D)

What were you doing in that room?

ROGER

Closing the door. You need to clean up in there. You should be using it as an office again.

Malia SAYS nothing. Roger WALKS past her, and heads into the kitchen. She FOLLOWS and STANDS in the doorway, still in her towel, still clutching the empty wine bottle.

MALIA

Where were you tonight?

ROGER

Working late. I told you.

MALIA

Work said you left early again.

ROGER

I had stuff to do, baby. C'mon.
(angrily)
Why are you acting all jacked up?

MALIA

I just wanted to talk, that's all.

Roger GRABS a beer from the fridge and TAKES a SWIG.

ROGER

So talk.

He TAKES another swig, then puts the beer down. He slides up to her, pressing up against her. She relaxes a bit.

MALIA

I met with the girl that was trafficked today. She agreed to cooperate.

ROGER

That's great, baby. But I told you to let us handle it.

MALIA

She's a huge LEAD. She might help find those other girls.

ROGER

I said we'll look into it. She was
also on drugs for weeks, so she
might just be a fucked up dead end.

(beat)

Why you so obsessed with this case?

MALIA

You know why.

He SAYS nothing. Malia LEANS up against a counter, upset.
Roger continues to KISS her neck, fondling her breasts.

ROGER

I can think of more productive ways
to spend your time.

He STARTS kissing her neck, WORKING his way downward,
maneuvering his hands into just the right spot. Seductive,
persistent. Aggressive. Relentless. Malia lets him,
enjoying herself. THEN --

MALIA

You haven't said where you were.

ROGER

Talk later, baby. Enjoy this.

He CONTINUES kissing, massaging. Both are extremely turned
on right now. UNTIL --

MALIA

Just tell me you weren't with her.

There it is. Roger EXPLODES in anger.

ROGER

(infuriated)

God dammit! When are you gonna
fucking LET IT GO!

He SLAMS the kitchen wall in a RAGE.

Startled, Malia DROPS the wine bottle. It SHATTERS. She
PICKS up a shard, accidentally cutting herself.

MALIA

Shit.

It's BLEEDING. She RUNS water over the cut, shaking it.

ROGER

Here, let me.

Roger COMES up behind her, wrapping her arm in a towel. A tear falls from her face. He STARES at her, wiping it away.

Roger then begins slowly kissing her arm. It's erotic.

Roger continues to move, slowly, from her arm, to her chest to her mouth, kissing, urgently. Her towel drops. He LIFTS her up onto the kitchen counter. She doesn't resist.

OFF MALIA, as she and Roger engage in raw, intense sex.

INT. DR. NAWAI'S OFFICE -- DAY

Malia SITS across from Dr. Nawai, brighter, confident. Nawai GLANCES at her notes, then at Malia.

DR. NAWAI
So we still haven't discussed much
about your husband.

MALIA
What do you want to know?

DR. NAWAI
Well, for starters, how would you
describe your marriage?

INSERT - A FLASH of ROGER slamming his FIST against the wall. Then PRESENT --

MALIA
It's... fine.

INSERT - FLASH of Roger exiting the dark room, STARTLING her.

DR. NAWAI
Do you have a healthy sex life?

INSERT - A FLASH of their ROUGH sex up against the counter.

Then PRESENT --

MALIA
Average I guess.
(beat)
There's something else I'd rather
discuss...

DR. NAWAI
In a moment. I'd still like to
know more about this relationship.
To assess the dream better.

MALIA
Actually, I haven't had the dream.

DR. NAWAI
Oh?

MALIA
No. Things have been better, at
work and at home.

DR. NAWAI
So you're acknowledging things were
not well at home.

A BEAT. Malia's quiet, says NOTHING. Then abruptly STANDS --

MALIA
Look, I'm sorry, but this isn't
helping. I didn't come here to talk
about Roger, I came here to talk
about my anxiety, the dream...

DR. NAWAI
We are talking about that.

MALIA
(snapping)
I need HELP. I have a lot of
anxiety suddenly, which I DON'T
understand, and I need HELP.

DR. NAWAI
(calmly, sincere)
And I want to help you.

MALIA
(frustrated)
Then let's just talk. Please.

DR. NAWAI
Fine. Let's just talk. Whatever
you want to talk about. We'll
just... talk.

Off Malia, sitting back down. She SMOOTHS her skirt, composes
herself, and STARES back at Nawai. The investigator back in
charge.

EXT. KAILUA BEACH - DAWN

A bright, golden SUNRISE arcs across a dark indigo sky.
Chirping BIRDS and rustling PALM TREES sway in the breeze.

EXT. CONDO - DAWN

Malia, in a wet suit, carries a surfboard and DARTS across the highway. Several SURFER BUDDIES YELL out to her.

SURFER PAUL
Surf's up, M!

SURFER DAVE
(catcalling noise)
Damn, girl. Looking good!

One of them (KAI, 20s) offers her a JOINT.

MALIA
Nah. Thanks though.
(joking)
Trying to quit.

She WAVES him off, revealing the BANDAGE on her HAND.

SURFER KAI
Hey, what happened to you?

MALIA
Oh, I just cut myself. I'll live.

SURFER KAI
(suspicious)
Sure you're okay?

MALIA
Yeah, fine. No worries.

SURFER PAUL
Don't get the sharks too excited.
You're enough excitement already.

Malia BLUSHES at the compliment. She SEPARATES from the surfers, and wades into the deep blue water. OUT IN THE OCEAN she again begins her morning swim. Swift, athletic. But TENSE.

EXT. HONOLULU / JOHANNA'S PLACE - DAY

ESTABLISHING. A small bungalow. Malia PULLS up in her JEEP. Johanna's waiting. Both are dressed casual/touristy - khaki shorts, cameras, T-shirts, Hawaiian Tropic bags.

JOHANNA
Bout time you got here.

MALIA
Sorry I'm late.

Johanna immediately NOTICES her hand.

JOHANNA
What happened to you?

MALIA
Nothing. I cut myself.
(off her SKEPTICAL LOOK)
I swear.

Johanna SHAKES her head, displeased.

JOHANNA
You should go talk to someone.

MALIA
Waste of time. C'mon, let's go.

The two women head out, taking H-1 towards the coast.

EXT. NORTH SHORE - OAHU - DAY

ESTABLISHING. Rustic NORTH OAHU. MASSIVE WAVES, NATIVE WILDLIFE, ULTRA RESORTS, and DESERTED ROADS off any grid. Malia and Johanna RIDE in silence. Lost in the gravitas of their mission amidst the beauty of the island.

EXT. KAHUKU FOREST RESERVE / NORTH SHORE/ OAHU - DAY

Malia DRIVES through an even more REMOTE part of the island. WILD GOATS number more than cars. Only LOCALS live here.

MALIA
Great. My GPS's gone.

JOHANNA
Welcome to Kahuku, girl.

A makeshift, crude SIGN by the side of the road reads "KAPU!" ("Keep out" in Hawaiian.)

MALIA
Such a friendly vibe.

JOHANNA
Out here they think they OWN the island. We're intruders to them.

They CONTINUE driving. ANGLE ON: Various SIGNS posted on the winward side of the road. "L." "F". "M." next to large "NO TRESPASSING" signs.

MALIA
What's with the letters?

JOHANNA
Markers for the farms.

MALIA
Are they all illegal?

JOHANNA
Nah. But feds aren't policing 'em.
So some traffic labor, and some
traffic even worse.

MALIA
How do you know all this?

JOHANNA
People say crazy shit in front of
translators. They forget we speak
several languages.
(chuckling)
One dumb ass trafficker practically
handed me a ROAD MAP to his place.

Malia SMIRKS, amused. A brief moment of levity.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
So what's the big plan?

MALIA
No plan. We're winging it.

JOHANNA
Just what I was afraid of. Turn
here.

Malia QUICKLY TURNS a sharp right onto a DIRT ROAD. They are
now headed INLAND, on a dirt road.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
This is where traffickers hide, up
in the mountains. Conveniently
located across from a Disney
resort.

MALIA
You gotta be kidding.

JOHANNA
(dripping with sarcasm)
Unhappiest place on earth...

As they drive inward, we see the "FARMS": CRUDE BARBED WIRE FENCES, feral GOATS, overrun grass and PALM TREES.

RUNDOWN TRAILERS and DECREPIT GUARD HOUSES say "Kapu!" in crude, hand-painted signs.

Johanna STUDIES several smaller SIGNS handwritten in CHINESE.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

This is it.

Malia PULLS up to an overgrown grassy area. She HIDES the jeep behind two giant PALM TREES.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Any chance I can talk you out of this?

MALIA

Not a chance.

(beat)

Here's my idea. Go up to the guard gate, pretend our car's broken, and ask to use a phone. I'll look around, while you listen in.

JOHANNA

You're going to APPROACH them?
There's no way they'll...

MALIA

(cutting her off)

Let's go!

Before Johanna can object, Malia DUCKS under barbed wire.

JOHANNA

God dammit, Malia! Wait up!

Johanna quickly FOLLOWS.

TRACK MALIA -- athletically STRIDING up the long, dirt road towards a GUARD GATE. Joanna, shorter, in a desk job, STRUGGLES keeping up.

EXT. FARM L - GUARD GATE/SHACK - CONTINUOUS

ESTABLISHING. An ASIAN GUARD, dressed in A MILITARY type UNIFORM, stands watch. Malia APPROACHES, and walks right past the metal arm blocking the entrance.

The GUARD immediately EMERGES, and GETS in her face, YELLING.

GUARD
(in Mandarin, subtitled)
You! No trespass!

MALIA
(holding her cell)
My car broke down, and I have no
signal. Could I use your phone?

GUARD
(in Mandarin, subtitled)
Go now!

He POINTS back to the road. Malia STANDS her ground.

GUARD (CONT'D)
(in Mandarin, subtitled)
Get out of here!

MALIA
(playing dumb)
Sorry, I can't understand you. I...

Other GUARDS now APPEAR, SURROUNDING the guard shack. Malia
CONTINUES to play dumb, SMILING, STALLING for time.

Through a small window she EYES a group of FARM LABORERS,
various AGES, MALE/FEMALE, SHUFFLING past.

Malia quickly STUDIES the group. NO YOUNG GIRLS among them.

She RETURNS her focus to the guard.

MALIA (CONT'D)
(to the guard)
I just need a phone...

She POINTS to a PHONE. The GUARD quickly draws his GUN.

He POINTS his gun at her chest. Malia BACKS up SLOWLY.
Johanna now arrives.

The GUARD angrily SPOUTS a diatribe (in MANDARIN).

JOHANNA
He says we're trespassing.

MALIA
Bullshit. Tell him the farm's
state owned. I'm a citizen.

JOHANNA
You're not in a position to argue.

MALIA

Ask him what they're growing.

Johanna says SOMETHING to the Guard. He SHAKES his head.

MALIA (CONT'D)

Tell him I want to talk to the
listed tenant, Mr. Wong.

Johanna TRANSLATES. At this he goes BALLISTIC.

GUARD

(in PERFECT ENGLISH)

This is your last warning!

He POINTS his GUN at Malia's HEAD. Malia RAISES her arms.

JOHANNA

Now you've done it.

MALIA

We're going!

Johanna SPEAKS in MANDARIN, but it's clear he knows ENGLISH.
She quickly high tails it back down the dirt road.

Malia now notices TWO GUARDS LEADING a NEW GROUP of FARM
WORKERS. She deliberately takes her time, STUDYING them.

ANGLE ON a GIRL, ASIAN, 14-16, disheveled, barefoot, LIMPING.

She's wearing a ratty t-shirt/sarong. A GUARD YELLS at her
and PRODS her along as she hauls a BASKET of produce.

Malia gingerly SLIDES out her CELL from her POCKET and SNAPS
A PHOTO of the girl. She quickly CONCEALS the phone and JOGS
back down the dirt road.

MOMENTS LATER -- Malia CATCHES up to Joanna at the jeep.

JOHANNA

You're insane.

MALIA

Maybe. Let's get out of here.

Malia SLAMS the hood, STARTS the JEEP, and PULLS out.

She DRIVES quickly down the dirt road until she SEES a FENCE
with different markings (a new farm), then PULLS OVER.

JOHANNA

What the hell are you doing?

Malia PULLS OUT her phone and clicks on an image, ZOOMING IN.

ECU: It's GRAINY, but clear enough to make out an INTRICATE GREEN LOTUS TATTOO on the arm of a GIRL.

MALIA

Finding the needle in a haystack.

Off MALIA, pleased. Suddenly we hear - SFX: CLICK.

PAN BEHIND TO -- A SMALL RANCH HOUSE. ECU: A MAN, 40s, SNAPS a PICTURE of Malia's LICENSE PLATE, then GRABS binoculars and STUDIES her face, ZOOMING IN.

Off the MAN, clearly interested in Malia's presence.

EXT. HONOLULU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TWILIGHT

ESTABLISHING. MAGIC HOUR.

A gorgeous island sunset frames the airport runway as various PLANES from all over the world land in Paradise.

Follow a BLACK TOWN CAR, tinted windows. It's not headed for this area --

EXT. LUXURY/ CORPORATE LANDING STRIP - CONTINUOUS

ESTABLISHING. EXPENSIVE PRIVATE JETS with foreign LOGOS.

ZOOM IN on a GULFSTREAM 300 as steps descend. A female FLIGHT ATTENDANT, 20s, ASIAN, WAITS as the TOWN CAR APPROACHES.

TWO BODYGUARDS EXIT the car, each packing AK-47 assault weapons. They SCAN the area, then open a door.

ANGLE ON -- an elderly woman emerging.

It's GRANDMA WU. The bodyguards ESCORT her up to the steps. The Flight Attendant GREETs her warmly.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(in FRENCH, subtitled)

Madame Wu, a pleasure to see you again.

Madame Wu coldly FLIPS HER OFF. She then BOARDS the plane.

The Flight Attendant NODS to the BODYGUARDS, and SHUTS the jet door. The guards RETURN to the town car, and EXIT.

EXT. H-3 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Malia's STUCK in traffic. She GLANCES at the time, stressed.

MALIA

Damn it.

She gets on her CELL.

MALIA (CONT'D)

Jim, it's Malia. No, I'm stuck in traffic. I can't bring her in.

(beat, listening)

Maybe. Lemme ask her. Hang on.

Malia puts him on hold, then dials ALANNA.

MALIA (CONT'D)

Alanna, it's Malia. Any chance we can send a police escort to pick you up? I'm stuck in traffic. I can meet you and your parents at the station.

(beat)

I promise... See you soon.

She CLICKS back over.

MALIA (CONT'D)

She's a go. Send someone NOW, so she doesn't change her mind.

Malia HANGS up, then GETS off at the next freeway exit.

ANGLE ON -

A NONDESCRIPT CAR, SEDAN with darkened windows, SWERVING lanes, abruptly EXITING with her. Following not far behind.

INT. HONOLULU POLICE DEPARTMENT (HPD) - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. Plastic chairs in a dingy police waiting room. ALANNA SITS with her PARENTS and a POLICE ESCORT.

Detective JIM KAPULE, 50's, Hawaiian, paternal, self-deprecating, a veteran, comes out to greet her. Kapule's a guy who's seen the worst, yet manages to rise above it.

DET. JIM KAPULE

Hi, Alanna, Mr. and Mrs. Turner.
I'm Det. Kapule. Thanks for coming down.

(MORE)

DET. JIM KAPULE (CONT'D)
(to Alanna)
Ready to do this?

Alanna quietly NODS, looking down at her shoes.

MR. TURNER
You don't have to do this if you
don't want to.

ALANNA
Dad, stop. I'm fine. Let's just
get it over with.
(to the Detective)
Where's Malia?

DET. JIM KAPULE
She's not here yet. Typical Malia,
probably chasing a lead.

He SMILES. They DON'T. Alanna looks scared.

DET. JIM KAPULE (CONT'D)
We can get started if you like.
You're welcome to stay here, or...

MRS. TURNER
We're not leaving her.

DET. JIM KAPULE
Very well. Follow me.

Det. Kapule LEADS Alanna and her PARENTS down the HALL. They
PASS OFC VINCENT GAO, 30's, ASIAN, filing at a metal file
cabinet. He's observed the entire interaction.

Kapule and Gao EXCHANGE a LOOK of CONCERN.

INT. HPD HQ/DET. KAPULE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kapule SITS Alanna and her PARENTS down, across a desk. A
flat screen COMPUTER sits between them.

DET. JIM KAPULE
So. Did Malia explain what I do?

Alanna NODS.

DET. JIM KAPULE (CONT'D)
I just need you to describe any
specific details about the
trafficker... facial features,
scars, whatever you remember. I'll
sketch based on your description.

Alanna NODS, tentatively.

MRS. TURNER
(interrupting)
Can we just get this over with?

DET. JIM KAPULE
Yes, of course.
(to Alanna)
Okay then. Let's start with the
basic description you gave Malia.

Off ALANNA, NERVOUS, as she begins to recall details.

TIME CUT - MOMENTS LATER

Kapule has SKETCHED an outline of a figure. It's starting to
resemble BLACK DRAGON. But the face is mostly nondescript.

DET. JIM KAPULE (CONT'D)
Let's talk more about the eyes.

Alanna NODS, hesitantly. Suddenly --

INSERT - A FLASH of BLACK DRAGON'S eerily sadistic FACE.

Alanna PANICS, remembering. She COUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY.

ALANNA
I can't do this.

DET. JIM KAPULE
I promise we'll be done soon.
Are you OK? Want some water?
(yelling)
Gao, can we get some water in here?

ALANNA
(shaking her head)
NO. I need to get out of here. NOW.

Alanna GETS up to leave. Suddenly MALIA walks in.

MALIA
Sorry I'm late. How are we doing?

Alanna PUSHES past her, outside. Det. Kapule SHOOTS Malia a
LOOK. Malia GLANCES at the screen, sees they're close.

MR. TURNER
We've had enough.

They too get up to leave.

MALIA
Wait. Let me go talk to her.

EXT. OFFICE/ INT. HALLWAY --

Malia CATCHES up to Alanna, who's almost at the parking lot.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Alanna, wait!

ALANNA
I'm DONE.

MALIA
Just...hear me out.

Alanna TURNS, reluctant to hear what Malia has to say.

MALIA (CONT'D)
Remember what we talked about? You disappear and they'll find some new girl, just like you. They'll never stop... Until YOU stop them.

Alanna looks DESPERATELY into Malia's eyes.

MALIA (CONT'D)
(firmly)
You can do this.

Off ALANNA, silent. THINKING.

INT. DET. KAPULE'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Alanna SITS, spent. Det. Kapule puts finishing touches, then turns the computer around.

DET. JIM KAPULE
There. Tell me how close this is.

He SHOWS the image to Alanna.

REVEAL -- It's the SPITTING IMAGE of BLACK DRAGON.

ALANNA
Oh God. That's him.

Immediately sick, she BURIES her head in her mother's chest. Malia TURNS to Alanna, not backing down.

MALIA
(to Alanna)
You DID it. You hear me?
(MORE)

MALIA (CONT'D)
You are stronger than he is. And
you're FREE... he can't hurt you.

Alanna WIPES her tears, slowly composing herself.

MALIA (CONT'D)
How do you feel? Okay?

Alanna NODS lightly.

MALIA (CONT'D)
(to the PARENTS)
This is the first step. It's a
long road... but she'll get there.

DET. JIM KAPULE
It'll be on Interpol's website
tonight, and every FBI desk
tomorrow morning.

The PARENTS NOD. Grateful.

MALIA
(whispering, to Alanna)
We'll NAIL his ass to a wall...

Alanna GRINS.

MALIA (CONT'D)
C'mon. I'll drive you all home.

Kapule NODS at Malia, likewise grateful, as he uploads the
image to various DATABASES.

OFF Malia, WALKING out, arm in arm with Alanna.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. The famed iconic beach. Bathed in dark,
idyllic full moonlight. It's almost hypnotic.

EXT./INT. MALIA'S CONDO/BALCONY - NIGHT

Malia STANDS on a balcony, staring at the view. She SIPS a
glass of wine, HOLDING a small 4x6 black and white PHOTO.

ECU: A tiny BLONDE GIRL, age 6-7, wearing a police hat,
SMILING and SITTING on the shoulder of a COP, 30's. Malia
STARES at the photo a BEAT, then HEADS inside.

INT. HALLWAY/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Malia stands outside a BEDROOM. She hesitates, then PUSHES THE DOOR AJAR.

ECU: A DARK room, piled high with LABELED BOXES and STACKS of CLOTHES. An empty CRIB SITS center.

ANGLE ON -- a RUG, slightly out of place, just below the crib. It narrowly EXPOSES a FLOORBOARD, slightly ajar. Malia, barely able to breathe, DOESN'T NOTICE.

She quickly SHUTS THE DOOR and heads into the BATHROOM.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Malia STRIPS down naked, and STARTS a shower. Seconds later, she collapses onto the tile, letting the water rush over her, erasing the day.

Off Malia, EMOTIONAL.

TIME CUT --

Malia, now in a bathrobe, TOWEL DRIES her hair. She's on the phone, TALKING angrily.

MALIA

What do you mean, she BOARDED a plane? With no passport? Who IS this woman...???

INT. TSA AIRPORT HEADQUARTERS/OFFICE - NIGHT

A generic MALE TSA REPRESENTATIVE tries to explain.

TSA AIRPORT SECURITY CHIEF

She didn't go through security checkpoint screening.

(beat)

I had my men on the look out, but she never checked in to board...

INTERCUT--

INT. MALIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Malia WALKS over to her office desk/computer.

She PULLS up the HONOLULU POLICE DEPARTMENT website, and LOGS ON, but (ECU) illegally using ROGER'S NAME and PASSWORD.

Seconds later Malia RETRIEVES a MUGSHOT of GRANDMA, aka MADAME AURELIA WU. She SCROLLS down for an update -

ECU (onscreen): BAIL POSTED BY: ANONYMOUS. STATUS: RELEASED 10/15/15. No action pending. Malia STARES in amazement. The file's been CLOSED OUT.

TSA AIRPORT SECURITY CHIEF (V.O.)
Ma'am. Ma'am...?

Malia HANGS UP.

She STARES at the screen. Something's OFF.

Malia then CROSSES the bedroom and notices a pair of Roger's PANTS. Absentmindedly she PICKS them up, NOTICING a MATCHBOOK slip out of one of his pockets. She STARES at it, in shock, as the SYMBOL and characters are unforgettable.

ECU: (subtitled) "BLACK DRAGON RESTAURANT" Honolulu, HI."

Malia FINGERS the matchbook, then POCKETS it. Stunned. Seconds later her CELL RINGS again.

MALIA
D'Aubrey... What?
(blanching)
When?... I'll be right there.

Off Malia, RACING to get dressed.

EXT. MANOA NEIGHBORHOOD/ SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing. It's a fucking WAR ZONE. Police SQUAD CARS, FIRE/EMERGENCY VEHICLES, CORONER'S VAN, line the street.

Malia EXITS her car, and DUCKS under a POLICE BARRIER. She sees ROGER TALKING with Officers Gao, Yang, others. Malia approaches and they all STOP talking.

MALIA
What happened?

DET. ROGER SOMERS
Explosion of some sort. Guys heard a noise, radioed for backup. By the time the fire department got here, the house was gone.

MALIA
(incredulous)
Where was police detail?

DET. ROGER SOMERS
Right out front. There was nothing
they could do.

ANGLE ON: The SAFE HOUSE is LEVELED, in ashes. Malia LOOKS sick. A CORONER's OFFICIAL wheels out three gurneys, all COVERED IN SHEETS, clearly deceased bodies.

DET. ROGER SOMERS (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, baby.

MALIA
She was FINE. I just left them a
few hours ago.

Just then a FORENSICS OFFICER walks up.

HPD OFFICER
Sir, we found this inside.

He HANDS over several used DRUG SYRINGES, a cooking spoon,
and a large, clear baggie of CRYSTAL METH.

DET. ROGER SOMERS
Looks like we found our culprit.

MALIA
Bullshit. It's a set up.

DET. ROGER SOMERS
Hon, she was a drug addict.

MALIA
(livid)
No she WASN'T. That's just it!
(suddenly realizing)
Someone tipped them off about her
description. Someone at the
station.

The other OFFICERS REACT. Did she just accuse them?

DET. ROGER SOMERS
Malia, STOP. You're being
irrational. You don't even know
what you're saying...

He TRIES to put his arms around her, but she PUSHES him off.

MALIA
You LET the suspect go! She
boarded a fucking plane!

DET. ROGER SOMERS
Go home. Get some rest and let us
handle this...

Malia NODS, NOT LISTENING. Instead she PUSHES away and WALKS around to the back of the house.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE/BACKYARD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON MALIA, watching, as FIREMEN EXIT through a charred, back patio door, into a partially standing hallway. She brushes aside plastic CRIME SCENE TARP and quietly ENTERS.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Malia SURVEYS charred walls, as she COVERS her mouth to avoid the stench of BURNED ASHES. She CONTINUES down the hall.

Suddenly she STOPS dead in her tracks, at something on the ground. She PICKS it up.

ECU: A framed FAMILY PORTRAIT. Alanna, big toothless grin, age 6-7, sits with her PARENTS, 30's. Tan, smiling, happy. Now DEAD. OFF MALIA, brazenly SLIDING the portrait under her jacket, and WALKING straight to her car.

INT. DR. NAWAI'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Nawai sits with Malia, stone faced, her hands in FISTS. She doesn't even notice. Dr. Nawai NOTICES.

DR. NAWAI
You understand that it wasn't your
fault.

MALIA
It doesn't fucking matter.

DR. NAWAI
It matters for you. You need to not
confuse responsibility with things
beyond your control.

MALIA
(interrupting, raw)
She's DEAD. I asked her to
testify. And she...

Malia starts, then says NOTHING, unable to continue.

A LONG BEAT. Then --

MALIA (V.O.)
(wearily)
I had the dream again...

OVER THE FOLLOWING VISUALS we hear Malia's voice --

EXT. FARM L - SUNRISE

JADE (girl with the flower tattoo) is marched into the fields, with other TRAFFICKED VICTIMS. She STUMBLES. A GUARD (the one from the gate) BEATS her with a bamboo rod.

She GETS back up, and continues walking. He WATCHES her, ready to hit her if she falls again.

MALIA (V.O.)
I felt eyes just PORING over me...
like they were invading...

EXT. HOUSE/ADJACENT PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

The mysterious EYES that watched Malia through binoculars STARE through a window onto the trafficking FARM. WATCHING.

And finally --

EXT. KAILUA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

MALIA, SWIMMING. ALONE. An ominous sense of FOREBODING pervades. We HEAR it in her VOICE. Nawai sense it.

DR. NAWAI (V.O.)
Whose eyes? Who's staring? Can
you turn your head? See who it is?

MALIA (V.O.)
(agitated)
No... I just know I have to get
away... I can't breathe...

CLOSE IN on Malia, STRUGGLING, PANTING, trying desperately to swim away. Then WHOOSH!

She POPS up, GASPING for air, LOOKING around. Only this time -

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL --

A YACHT. Anchored several miles further offshore.

ECU: A MAN stands on the deck with BINOCULARS, ZOOMED IN squarely on MALIA. SOMEONE IS WATCHING HER.

Off MALIA, scanning the area, out in the middle of the ocean.

INT. DR. NAWAI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Malia's eyes are CLOSED, like she's experiencing the DREAM.

Suddenly Malia GASPS. Nawai pushes her, sensing she's getting somewhere. A breakthrough.

DR. NAWAI
(pressing her)
Tell me, Malia! What are you
afraid of? What's scaring you?

Malia BLINKS open her eyes. She STARES right at Nawai.

MALIA
Everything.

Off Malia, as the horror of everything is just beginning.

FADE TO BLACK.