

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

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Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

My Favorite Vacation

by
Gerry Stimmler

gstimmler@msn.com
651 690-0954
WGA Registered

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

JOE THOMAS, 43-year-old everyman, looks out an airplane window at the Kona International Airport. He looks tired and nervous but you can see excitement in his face as well.

JOE'S P.O.V.

People deplane and cross the tarmac. The illuminated palms blow in the Kona wind.

BACK TO SCENE

The camera pulls back to reveal Joe in the very last row of the airplane. Next to him is JILLIAN THOMAS, his wife. Jillian is an attractive brunette who is just beginning to show her age. Joe sits patiently as passengers stand and get ready to deplane. Jillian fidgets.

JILLIAN

What's taking so long?

Joe puts his arm around her shoulder and gives her a squeeze. Jillian shrugs it off and stands, despite not being able to get into the aisle.

JOE

Relax, Jillian. We made it. We've got two weeks in paradise. No snow. No jobs. Nothing to worry about, but too much sun!

Joe brings a camera up to the window but doesn't take a picture.

JOE (cont'd)

It reminds me of that little airport in Jamaica.

Jillian grits her teeth and growls.

JILLIAN

Where I got stung by jellyfish! Argh!
(beat) What time is it?

JOE

It's just nine o'clock.

JILLIAN

We're an hour and half late!

The aisle opens up and Jillian steps into it. She begins pulling angrily on a large basket in the overhead. Joe manages to stand, but he's still blocked from the aisle.

JOE

Jack and Margie will understand.
(beat) You know, I'm a little intimidated meeting them. Every time I talk to Margie on the phone, I get confused. Did she really date Bill Clinton? (beat) And Jack. What do I have in common with a big-shot movie producer? I'm a manager in a plastics company. What'll we talk about?

Jillian stops pulling on the basket.

JILLIAN

Sports. Talk about sports. All men think about and talk about is sports. As for Margie, forget it. You'll have nothing in common with her. She's a free spirit. Exactly the opposite of you!

JOE

What does that mean?

JILLIAN

Joe. Your idea of a big night is renting a movie and making microwave popcorn.

JOE

You make me sound like an old brown shoe.

JILLIAN

You are an old brown shoe.

Jillian yanks on the basket again.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Arrgh!

JOE

Let me...

Joe reaches a hand inside the overhead, unsnags the bag, and pulls it free easily. He smiles at Jillian; she sneers at him.

EXT. KEAHOLE AIRPORT -- WAITING AREA

MARGIE GEANOSA, pert, blonde, and sumptuously lean -- Lolita all grown up -- simmers with the excitement of a 15-year-old girl waiting for a rock star. Margie's the same age as Jillian but looks fifteen years younger.

She's dressed in a simple, short sundress and strappy sandals with just enough heel to make her five foot eight. The height it says on her driver's license. She also wears a broad-brimmed flower-covered straw hat.

The outfit looks a bit slutty, but Margie radiates a girl-next-door quality that softens the image.

She has the attention of everyone around, especially two fourteen year old boys who are beside themselves with pubescent yearning.

Intermittent gusts of wind lift her dress and tug at her hat so she's forced to hold her dress down with one hand and her hat on with the other. Her attempts at controlling the dress are only marginally successful, much to the delight of her admirers.

At last the security doors part and Joe and Jillian emerge. Margie explodes and rushes forward. Jillian runs to her.

	MARGIE	JILLIAN
Jillian!		Margie!

They collide and hug. Margie frees herself long enough to throw a lei around Jillian's neck and kiss her on both cheeks, then she hugs Jillian again.

MARGIE
I can't believe you finally made it!

JILLIAN
Margie, you haven't aged a day.

Margie brightens at the compliment, then turns her attention to Joe, who stares at Margie's attire as he waits patiently for the women to finish.

MARGIE
Joe!!!

Margie rushes him and slips a lei around his neck. Then she throws her arms around him and gives him a full-mouthed kiss that would thaw a sixteen-ounce steak!

MARGIE (cont'd)
I'm so glad to finally meet you!

Margie releases her grip and once again turns her attention to Jillian. She takes her by the arm and leads her away as Joe, slow to recover from the kiss, just watches them leave. He recovers finally and rushes to catch up.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Jack got called back to L.A. There's a problem with the schedule and they've lost the location. He promised to be back tomorrow, or Tuesday at the latest. But I'm afraid he's not very reliable about those kinds of predictions. Did you have a nice flight? Of course not. You were an hour and a half late. What happened? I hate flying. Doesn't it take forever to get here.

Margie turns and scrutinizes Joe for a beat.

MARGIE (cont'd)
You know, Jillian, Joe looks a lot like that tennis player I used to date. Remember? I think it was freshman year. Oh, what was his name? (as if to herself) He had the biggest dick!

Joe can't believe his ears. He stops dead in his tracks, but Jillian and Margie just carry on.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Don't ever let anyone ever tell you having a large dick is a turn on. I could hardly walk sometimes! Do you play tennis, Joe?

Joe is still standing where he stopped.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Come on, Joe. Keep up!

EXT. LUGGAGE CLAIM

They wait as luggage circles.

JOE

Why don't I go get the car?

MARGIE

I'm afraid you can't, Joe. You're flight was the last of the evening and it was really late. The rentals have all closed. Kona's really a pretty small town. Don't worry, I'll drive you to your condo. It might be a little tight, but...

JOE

I don't see our luggage anywhere.

JILLIAN

Neither do I.

MARGIE

I'll check.

Margie scampers off to confront an AIRLINE EMPLOYEE.

JOE

Is she on something?

JILLIAN

What?

JOE

She talks so fast I can hardly see her lips move. And what's with the outfit! And that mouth! Did you hear what she said?

JILLIAN

Listen, Joe. Margie is not 'on something.' That's the way she is. She is my friend. If you say one thing to hurt her feelings, I'll...

JOE

Okay. Okay. I wasn't going to say anything... I just think you could have warned me.

EXT. LUGGAGE CLAIM - LATER

Margie returns.

MARGIE

Bad news. They didn't make it on the plane. Maybe in the morning. I'm sorry. This isn't a very good omen is it? Well, let's get out of here. Everything will be better tomorrow.

A sudden gust of wind lifts Margie dress and tugs at her hat.

MARGIE (cont'd)

(laughing)

Whoa! I've been fighting this all evening. It's impossible to keep it down with one hand.

JOE

You could carry your hat.

Margie scrutinizes Joe a moment, then...

MARGIE

Yes, I suppose I could.

But she doesn't. Margie turns and leads the way, holding her hat firmly on her head with one hand while fighting her dress with the other.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They exit the parking lot in a bright red Miata. Jillian has the passenger seat. Joe is wedged in back. Margie drives as fast as she talks, and one handed, since she has to hold her hat with the other.

MARGIE

I knew I should have taken Jack's car. Are you okay back there, Joe? You don't look very comfortable. At least it's not raining. I guess it's lucky they lost your luggage. Can you imagine two big suitcases... I wish you'd decided to stay with us. We've got plenty of room, but I understand. It's your vacation and you need your own space... You're going to love your condo. It's right on the water.

They pull onto the highway and speed away. The wind whips Joe's face into a distorted mask.

MARGIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Have you ever stayed on the water before? Jack and I used to have a place on the water, but it got to be too much. Like most people who've been on the island, we moved up mauka. That's up the mountain. Sometimes I miss the sound of the waves though... I can't believe you waited so long to visit!

The camera pulls away to show the speeding Miata.

EXT. CONDO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Miata pulls into the lot of the condo complex. Joe carefully extracts himself from the back.

MARGIE
 You're sure you're okay?

JOE
 (testily)
 No. No. I'm fine. I was just a little concerned that big green truck was going to crush us when you went through that yellow. But I guess three inches is as good as a mile. (beat) I'm dead. (Looks at his watch.) We've been up almost 28 hours.

JILLIAN
 (testily.)
 I'm tired, too, Joe. We're here now.

Margie leads them toward the condos.

MARGIE
 I know. It's such a long flight.
 (beat) You're over there. (Margie digs in her purse.) Here's the key.
 (Jillian takes it) Oh, I hope you like it. Sheila said...

EXT. TOP OF CONDO STAIRS - NIGHT

They finish the climb up the stairs and are greeted with a broken screen door. They share concerned looks.

MARGIE
 Oh my.

EXT. CONDO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Everyone climbs back in the car. Margie slams her purse on the floor.

MARGIE

Wait till I get hold of that bitch!
She promised a 'gorgeous' condo.
Well, you're staying with me. That
little slut.

They speed away at an incredible rate. It's all Joe can do to keep from falling out.

INT. MARGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They enter Margie's house and turn on lights. It's a virtual palace.

JILLIAN

Oh, Margie. It's absolutely

Wow.

JOE

...

MARGIE

Do you like it? I had help decorating
of course...

Margie goes to a large liquor cabinet in the living room near the pool area and begins rummaging around.

MARGIE (cont'd)

...and Jack has wonderful taste. Come
in, come in. Take off your shoes.
I'll make us something strong. Go out
by the pool; there's a lovely view.

As Jillian and Joe slowly traverse the living room.

MARGIE (cont'd)

You don't have to worry much about
bugs here. At least not the flying,
biting kind. I sleep with the doors
open all the time. Of course we have
the Orkin man in regularly. I wonder
if that's good for me? I see these
dead bugs and wonder what all those
chemicals are doing to me really. But
then I have a drink and I don't worry
about it as much. I think there's
some chips and stuff in the kitchen.

Margie dashes off.

MARGIE (O.S.) (cont'd)
 If I'd known things were going to end up this way, I'd have had Margaret put together some pupus. That's what they call hors d'oeuvres here. Or did you know that? Isn't that a terrible name for something you eat? PuPus. It does take some getting used to...

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Joe and Jillian walk around the pool area in awe.

JILLIAN
 The view is fabulous.

JOE
 What's that down there?

Margie returns with a tray of drinks.

MARGIE
 Oh, that's the Kona Key Hotel. They just closed it. I hope someone buys it soon and renovates it. I don't want to watch it fall into disrepair.

Margie disappears again.

MARGIE (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Joe. Try the hammock. It's wonderful. Jillian. Tell me about your new job. Jack says he's constantly running into you now. Speak up. I can hear.

Joe lowers himself into a big hammock by the pool and takes a sip of his drink. He leans back and smiles. Now he's on vacation!

JILLIAN
 Oh, the job is wonderful. I get to L.A. at least twice a month. Of course, traveling is a pain. But I like working with the studio people.

MARGIE (O.S.)
 A lot of them are assholes.

JILLIAN
 Tell me about it.

MARGIE (O.S.)
How's the drink, Joe?

JOE
Great! What is it?

MARGIE (O.S.)
It's a Long Island Tea. Watch out.
They're dangerous.

Margie reappears with a plate of goodies.

MARGIE (cont'd)
I'll call the pizza guy if you want.
This place up on the highway has the
best tofu pizza.

JOE
Tofu? Pizza?

MARGIE
I'm vegetarian. But I'll bet you'll
like it.

JOE
I'll pass on the pizza. Good cheese.

MARGIE
Try the papaya.

Margie hands Joe the plate.

MARGIE (cont'd)
I eat papaya almost every day. They
say next to strawberries, it's the
healthiest fruit you can eat.

JILLIAN
Well you certainly look healthy. Do
you run?

MARGIE
Me? Run? I do yoga, eat vegetarian
and swim. One hundred laps every
morning. What about you?

Margie notices Joe's glass is empty. She takes it and heads
for the bar.

JILLIAN
If I ever stop running I'm going to
turn into an old housewife. I have to
(MORE)

JILLIAN(cont'd)

run to burn off the calories and the stress...

MARGIE (O.S.)

Jack says the same thing. Stress. I try to get him to relax, but he seems to thrive living on the edge. That's the advantage of being a kept woman. I just lay about most of the day and read and relax.

Margie returns with Joe's drink.

JILLIAN

Well I have stress. The job is fun. But it definitely has stress.

Joe tries to get out of the hammock but can't.

JOE

Maybe I'll just let you hand me things.

MARGIE

At least you won't fall out. I can hardly get out of that thing myself. Do you run, Joe?

JOE

No. But I'm a serious sports fan. I get my exercise watching other men play baseball, hockey, football, soccer, golf. You name it, I'll watch it.

JILLIAN

The only exercise he gets is getting a beer from the refrigerator.

JOE

She's right. One of these days I'll have to take up something that makes me sweat.

MARGIE

You should try Yoga. It's very relaxing. I could show you the basics while you're here. You too, Jillian. It's great for stress!

JILLIAN

Sounds wonderful, but what about a tour of the house.

Joe again tries to get out of the hammock, but again he fails.

MARGIE

Joe, I think you better stay put. Come on, Jillian.

JOE'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Joe settles back into the hammock. He looks up at the stars.

JILLIAN (O.S.)

How long have you had this place?

MARGIE (O.S.)

We bought it the winter of '97. No. It must have been the next year...

EXT. POOL AREA - MORNING

Margie and Jillian sit at the table by the pool. They've just finished a breakfast of coffee and toast and stand up together. In the background is the hammock. Joe is still in the hammock, hidden; we hear him snoring up a storm.

JILLIAN

Listen to that! I'll wake him up.

MARGIE

No. Don't. Let him sleep.

Jillian looks down at her running outfit.

JILLIAN

I can't believe you had something that fit me. I need a long run after yesterday.

MARGIE

It's a good thing you wore your tennis on the plane. I'll do my laps while you're gone.

Margie takes off the robe she's wearing. She's naked underneath. Jillian raises her eyebrows.

MARGIE (cont'd)

I always swim naked.

Margie looks over at the hammock.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Will Joe be okay? I mean if I...?

An impish grin lights Jillian's face, but Margie, who has been distracted by a mole on her breast, is not looking. Jillian quickly collects herself.

JILLIAN
(seriously)
No it's fine. It won't bother him.

Margie moves to the edge of the pool.

MARGIE
Okay, then. See you later.

Margie dives into the pool.

EXT. POOL AREA - LATER

Joe slowly opens his eyes. The sun is high.

JOE'S P.O.V.

Joe hears the sound of someone swimming laps, but he can't see over the side of the hammock. Joe rubs his eyes and looks up at the blue sky and the waving palm fronds.

BACK TO SCENE

Joe smacks his lips and makes a face. Then he rolls out of the hammock to a sitting position facing the pool. He see Margie in the pool. She appears to be naked, but his vision is still a little blurred. Joe rubs his eyes and looks again. He looks around for Jillian.

Margie stops swimming on the far end of the pool. She puts one arm is on the lip of the pool to hold herself up. She makes no attempt to cover up.

MARGIE
Hey, sleepy head. How do you feel?

Joe looks down at the ground avoiding Margie.

JOE
Uh...Uh... fine. Where's Jillian?

MARGIE
She went for a run. I'll bet you'd like to freshen up. The guest room is
(MORE)

MARGIE(cont'd)

straight back and to the right. I'd show you but I have twenty laps to go, unless...

Joe struggles from the hammock quickly.

JOE

No. No. I can find it.

Joe heads for the living room.

MARGIE (O.S.)

I'll get you some of Jack's things to put on when I'm done. You're about the same size. Towels are right by the shower. Can't miss 'em.

INT. MARGIE'S LIVING ROOM

Joe walks unsteadily through the living room.

JOE

(muttering)

Naked! Absolutely naked!

INT. GUEST SHOWER - DAY

Joe whistles and scrubs his privates.

MARGIE

Want me to get your back?

Joe looks up. Margie stands just outside the shower. She is still naked. Joe shrieks and covers himself with the washcloth.

JOE

Do you mind?

MARGIE

Not at all. (beat) Oh! Oh don't be silly. There's nothing wrong with the human body. It's a gift.

JOE

Yes it is. But this is my gift and I'd prefer to ...

Joe notices that Margie is staring at his chest. He looks down.

JOE (cont'd)

What?

Margie continues to stare another beat.

MARGIE

(to herself)

Why do you suppose men have nipples?

Margie turns and walks a few steps to the bed, as Joe puzzles. She's still within view of the shower.

MARGIE(cont'd)

I put shorts and shirts on the bed and I found some underwear still in the package. That Jack. He's such a clothes horse. Why does he buy stuff he doesn't need? I put swim trunks on the bed, too. Wear whatever you want. Lots of people walk around Kona in nothing but swim wear. I better go dry my hair and put on some makeup. I must look scary. I'll call about your luggage, too.

JOE

I'd appreciate that. I prefer not to wear other men's clothes.

MARGIE

Men are so territorial. Why is that?

Margie turns and walks out of view. There is a small scream then a loud thud. Joe jumps out of the shower, grabs a towel and wraps it around himself.

JOE

Are you all right!

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Joe runs into the bedroom to find Margie on the floor rubbing her ankle.

MARGIE

I slipped.

Margie tries to get up, but it hurts too much.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Oh. I don't think I can put any weight on it. Can you carry me?

Joe looks around as if looking for some way to carry Margie without actually picking her up. But he knows it's not possible. Reluctantly, he reaches down and picks her up. He starts off toward the living room trying not to look at her breasts which are only inches from his face.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Just put me out by the pool.

JOE
I think you should probably go lay down. I'll call a doctor.

INT. MARGIE'S LIVING ROOM

They enter the living room.

MARGIE
Nonsense. Just put me out in the sun.

JOE
Are you sure?

MARGIE
Yes, yes. I'm sure.

As Joe reaches the edge of the living room, his towel slips off.

JOE
Good grief!

MARGIE
What's the matter? Am I too heavy?

JOE
No. I just...

Joe and Margie suddenly encounter BRAD, the pool guy, he's fishing some leaves out of the pool. Joe stops. Margie smiles.

MARGIE
Oh! Hi, Brad. (beat) Joe, this is Brad. He takes care of the pool. (Softly to Joe.) Maybe you should take me to the bedroom.

JOE
(Softly)
Good idea.

Joe turns and heads back into the house.

JOE (cont'd)
Nice to meet you Brad.

Margie waves to Brad over Joe's shoulder.

INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - DAY

Jillian sits on the edge of a messy bed, pulling up her shorts. In the background a shower runs.

JILLIAN
God, I'd forgotten what a unbelievable flirt Margie is. You should have seen Joe's face when she kissed him. Oh, he's such a tight-ass. (beat) I don't understand why we can't just shoot him! (beat) I know... I know. I'm the first one they'll suspect and the insurance pays double indemnity if he dies accidentally.

Jillian stands.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
Still, it would be so much more satisfying... (beat) Can I accidentally shoot him?

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Joe and Jillian are getting dressed. They talk softly.

JOE
She was completely naked!

JILLIAN
So?

JOE
Did you hear me? Naked! Doesn't it bother you that she's walking around in front of me completely naked?

JILLIAN
Did she make a pass at you?

JOE
No.

JILLIAN
So what are you complaining about?

JOE

I'm not complaining. It's just...
People don't walk around naked when
they have house guests. What do you
think that pool guy thought.

JILLIAN

What do you care what he thought?
Loosen up!

JOE

Loosen up? Listen, she's your
friend. You've got to say something.

JILLIAN

Like what?

JOE

Like what?

JILLIAN

Margie's always been self-confident
about her body. Now that I think of
it, she may be the only woman I've
ever known who is. I'll bet she didn't
even realize she was naked.

Joe's mouth works silently a moment.

JOE

How could she not know she wasn't
wearing clothes?

MARGIE (O.S.)

Hey, in there. Lunch. By the pool.

JILLIAN

Hold on. I'll give you a hand.

JOE

You're not going to say anything?

JILLIAN

No. I'm not.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Joe joins Margie and Jillian at the table by the pool. Margie
is wearing a white tank top and itty-bitty bikini bottoms.

MARGIE

Well, it's definite. They lost your luggage.

JOE

That's just great.

JILLIAN

I think it's wonderful. I get to buy new stuff and the airlines get to pay for it! That's such a burden.

MARGIE

There are lovely shops at Waikoloa.

JOE

Is that where you shop?

MARGIE

Sometimes. Why?

Jillian shoots Joe a look.

JOE

No reason.

MARGIE

Then we'll go right after lunch so Joe doesn't have to schlep around in 'other men's clothes.'

INT. MARGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

They enter with lots of bags and packages.

JOE

Well there's a thousand dollars I hadn't planned to spend.

JILLIAN

Margie! I can't believe you didn't buy a thing! That sundress was absolutely adorable!

MARGIE

I've got enough clothes.

JOE

Now there's a unique idea. Only buy stuff you need.

MARGIE

Oh, there's a message on the machine.

Margie starts the answering machine.

SHEILA (V.O.)

Hi, Margie. I found a place for your friends. It's at Kanaloa. Now write this down...

INT. KANALOA CONDO - DAY

They enter the condo. It's gorgeous. Joe crosses to the lanai.

JOE

Look at the view. I waves are right there!

MARGIE

So you like it?

JILLIAN

It's perfect. (beat) I hate to be the one to bring it up, but we still don't have a car.

MARGIE

Oh, I forgot. Jack suggested the obvious. Forget the rental and use his car.

JOE

I don't know about that....

MARGIE

I insist! There's nothing to discuss. Here, Joe.

Margie tosses the car keys to Joe.

MARGIE (cont'd)

You can drive me home and then the car is yours. I filled the tank. Jack never puts gas in anything. I can't tell you how many times I've had to rescue him.

Joe wanders off into a back bathroom.

JOE (O.S.)

There's a jacuzzi!

JILLIAN
 Let us get unpacked or at least
 unbagged and then you can show us
 around. We need groceries

JOE (O.S.)
 and booze...

JILLIAN
 ...and some necessities before we're
 really settled.

MARGIE
 I would love to hang out with you two,
 but ... maybe you want to be alone.

Joe has emerged from the bathroom. He gives Jillian an amorous look. She ignores it.

JILLIAN
 Don't be silly.

MARGIE
 Oh, look. A whale!

They all rush to the lanai.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - NIGHT

Joe and Margie are at the door ready to leave.

MARGIE
 Thank you so much for dinner and
 letting me hang with you. I'll send
 Joe right home.

After Margie and Joe leave, Jillian pulls out her cell phone and presses a speed-dial button.

JILLIAN
 They just left... What? What?

Jillian listens with knitted brow.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
 Oh, my God! Are you okay? You're
 sure. Okay. I love you.

Jillian disconnects.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
 Damn it!

INT. JACK'S VOLVO - NIGHT

Joe and Margie pull into the driveway.

MARGIE

I don't remember leaving the kitchen light on.

JOE

It was light when we left. Maybe you just didn't notice.

MARGIE

No. I'm sure I turned it off. Joe, I've got a funny feeling.

JOE

You think there's someone there?

MARGIE

No. I'm sure it's nothing like that. Maybe Margaret was here. Still... Would you mind coming in?

Joe looks around cautiously.

JOE

If you think there's something wrong, we should go next door...

MARGIE

Joe, don't be melodramatic. This is Kona! Not New York! Just come in with me while I check things out (beat) But if you'd rather not.

Margie opens the car door and starts to get out.

JOE

No, no. Don't be silly. I'm not going to let you off and drive away.

INT. MARGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe opens the front door and slips in. Margie follows.

JOE

(whispering)
I don't hear anything.

Margie tiptoes past him.

MARGIE
 (whispering)
 This way.

Margie takes Joe's hand and they make their way silently through the living room to the kitchen doorway. It's empty.

MARGIE (cont'd)
 I don't see anybody.

JOE
 Let me look around.

Joe flips on a light to the living room. Margie walks through, turning on lights.

MARGIE
 Thanks for coming in. Everything's fine.

She comes back and gives Joe a kiss on the cheek. Joe isn't used to being kissed. It takes him a moment.

JOE
 Did you look out by the pool? In the bushes? That's where they hide you know, the stranglers. I'll take a look.

MARGIE
 (laughing)
 Go ahead.

EXT. POOL AREA

Joe steps out by the pool. He looks first at the view, then he flips on the pool light and looks down. His face pales.

JOE
 (shaky)
 Margie?

MARGIE (O.S.)
 Yes?

JOE
 Margie?

MARGIE
 (coming toward him)
 What is it?

JOE
There's something in your pool.

Margie rushes over.

JOE (cont'd)
What is it?

She looks down.

MARGIE'S P.O.V

A fully clothed MAN floats face up. He's got a bullet hole in the center of his forehead. The pool is pink with blood.

BACK TO SCENE

MARGIE
Oh, my God. Is he dead?

JOE
Yeah, I'm pretty sure he is. You see that bullet hole and all that red stuff. I'm pretty sure it's his blood. Do you know him?

MARGIE
No! What do we do?

JOE
I think we have to call the police.

MARGIE
Are you sure?

JOE
I'm pretty sure that when you find a mysterious dead guy floating in your pool you have to phone it in.

INT. MARGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The police mill about. Near the pool, Joe talks to DETECTIVE LO, a tall, heavysset Asian who wears a big aloha shirt. He takes notes.

JOE
...and that's when we called you.

LO
You didn't touch the body?

JOE

No!

LO

Did you find a gun?

JOE

I didn't look. I've told you everything I know. I'm tired. My wife is waiting. Can we go now?

LO

So you've never seen the man before. And Mrs. Geanosa, she didn't look surprised or nothing?

JOE

Well of course she looked surprised! There's a body in her pool. (beat) She had nothing to do with it. She was with us -- me and my wife -- all day.

LO

So you all have alibis?

JOE

What are you insinuating?

LO

I'm not insinuating anything, Mr. Thomas. There's been a murder and the body is in Mrs. Geanosa's pool. I have to assume there is some connection between the murder victim and the location. Do you own a gun?

JOE

No.

LO

Does Mrs. Geanosa?

JOE

I don't know.

LO

This whole house is a crime scene. Mrs. Geanosa can't stay here tonight. We'll be going over everything.

JOE

Of course she can't stay here. She'll stay with my wife and me. Can she get a few things?

LO

Sure. Just one more thing.

JOE

Yes?

LO

Don't try to leave the island.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT

JIMMY KOI, a slender Asian-looking detective leans against his car. He's on a cell phone, glancing around, looking guilty.

JIMMY

I told you he was trouble. (beat) No. It's all set for tomorrow. Make sure he get's on... Don't worry. My guy won't miss. Have I ever let you down before? Just make sure you transfer the money.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - NIGHT

Joe, Margie, and Jillian sit in the living room. They all look gloomy and tired.

MARGIE

I felt like a criminal! They kept asking me if I knew the guy. Why would I.. I can't image who... What was he doing in my pool?

JOE

Relax, Margie. Once they realize there's no connection between you and the victim, they'll back off. I think they suspect me too. That detective Lo said as much.

JILLIAN

They suspect you?

JOE

Because I was there. I'll bet there's some statistic or something that says
(MORE)

JOE(cont'd)

'9 out of 10 times the perp reports the killing.'

JILLIAN

The 'perp?'

MARGIE

The perpetrator. The killer. I'll bet you're right, Joe.

JILLIAN

Margie maybe you should call Frank. He could tell you what to expect.

JOE

Who's Frank?

MARGIE

My attorney. (to Jillian) How do you know Frank?

JILLIAN

Oh, we meet last year in L.A. Jack introduced us. I've talked to him a couple of times about this and that.

MARGIE

Well, I'm going to call him right now.

JOE

It's almost midnight.

MARGIE

Frank's a sweetheart, isn't he Jillian? Besides, for what we pay him, he should never sleep.

Margie exits. Joe gets up.

JOE

I'm going to make a drink. You want anything?

JILLIAN

No. I'm good.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - LATER

Margie enters from the bedroom.

MARGIE

Frank says we should have called him immediately! We shouldn't have said anything!

JOE

Why don't they teach you that stuff in grammar school.

MARGIE

He says if they contact us again, we're to say nothing. Nothing at all until he sees us.

JOE

Just clam up?

MARGIE

Exactly!

JOE

But won't we look guilty?

MARGIE

Frank says we already do. He said 8 out of 10 times the killer reports the crime!

Joe leaps to his feet.

JOE

What did I tell you?

JILLIAN

Calm down Joe. You'll wake the neighbors.

JOE

But I was right, wasn't I?

JILLIAN

Yes, you were right. Margie, you're stay with us till Frank gets back.

MARGIE

Don't be silly. They'll be done at my house tomorrow. I'll... Oh! The pool. The blood!

JOE

They can get it out. It's probably already out. Chlorine kills damn near

(MORE)

JOE(cont'd)

anything. (Yawn.) I'm exhausted.
I've got to sleep.

MARGIE

That's a good idea. We'll get a good
night's sleep, and not worry about a
thing. The police will ask around and
find out we didn't have anything to
do...

There's a knock on the door. They look at one another, puzzled.
Joe goes to the door. He looks through the peephole.

JOE'S P. O. V.

A couple of police officers wait outside.

BACK TO SCENE

JOE

It's the police. What do they want?

Joe opens the door.

OFFICER 1

Mr. Thomas?

JOE

Yes?

The officers step passed Joe into the hallway.

OFFICER 1

We've been instructed to bring you in
for further questioning.

JOE

Now?

OFFICER 1

Yes, sir.

JOE

And if I refuse?

OFFICER 1

I'll have to place you under arrest.

Margie comes running.

MARGIE

Don't say a word, Joe! I'm calling
Frank right now...

INT. KONA POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Joe, and Detective Lo are in an interrogation room with FRANK BONZA, attorney, late 50's, distinguished, chiselled features, impeccably dressed in an Izod gold shirt and twill slacks.

FRANK

Okay, I've spoken with my client and we're ready to answer your questions. But keep it civil, Lo. I'm not up to any of your heavy-handed tactics.

LO

Yeah, yeah. (To Joe.) Why did you tell me you'd never seen the deceased before, Mr. Thomas?

JOE

I didn't recognize him. As I told Mr. Bonza, I'd all but forgotten the incident at the airport.

LO

So you expect me to believe you never saw the deceased before you ran into him at the airport?

JOE

That's right. Never.

FRANK

As far as he can remember.

JOE

As far as I can remember.

LO

Okay, tell me what happened.

JOE

You already know that. Your detective saw the whole thing. That's why I'm here.

LO

I'm interested in your version.

FRANK

Go ahead, Joe.

JOE

Well...We ...

LO

We who?

JOE

Jillian, my wife, and I.

FLASHBACK, IMAGERY FOLLOWS DESCRIPTION

JOE (V.O.)

We were in the airport and there were these...I guess you'd call them greeters. You know the girls dressed in hula skirts and what not. They were walking around putting leis on people and I thought it would make a good picture. I just got a new digital camera. So I took this picture of them. Suddenly, from out of no where, this guy comes at me and demands my film. He says I don't have the right to take his picture. He makes a big scene and the police come running. Anyway, he's adamant and so to placate him I show him my camera and explain it's digital. I tell him that although I think I have the right to take a photo in a public place I'll erase it. And I do. He seems okay with that and walks away. That's it.

BACK TO SCENE

LO

That's it? You didn't perhaps run into him again and your argument didn't escalate into...?

JOE

No! Absolutely not! I didn't see him again until he was dead in the pool.

FRANK

Detective, Mr. Thomas' alibi is airtight. I think you need to move on with your investigation. (To Joe) Let's go.

LO

Not so fast. I've got a few more questions.

FRANK

You're wasting your time, detective.

LO

I'll be the judge of that. What's your relationship with Mrs. Geanosa?

JOE

She's my wife's friend. They went to college together....

LO

Come, come, Mr. Thomas. We're all adults. You can...

FRANK

What are you driving at detective?

LO

Just that your client isn't being honest. I have a witness who saw Mr. Thomas carry Mrs. Geanosa, naked, to her bedroom this very afternoon!

Joe jumps to his feet.

JOE

No! No! Let me explain.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - MORNING

Joe opens his eyes and looks over to find the other side of the bed empty. The sound of a shower can be heard. Joe gets up and heads for the bathroom wearing only shorts. He brushes his teeth and takes a whiz.

JOE

Hey in there. Want company?

MARGIE (O.S.)

What do you think Jillian would say?

JOE

Jesus! Margie? Where's Jillian?

MARGIE

She went for a run. Boy is she dedicated. Anyway, my shower was broken, so I had to use yours. Could you hand me a towel?

Joe lifts a towel over the shower door. Margie starts to open the door and Joe retreats down the hallway to the bedroom and puts on his robe.

MARGIE (O.S.) (cont'd)

The police are done, so I'll get out of your way. Margaret already called Brad about the pool. She's so wonderful. Do you have any servants? I suppose not in an apartment. It took me a long time to get used to having someone cook and clean for me. Not that I'm a good housekeeper. Lord knows without Margaret my place would look like my room in college. Ask Jillian about that! But now I don't know what I'd do without her. And Yang, he's the gardener. He keeps the place looking like a wonderland, don't you think? I better get back to my own bathroom. I need to dry my hair and put on makeup. I look awful.

We hear Margie walking down the hallway.

JOE'S P.O.V.

A mirror shows Margie walk away. She's naked, carrying the towel.

INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS

Jillian sits by a pool in the sun. A drink is near her. We hear someone swimming.

JILLIAN

Do you think I should break down when I get the news, or just sort of stand there. I can see it either way. I think I'd be more convincing if I just sort of go catatonic. I'm not sure I can pull off the weeping widow bit when inside I'm all 'yippee.' (beat) Just a few hours...just a few more hours!

Jillian smiles wistfully and takes a big drink.

EXT. KALALOA CONDO LANI - LATER

Jillian and Joe sip lemonade.

JOE

You've got to stop leaving me alone with her! That detective already has me pegged as a philandering killer.

JILLIAN

Give it a rest. Margie is Margie. In case you hadn't noticed, she doesn't live on the same planet you do. She's more decent than most people I know.

JOE

I'm not debating that. But...

JILLIAN

Then what have you got against her?

JOE

Nothing. All I'm saying...

JILLIAN

It certainly sounds like you've got a problem.

JOE

Okay. I'll admit when I first met her I thought she was ... Well, I won't say it. But now that I've gotten to know her a little... Why can't you just ask her not to walk around naked in front of me? Why is that so hard?

JILLIAN

If you weren't such an old fuddy-duddy, you'd enjoy seeing her naked. In case you hadn't noticed, she a very attractive woman.

JOE

That's just it!

JILLIAN

What are you talking about?

JOE

She is attractive. Doesn't that bother you?

JILLIAN
Why should it bother me?

JOE
I think I want a drink.

JILLIAN
It's only noon?

Joe heads inside.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
Margie's going to be busy all day with
the mess up at her place. Why don't we
take that helicopter ride?

JOE (O.S.)
You mean you actually want to DO
something with me?

Joe reappears, sans beer.

JILLIAN
What does that mean?

JOE
(apologetically)
Nothing. Nothing. But they're probably
booked.

JILLIAN
I'll call.

JOE
Okay. (beat) I'm getting excited
already.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

They pull into the lot by a small building.

JILLIAN
I forgot how tiny they are.

JOE
They're perfectly safe, Jillian.
Remember that flight over the Grand
Canyon?

JILLIAN
I almost puked!

JOE
But we got to see things we couldn't
see any other way. You'll be fine.
It'll be fun.

Jillian just stares at the helicopters.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY - LATER

Joe and Jillian wait to get on a helicopter.

JILLIAN
I can't do it.

JOE
What do you mean?

JILLIAN
I can't do it. I thought I could, but
I can't.

JOE
Sure you can.

Jillian starts to back up.

JILLIAN
I feel like I'm going to throw up,
Joe. Maybe it's the exhaust. You go.
You'll have fun.

JOE
I'm not going without you.

JILLIAN
Joe, don't spoil your day just because
I'm chicken. You'll have a good time.
And so will I if I'm not up there.
I'll go shopping and pick you up
after.

JOE
Jillian...

JILLIAN
Don't think about it, just do it.
I'll feel bad if you don't go because
of me. You know I'd rather spend the
money on me anyway!

JOE
If they'll give you your money back.

JILLIAN

Don't be silly. Of course they'll give me my money back. I haven't gone anywhere and there're plenty of people waiting to fly.

Jillian turns and heads back to the booking office. She gives Joe a little wave, he waves back.

JOE

Chicken!

INT. JACK'S VOLVO - DAY

Through the car windshield, Jillian talks on her cell phone. A moment later she turns it off. A helicopter rises into a perfect sky. Jillian smiles deliciously.

EXT. THICK FOREST - DAY

A MAN in the jungle shuts off his cell phone and walks to where a rocket launcher rests against a tree. He picks it up and positions it on his shoulder. He aims it skyward.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - NIGHT

Jillian, Margie, and Joe sit around in the condo living room watching TV. Joe and Margie are on the couch watching the TV intently. Jillian is in a big chair, looking grim. Her right hand shields her face from the others.

JOE

(very excited)
Here it is. Listen.

Joe turns the sound up.

INSERT T.V. SCREEN

Helicopter flying over Hawaii.

TV ANNOUNCER

Tragedy was narrowly averted today when a Big Island helicopter was fired upon by what police are calling a crazed pothead. The Blue Angel helicopter was on a routine flight over the north end of the Big Island where steep canyons and thick growth
(MORE)

TV ANNOUNCER(cont'd)

make an ideal place for the islands estimated 200 illegal pot growers. According to the pilot, Vietnam vet Trace Neidermeier, there was a puff of smoke from the ground...

C.U. OF TRACE NEIDERMEIER AND NEWS REPORTER. TRACE HAS A MICROPHONE IN HIS FACE.

TRACE

I didn't really have to think. As soon as I saw the smoke, I let it stall and dropped about two hundred feet in a free-fall. The passenger's nearly (bleep) their pants, but everyone's okay. Crazy pot heads.

BACK TO SCENE

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Police have asked the army to bring...

Joe lowers the volume.

MARGIE

That was your flight?

JOE

Yep. If I hadn't switched with that couple from Austin so they could fly with their children.

MARGIE

Just imagine. What if you were on that flight and what if that missile hadn't missed? (beat) You'd be...

Margie leans over, hugs Joe and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

MARGIE (cont'd)

I'm sure glad you're okay. Aren't you Jillian?

Jillian says nothing. She slumps in the chair. Margie stands suddenly.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Well, all's well that ends well. I just wanted to drop off the mangos.

Margie heads for the door and opens it. The two policemen from before wait outside.

MARGIE (cont'd)
What do you want now?

INT. KONA POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Frank, Joe, and Lo in the interrogation room.

FRANK
Detective, this is obviously a coincidence.

LO
I don't believe in coincidence. Mr. Thomas, who would want to kill you?

JOE
No one. I'm a 43 year old middle manager. I haven't fired anyone in five years. I don't gamble, smoke, or play around.

LO
What about your wife?

JOE
Why would she want me dead?

LO
'Cause you're playing around with her best friend?

FRANK
Detective...

LO
What about insurance?

JOE
I only have a modest policy. Believe me, I'm worth more alive than dead.

FRANK
Detective. Last night you tried to blame Mr. Thomas for killing someone he just met. Now you're suggesting that someone is trying to kill him? What next? Are you going to charge him with kidnapping the Lindberg Baby?

LO
He's too young for that.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Detective Lo walks out with Joe and Frank and stops at Jimmy's desk. Lo watches Joe and Frank as they leave.

JIMMY

I think I should follow that guy
around awhile.

LO

I think that's a good idea.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - MORNING

Joe lays in a lounge chair on the lanai, looking gloomy.

JOE

Go on. I'm staying here. Out of
trouble. Of course if you're not here
I won't have an alibi if someone drops
dead.

JILLIAN

You really think someone is trying to
kill you?

JOE

Detective Lo does!

JILLIAN

He's an idiot. You said so yourself.
(beat) Do you seriously think someone
would shoot down a helicopter full of
innocent people just to kill you?

JOE

It's possible.

JILLIAN

Why don't they just shoot you?

JOE

I don't know. Maybe...

JILLIAN

Maybe you're getting even weirder than
you were. Wallow if you want to. After
my run, I'm going to go to Holualoa.
It's a little town up the mountain.
An artist community.

JOE
Don't worry about me.

JILLIAN
Remember, Margie is coming for dinner.

JOE (CONT'D)
Is she going to wear clothes?

Jillian leaves, Joe pops open a beer.

JOE (cont'd)
Maybe I'll show up naked! Then you'll notice me!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jillian lies on the bed, under the covers, filing her nails. A shower runs in the background.

JILLIAN
Do you see what we're up against? He gave up his seat! How do you plan for that shit? How? (beat) So what do we do now?

There's no response.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
I hope you've got a plan. I'm back to thinking maybe we should just shoot him.

INT. KANALOA CONDO BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe and Jillian get ready for bed.

JOE
Jillian, I thought it over while you were gone. You're right. Why would anyone want to kill me?

JILLIAN
Now you're being sensible. It's just bad luck, Joe. That's all it is.

JOE
Yeah, you're right.

Joe slips up behind Jillian and puts his arms around her. He nuzzles her neck.

JOE (cont'd)
Do you realize that between the mishaps, murders, and gallons of liquor we haven't consummated this vacation?

Jillian continues to brush her hair.

JILLIAN
I know, Joe. But not tonight. I started spotting. You know I don't feel...

Joe releases her reluctantly. You can see his disappointment.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
Maybe in a couple of days.

JOE
(Trying to sound upbeat.)
No problem. No problem. I'm a patient man.

Joe heads out onto the lanai.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - MORNING

Joe and Jillian are dressing.

JOE
Why can't you call them from the beach? That's what a cell phone is for. This is suppose to be OUR vacation. So far we haven't spent much time together -- alone that is.

JILLIAN
I can't take the computer to the beach. Just go with Margie. When you come back we'll all go to that restaurant Margie's been raving about.

JOE
I don't know.

JILLIAN
What's wrong now?

JOE
Margie. She makes me nervous. Everybody's always staring.

JILLIAN

She dresses that way because she wants them to stare. You know that.

The doorbell rings and the door opens. Margie enters wearing a lime green bikini covered with a sheer cover-up. She also wears a straw hat tied down with a matching scarf. She has heart-shaped sunglasses on.

MARGIE

Surf's up! Let's go.

EXT. HAPUNA BEACH - DAY

Joe and Margie emerge onto the white sand and stop. They are burdened with a picnic basket, grass mats, beach towels and a day bag. It's early, so there are only a few people on the beach. A pair of darkly tanned young men play frisbee at the water's edge. In the water, a dozen locals and tourists frolic in the waves. Margie beams, as if seeing it for the first time.

MARGIE

Isn't it fabulous!

JOE

It is beautiful. Where to?

MARGIE

We usually go over by those rocks. You've got to be careful of the riptide here. Are you a good swimmer?

JOE

Me? Absolutely. I was on the varsity swim team in high school. I worked my way through college as a lifeguard.

MARGIE

Really? Did you ever save anyone?

JOE

A couple.

MARGIE

You should swim laps with me sometime.

Joe ponders the thought of swimming with Margie.

JOE

I'll think about that.

They reach their destination and Margie spreads out a large grass mat. They begin taking off sandals. Joe takes off his shirt and then Joe, along with everyone else, watches as Margie removes her cover-up.

MARGIE

Jillian needs a real vacation. I can tell. She's nervous. Is she getting enough sleep? Joe, you have to get her away from that job.

Margie sits on the mat and begins digging in her bag.

MARGIE (cont'd)

I'll give her my Yoga tapes. You don't seem very relaxed for someone on vacation, either.

Margie finds the tanning lotion she's looking for and begins applying it to her legs.

JOE

Things haven't been very restful what with dead bodies and helicopter mishaps and all.

Joe grabs his tanning cream and begins applying it. Margie holds out her lotion.

MARGIE

Do my back?

Margie rolls onto her stomach; Joe loads his hand with oil.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Don't be stingy with it.

Joe suddenly realizes he's going to rub oil onto Margie's very attractive body. He hesitates. Should he be doing this? Joe looks around, guiltily. Reluctantly, self-consciously Joe begins applying the oil.

MARGIE (cont'd)

That's it. Rub it in.

Margie moans softly as Joe applies the oil to her back and shoulders. He should be enjoying this, but it's torture for him and he looks pathetic. Finally he finishes.

MARGIE(cont'd)

Okay, your turn. I don't want Jillian kvetching at me for bringing home damaged goods.

Margie pushes herself up quickly.

MARGIE (cont'd)
On your stomach.

Joe slowly lowers himself onto his stomach, aware of what is about to happen. Although he's prepared himself he's still surprised as Margie throws her leg over him and sits on his ass, straddling him. Margie begins massaging the oil slowly and sensuously into this back. Joe looks pained -- and pleased.

MARGIE (cont'd)
My God, Joe. You're muscles are tight
as fists. Relax.

JOE
I don't think...

MARGIE
Nonsense. I'll be gentle.

The massage continues. Joe stops fighting it and relaxes as much as possible for him under the circumstances.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Isn't that better?

JOE
Yeah...it is.

MARGIE
Oh, oh. Look who's here.

Joe looks up and sees Detective Lo coming toward them.

MARGIE (cont'd)
What's he doing here!?

LO
(framed by a cloudless
sky)
Aloha, Mr. Thomas, Mrs. Geanosa. It's
good to see you enjoying yourselves.
(to Margie) I talked to your husband
yesterday. He was unable to identify
the man in your pool.

MARGIE
Well of course he couldn't! So, you
still don't know who he is?

LO

Oh, we know. Name's Samuel Vincenti.
From New Jersey. Not a nice man. Long
record with the authorities. Seems he
goes in for blackmail.

Lo stands quietly, waiting for some response.

MARGIE

No one was blackmailing me! I haven't
done anything to be blackmailed for!

LO

I wasn't suggesting...

JOE

Oh, sure you were! Anyway, what are
you doing here? You're not suppose to
question us without our attorney.

MARGIE

That's right!

LO

I wasn't questioning you. I'm just
having a day at the beach with my
family.

Lo turns and points to a woman and three children 50 yards
away. Lo begins walking toward them.

LO (cont'd)

Have a good day.

Lo stops and turns.

LO (cont'd)

Oh, Mr. Thomas, where is Mrs. Thomas?
I hope she's not ill.

JOE

She had to work! And that was a
question.

Lo laughs and turns again. He walks away. Margie sticks her
tongue out at the disappearing detective.

JOE (cont'd)

You know what he's thinking.

MARGIE

What?

JOE
He's thinking we're doing something
wrong.

MARGIE
Well we're not.

JOE
Of course we're not.

EXT. BEACH OVERLOOK

Sgt. Koi takes a photo of Joe with Margie astride him.

INT. KANALOA CONDO

A noticeably sunburned Joe enters, followed closely by Margie.

JOE
Jillian?

Joe spots a piece of paper on the counter. He picks it up.

JOE (cont'd)
She's gone shopping.

MARGIE
Does it say where?

JOE
No.

MARGIE
Oh, well I can't join her then.

Margie has come all the way in and makes herself comfortable in a big chair.

MARGIE (cont'd)
You got a little red.

JOE
Yeah, I'm feeling it.

MARGIE
I think I've got...

Margie digs in her basket and comes up with some lotion.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Come here. This will help.

Joe obeys. He removes his shirt. Margie begins applying the ointment.

MARGIE (cont'd)

You know, it's probably none of my business, but you and Jillian don't seem to be getting along all that well.

JOE

You noticed, huh?

MARGIE

It's kind of hard to miss. I don't see Jillian showing you much affection. What's with the peck on the cheek? Jeez, Joe, don't you two even swap spit anymore?

JOE

I was hoping this vacation... It was Jillian's idea. She seemed so excited about it when we were planning it. But now that we're here, she's...(beat) It seems her job is the only thing she every thinks about (beat) or gets excited about.

MARGIE

She never was one to open up, but she seems even more distant. It's like she forgot how to have fun. I remember... Say! I just had an idea. What if we try to make her jealous?

JOE

Jealous?

MARGIE

Sure, you know. We'll spend a lot of time together and I'll complement you and sit by you and...

JOE

Margie.

MARGIE

Yes?

JOE

You're already doing that!

MARGIE

Oh. (beat) Well, maybe I could talk to her.

JOE

Let me think about that.

Margie has finished the ointment application, Joe puts his shirt on and sits across from Margie.

MARGIE

Okay. But you've got to get it out in the open. I know. Jack and I just got through a rough spot. We ... well actually I was the only one ... went to a marriage counselor. It took some doing, but things are much better now.

JOE

Where is Jack anyway?

MARGIE

Oh, he's stuck for a few more days.

JOE

Seems like he's married to his job too.

MARGIE

I know. It makes me mad some times, but I guess it's a pretty common problem.

At that moment Jillian enters carrying lots of bags.

JOE

You bought more shoes?

EXT. DECK OF THE CHARTHOUSE RESTAURANT - SUNSET

Jillian, Margie and Joe are at a table on the upper deck eating and drinking.

MARGIE

(to Jillian) Are you sure you won't come along? Joe and I are having all the fun. Maybe we should cancel and do something we can all do.

JILLIAN

No! No! Don't be silly. Joe's been looking forward to this. Besides. Isn't scuba diving dangerous.

JOE

Not if you're careful, it's not.

JILLIAN

You know I'm not comfortable in the water. What I'd like to do is sleep in late. I still haven't caught up with the time change. (beat) So when do you leave? For scuba diving, I mean.

MARGIE

Joe has to meet Bobby at the pool at 7:30 to get checked out, then I'll meet up with them at Kailua Bay. Bobby said it shouldn't take you long to get used to the equipment since you were a lifeguard. By the way, don't let me forget to give you Jack's scuba gear, it's in the car.

Margie picks up her ice tea and takes a sip. Then with typical enthusiasm...

MARGIE (cont'd)

Isn't this place wonderful?

EXT. KANALOA CONDO LANAI - LATER

Jillian has her cell phone to her ear. In the background Joe is sitting on the couch watching TV.

JILLIAN

(whispering)

You said that before. This had better work! You're sure he'll drown. (beat) Okay.

EXT. KANALOA CONDO LANAI - DAY

Margie stands against the rail and looks out wistfully at the ocean. Tears are in her eyes. She holds a tall glass of something dark brown -- scotch maybe or a Long Island Ice Tea. She raises it and takes a long drink.

Jillian enters from behind through the sliding door. Margie turns.

JILLIAN
Margie! What's the matter?

Margie runs to Jillian and throws her arms around her. Margie begins to sob.

MARGIE
Oh, Jillian. It was awful!

JILLIAN
What happened?

MARGIE
Joe. Joe...

Joe staggers onto the scene through the sliding door.

JOE
(slurred)
Did she tell you? Isn't it awful?

Jillian spins around.

JILLIAN
Joe! What are... What..

Jillian slumps into a chair.

MARGIE
Jillian, you're husband was magnificent.

Jillian looks like she's been hit by a truck.

MARGIE (cont'd)
He saved Bobby's life.

JILLIAN
Bobby?

MARGIE
Yeah. Bobby had some kind of spasm or something underwater. He nearly drown. Joe gave him mouth to mouth.

Joe heads back inside.

JOE (O.S.)
It was nothing.

Jillian just sits and stares.

MARGIE
I'm going to call the hospital.

Margie dials her cell phone.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Hello. I'm calling about Bobby
Douglas. Can you tell me... He is?
You're sure? That's wonderful.

Joe reappears with a glass and a half-empty bottle of scotch.
He sees Margie's expression.

JOE
What is it?

MARGIE
He's going to be all right. Bobby's
going to be all right!

JOE
Let's have a drink to celebrate!

Joe downs a nearly full glass of scotch and falls into a chair.
Margie beams at him as tears stream down her face. Jillian
starts to cry, too.

INT. KONA POLICE STATION - DAY

Frank and Lo sit in the interrogation room across from each
other. Lo looks angry. Frank looks annoyed.

FRANK
We're not going over it again
detective. Both Mrs. Geanosa and Mr.
Thomas have given you statements.
Neither has a motive to hurt Bobby
Douglas.

Frank pushes back in his chair.

FRANK (cont'd)
As to why Mr. Douglas changed tanks
with Mr. Thomas, check with Mr.
Douglas. What you should be doing
detective is trying to find out where
the bad tank of air came from.

Frank stabs the table with his finger.

FRANK (cont'd)

Then you can determine if there's any reason for whoever filled it to want to injure Mr. Geanosa, whose tank it was, or Mr. Thomas, for whom the tank was initially intended.

Frank stabs the table again.

FRANK (cont'd)

In any event, Mr. Thomas SAVED Mr. Douglas' life! Would he do that if he wanted to kill him?

Lo sneers at Frank. There is genuine animosity between them.

LO

Okay, I got the statements. Don't tell me what I should be doing.

Lo leans forward and stabs the table with his finger.

LO (cont'd)

Since Mr. Thomas come to the island there has been a murder, the attempted downing of a helicopter, and now a near death by drowning. All are related to Mr. Thomas in one way or another.

Lo stabs the table again with his finger.

LO (cont'd)

Something is going on Mr. Bonza. Where there's smoke, there's fire. And Mr. Thomas is a real inferno.

The two glare at one another.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - MORNING

Jillian and Joe get dressed. Joe approaches Jillian from behind. He reaches around her and nuzzles her neck.

JOE

I had a little too much last night, but if you're in the mood...

He kisses her neck. Jillian spins free of him playfully.

JILLIAN

Didn't you get enough last night?

Joe is taken aback, but quickly hides it.

JOE

What? Oh... last night. How was I?

JILLIAN

Actually, I'm surprised you're still interested. I figured you'd be worn out! By the way, Margie called. She's on her way down.

JOE

Margie?

JILLIAN

The bike ride? You promised to ride with her?

JOE

I did?

JILLIAN

Yes, you did. Say, just how drunk were you? (beat) You DO remember having sex!

JOE

Of course I do. I was magnificent.

JILLIAN

Well, you weren't that good. But...

JOE

I am a little fuzzy on the bike thing. Are you going?

JILLIAN

(exasperated)

Don't you remember, I told you I have that conference call at noon. And I also have that file to review. When you get back we can have a nice dinner, and I'll be free for the rest of the vacation.

Joe sits on the bed.

JOE

You keep saying that, but... (beat) Aren't you afraid Margie and I are going to get cozy being together all the time?

JILLIAN

Are you trying to make me jealous?

JOE

Maybe. I'm feeling neglected, and I know Margie is upset with Jack for being away.

JILLIAN

You know, I've been wondering why Jack hasn't come back.

JOE

What do you mean?

JILLIAN

Nothing. Just go. Have a good time. I'll get the last of my work done.

Joe picks himself off the bed.

JOE

Okay. But when I come back you better be done with work and ready to vacation.

JILLIAN

I will. I promise.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Joe and Margie bike along the shoulder of the highway. Margie's biking outfit is skin tight, and Joe, who follows behind, can't take his eyes off her ass. Frustrated, he pulls alongside.

JOE

Why don't you let me take the lead?

Margie looks at Joe mischievously and begins to accelerate.

MARGIE

If you want the lead, you'll have to take it.

Margie sprints ahead. Joe takes off after her. The race is on. Eventually Joe pulls ahead of Margie. He continues to put distance between them. Coasting down a hill, Joe looks back and waves at Margie, who peddles furiously.

INT. BLACK LIMO

Jimmy looks through a pair of binoculars.

JIMMY'S POINT OF VIEW.

Joe pedals madly and Margie tries to catch up.

BACK TO SCENE

Jimmy holds up a mirror with a line of coke on it. He snorts it with a rolled up twenty.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Joe has put a football field between them when all of a sudden a big limo rockets past Margie. It just misses her and sends her swerving off the shoulder. She nearly loses control, but manages to stop safely. As Margie looks up, the limo bears down on Joe.

MARGIE

Look out, Joe!

Joe is too far away. Margie can only watch as the limo clips Joe's bike and sends him into the gravel on the side of the road and down the grade and out of view.

EXT. ROADSIDE

Margie races down the embankment toward Joe. Joe is standing, surveying raspberries on his shin and elbow. His bike is badly bent.

MARGIE

Thank God you're okay!

Joe looks at his elbow again.

MARGIE (cont'd)

You're bleeding.

JOE

It's just a scratch.

Joe looks down the highway at the disappearing limo.

JOE (cont'd)
I think he deliberately ran me off the road.

MARGIE
Do you think he was drunk! (beat) Oh, my. Look at your helmet.

Joe looks in the ditch. His helmet is cracked in two.

MARGIE (cont'd)
I'll get the car.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS

Jillian is by the pool again, holding the phone to her ear. We hear swimming again.

JILLIAN
He's still alive!

The swimming stops.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
That motherfucker is still alive!

Jillian drops the phone on the table next to her.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
Get that Jimmy guy on the phone.
We're doing it my way.

EXT. KANALOA CONDO - MORNING

Jillian is on the cell phone on the lanai, angry. Joe, in the kitchen, makes breakfast and whistles.

JILLIAN
She missed! Can you believe it? She missed! You said she was a sharpshooter. You said she couldn't miss!

EXT. EDWARD'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Joe, Margie and Jillian have just gotten their lunch.

JILLIAN

I got the call this morning. I can't say no. I'm still the new kid on the block.

MARGIE

When does your plane leave?

JILLIAN

I've got a direct to L.A. at 6:30.

JOE

I can't believe they'd call you in when you're on vacation. What kind of people do that!

JILLIAN

I told you I was going to work for Anal and Andy.

JOE

Well it's not right.

They eat quietly for a moment.

MARGIE

Our volcano trip!

JOE

Well, we'll have to cancel that.

JILLIAN

Why should you cancel? You've got reservations. I never wanted to go anyway. A lot of black rocks.

MARGIE

It may be your only chance to see it Joe.

JILLIAN

Go. It's right up your alley, Joe.

JOE

No. It doesn't seem right, and anyway, with my run of bad luck -- if it is bad luck, there'll be an eruption and we'll both be killed.

JILLIAN

But Joe.

JOE

No. I'm staying right here till you get back.

MARGIE

It's a pity you'll miss it, but we can do other things. Why don't you come up and swim tomorrow at my place?

JOE

Or you could come here and swim. We can watch for whales from here.

MARGIE

Okay? I'll bring my binoculars.

JILLIAN

Joe, I really think you should go to the volcano.

JOE

Absolutely not!

EXT. KANALOA CONDO - LATER

Margie and Joe are looking out at the ocean in the background. Jillian is on her cell phone, looking guilty.

JILLIAN

Well you'd better think of something!
He absolutely refuses to go!

EXT. AIRPORT

Joe opens the Volvo and takes out Jillian's carry on.

JOE

You're sure you don't want me to wait?

JILLIAN

Don't be silly. Go. Enjoy the sun.
I've got my book.

Jillian holds up a book.

JOE

Okay, then.

He gets back in the Volvo. Jillian watches him drive away.

INT. KANALOA CONDO - MORNING

Joe is asleep on the lanai. The doorbell rings. Joe stumbles through the condo to the door.

MARGIE

Hurry, Joe. It's me. I've got fantastic news.

Joe opens the door and Margie piles in. She's wearing a pastel pink sundress and big gold hoop earrings.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Guess what?

JOE

I don't like guessing games. What time is it?

MARGIE

It's ten o'clock sleepy head. Are you just waking up?

JOE

I was taking a nap.

MARGIE

Really? (beat) Never mind, I just got a call from Frank. They made an arrest.

JOE

An arrest.

MARGIE

For the murder. The guy in my pool.

JOE

Really?

MARGIE

Yes.

JOE

What...Why... Who was it?

MARGIE

Oh, I don't know. Frank said it was some lowlife. He didn't have all the details. But he knew we'd want to know.

JOE

Well that's really terrific news.
Thanks. But you could have called.

MARGIE

Well, I was hoping that you might
change your mind about the volcano.
Jillian called last night and asked me
to try to get you to go. She knows how
much you were looking forward to it
and...It really would be fun. Please
say you'll go.

JOE

I don't know, Margie.

MARGIE

You can't come to the Big Island and
not see the volcano. You just can't.

JOE

An arrest, huh.

MARGIE

Yes.

JOE

Well, I guess...

MARGIE

Fantastic. Pack a bag.

JOE

Okay. Okay. You go get packed and by
the time you...

MARGIE

I'm already packed! I knew I could
talk you into it.

JOE

Am I that predictable?

MARGIE

No. But I'm very persuasive when I
want to be.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Jillian is smoking in bed.

JILLIAN

This is his last chance. If Jimmy
doesn't get the job done this time...

EXT. KANALOA CONDO PARKING LOT

Joe throws his bag in the back of Margie's Miata and they speed
away.

EXT. VOLCANO HOUSE - DAY

Out back of the Volcano House, overlooking Kilauea caldera.

JOE

You weren't kidding! It's .. it's
awesome!

MARGIE

Isn't it!

Margie begins a 'pointing tour' of the volcano.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Over there, that's Halemaumau, the
Fire Pit. Over there, that's Kilauea
Iki. We'll hike that tomorrow if
you're up to it.

JOE

Wait, let me take a picture.

Margie strikes a pose. Joe takes a picture with the volcano in
the background.

MARGIE

Now let me take one of you.

A Japanese man motions he will take a picture of them both. Joe
hands him the camera and he and Margie pose. After he takes the
picture, the man motions he wants to take one of them with his
camera. They oblige and the man leaves.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Why do you suppose he wanted a picture
of us?

Joe looks at Margie's outfit.

JOE

Who knows. The Japanese love
pictures. Hey, where's the lava?

MARGIE

Magma.

JOE

Magma?

MARGIE

Yeah. They call the molten lava magma. The lava is everywhere.

JOE

Okay, professor. Where's the magma?

MARGIE

Oh, you can't see it from here. We'll have to drive to the end of Chain of Craters road and hike. We'll do that tomorrow evening, after we seen other stuff. How about dinner. I'm starved and the food here is wonderful!

JOE

Lead the way.

INT. VOLCANO HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe and Margie are at the door to Joe's rooms.

JOE

Thanks for dinner. I can't remember the last time I let a women buy me dinner.

MARGIE

Well, I wouldn't have pegged you for a chauvinist, but you're welcome. Be sure to set your alarm. You have to see the sunrise over the volcano.

JOE

I do?

MARGIE

Of course! It's spectacular. Six should be early enough.

JOE

I can do that. I'm going to sleep like a baby after that last drink.

Margie steps up to Joe and plants a kiss on his cheek.

MARGIE

Goodnight.

JOE

What was that for?

MARGIE

Oh, nothing really. I just think
you're wonderful, that's all.

Joe watches as Margie goes to the next door down and unlocks it. She gives Joe a smile and a wave and disappears.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joe stands in front of the sink and looks in the mirror. He is about to wash his face, but stops and looks at the perfectly shaped imprint of Margie's lipstick. Slowly, reluctantly, he washes it off.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - LATER

The lights are out. Joe lays in bed. He stares first at the ceiling, then at the clock. It's past midnight. He can't sleep. There's a soft knock on the door.

JOE

Who's there?

MARGIE

It's me. Let me in.

Joe gets up and goes to the door.

JOE

Margie? What's the matter?

MARGIE

Just open the door.

Joe puts on a robe and opens the door. Margie rushes passed.

JOE

What's wrong?

Margie is wearing a robe, but she shivers before she can speak.

MARGIE

My room has bugs!

JOE
(calmly)
Okay. I'll call the manager.

MARGIE
That won't do any good. I heard the
desk clerk say they were full tonight.
I'll have to sleep here.

JOE
But Margie, there's just the one bed.

MARGIE
It's a queen size bed?

Margie takes off her robe and exposes a short black teddy.
Luckily, it includes panties. She fluffs a pillow.

JOE
I'll tell you what, Margie. I'll stay
in your room.

MARGIE
Suit yourself, but there was a
cockroach the size of a Volkswagen in
the shower.

Joe hesitates. Margie climbs into bed and gets comfortable.

JOE
There's a couch in the lobby. I can
sleep there.

MARGIE
Taken. Two guys with backpacks. They
smell. But don't let me stop you.

Margie pats the bed next to her.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Come-on, Joe. We have to get some
sleep if we're going to see the
volcano tomorrow. (beat) Are you
afraid of me?

JOE
(nervous laugh)
Don't be silly. I just... How would
it look? I mean, if someone found
out.

MARGIE
What do you mean?

JOE

Well, what if Jack or Jillian found out?

MARGIE

Found out what? Joe, don't be silly.

Margie turns on her side and closes her eyes. Joe knows he's beat, still he looks about hopefully. Reluctantly Joe moves to the bed.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - LATER

Margie sleeps and snores softly. Joe lays on his stomach, eyes open. He looks at Margie next to him, then at the ceiling.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - MORNING

Joe opens his eyes slowly. Margie is in the bath area. She wears a shirt and shorts she's borrowed from Joe. The oversized outfit doesn't diminish her beauty, it seems almost to enhance it. Margie dries her hair with her fingers. She sees Joe in the mirror and talks to him through the mirror.

MARGIE

Morning sleepy-head. Do you always snore like that?

Margie tugs at the shorts.

MARGIE (cont'd)

I refuse to wear anything that spent the night in my room.

Margie stops and fluffs her hair.

MARGIE (cont'd)

I used your toothbrush. I hope you don't mind. Some people are funny about stuff like that. You know, personal stuff. I'll buy you a new one if you want. I'm going to have to buy a pair of shorts somewhere, these are way too big.

Margie tugs at the oversized shorts. Joe has propped himself up slightly, but remains in bed. Margie looks at herself one last time in the mirror, then heads for the door.

MARGIE (cont'd)
I'll meet you at the restaurant.
Don't be long.

JOE
Twenty minutes.

Margie exits, but before the door shuts...

MARGIE
Love, ya.

Margie is gone. Joe gets out of bed, mumbling. He shuffles to the bath area and looks down at a very messy sink.

JOE
(to his reflection)
'Love ya.' What does that mean?

Joe scratches his beard as if deciding whether or not to shave. He reaches for the toothpaste and finds it mangled and messy. Why can't women squeeze from the bottom?

INT. VOLCANO HOUSE RESTAURANT - SUNRISE

Joe sits at the window overlooking the caldera, his breakfast before him. Margie enters the dining room and begins talking before she gets to the table.

MARGIE
They're going to have everything
cleaned and find me a new room for
tonight.

Margie stops at the table and turns to model. She's still wearing Joe's shirt, but she's wearing a pair of skintight biking shorts. Everyone in the place turns to look at her.

MARGIE (cont'd)
I found them in the kid's section.
What do you think of the view?

Joe is still looking at Margie.

JOE
Spectacular.

Joe turns to look at the volcano. Margie slides into the chair across from him.

MARGIE
 (bubbly)
 Is that the best you can do?

Margie steals a piece of toast from Joe's plate and talks while she eats.

MARGIE (cont'd)
 Mark Twain stayed here once.

JOE
 Really?

MARGIE
 Yes. He did. There a sign out there with a quote from his visit. 'The smell of sulphur is strong, but not unpleasant to a sinner.' Isn't that a hoot. Do you like Twain?

JOE
 All I've really read is Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

MARGIE
 Oh, he wrote lots of other wonderful stuff. (beat) Do you think it's odd that he's my favorite writer.

JOE
 Why?

MARGIE
 I mean. I'm a woman and all.

JOE
 So?

MARGIE
 Do you know what he said about golf?

JOE
 No.

MARGIE
 He said, 'Golf is a good walk ruined!' I wish I could come up with stuff like that.

JOE
 You write?

Marie looks about conspiratorially.

MARGIE

Yes. But don't tell anyone.

JOE

Why not? Have you been published?

MARGIE

Heavens no! But I write a little every day and I keep a diary.

JOE

What do you write?

MARGIE

Children's stories.

JOE

Really? (beat) Do you every wish you'd had children?

MARGIE

I'd make a terrible mom.

JOE

Actually, I think you'd make a wonderful mother.

MARGIE

Really? Did you and Jillian ever want kids?

JOE

We discussed it... The timing never seemed right.

MARGIE

I know what you mean.

JOE

So you've been collecting rejection slips. That must be hard.

MARGIE

(leaning in)

To be honest, I've never had the nerve to send anything off.

Margie steals a piece of fruit off Joe's plate.

JOE

But how do you know if what you've written is any good?

MARGIE
I don't. (beat) You're the only one
I've ever told.

JOE
Me? Why me?

Margie chews and looks out the window, then back at Joe.

MARGIE
I don't know. It just popped out.
You have a certain 'you can trust me
with your deepest secrets' quality.
Promise you won't tell?

Joe ponders. Margie waits for his promise. Joe shakes his
head back and forth.

JOE
Okay. I promise. On one condition.

MARGIE
What's that?

JOE
You've got to promise to send
something out.

Margie looks off toward the caldera again.

MARGIE
Maybe I will. Sometime.

Margie steals more fruit.

JOE
Help yourself.

MARGIE
Thanks.

JOE
So what's the plan.

MARGIE
Oh, let's see...

EXT. THURSTON LAVA TUBE - DAY

At the entrance to the lava tube, Joe hesitates.

JOE
You're sure it's safe?

MARGIE
Of course. It's ancient.

Margie starts walking into the tube, Joe follows cautiously.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Imagine. The whole volcano is
honeycombed with lava tubes like this.
Some big, some little. Imagine what it
was like when lava was pumping through
it.

Joe imagines and looks about nervously.

EXT. KILAUEA IKI CRATER - DAY

They look out from the observation point onto the floor of the crater. Margie takes out a brochure and opens it. Joe looks over her shoulder.

INSERT - PICTURE OF ERUPTING VOLCANO.

JOE
So this was filled with lava?

MARGIE
Well, not filled, but there was a lake
of molten lava. Imagine! Do you want
to hike across?

JOE
Maybe another time. Shouldn't we head
down to ... what's it again.

MARGIE
The Chain of Craters Road. Yes, I
suppose we should. There are a few
places to stop along the way.

EXT. END OF CHAIN OF CRATERS ROAD - SUNSET

Joe and Margie climb out of the car and Margie takes a backpack from the Trunk. They head for the lava flow.

A moment later, Sgt. Koi drives up and parks behind Margie's car. He takes out his binoculars.

KOI'S P.O.V.

Margie and Joe make their way over the lava.

BACK TO SCENE

Sgt. Koi puts his seat back and gets comfortable.

EXT. LAVA FLOW - LATER

Joe and Margie are out on the lava flats. There are a few small groups of people in the background coming and going. Joe has just made his way up a small mound and reaches to help Margie.

MARGIE

I've got lots of water, and I bought candy and trail mix and stuff. I also bought a brand new flashlight.

JOE

You're sure it's safe out here after dark?

MARGIE

Of course, silly. That's the best time to see the magma.

JOE

How far is it?

Margie shrugs and looks around. A lone HIKER picks his way over the lava near them.

MARGIE

Hello? Can you tell me how much farther is it to the lava?

The man pauses, takes off his hat and wipes his forehead.

HIKER

(Australian accent)

Oh, you've got a good hour I'd say.
(beat) Hope you brought a torch along.
It'll be dark by the time you head back. Don't want to be out here without a torch. Dark as anything.

MARGIE

We've got a flashlight.

HIKER

Give yourself plenty of time, too.
Last year and it took me nearly three
hours to hike out.

JOE

Thanks. Have a safe trip.

HIKER

Same to you, mate.

The Hiker continues. Joe looks down at the rough terrain.
Margie notices.

MARGIE

We'll be fine. Even if it takes us
all night. It's warm. We've got
plenty of food and water. The
flashlight's brand new and just in
case...

Margie opens her pack and pulls out another flashlight.

MARGIE (cont'd)

...I bought a spare. Besides, there's
always someone else making the trip.

EXT. LAVA FLOW - LATER

Joe and Margie sit on the lava near where the magma enters the
ocean. As the magma trickles into the ocean it causes a plume
of white steam which rises into a cloudless, star-filled sky.

JOE

Any more of those macadamia nuts?

Margie opens her pack and fishes out nuts and a candy bar.

MARGIE

You have the nuts. I'm eating the
Snickers.

They eat quietly for a moment. Joe looks up at the stars.
Margie looks up too.

JOE

I should take a picture of the
lava...magma.

MARGIE

You should to show Jillian. Do you know there's just one thing you can't take a picture of?

JOE

One thing? What's that? The stars?

MARGIE

No. The dark. You can take pictures of things silhouetted in the darkness. Or you can take pictures of stars, or the moon or anything light. But you have to look at those pictures in the light. You really can't capture darkness on film. Except, of course, in movies.

JOE

Where did you learn that?

MARGIE

I don't know. I think it just occurred to me one time.

JOE

That's very perceptive.

MARGIE

Want some trail mix?

JOE

No thanks. I'm full. I'm just going to lay back and enjoy the stars.

Joe leans back and so does Margie.

MARGIE

Do you believe in God?

JOE

I don't know. I used to, but that was when I was a little kid. Now I have my doubts. What about you?

MARGIE

I don't know either. But the other day I was listening to some people on the radio and they were arguing about whether God was a man or a woman. Isn't that the silliest thing. How could God be either a man or a woman?

(MORE)

MARGIE(cont'd)

I mean, what would God do with sex organs? It doesn't make any sense?

JOE

I don't think I've ever thought of that. But it doesn't make sense does it.

MARGIE

No it doesn't.

Joe sits up and looks around.

JOE

Should we head back? It's getting late and I don't like that dark line coming from the east. I'll bet this smooth lava - what did you call it?

MARGIE

Pahoehoe.

JOE

I'll bet this pahoehoe gets awfully slick in the rain.

MARGIE

Joe, I didn't know you were such a worrywart. But I'm ready to go.

They gather up their stuff.

JOE

Lead the way.

Margie turns on the flashlight and they follow the light carefully.

EXT. LAVA FLOW - LATER

It is pitch dark.

JOE

I thought the batteries were new!

Margie clicks the switch back and forth to no avail.

MARGIE

I just bought the damn things!

Margie looks up at a cloudy sky. She fishes out the spare flashlight and turns it on. They begin to hike again.

EXT. LAVA FLOW - LATER

On the lava. Pitch dark. Margie flips the switch of the flashlight angrily. Then tosses it back in her bag.

MARGIE

Well, what do you want to do? I don't think we can make it across the lava without a flashlight.

JOE

Let's find a place out of the wind. Someplace that might offer shelter from rain.

MARGIE

Don't be such a pessimist, Joe. It's not going to rain!

EXT. AGAINST A LARGE MOUND OF LAVA - NIGHT

Margie and Joe sit against the lava. Margie sneezes.

MARGIE

That last shower soaked me pretty good. I wish I'd remembered my space blanket. You know when you live in the tropics, you never think of being cold. How're you doing?

JOE

I'm wet. And cold. Move to the left a little. I think the wind shifted.

Margie wiggles to the left. Joe wiggles after her.

MARGIE

Better?

JOE

A little.

MARGIE

We need to huddle, Joe. To conserve our body heat.

Margie snuggles close to Joe and reaches around him so that she is hugging him. She lays her head on his chest.

MARGIE (cont'd)

That's better, isn't it? Put your arm around me. (Joe does) I read a story about these people that froze to death hiking somewhere. It think it was up a mountain. Anyway, the article said if they had been less modest and huddled together to conserve body heat, they would have survived.

Joe says nothing. He leans his head on Margie's fondly.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Did you hear me?

JOE

(tenderly)

Yeah. I heard.

MARGIE

You can see the stars over there. I think it's done raining.

At that moment the clouds part and the moon illuminates them. Margie pulls away from Joe for a second and looks west, then lays her head back on his chest and cuddles him close.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Sometimes I lay out by the pool with all the lights out and stargaze for hours. Do you ever do that, Joe?

JOE

Not in Chicago. Not this time of year. But when I was a kid, I used to go sledding at this huge hill. When we got tired of sledding we'd lay on our backs and look up at the stars and try to name constellations.

Margie gives Joe a hug and looks up at him. She smiles. Their eyes meet. Joe's feelings for Margie suddenly overwhelm him. He leans down, pulls Margie close and kisses her passionately.

But he's got it wrong!

Margie yelps and struggles free. She pulls back and slaps Joe hard, then scrambles to her feet. She stands in front of him breathing hard.

MARGIE

What was that! Just what was that,
Joe? Are you trying to take
advantage...

Joe scrambles to his feet. He realizes he's misread the
situation.

JOE

No. Of course not! I only...

MARGIE

...of the circumstances. I'm
a married woman. You're a
married man! Just what...

JOE

I'm sorry Margie, I thought...
We've been...

MARGIE

I thought I knew you, but
obviously I don't. Is this the
kind of person you are?
Jillian is my best friend!

JOE

I know, I know. I'm really not like
that. I don't know what came over me.
We were... I was... Listen Margie,
that wasn't like me. Honest. It's
just ...

Joe takes a step toward her, he wants make up, but Margie backs
away.

JOE (cont'd)

(slowly)

I'm... I'm sorry. I can't explain. I
swear, I'm not ... Please forgive me.
Please?

Margie looks as if she might cry, her arms are across her
chest.

MARGIE

Here things were going so well, and I
was feeling so close to you and
enjoying your company so much and you
have to go and do something like that.

Margie kicks the ground.

MARGIE (cont'd)

You make me so angry, Joe Thomas!

JOE

(pleading)

It's not like me. Honest.

Margie stands quietly for a moment, then shakes herself and straightens up. Her arms fall to her sides.

MARGIE

(sternly)

Okay, I'm going to forgive you. We're going to pretend it never happened. And you won't let it happen again will you?

JOE

Okay. No. It won't. I... Thank you, Margie.

MARGIE

(still stern)

Then that's that. (beat) I don't think under the circumstances we should huddle anymore.

JOE

You're right. Maybe we should do some exercises! You know, get the blood circulating.

MARGIE

That's a good idea, Joe. It's too dangerous to run in place; how about deep knee bends?

Margie begins to do deep knee bends in the dark.

JOE

Yeah! Deep knee bends, and push-ups.

Joe begins knee bends.

MARGIE

That's the idea.

Joe starts doing pushups. Suddenly, a light washes over them. Joe and Margie look toward the light.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Oh, thank goodness.

JIMMY

This is a strange place for calisthenics.

Margie and Joe stop exercising and close together as Jimmy approaches. They cannot see his face. To them, he is just a shadow behind a bright light.

JIMMY (cont'd)
You folks in trouble?

JOE
Not any more. Our flashlight gave
out. Can you get us back?

JIMMY
Sure, no problem. Headed there
myself. Thought it looked like you
were in trouble. Come along.

Jimmy turns and begins to lead the way. He shines the
flashlight on the ground so that Margie and Joe can see.

MARGIE
I'm Margie. This is Joe.

JIMMY
Nice to meet you. My name's Lou. Watch
your step.

EXT. LAVA FLOW - LATER

They all move cautiously over the lava. Jimmy continues to
lead.

JOE
Lou, it seems to me we're going out of
our way.

MARGIE
I agree.

JOE
I need a drink. Let's take a rest.
We're getting a long way from the
ocean. I seem to remember some pretty
heavy country this way.

Jimmy turns off the flashlight. Shadows of the three as they
drink from water bottles.

JOE (cont'd)
Now what I suggest...

JIMMY
(gruffly)
I don't care what you suggest.

JOE
I beg your pardon?

MARGIE
Joe, what's going on?

Margie moves toward Joe. They stand together.

JIMMY (cont'd)
We're going for a hike up to those
trees whether you like it or not.

Joe steps forward.

JOE
Now just a minute...

We hear the sound of a gun cocking.

JOE (cont'd)
What was that?

JIMMY
A Walther P87.

JOE
A what?

Margie takes Joe's arm to hold him.

MARGIE
It's a gun, Joe. He's got a gun.
(beat) Look, if you want money...

JIMMY
I'm not here for money. (beat) How
much you got?

MARGIE
I've only got about twenty. But I've
got diamond earrings...

JIMMY
No jewelry. What about you, lover-boy?

JOE
A couple hundred. Some traveler's ...

JIMMY
Traveler's checks! Give me a break.
Gimme the money, both of you.

They empty their pockets and pass it to Jimmy.

JIMMY (cont'd)
Okay, blondie. Take the flashlight and
lead the way. Lover boy is going
next. Anybody tries anything and
that's it.

Margie turns on the flashlight and they start to move slowly in single file.

MARGIE

You know if you shoot us, everyone will hear. The sound carries forever out here.

JIMMY

Not if I use a silencer.

MARGIE

Oh, yes, of course. Not if you use a silencer. (beat) Joe, watch your step. It's very tricky here. (beat) If you're not here to rob us, what are you doing here?

JIMMY

Just keep moving.

JOE

You're going to kill us aren't you?

Margie stops. Joe and Jimmy stop behind her.

MARGIE

Joe! If he wanted to kill us, he could have done that already.

JOE

Yeah, but then we'd be laying out on the lava. All those helicopters flying over. In a few hours someone would spot the bodies. It could be days or weeks before they find us in the trees. That right?

JIMMY

Your a smart guy. Keep going.

MARGIE

If you're really going to kill us, then I'm not going any further. If you're going to kill me. Do it now!

JOE

Margie, I don't ...

JIMMY

Okay, blondie. If you're going to be difficult. But I don't think I'll shoot you. I think I'll shoot your
(MORE)

JIMMY(cont'd)

boyfriend. Then you can drag him.
How's that?

JOE

Margie?

Margie begins to walk.

MARGIE

Okay. I'm going. But tell me, why
kill us?

JIMMY

It's a job.

MARGIE

You mean somebody hired you to kill
us? Who? Tell me. If you're going
to kill us, what difference does it
make?

JIMMY

Quiet, lady. I'm not answering any
questions. Just keep...

We hear the sound of cracking lava and then Lou's shadow drops
out of sight.

JIMMY (O.S.) (cont'd)

What the ...

Jimmy's gun falls to the ground, discharges and skitters across
the lava. There is a loud thud. Joe and Margie scream and fall
to the ground.

JIMMY (O.S) (cont'd)

...fuck?

Margie recovers first. She shines the flashlight along the
ground until it illuminates the gun.

MARGIE

Joe! Get the gun!

Joe crawls quickly toward the gun, grabs it and stands up.
Margie rushes to join him.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Are you okay?

JOE

Yeah, I'm fine.

MARGIE

What happened?

Margie is scanning the area for Jimmy (Lou).

JIMMY (O.S.)

I fell in a fucking hole. I broke my
fucking arm, that's what happened.
(beat) Get me out of here!

Margie and Joe walk cautiously to the edge of the hole and shine the light in. Jimmy holds his hand up and squints up at them. He holds his arm.

MARGIE

Let's get out of here.

Margie starts to leave.

JOE

Wait a minute. We can't just leave
him.

MARGIE

Why the hell not? He was going to
kill us.

JOE

I know but...

MARGIE

We'll go back to the car, get help,
and let the police deal with him.

Margie shines the light in the hole. Jimmy (Lou) again covers his face.

JOE

You think we should just leave him?

MARGIE

For Pete's sake, Joe, he's a hit man!
You can't be sympathetic to a hit man!

JOE

I suppose you're right.

Joe starts to fiddle with the gun.

MARGIE

Give me that.

Margie takes the gun and goes back to the hole. She shines the light on Jimmy (Lou).

MARGIE (cont'd)
Okay, listen Lou, if that's your real name. We're going to leave you right where you are, so get comfy. Someone'll be here later to arrest you. Here.

Margie drops two candy bars and a bottle of water in the hole.

JIMMY (O.S.)
You can't leave me here!

Margie turns to Joe.

MARGIE
Come on, let's go.

JOE
Wait, let me leave this here to mark the spot. It should be easy to see from the air.

Joe removes his jacket and anchors it with a piece of lava.

MARGIE
You're too soft, Joe. I was thinking of putting a couple of slugs in him.

JOE
You were not.

MARGIE
I was! It'd serve him right! Hey, wait a minute.

Margie goes over to the hole and points the gun at Jimmy (Lou).

MARGIE (cont'd)
Who hired you to kill us?

JOE
Margie, don't shoot him!

MARGIE
Come on buster, I'm going to count to ten, then I'm going to shoot.

JIMMY (O.S.)
You aren't going to shoot.

MARGIE
I'm going to shoot!
One...two...three...

JOE
Margie. No!

JIMMY (O.S.)
You aren't going to shoot.

MARGIE
Four...five...six...seven...eight...
nine...

We hear the sound of the gun cocking.

JOE
Margie!

MARGIE
Ten!

Margie stands a moment then lets the gun fall to her side. She turns and begins to lead the way.

MARGIE(cont'd)
How did he know I wouldn't shoot him?
(beat) Who would want to kill us?

JOE
I don't know. The police can figure
it out.

MARGIE
Watch your step. It's really rough
here.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Come back. Get me out of here!

JOE
You're sure we should just leave him?

MARGIE
Joe! Honestly!

INT. JACK'S VOLVO - LATER

Joe and Margie sit in the dark.

JOE

It started when I took that guy's picture in Honolulu. Somehow there's a connection between the incident in Honolulu, the dead guy in your pool, and the guy who just tried to kill us. And maybe all those little 'accidents' I've been having.

MARGIE

But what? What's the motive? Is it just the dead man's friends thinking you killed him?

JOE

It's got to be more than that. They could have shot me or killed me any number of times. I'd give anything not to have erased that picture. I'll bet there's a clue in it!

Margie reaches over and puts a hand on Joe's arm.

MARGIE

Joe! I remember reading that everything you do on your computer can be traced, even after you delete it.

JOE

Yeah, so. I recall reading the same thing. They caught some child pornographers that way.

MARGIE

Do you think it's the same with a digital camera?

JOE

I don't know.

MARGIE

I'm going to call Daisy.

JOE

Who's Daisy?

MARGIE

Oh, she's a friend from the gym. She's a computer geek. She knows everything.

Margie pulls out her cell phone. Then puts it back.

MARGIE (cont'd)
No reception.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Lo and Joe sit in the interrogation room on opposite sides of the table. Joe leans back in his chair, Lo leans forward aggressively.

LO
You're going away, Mr. Thomas, unless you start talking. I've got an officer missing, and you've got his gun. A bullet's been fired from it...

Joe crosses his arms.

JOE
I'm not saying anything till my lawyer gets here.

LO
What did you do with officer Koi?

JOE
You're officer was going to kill us!

LO
Gimme a break. I've known Koi for twenty years. He's a highly decorated member of this department. You and the lady cooked up a bad story. Where did you leave him?

JOE
I already told you. Did you look?

LO
We looked. There was no marker. We didn't find a collapsed lava tube. Nothing.

JOE
Then he must have climbed out!

LO
You said his arm was broken! Do you think he crawled out with a broken arm?

JOE
HE told me his arm was broken. I
didn't examine it!

LO
So you just left him with a broken
arm?

JOE
He was going to kill us!

LO
Why was he going to kill you?

JOE
He wouldn't say.

LO
Who hired him?

JOE
He wouldn't say.

LO
You're beginning to repeat yourself,
Mr. Thomas.

Lo leans back and changes tactics. Now he's the good cop.

LO (cont'd)
Listen. Why don't you make it easy on
yourself. You lead me to the body and
you testify against Mrs. Geanosa, and
you'll still have some life left when
you get out of prison.

JOE
I want my lawyer!

LO
You don't want to make a deal? Fine.
Let's see if your partner's
interested.

INT. ANOTHER INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Margie and Lo in another interrogation room. Margie sits
straight and alert, Lo stands and paces.

LO

...so you see, you tell me what really happened, then you get to make the deal. You do the easy time.

MARGIE

So, if I confess and tell you what really happened, I get a couple years?

LO

Maybe less. Maybe probation. I've seen that before. Judge decides you've been misled by some sleazy guy, they all but let you walk. What do you say? Let's make a deal.

Margie leans forward and stacks her fists on the table and rests her chin on them.

MARGIE

I don't know. I'm not a squealer. I don't want to rat Joe out.

LO

Don't think of it that way. Think of it as... clearing your conscience. Confession is good for the soul.

Margie sits up and lays her hands flat on the table.

MARGIE

Okay. Here's what happened...

EXT. KONA POLICE STATION

Joe, Margie, and Frank leave the police station.

JOE

How come we don't have to post bail?

FRANK

Because they never charged you. They didn't have anything to charge you with. Based on your statements, all they have is a missing police officer who you claim tried to kill you. They don't believe that, but they have no evidence. They can't charge you without evidence.

Frank shakes his finger at Margie.

FRANK (cont'd)

And you young lady. Never ever play games with these guys. If I hadn't shown up when I did and you'd told that story of yours to Lo, you'd both be behind bars, probably without bail.

MARGIE

But he was being such a dick! 'Just tell me what reallllly happened.' I wanted to smack him! We we're nearly killed by that guy and they won't believe us! They're trying to make us look guilty! (beat) You believe us don't you Frank.

FRANK

Yes, Margie, I believe you. (beat) Listen, I've got to get back to the office now, but we need to talk. Come by my office after six.

Frank has arrived at his car. He gets in. Joe and Margie watch him drive off.

MARGIE

Come on. Let's go to my place and try to figure out what's going on.

INT. MARGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe and Margie enter.

MARGIE

Take the guest room and make yourself comfortable. I'm going to fix drinks.

Margie disappears and Joe crosses the living room. On his way he notices the answering machine light is blinking.

JOE

You've got a message.

MARGIE (O.S.)

Play it.

Joe hits the button on the machine.

DAISY (V.O.)

Hi Margie. It's Daisy. Bring that photo stick by anytime. I won't know till I try, but I should be able to
(MORE)

DAISY(cont'd)

find something on it unless you shot a lot of pictures afterwards. Bye.

Margie appears and hands Joe a drink. Give me the phone.

INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS

Jillian sits by the pool; she's on her cell phone.

JILLIAN

He blew it again? I can't believe it!
The little shit, I ought to... (beat)
Okay. Yeah. Finally you see. But
what do we do with the bodies? (beat)
Yeah, that's a great idea. I'll be
waiting. Chiao.

INT. DAISY'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - DAY

Daisy's apartment looks like an add for Pottery Barn except for the addition of an eclectic assortment of softball trophies, computer paraphernalia, and frog paintings.

DAISY BLAKE, 30, studious, boyish, attractive, wears trendy glasses, is in front of her computer. Joe stands beside. Margie floats about the apartment looking at paintings and trophies.

JOE

What are you doing?

DAISY

It's a program I use for screening deleted information. Whenever information is deleted on a computer, or, as is the case, a memory stick, the information is not actually deleted, just the pointer to that information. Generally, the information itself is there until it's over written.

JOE

I'm going to pretend I understood that.

Margie picks up a small statue of a frog and examines it.

MARGIE

Isn't she a wiz?

JOE
I suppose I'll have to join the
computer world someday. I only...

DAISY
Here's one. I'll bring it up on the
monitor.

Margie rushes over. They stare at the monitor.

INSERT - MONITOR IMAGE OF SCENE AT HONOLULU AIRPORT

JOE (O.S.)
That's it!

MARGIE (O.S.)
And look, Joe. Look who the dead guy
from the pool is shaking hands with!

DAISY (O.S.)
What dead guy!

BACK TO SCENE

JOE
It's officer Koi! Our friendly
neighborhood hit man. Wait till
Detective Lo... Can you print that?

DAISY
Sure. What about a dead guy in a
pool?

MARGIE
It's complicated. I'll explain later.

Joe has the printout and heads for the door.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Wait. We should call Frank first.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - LATER

Margie leads the way into Frank's office, an expensive blend of
leather, mahogany and law books. A silver tea service sits in
the middle of a coffee table.

MARGIE
I wonder where...

Frank enters in a rush.

FRANK

I'm glad you called me before you took that photo to detective Lo. Where is it?

Joe hands it to him.

FRANK (cont'd)

Thanks. And the... what's it called?

JOE

Memory stick.

Joe hands Frank the memory stick. Frank looks at it closely.

FRANK

Did you make any copies? (beat) The reason I ask is the police are going to...

JOE

No. I don't think so.

FRANK

So there may be a copy on your friend's PC? What was her name...

MARGIE

Daisy Douglas. I could call...

FRANK

That's not necessary. Just jot down her name and address and phone number. I'll have someone follow-up with her tomorrow. Were are my manners. Please sit down. I'm just going to run across the hall.

After Frank leaves.

JOE

Nice place.

The door opens. Joe and Margie look up to see Jimmy (aka Lou) enter holding a gun. Joe and Margie leap to their feet.

MARGIE (cont'd)

You!

JOE

You!

JIMMY

Sit down.

They sit.

MARGIE

How did you get out?

JIMMY

Shut up!

The door opens again and Frank returns. Frank takes the gun from Jimmy.

FRANK

Put the handcuffs on 'em.

MARGIE

Frank? What's going on?

FRANK

Sorry, Margie. No time for chit chat. Jimmy, there's some duct tape in the bottom door of my desk.

Jimmy finishes handcuffing them and goes to the desk.

FRANK (cont'd)

(to Joe)

You know you're the luckiest son of a bitch I've ever met. I've been busting my hump trying to kill you for the last ten days and you're still vertical. You're a regular Felix the cat!

JOE

I don't understand. Why would you want to kill me? I don't even know you!

MARGIE

It's Jillian isn't it? You two are having an affair.

JOE

Jillian?

MARGIE

It's the only thing that makes sense, Joe. Think about it. Jillian's been awful to you...

Jimmy puts tape over Margie's mouth.

JOE

But why would she want to kill me? I'd give her a divorce if she asked.

FRANK

Love and money, Joe. It's what makes the world go 'round. You should know that.

JOE

But I don't have any money.

FRANK

Not alive you don't.

JOE

You're going to kill me for a lousy fifty thousand dollars?

FRANK

Try two million. Jillian took out another policy last year. It's for two million dollars.

JOE

Two million?

FRANK

And to collect all we had to do was arrange a little accident for you. Neither one of us figured you were going to have nine lives, Joe.

JOE

But...

FRANK

That's enough chit chat. Jimmy!

Jimmy slaps a piece of tape over Joe's mouth. Frank turns to Margie.

FRANK (cont'd)

I'm really sorry, Margie. I always liked you. We never meant for you to get involved, but you and Joe got so close. But it's just as well, I guess. It's neater this way. (to Jimmy) Let's get 'em to the car.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They are all at the side of the building. Jimmy looks out. The lot is deserted. Jimmy and Frank lead them to a parked panel trunk.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Margie and Joe are led across a strip of sand to where a dingy waits. Jimmy and Frank help them in.

FRANK
No funny business or you'll have to
learn to swim in handcuffs.

Jimmy pushes them into the surf.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

Frank takes Margie under the arms and pulls her aboard.

FRANK
Go sit in the back next to Joe.

Margie sits next to Joe on the seat across the back of the boat, Jimmy reattaches their handcuffs to the rail that circles the aft portion of the boat. Frank takes the controls and the boat heads out to sea.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - LATER

Lights from shore are in the distance, the engine idles.

FRANK
Okay. That's far enough. Get the
chains.

Jimmy gets long lengths of chain from the dry tank and throws them on the deck. Then he drops a length of chain by the feet of each prisoner. Joe and Margie exchange eye contact. So this is how it ends. Jillian appears from below. She walks over to Margie.

JILLIAN
I'm sorry Margie.

Jillian turns to Joe.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
See? See how it is, Joe? You're
always screwing everything up!
Everything!

The sound of the boat moving fast carries across the water.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

What's that?

In the distance, lights from a boat can be seen.

JIMMY

Just someone coming in from night fishing. Let's get this over with.

At that moment, a spotlight from the boat searches toward them. A flare goes up, illuminating the scene.

FRANK

That's no fishing boat.

Frank opens the throttle and flees in toward shore. The ride gets noticeable bumpy.

JILLIAN

What'll we do?

FRANK

Just what we planned. We dump 'em. The police can't pin a murder on us if they don't have any bodies. It's a mile deep here. They won't find anything. Jimmy! Chain them up.

All eyes turn to Jimmy, but Jimmy doesn't move. He's got his gun out and it's pointed at Frank.

FRANK (cont'd)

What the hell do you think you're doing. Put that gun away! Get them over the side.

JIMMY

Sorry, Frank. It ain't going to happen that way. I haven't killed anyone yet. I'll do time for part, but not as much as you. Give me your gun.

FRANK

Why you double-crossing...

A gun materializes in Frank's hand. He fires. Jimmy falls back on the deck, but manages to squeeze off a round as he falls. Frank staggers and falls forward on the controls. The boat lurches forward. Frank staggers backward. The boat hits a rogue wave and Frank is catapulted overboard. Jillian freezes for a moment, then ...

JILLIAN

Frank!

Jillian dives over the side.

Margie tears the tape off her mouth; Joe follows suit.

MARGIE

Oh my God, Joe. We're saved!

Joe nods toward the shore, which they are racing toward at full speed.

JOE

Not yet, we're not.

MARGIE

Can you reach the throttle?

Joe pulls his handcuff along the rail as far as he can. He reaches out with his foot, but he's short of his goal. He stretches. Only inches separate his foot from the control.

JOE

The keys!

Margie pulls her handcuffs along the rail as far as she can. She kicks off her sandal and reaches out her foot. She can touch Jimmy's pocket, but can't get inside. She looks up.

MARGIE

Joe!

The tone of her voice caused Joe to stop and look up. The shore looms close. The police boat is closing, but not fast enough.

Margie gives up trying to get the key. She turns her attention instead to the latch to the engine compartment which is just in front the seat they've been sitting on. She unlatches it with her foot and kicks it open. The noise level increases dramatically. Margie hesitates.

MARGIE (cont'd)

It's too dark. I can't see!

With reckless abandon, Margie sticks her foot into the darkness.

JOE

Don't!

The shore looms closer. Joe stretches out. His toes are now only millimeters from the throttle control.

JOE (cont'd)

Damn it!

Margie pulls her foot out suddenly. There is a length of black cord between her toes.

The engine sputters. First once, then twice. Their speed drops dramatically. They look at one another.

JOE (cont'd)

You did it! You did it, Margie!

The sputtering continues a beat longer, but then the engine catches and they are thrown back as the cruiser again races full throttle toward the shore.

Margie stares at the cord between her toes. She kicks it aside and sticks her foot back into the darkness of the engine compartment. Joe stretches out again with his foot. They are almost to shore. Lava boulders loom.

Then suddenly, the engine sputters again. Once, twice, three times and then it dies.

Joe and Margie look at one another. They're afraid to celebrate for a moment. Then the miracle sinks in. Margie smiles and shakes her head.

MARGIE

You know what, Joe? I think we're out of gas!

EXT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT

Joe stands by Lo and rubs his wrists. Margie talks to a policeman who's takes notes. Jimmy is attended to by a policeman.

JOE

Is he going to live?

LO

I think so. Though he may wish he was dead.

Margie joins them.

LO(cont'd)

at the station, I sent a car to Frank's office. Something seemed wrong, so we started looking for you...

MARGIE

But how did you know we were on the boat?

LO

We got lucky. One of the men called the harbor and we found out your boat was out. It didn't make sense. We knew your husband was in L.A. I played a hunch.

MARGIE

And we're very glad you did.

A boat approaches and pulls alongside.

LO

Here's your ride. I'll need to talk to you both later.

INT. KONA POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe enters and makes his way to Detective Lo's desk.

JOE

Aloha, detective. I'm on my way to the airport and I thought I'd stop by to make sure I've signed all the papers I needed to and it was okay to leave. You told me not to leave...

LO

No. No. No. That's fine, Mr. Thomas. You take care of all the arrangements?

JOE

You mean Jillian's body? Yeah. I guess. (beat) Say. There's one thing I meant to ask. How did that guy wind up in Margie's pool?

LO

He was someone Frank hired to work with Jimmy, but he got greedy. Frank invited him up to Margie's and shot him there because he figured it was a great cover. Everyone knew Jack was on the mainland, and no one knew about

(MORE)

LO(cont'd)

him and Jillian. It's just dumb luck that you met him in Honolulu and took his picture.

JOE

I guess that makes sense. I any of this makes sense.

LO

You know I'm actually I'm a little surprised you're leaving.

JOE

Why's that?

LO

I thought you and Mrs. Geanosa...

JOE

Detective. I'll stop you right there. I know what you thought. And I guess I know why. Margie and I spent a lot of time together and it might have appeared at times that we were... But we weren't. Margie would never do anything ... inappropriate.

LO

I didn't mean to imply... It just seemed you enjoyed each other's company.

JOE

I certainly enjoyed her's. (beat) Actually, I haven't had a chance to talk to her since you rescued us. What with the interviews and the arrangements and all. I understand Jack's back. That's good. She can get her life back to normal now. I called to say aloha, but no one answered. I left a message. I'll call her again from Chicago. (beat) Well, detective, my taxi's waiting.

Joe extends his hand. Lo takes it.

LO

Aloha, Mr. Thomas. Good luck.

JOE

Aloha, detective.

INT. TAXI - DAY

As the taxi makes its way toward the airport, Joe takes out his camera and begins to review the photos he's taken.

C.U. CAMERA SCREEN

Images appear in a miniature slide-show. All the images are of Margie or include Margie in some way.

EXT. AIRPORT

The taxi pulls up at the curb to the airport, Joe exits. He gets in line for his boarding pass. As he waits, he takes out his camera and starts to review the photos again. A VERY OLD WOMAN behind him tries to peak at the camera.

WOMAN

Did you get some nice memories?

JOE

Yes. Yes I did.

WOMAN

That's nice. It's beautiful here isn't it?

JOE

Yes. Very beautiful.

WOMAN

Where are you from?

JOE

Chicago.

WOMAN

Oh, my. Well they won't keep you very warm, will they. I think its sad we satisfy ourselves with pictures of the things we love, and don't try hard enough to get what it is we love.

Joe ponders this.

WOMAN (cont'd (cont'd)

I fell in love with Hawaii the first time I came here, but it took me twenty years before I made the move. When I think about it, I can't imagine

(MORE)

WOMAN(cont'd)

why I didn't do it right then and there. It's an easy place to fall in love with, isn't it?

JOE

Yes. Yes it is.

Joe realizes what he has to do.

JOE (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I've forgotten something very important.

Joe drops everything and jumps out of line. He rushes away.

WOMAN

Wait! You forgot your bag.

But Joe has already found a taxi.

INT. MARGIE'S HOUSE

Joe rushes in. No one is about. He hears the shower running.

INT. MARGIE'S SHOWER

Margie is in the shower. It's one of those huge walk-in showers with multiple shower heads. Margie is naked, of course, but makes no attempt to cover herself.

MARGIE

Joe!

Joe rushes into the shower fully clothed.

JOE

Margie, I have to ask you something.

MARGIE

What is it, Joe?

JOE

I need to know why you slapped me that night at the volcano.

Margie smiles coyly.

MARGIE

I'll tell you under one condition.

JOE

What?

MARGIE

You have to tell me why you kissed me.

JOE

I kissed you because I'd fallen in love with you. I love you Margie! I'm madly, passionately, crazy in love with you. I can't imagine living without you.

Margie beams at him and begins slowly unbuttoning his wet shirt.

JOE (cont'd)

Why did you slap me?

MARGIE

I slapped you because I'd fallen in love with you and I didn't realize it till that moment and I was scared.

JOE

Scared? What were you scared of?

MARGIE

I was scared that you were kissing me for the wrong reasons.

JOE

Are you still scared?

Margie pulls his shirt off and puts her arms around his neck. They are nose to nose. Joe starts to kiss her, then stops.

JOE (cont'd)

What about Jack?

MARGIE

He's gone?

JOE

Back to L.A.?

MARGIE

Yes. Back in L.A. I told him it was over. I told him I was tired of being someone he could ignore. I told him that I had meet someone wonderful. Someone who made me feel special. Someone who I was madly, passionately, crazy in love with and couldn't imagine living without!

Joe beams and starts to kiss Margie again, but stops.

JOE
But you were going to let me leave?

MARGIE
You weren't going to leave.

JOE
I wasn't?

MARGIE
No.

JOE
I was at the airport. I had my
ticket.

Margie starts to laugh. She kisses him lightly.

JOE (cont'd)
What's so funny?

MARGIE
Joe, your ticket is for tomorrow. I
should know. I made the reservation!

JOE
Tomorrow?

MARGIE
Tomorrow. But something tells me you
won't be using it then either.

Margie kisses Joe passionately.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Take those things off. I need my back
scrubbed!

As the final exchange takes place, the camera pulls back slowly
out of the shower into the bedroom.

MARGIE (cont'd)
Joe?

JOE
Yeah?

MARGIE
Nice woody!

There is a long beat then Joe starts to laugh. It starts small, but it builds. Margie starts to giggle. Then she lets out a sharp squeal.

MARGIE (cont'd)

Joe!

Margie's giggle turns to laughter. You can hear them splashing and playing in the shower as they continue to laugh while the camera slowly pulls back through Margie's house and out by the pool and up into the sky, higher and higher and higher until the Big Island is just a small dot of green in the huge Pacific Ocean.

FADE TO BLACK