

Mea huna

PSYCHO-CRIME | SUPERNATURAL THRILLER | MYSTERY

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SCREEN READS: *Hollywood Hills, California. 19 Months Ago.*

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A PICTURESQUE ORANGE SUNRISE -- DAY 1

We hear the faint angelic song of a boy's choir as we descend into Hollywood Hills. A gleaming crucifix comes into frame --

2 EXT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS 2

Our descent ends at the closed DOORS of a small church.

A beat. Stillness... and then --

An excited 8-year-old BOY bursts through them, running to the BMW parked at the curb. He's saddened to find it empty. His mother isn't there.

A BASHING sound suddenly coming from behind the church. The Boy inches toward it -- now standing there, frozen in fear!

Reveal: It's an exhausted MAN. His face obscured by the shadows of the low hanging tree as he continues HAMMERING away with a rusted pipe, BASHING something ...or someone. A closer look. It's the Boy's lifeless MOTHER -- dead long before he got there.

Overwhelming fright forces the boy backward -- a twig CRACKING beneath his shoe. The Man turns!

The Boy runs -- The Man gives chase, GRABBING till getting a hold of his collar. The Boy's struggle causes the Man's fall, but he's back on his feet quickly, LUNGING -- grabbing the Boy, TURNING him to see his face.

The Boy's terror takes his scream. We only hear the climaxing choir song as he stares hopelessly at the raised pipe reflecting the glare that's hiding the Man's face. The Man begins his fatal swing -- the blood-soaked pipe racing down toward the Boy's head. Just before impact we --

3 EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL AREA -- DAY 3

Close on: Speeding wheels SLAMMING onto railroad tracks.

Reveal: Dust stirring. CAR #1 speeding toward a fleet of SDPD PATROL CARS circling a rundown apartment building. The wheels of Car #2 SMASHES into frame, crossing the same tracks.

4 EXT. THE BARRICADE - APT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

4

SCREEN READS: San Diego County, California

Police everywhere. CAR #1 and #2 screech to a halt.
KAWALSKY, 30, and SANTANA, 27, exit CAR #2.

LUMBARDI, 43, exits CAR #1, followed by WALKER, 51 from the
passenger side. Walker crosses over to the SDPD CAPTAIN and
the HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR.

SDPD CAPTAIN
Who the hell are you?!

WALKER
(flashing his badge)
The big dick in town and that's my
prisoner up there! Tell your men to
back off!

SDPD CAPTAIN
Fuck you! They're in place and on
the move!

Walker and his team run inside the building...

5 INT. APT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

5

At the top of the stairs: they find a SWAT TEAM just about
to plow through an apartment door.

WALKER
(flashing his badge)
U.S. Marshal Paris Walker. I have
full authority here. Stand down.
We got this.

The swat team lower their weapons -- stepping back.

Walker's men get into position as he goes to the door --
placing his ear to it -- listening...

WALKER (CONT'D)
(through the door)
MacKellar. It was a nice run but
the party's over. Time to c'mon
back home. What do ya say, buddy?

Walker hears only the faint voice of the negotiator on a
mobile phone ...and the grunts and moans of a hostage.

Walker signals his men to follow -- He KICKS the door in...

6 INT. APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

6

Walker charging in -- SHOOTING through the walls -- his team following, moving fast, at every corner in seconds!

The HOSTAGE, 30s, male: there in the corner gagged, hogtied and soiled.

A MOBILE PHONE: in the center of the floor -- the negotiator's voice still buzzing from it...

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)
(from the mobile phone)
MacKellar! MacKellar, has someone
been shot?! Did you shoot anyone?!

WALKER
(to hostage - while
passing, checking
the bedroom)
Sorry, son. You're cute but not my
type...

The SWAT team enters, playing second fiddle.

Walker's POV: we see in the bedroom. A hole has been knocked through the wall, leading to the roof of the next building. MacKellar has escaped again.

WALKER (CONT'D)
(referring to the
hostage)
Lumbardi, take that gag off my new
best friend and see what he knows.

7 EXT. PLAYGROUND -- DAY

7

Sunrise. Close on: SCOTT MACKELLAR, 45, with his face drenched in sweat. He's exhausted, straining, struggling to pull himself above... something --

Reveal: It's monkey bars. He's trying to finish a rep of pull-ups. He's well built for his age but no match for the sea of surrounding younger MEN wearing nearly identical wool hats and hoodies. Scott is wearing the same. It seems to be some kind of unspoken uniform for street workouts.

Greater reveal: We're in the playground behind Kequa Nui Elementary School, in the impoverished neighborhood, where MacKellar escaped to become MICHAEL BATES; his new identity.

Screen reads: PRESENT DAY. HONOLULU, HAWAII.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I'd like to tell you a story about a man who ran away from home. I won't bother starting from the beginning. Nah, that's too easy. You see when and why he ran away isn't nearly as interesting as his journey back. That man is me, and my journey back home began right here in Honolulu's ghetto. Poverty in paradise. Hard to believe, I know, but every great city has its gutter...

PANNING, Michael's POV: MEN exercising, Hawaiian, Asian, some Whites, few Blacks, divided into groups.

GROUP-1: at the swings, using the fence to do dips...

GROUP-2: at the other end of the swings, doing push-ups...

GROUP-3: at the benches doing crunches. We see DON CHIEKO, Japanese, SHINE, a Black Hawaiian and 3 others...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...All kinds would come here to workout every morning. There were sanitation workers, security guards, white collars, blue collars, hustlers, bangers, dealers ...even a priest...

GROUP-4: JOSEPH, 66, kicking a soccer ball with TEENS...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and a semi-pro boxer training for the Golden-Gloves...

WE STOP, full circle on GROUP-5, Michael's group: Favor on BOBO, Hawaiian, who's now doing pull-ups. Bobo, Michael, CHAD, White surfer type, and COOLIE, Jamaican dred, makeup Group-5.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...They showed no prejudice toward each other or their occupational differences.

COOLIE

(to Bobo)

Easy, mon. If you feel yourself trembling just let dee bar go.

(to Michael)

Right, soujah?

Coolie wears a look of disappointment when noticing Michael bent over in exhausted pain.

Michael straightens up, not to disappoint, but it only lasts a moment. Coolie thinks to himself, *'this guy's pathetic.'*

COOLIE (CONT'D)

(to Michael)

You up. Get money, mon. Attack.

Michael leaps, grabbing the bar, struggling as he notices the passing IMPALA that everyone is clearly familiar with. It's CONNERY and MILLER (cops) watching Chieko.

Still struggling with his chin just above the bar, growing weaker by the moment, Michael's attention goes to an elderly HOMELESS WOMAN rummaging through trash, whose sudden direct look at him causes uneasiness. Something beautiful in her eyes is unnatural -- creepy. The parked COMMERCIAL VAN just yards away from the woman causes a worse feeling of unease.

COMMERCIAL VAN: COBBS and BENNETT, 30s, blue collar types, appearing suspicious while having coffee and breakfast sandwiches.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Like clockwork, 6 AM every morning
you could count on two things; the
fellas working out, and that van
parking right there. My gut told me
they were feds, but I'd been there
long enough to know they weren't
looking for me--*

CHAD (O.S.)

--Aye!!!

Michael is startled! Before he can react, Chad pulls him down -- leaps, and begins showing off, doing pull-ups with ease while trash-talking.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You don't really want this, old man!