

**EXT. REWALD HOUSE - HONOLULU - DAY.**

Back patio of mid-century modern architect house on beach.

A tanned man in his mid-forties, **RON REWALD** (Brown Jheri-curl hair), basks on a lounge in the sun, rubs on more suntan oil. Swaying palms create moving shadows on the scene.

On a lounge next to him is wife **NANCY** (40s), a suntanned brunette. Behind her, by the pool, are three young teen daughters. Two handsome older teenage sons play ping pong.

**SHOT: RON'S POV.** A Sheepdog named **PANDA** runs toward Ron's feet, and reaches the lounge. She jumps up on it, right leg extended. Panda paws Ron's left shoulder, a couple of times.

RON  
(laughing)  
Panda! No! Down! Bad girl!

Dog keeps insisiently pushing

PANDA (BRIAN V.O.)  
"Ron! They're back!"

RON  
Who? What?

**CROSSFADE**

**INT. HONOLULU FEDERAL COURT WAITING ROOM - DAY.**

**MATCHING SHOT: RON'S POV, COMES INTO FOCUS:** A young man in a suit leans over Ron, shakes his left shoulder to wake him up.

BRIAN  
Mr. Rewald. The jury's back.

Ron, slouched on a couch, blinks his eyes awake. In front of him looms the Public Defender, **BRIAN TAMANAHA** (27, Asian-American). He paces nervously. Ron yawns, shakes his head.

RON  
So. This is happening.

BRIAN  
Ron, I did my best--

RON  
It's a stacked deck, Brian. And you had one hand tied behind your back.

A knock at the door. The **BAILIFF** (30s) sticks his head in.

BAILIFF

Mr. Tamanaha? Here to move you.

Ron stands and stretches. Puts hand on Brian's shoulder.

RON

Go ahead, Brian. I gotta prep for the firing squad. We'll catch up.

**INT. COURTHOUSE - MENS' RESTROOM - DAY.**

Ron, at a sink, turns on the water. Splashes his face.

**TITLE: October 22, 1985**

Ron yanks a towel, wipes his face. Widens his eyes, then stares into the mirror and sighs, a picture of despair.

RON

Not fucking fair.

Ron's mirror reflection cocks his head, and speaks.

REFLECTION

Ronnie... baby! How could you expect anyone to believe it?

RON

I served this country. Expected them to have my back, not stab it.

REFLECTION

"The Secretary will disavow all knowledge of your actions."

RON

That's a goddamn TV show. This is real life! My life! I did what--

REFLECTION

Your life's a cover story, man.

RON

Did what I was told. And the truth--

REFLECTION

Is in the eyes of the beholder.

RON

I trusted our system. Came clean, from the first day in jail.

**FLASH TO:**

**INT. OAHU COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CTR. CLIENT ROOM - DAY****TITLE: Two Years Earlier**

Brian Tamanaha, in a business suit, sits across a steel table from Ron, manacled, who wears an orange jumpsuit stenciled with "OCCC." Bandages cover both wrists and his left forearm.

Next to Brian sits **MICHAEL LEVINE** (50s), the Federal Public Defender for the Ninth Circuit, and Brian's boss.

LEVINE

I'm sure none of this seems fair,  
but they seized all your assets.  
The Public Defender's office mounts  
the same defense for a pauper or a--

RON

I get it, Mr. Levine. So what's the  
drill? I'm kinda new to crime.

BRIAN

Attorney-client privilege means  
that anything you say to us is in  
confidence. Mike and I will listen  
to your story. But until there's  
proof, its merely that. A story.

RON

I don't have any kind of evidence.  
All been confiscated. What I can do  
right now is talk. Speak the truth,  
even if you don't believe me.

BRIAN

Our job is to prove you innocent.  
Hope you're feeling healthier now.

RON

I'll heal just fine. Not quite so  
sure about my marriage. We'll see.

RON (V.O.)

It's so crazy, to look way back, at  
how my damn nightmare all began.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA - DEAN OF STUDENTS (1969) - DAY.**

Ron sits in the outer reception room of the Dean. Plaques, awards and framed diplomas cover the walls.

**TITLE: 1969 - MIT**

RON (V.O.)  
It was in the Sixties, when I was  
just a kid in college, at MIT...

**TITLE: (Initials expand to) Milwaukee Institute of Technology**

RON (V.O.)  
The one in Wisconsin.

Secretary **LUCY** (50s) knocks at the Dean's door.

LUCY  
That young man is here, Dean.

DEAN (O.C.)  
About damn time.

**SHOT: RON'S POV**

Lucy opens the door. Ron walks in.

The **DEAN OF STUDENTS** (50s) of Milwaukee Institute of Technology, sits at his desk, adjusts angle of US Flag pin.

A second man sits in the office. CIA operative **MR. WATSON** (40s, Southern) takes off his Ray-Ban aviator sunglasses and gives **YOUNG RON** (19) a tip-to-tail once-over.

The Dean steps out from behind his desk, walks to greet Ron.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Thanks for coming by, Ron. We think  
you just might be our young hero.  
Help your country root out enemies.

Dean shakes Ron's hand, then steps aside to introduce Watson.

I'll let you and Mr. Watson here  
get better acquainted.

Watson moves over, plunks into the Dean's chair, partially in shadow. Motions for Ron to sit at low chair in front of him.

**SHOT: WATSON'S POV.**

The Dean leaves. Ron sits, still not sure why he's there.

WATSON (O.C.)  
Heard good things about y'all, Mr.  
Ree-wald.

(MORE)

WATSON (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Dean says you share our concern  
 about the scum sent here to spread  
 unrest and undermine our nation.  
 Those *Weathermen*. The *Students for  
 a Democratic Society*.

YOUNG RON  
 Yes sir. I want to help fix this.

WATSON (O.C.)  
 Ron, y'all strike me as a ni-ice,  
 clean-cut young fella.  
 (pauses, chuckles)  
 Well... we're just gonna hafta do  
 somethin' about that.

**INT. GYMNASIUM - S.D.S. RALLY - DAY.**

**MATCHING SHOT:** of **YOUNG RON**, his hair now down to his  
 shoulders, with a sad, scraggly moustache. Sleeveless denim  
 vest has a "peace sign" pin. A Red, White and Blue headband.

**ORGANIZER** (20s, male) with a bullhorn, starts the chant. Then  
 the crowd of **STUDENTS** picks it up, raucously.

ORGANIZER (O.S.)  
 One, two, three, four. We don't  
 want your fuckin war!

Rewald looks around, catches on. Stands, carefully shaping a  
 clenched fist, and then imitates the others punching the air.

YOUNG RON  
 One, two, three, four. We don't  
 want your fuckin war!

**SHOT:** Mass of young protestors, on their feet, chanting.

RON (V.O.)  
 You might remember all those  
 demonstrations against the war in  
 Vietnam. Maybe you protested too.

**SHOT:** Young Ron is holding a sign, marching with a crowd,  
 chanting. The group is large, and the spectators supportive.

RON (V.O.)  
 J. Edgar Hoover convinced President  
 Nixon the protestors must have been  
 foreign agents. That was all the  
 excuse Nixon needed to approve a  
 covert CIA operation on U.S. soil.  
 I was honored to be recruited.

(MORE)

RON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Also flattered. I wanted to serve a  
 greater good. Was the perfect pawn.

**INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY.**

**SHOT:** Ron's finger skims fine print on a **CIA Secrecy Form.**

RON (V.O.)  
 The Company called it *Operation  
 CHAOS*. You can Google it! My code  
 name was *WINTERDOG*. We've got proof  
 of my history with the CIA; from  
 the time I started, and then after  
 a few months, from when I resigned.

**CUTAWAY:** The actual signed, redacted, **CIA Secrecy Form.**

RON (V.O.)  
 But, whether they'd actually allow  
 Brian to defend me with it? Hah!  
That was another thing altogether.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**PRELAP AUDIO:**

RON (V.O.)  
 So, fast forward eight years...

**EXT. SANDY LAKESHORE BEACH (1977) - DAY**

**TITLE: 1977 - Freiss Lake, Wisconsin**

**RON (33),** now clean-shaven, lands motorboat, jumps off.

RON (V.O.)  
 In the Seventies, after the CIA and  
 college, I sold running shoes; very  
 hot items back then. Became a store  
 manager, then I bought out the  
 owners. Hey- I'm an overachiever!  
 Opened a whole chain in Wisconsin.  
 But I went bankrupt. Twice.

He pulls boat further out. Ron's wife **NANCY (34)** hops out.

RON (V.O.)  
 My wife, Nancy, was literally the  
 girl-next-door, on Freiss Lake.  
 Sweethearts since we were kids.

(MORE)

RON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 We'd been married fourteen years,  
 when I decided we should start our  
 life all over again, in Hawaii.

Nancy glides over to Ron, wraps her arms around his neck and plants a huge kiss on his lips.

NANCY  
 Gonna miss this, Ronnie. Been part  
 of our life forever. I love it!

RON  
 You love summer, but then we huddle  
 indoors for eight months a year.

NANCY  
 Just hope the kids will be okay  
 moving to Honolulu, that's all.

RON  
 Oh, such a hard choice. Sun, sand,  
 surf; living at the beach everyday.  
 It's Paradise! The perfect place  
 for outdoor sports stores.

NANCY  
 After what happened here?

RON  
 Here, I got sold out by my friends.  
 But Hawaii will be epic. Green  
 stuff, like cash, grows year-round!

**EXT. INTERNATIONAL MARKETPLACE - DAY**

**TITLE: Waikiki**

Ron peers between green bamboo stalks, in an idyllic jungle setting. Native crafters surround a gigantic banyan tree.

An older Polynesian lady, **PUALANI** (50s, colorful sarong) sits and weaves green *lauhala* leaf hats. She takes pity on him.

PUALANI  
 You be lost, Uncle?

RON  
 I'm supposed to be meeting a new  
 client at his home. So yes, I guess  
 I must be lost. This clearly isn't  
 anybody's neighborhood. Maybe you  
 know this dude, named... Don Beach?

PUALANI  
Try look up.

RON  
I did look him up. Phone book said--

"No", she emphatically shakes her head, then looks... up.

Ron follows her gaze upward, sees a set of stairs, hidden by the banyan roots and limbs which spread across the courtyard. A hanging walkway leads over toward a thatched treehouse.

RON (CONT'D)  
Oh, look up. Thanks! Uh, ma-hay-lo.

PUALANI  
Eh, you need one hat fo' da sun?

RON  
Not really. Oh...  
(realizes sheepishly)  
Yes... yes of course. I do!

Ron claws at his pockets to dig out any spare cash he can find to tip Pualani. She holds up her palm to stop him.

PUALANI  
No, no. You take. My gift. If you  
one fren' Don da Beach-comah, den  
you fren' Auntie Pualani. Ma-HA-lo.

Pualani puts the green *lauhala* hat on Ron's head at a jaunty angle, then leans near his cheek, and exhales a "*honi*" kiss.

RON  
Ma-HA-lo.

PUALANI  
Go up stair ovah dea, Uncle. Aloha!

Pualani sits down at her table. Ron walks up the stairs. They tremble. He crosses a suspended walkway, to a little cottage.

**EXT. DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S TREEHOUSE - DAY**

Ron starts to knock, but before he can, a head pops out of a bead curtain: **DONN BEACH** (60s, pencil mustache). The khaki-clothed gent doffs his pith helmet with sincerest "Aloha."

RON  
Mister... Beach, I presume?



DONN

You must be Ron. Aloha, my friend!  
Please call me Donn. Not quite what  
you expected, I bet. What's up?

RON

So my friend tells me I should look  
up this guy who owned exotic bars  
in Hollywood... hung around with  
Bogey and Gable. Said you'd want  
solid returns on your investments.

DONN

My first wife was the money maven.  
I was merely the Tiki drinks guy,  
and the face of the fantasy. Now  
she has the loot, our mansions...  
and LA. I live in a treehouse on  
Oahu. Which one needs the advice?

RON

But... hasn't it been glamorous?  
Rubbing shoulders with the rich and  
famous? Living life to its fullest?

DONN

Had its moments. Can't wallow too  
much in that Beachcomber lifestyle.

Ron digs out his simple business card and hands it over.

RON

My company is named Consolidated  
Mutual Investments. Ordinary and  
boring, but, smart and dependable.

DONN

Slow and steady wins the race, Ron.  
Remember that one? You hungry?

RON

Thanks, Donn. I mean... mahalo!

The Beachcomber dons his helmet, then disappears quickly,  
back through the beaded curtain, and into the treehouse.

DONN (O.C.)

Watch your step there! Oh... and  
keep your eyes out for the--

*"Shit! Gimme back my hat, you!"*

For the goddamn chimpanzee!

Ron rolls his eyes, then journeys in. Parrots screech past.

RON (V.O.)  
 Snagged a bit of his business, got  
 intros to some wealthy friends. But  
 still needed more to pay our bills.

**INT. DILLINGHAM BUILDING - CIA OFFICE - DAY**

**TITLE: CIA Honolulu Station**

A pudgy man in a white suit at a desk, lights a match, fires up the end of a fat Cuban cigar, and puffs until it stays lit. He shakes out the flame. Takes a big drag, then exhales.

**EUGENE J. WELCH** (50s) rests his cigar in an ashtray. He leans forward grifter-like at the mark, sitting in front of him.

WELCH  
 Glad you kept in touch with "The  
 Company" my boy. Timing couldn't be  
 better. How's Hawaii treating you?

RON  
 Aside from us all getting sunburn?  
 Can't really complain, Mr. Welch.

WELCH  
 And yet... here you are, a decade  
 later, looking to come back in. But  
 our stars align today, Ron! I'm  
 rotating back to Langley, but first  
 I need to set up a new local cover;  
 a backstop. You have some kind of  
 office, right? We need a street  
 address, a phone, a TELEX machine.  
 Place to get mail. Know the drill?

RON  
 Sure, Gene. We can run a simple  
 mail drop for you out of our place.  
 Not quite as involved as I'd hoped  
 to be, but we'll build from there.  
 I can use those extra bucks now.

WELCH  
 After this, just take a couple more  
 polygraphs, and you're back inside.  
 Welcome home, to "The Company."

Welch removes a document full of small print from his right drawer. CIA seal is on top; room for signatures at bottom.