

# 12 MONKEYS

Created by  
Terry Matalas & Travis Fickett

DELETED SCENES  
SEASON 1

Typed up by  
TeeJay  
[www.projectsplinter.com](http://www.projectsplinter.com)

Please note that this is not an official script and was typed up from the deleted scenes off the UK Blu-rays by a dedicated fan who obviously has too much time on her hands. :-)

Thanks to Danyi for the help with the missing words!

## EPISODE 1X01 "SPLINTER"

1

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PHILADELPHIA - DAY (MID-2030'S)

1

Through a bleak haze of heavy snowfall, amidst slabs of crumbled concrete, two figures in the distance brave the cold. There's a desolate air to their surroundings, and their gloves and woolen hats seem to barely keep the freezing cold at bay. COLE and RAMSE walk at a brisk pace as they clutch their rifles in front of them.

COLE (V.O.)

Where are you right now?  
Somewhere warm? Safe? Next to  
someone you love?

The camera focuses on Cole, then pans away again to follow Cole and Ramse walking away. Other than the two them, there's not a soul in sight.

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

Now, what if all that was gone,  
and the only thing you could do  
is survive? You would, right?  
You'd try.

Cole and Ramse scramble over some of the rubble to approach a large, abandoned building with broken windows. PRIVATE PROPERTY NO TRESPASSING! is smeared in big letters across the ground floor walls.

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

You'd do things. Horrible things,  
until you lose that last thing  
you have left. Yourself.

Close-up of a wrecked car with broken taillights. Cole and Ramse walk up to the entrance of the building.

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

But what if you could take it  
back? All of it. A reset switch.  
You'd hit it, right? You'd have  
to.

The inside of the building speaks of ransacking and looting. Overturned furniture and makeshift tools indicate that someone may have tried to make a home here at some point, but the amateurish graffiti scrawls on the walls and the remains of what seems to have once been interior decoration paint a less than inviting picture. Cole and Ramse approach slowly with rifles drawn, expecting unfriendly company.

A grimy sign on the wall reads "Centers for Disease Control and Prevention Lab". The camera focuses on an arrow that points to the department for H7N9 Influenza, another to Healthcare Associated Infections.

Cole squats down to take a closer look at an improvised barbecue grill. Empty food cans lay scattered on the floor.

RAMSE  
Scavengers. Two, maybe more.

COLE  
Scouting party. Looks like they've come and gone.

RAMSE  
They could still be in here. Let's take a position outside, wait 'em out.

Cole doesn't listen, walks deeper inside the building.

RAMSE (CONT'D)  
Cole. Cole!  
(shakes his head)  
Dammit.

Cole and Ramse trudge up the steps to the next story. Cole has a knife duct-taped to the outside of his right leg. They enter a wrecked room past a sign that says, "Caution - Quarantine Area". Upon closer inspection, they find the skeletal remains of human bodies.

COLE  
This is where they were holed up at the end.

They walk through a door with a broken window pane, searching for something.

RAMSE  
You know, she might not be here.

COLE  
She's here. They were all here, trying to find a cure.

RAMSE  
Could be looking all day. This place is like six floors of bones.

COLE  
Just keep looking, Ramse.

Ramse hears something, points his rifle at the entrance to one of the rooms.

RAMSE

Cole!

Out of nowhere, a body of a man slams into Cole, uttering a piercing scream of rage as they engage in an ugly hand-to-hand fight. Another man attacks Ramse. Punches are thrown, Cole and Ramse struggle to defend themselves -- and not very successfully at that.

As Cole's attacker tightens his grip on Cole's windpipe with his bare hands, Cole manages to pull the knife on his leg out of its sheath and stabs the guy in the side. He tumbles off Cole and to the floor.

In the hallway, Ramse's last breath is being forced out of him by the barrel of his own rifle that his attacker presses to his throat. Cole clocks the guy on the head with a fire extinguisher, knocking him unconscious.

Relieved to have just narrowly escaped with their lives, both Cole and Ramse take a moment to catch their breaths.

COLE

Okay. You're right. We probably should've waited them out.

RAMSE

God, you never listen. Never listen to me.

COLE

(offers Ramse a hand)  
Come on, man. It's all right.  
Gets the blood pumpin'. You're getting old, man.

Cole leans against a doorframe, and the room he peers into strikes a chord with him. Hesitantly he enters, his eyes fixed on something on the floor.

A radius and ulna protrude from the sleeve of a lab coat amidst crumbled sheetrock. While the flesh of the human body has decayed by now, the watch the person wore is still intact, and Cole carefully removes it. He lifts it up to show Ramse.

COLE (CONT'D)

Found her.

The watch is an expensive men's watch with a classic, simple analogue dial and a brown leather strap (Tag Heuer Carrera Twin-Time, if you have to know. Priced at around \$2,000.). Cole takes a long look at it.

COLE (CONT'D)

See you soon.

2 INT. TEMPORAL FACILITY, TIME TRAVEL ROOM (2043)

2

A curtain made of heavy plastic strips is being pushed aside by Ramse. His steps are brisk, determined. He walks past bright lights, equipment, scientists milling about.

His destination is the time travel chair where Cole is sitting. Scientists look on, clearly anxious.

SCIENTIST

You can't be here right now.

RAMSE

Shut your mouth.

Ramse ignores the guy and approaches the chair. While Cole lies in a reclined position, he is tense, uneasy. A hand comes up to comfort a shaking and clearly terrified Cole.

RAMSE (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy. You look pretty bad.

Cole gives him a weak chuckle.

RAMSE (CONT'D)

You ready to make history? Or unmake it? Huh? If you're not, Cole, you say the word, and I'll do it.

Cole's head turns haltingly to the side so he can see DR. KATARINA JONES over at one of the time travel machine consoles. She's fidgety, uneasy, anxious to get this thing off the ground.

RAMSE (CONT'D)

Won't be pretty, but I'll get you outta here.

COLE

I know you would, Ramse. But it's too late for that.

RAMSE

I know it's bad out there. We survive, right? You and me. It's doable.

The scientists utter commands in the background. A high-pitched whine indicates the machine is booting up. Cole and Ramse know they don't have much time left for whatever is left to say.

RAMSE (CONT'D)

Not gonna say goodbye. Cause if  
it works, we never would have met  
in the first place.

Ramse holds out a hand for Cole to shake. Dr. Jones pushes a button and the machine's whir increases in intensity. Cole reaches his arm out and Ramse takes his hand to give it a squeeze before he releases it and steps back.

The scientist leans closer to Katarina to tell her something, and she stares at Cole in the chair while everyone's getting ready for Cole's time jump.

KATARINA

Remember, Mr. Cole. Remember your  
mission. Everything else is  
secondary. Everyone you see is  
already dead.

Cole closes his eyes, prepared to face the beast. Or whatever there is to come. This may be his last moment, the end of his existence...

... but then it isn't.

CUT TO:

3 INT. JOHN ADAMS HOTEL - DAY (2015)

3

Cole wakes up with a start, he's in a hotel bed. He pulls himself up with a small groan, a woman at the other end of the room in an armchair coming into view. It's DR. CASSANDRA RAILLY who seems to have watched over him for quite a while.

4 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY (2015)

4

We are in a hallway of a house, looking through a narrow window that is part of a front door. Outside, a man comes walking into view -- LELAND GOINES. He rings the doorbell.

From the interior decoration and architecture, it's clear this is a house of someone who is being paid good money to live comfortably.

BRIAN (rather unremarkable but handsome in his own right, perhaps in his early 40's) walks up to the front door, a mug in hand, hesitating at first when he realizes who has come to pay him a personal visit. He opens the door.

BRIAN

Leland. What are you doing here?

LELAND

I was worried about you, Brian.  
Can we talk?

This isn't exactly a social call, that much is clear. Brian looks like he'd like to say no but can't or at the very least shouldn't.

BRIAN

Yeah.

He hesitantly closes the door behind Leland. They walk into the living room and sit down.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about yesterday. I was outta line. And, Leland, I understand bending the rules, but, Christ, what we've done at Markridge, that goes way beyond that now. Government contract or not, creating this kind of pathogen...

LELAND

It'll never see the light of day. I just want the option, Brian. Keeps the bio warfare budget flowing. Which puts your kids through college.

BRIAN

College. If this thing gets out and into the wrong hands... Yes, I'm worried about my kids, Leland, but Christ. You're a father.

LELAND

(beat)

Yes. Such a scenario would be catastrophic, you're right about that. Ah, we're right on the edge with this research, and I'm with you. No reason we can't do the right thing.

BRIAN

You have no idea how relieved I am to hear you say that.

(points at his mug)

I'm sorry, I'm flustered, do you want a cup?

LELAND

Read my mind.

Brian gets up to go to the kitchen, talking to Leland while he does as the ground floor is all open plan design. The camera stays on Brian the whole time as he pours coffee from a coffee maker into a mug.

BRIAN

I have nightmares. I do. This new strain is so aggressive, it's, uh...

LELAND

I have the strictest containment protocols, Brian, you know that.

BRIAN

I do. I know that. I designed them, remember? But we both know that's not the case with your off-site labs.

Back in the living room, Brian hands Leland the mug and sits down in one of the armchairs.

LELAND

Oh, I see. So that's why you're meeting with the Washington Herald next week?

Beat off Brian's surprised face.

LELAND (CONT'D)

It's okay. If I were in your position, I probably would have done the same.

Brian takes a nervous sip from his coffee.



LELAND (CONT'D)

But I built Markridge from the ground up. It's my life's work. I've given everything for her.

BRIAN

I'm not blowing the whistle.

LELAND

I know you're not, Brian.

Long beat as Leland watches Brian carefully, and it takes a mere few seconds until Brian's face contorts in a pained grimace. He clutches his chest, clearly in discomfort. Is he having a heart attack?

It sinks in that maybe, probably, definitely Leland put poison in his coffee while he was in the kitchen. Brian stares questioningly at Leland who just raises his eyebrows apologetically.

Brian collapses against the backrest of his armchair with a pained moan. Leland takes a small, clear vial out of his pocket and rolls it between his fingers.

LELAND (CONT'D)

One of yours. Seraphim 7. Fast, untraceable. Honestly, it's a work of art. It'll look like that arrhythmia finally got the best of you.

Brian gasps for air. He's dying, and he knows it. Leland calmly gets up to clear away their two mugs.

LELAND (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry about this, Brian.

BRIAN

The pain is excruciating.

Leland goes into the kitchen and washes the mugs in the sink.

LELAND

Don't worry. Your children will be taken care of. College, too. I'm not a monster, Brian. I know one man's life is nothing compared to the legacy he leaves behind.

Back in the living room, Brian is literally taking his last breaths before his hand lifelessly drops into his lap. Leland puts on his scarf and coat and leaves back out the front door.

Almost as an afterthought, he picks up the rolled up newspaper that was lying in front of the door to put it on the dresser in the hallway before he pulls the door shut behind him.

5 INT. CASSIE'S CAR - DAY (2015)

5

Somewhere outside of Philadelphia, Cassie and Cole are driving through the rain in Cassie's Jeep. They're on the way to the fancy party that they suspect Leland Goines is attending.

Cole takes a bite from a cheeseburger they must have picked up at some fast food joint along the way.

COLE

Hmmm. Aw, that's good. If I lived in this time, this is all I'd eat. Cheeseburgers, every meal.

CASSIE

(hands him a plastic cup with a straw)  
Here, take a sip of this.

COLE

What is it?

CASSIE

It's a chocolate milkshake.

Cole takes a careful sip through the straw.

COLE

Oh, that's amazing.

He sucks and sucks, clearly in love with the icy drink. Cassie carefully pulls the cup away from his mouth.

CASSIE

Oooh. Slow down. Too much of that stuff will kill you.

Cole knits his brows in discomfort.

COLE

I think it is killing me.

CASSIE

Oh no no, it's a-- You're fine, it's an ice cream headache. You just drank it too fast.

Beat as Cole takes another sip from the milkshake.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

So, we need to come up with a game plan for when we find Leland Goines.

COLE

We don't need a plan. We find him, I kill him. That's it.

CASSIE

(beat)

No. No, you cannot just walk in there and murder someone!

COLE

Why not? One for 7 billion, that math works for me.

CASSIE

Okay, well, hang on. That might not solve the problem. Whatever this guy has done to create this plague might already be underway. Even if you stop him, how will you know if the future's changed?

COLE

I will know. I'll be erased.

CASSIE

You know you're... gonna die?

COLE

No, it's not death. It's something else. I'll never have been from that moment forward. It's complicated.

(beat)

It's okay, I knew this was a one-way trip coming in.

CASSIE

And then, what about the future?

COLE

It'll be rewritten. Into something better. The plague will never have happened, the time I know will be gone. Trust me, there's nothing there worth saving.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PHILADELPHIA - DAY (2043)

6

The camera pans off a graffiti smeared building to follow two people running towards, or maybe away from something. Thick snow covers the ground and is still falling in heavy snowflakes. A wider shot reveals a number of attackers closing in on them, swinging hockey sticks and tire irons to beat on them. The pair goes down quickly, the attackers start looting their supplies. One of the attackers is wearing a faded red winter jacket, and when he turns his head, we can see that this is Cole.

CUT BACK TO:

7 INT. CASSIE'S CAR - DAY (2015)

7

CASSIE

Well, you're here now. Things don't work like that.

COLE

Look, Cassie, this is my mission, okay?

CASSIE

No. No, you made it ours the second you jumped me in this car. No, we are gonna make sure this is the right guy, gathering facts. Then we will... take it from there.

(off Cole's incredulous look)

Got it?

COLE

Got it.

CASSIE

We are not killing or erasing anyone.

Cole turns his head and stares out the passenger side window, tracing one of the raindrops sliding down on the outside with his index finger.

## EPISODE 1X02 "MENTALLY DIVERGENT"

8 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY (2043)

8

A dark, dinky hallway. This is 2043, and we're in yet another derelict building. Cole and Ramse walk in, rifles with flashlights at the ready. There's skeletal remains on the floor, an old frying pan, a sole shoe, a discarded baby doll.

RAMSE

Think the plague got 'em?

The camera focuses on a skeleton with a hole in the skull.

COLE

Nah, looks like scavs. Broken skull. Survived the plague and got butchered over canned goods.

Ramse moves in the direction of a metal ladder that leads upstairs.

RAMSE

Come on, buddy.

9 I/E. RARITAN NATIONAL LABORATORY - DAY (2043)

9

The camera pans across a large stone slab that has "RARITAN NATIONAL LABORATORY" carved into it. It sits on the ground in front of what was once a rather large, impressive building. What's left now are the ruined remains pockmarked by time and decay, yet the main structures are all still intact. A sign on the fence reads "DANGER - RADIOACTIVE CONTAMINATION - DO NOT ENTER".

Inside the building, guards are on patrol. One of them turns towards the voices we hear -- Cole and Ramse who are trudging along the ground floor. Their feet make splashing noises as they walk through the two inches of water that's covering the floor.

COLE (O.S.)

Idiots. Why would they attack us?  
We're traveling too light to be  
worth it.

RAMSE

Get hungry enough, you get  
stupid. It's like when we were  
living on the outside, we made  
our share of bad moves, right?

COLE

Not like that, we didn't.

RAMSE

We're still here.

COLE

Yeah, we're still here.

The two of them walk down a set of metal stairs.

RAMSE

You are not the same man since  
you got back. You bringin' me  
down.

Cole punches a code into a keypad mounted on the wall next to a bunker door.

COLE

What are you talking about?

RAMSE

Like I'm telling you, you're  
different.

10 INT. J.D. PEOPLES MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY (2015)

10

We see a television set mounted on the wall, the screen partly obscured by a mesh of metal bars. It's showing something with slightly creepy stop-motion animated plasticine figures (the animated version of Mark Twain's "The Mystery Stranger").

TV VOICE #1  
... mysterious stranger.

TV VOICE #2  
What? Wow...

TV VOICE #3  
Hello?

TV VOICE #2  
Who are you?

TV VOICE #3  
An angel.

The camera pans across the TV audience, which is comprised of a small group of psychiatric patients, all dressed in beige scrub pants and t-shirts with varying degrees of facial expressions. Cole is standing to the side, a bewildered, disturbed look on his face.

TV VOICE #4  
What's your name?

TV VOICE #3  
Satan.

TV VOICE #4  
Oh.

The movie's audio keeps playing in the background as Cole walks away in the direction of where orderlies are ushering other mental patients into a fenced off hallway. They are all wearing light blue pajama pants. We get another brief close-up of the Mark Twain film, then Cole turns around -- and is stopped short by a bizarre sight.

A man in plush rabbit slippers and a pinstripe suit with green tie is standing right in front of him. His name is BOB, and he gives Cole a bit of a crazy stare before he speaks.

BOB  
Blue is bad.  
(off Cole's perturbed  
look)  
Very bad.  
(MORE)



BOB (CONT'D)

You don't wanna be blue. People  
in blue pajamas did bad things.

He puts his hands next to his face and starts screaming at Cole.

BOB (CONT'D)

Roah! Roah, roah, roah, roah,  
roah!

Cole tries to figure out what to do, then slaps Bob in the face. Bob mercifully falls silent.

COLE

Get a hold of yourself, man,  
relax. Calm down. What's your  
name?

BOB

Bob. I'm Bob. All the time.

COLE

Bob.

BOB

All the time. All the time, I'm  
Bob.

COLE

Okay.

BOB

Bob.

COLE

Okay, Bob. Okay, Bob.

BOB

Bob.

COLE

I'm not gonna let the blue people  
get you, okay?

Bob gets closer, leans in.

BOB

Guards keep blue people locked  
up. Clothes go up too.

He nods at an orderly wheeling a cart with light blue clothes towards the fenced off door.

BOB (CONT'D)

Blue is bad. Very, very bad.

Cole stares at the clothes cart as if he's just had a revelation.

COLE  
(mutters to himself)  
You don't wanna be blue.

BOB  
(shakes his head)  
Uh-uh.

## EPISODE 1X05 "THE NIGHT ROOM"

11 INT. THE NIGHT ROOM LAB - DAY (2011)

11

We see two people from behind, both clad in lab coats -- a man and a woman. One of them is IVAN, one of the Markridge scientists, who gives JENNIFER GOINES a tour of the facilities. Jennifer has a huge pair of 80's style glasses that look a little absurd on her.

IVAN

So, the lab's not finished yet,  
but the vault is good to go.  
There'll be a full BSL 4 when  
it's ready.

Jennifer gives him a disconcerted look as they're walking down the hallway, like either she has no idea what he's talking about, or she's disturbed by what she's hearing.

IVAN (CONT'D)

It's another couple of weeks.

## EPISODE 1X08 "YESTERDAY"

12 I/E. SPEARHEAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY (2043) 12

A large-ish, sculpted commemorative stone with a plaque partly blocks the view to an opulent sandstone building in the background. The camera pans closer as we hear...

COL. FOSTER (O.S.)  
Our Father, we thank you on this  
10th day of October, in the year  
of our Lord 2043.

On the plaque you can now read, "IN MEMORY OF THOSE WE HAVE LOST - Their work lives on. Our spirit endures. Together we strive for tomorrow. October 10th, 2033."

COL. FOSTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We give remembrance today as we  
rejoice and celebrate the rebirth  
of our community. For our  
community was formed upon the  
ashes of a once great society.

Inside the building, a group of people is gathered around a lectern at which COL. JONATHAN FOSTER is standing, delivering his speech to his followers.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. LAWN OUTSIDE SPEARHEAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY (2033) 13

A large chunk of ground has been dug up to form a mass grave where lines of dead bodies lie, at least twenty of them, probably more. New bodies are being placed in the grave.

COL. FOSTER (V.O.)  
A society that was ravaged by the  
sickness that we continually,  
under your guidance strive to  
conquer.

We cut back and forth between Foster's speech at Spearhead Headquarters in 2043 and the burial scene 10 years earlier, but the main action is with the burial scene:

A man in a Tyvek biohazard suit and mask takes the body of a young girl from Foster's arms (presumably his daughter) to place her in the grave. The community looks on with grave expressions on their faces. Many of them, including Foster, wear military dress uniforms.

COL. FOSTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For when the darkness came again,  
you blessed us with the strength  
of commonality and understanding.

Foster walks past a guard and nods to him. Katarina Jones (in civil clothes) is one of the onlookers on the porch of the Spearhead building. Foster walks towards her.

COL. FOSTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And with your strength and  
influence, our people united in  
heart and mind, so that we might  
restore dignity to those who were  
lost along the way.

She notices him, and realizes what he seems to be planning. There is shock written across her face as she tries to stop him. He pushes her out of the way with one arm, a gun in the other that is pointed at one of the generals. Shots go off and blood spatters all over Katarina's face.

COL. FOSTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For indeed there came a time when  
the choice between hope and  
despair became (?) and peacefully  
helped us bring our people into  
the light. This light.

More shots are fired, more of the Spearhead soldiers go down. It's not just Foster, it's also other soldiers shooting their own now. Foster is executing a coup.

COL. FOSTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The promise of a future for  
mankind. We thank you, Father,  
for shepherding us so that we  
might once again regain your  
glory.

Katarina's face spells pure disdain and disgust as she is being dragged away. The general whom Foster shot lies on the ground, blood from a gunshot wound to the forehead staining the floor a deep crimson.

COL. FOSTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Thank you for this day, for the  
head of the spear, and for the  
sanctuary that is our home. Amen.

14 INT. CASSIE'S BOOKSTORE - EVENING (2015)

14

Laughter and a jolly atmosphere fill the room as CASSIE, AARON and two of their friends (JOE and CINDY) are packing books into cardboard boxes. JOE, a 30-something African-American, is up on a ladder that is leaning against a bookshelf, handing stacks of books from the topmost shelf down to Cindy, a brunette Caucasian, presumably in her early 30's. They're a couple.

Cindy and Joe are helping Cassie and Aaron clearing out the bookstore. Things seem relaxed and casual, now that both Cole and the virus have been "neutralized" in Chechnya, and the world is safe again.

CASSIE

Okay, so this is all happening in the cabin, mind you, not in the tent. And where is Aaron throughout all of this?

AARON

No. No, don't make things up.

CASSIE

He's hiding under the blanket.

AARON

Don't... don't.

Everyone breaks into laughter as Aaron is clearly embarrassed.

AARON (CONT'D)

That is a complete exaggeration!

CASSIE

No, it's not.

AARON

A 100%.

CASSIE

No, it's not!

JOE

(...) trust me.

CASSIE

So then I'm the one who had to go get the broom.

AARON

Come on.

JOE

Aha, so you let your girlfriend fight off a bear.

AARON

It was a raccoon, guys, okay? It was a raccoon.

CASSIE

It was a huge raccoon.

AARON

It was. It was a big old-- That's why she's so badass.

CINDY

So good to see you guys having fun again, just enjoying yourselves.

CASSIE

Yeah. Well, we had a lot going on.

CINDY

I mean, yeah, getting ready to sell this place.

JOE

Your job, the last couple of weeks, must have been stressful after the whole Wexler thing. You seen the piece in the Times? A drone strike?

AARON

You know I can't talk about that.

JOE

Aw, come on, they say Senator Royce was there when they pulled the trigger.

CINDY

Joe!

JOE

It takes a certain kind of person who can make a decision like that. You know what I mean?

CINDY

Joe...

JOE

What?

Cassie takes a sip of her white wine, suddenly a lot more contemplative. Her face sinks as she gives Aaron a knowing look.

CUT TO:

15 INT. WEXLER'S CHECHNYAN HIDEOUT - DAY (2015) 15

Flashback to the phone call between Cassie and Cole where he's stranded in Chechnya, saying his goodbyes to her. Close-up of Cole on the phone.

COLE

I'm glad I got to know you,  
Cassie.

CUT BACK TO:

16 INT. CASSIE'S BOOKSTORE - EVENING (2015) 16

CINDY

Joe...

JOE

What?

CINDY

Come on.

JOE

All right, all right, all right.  
I'm sorry. Too heavy. New topic:  
Cindy wants you guys to come with  
us to Maui. What do you say?

Cassie and Aaron look at him, not overly fond of the idea.

JOE (CONT'D)

Mahalo, my friend.

CINDY

It's aloha.

JOE

No, it's not, it's mahalo.

CINDY

No, it's aloha. That's hello and  
goodbye.

JOE

Really?

CINDY

Yeah, google it.