

TATAU

Episode One

by

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A rapid-fire montage of close-ups:

A pencil sketching a tattoo design on paper

KYLE CONNOR (24yrs) in a sales meeting, suited, bored, doodling on his pad, staring out at the grey London skyline -

Clothes being jammed into a brand new rucksack

PETE 'BUDGIE' GRIFFITHS (24yrs) fixing a leaking water pipe in a cellar, checking his watch, hurrying on -

A biro inking the same tattoo design on a cafe napkin

KYLE meeting BUDGIE at the airport - hi-five.

An empty passport page being stamped and passed back

KYLE's now grubbier rucksack being used to clear a filthy, bus seat of protesting chickens so he and BUDGIE can sit.

A finger tracing the tattoo design on a dusty vehicle.

The passport page being stamped - the third one now

The rucksack between KYLE's feet in a boat on the Mekong Delta as he and BUDGIE visit the floating market.

A tattoo needle etching the same tattoo design into skin.

Another passport stamp - page filling up now

KYLE dumping his now battered rucksack and clinking beer bottles with BUDGIE by Sydney Opera House and Harbour Bridge.

Closer on the tattoo taking shape, the needle burning

Another passport stamp

KYLE and BUDGIE dancing at a beach party in moonlight.

Close on the finished tattoo, blood running down the arm -

The blood dripping into water, spreading, the tendrils snaking out to form a single word...

TATAU

Establishing aerial shot of Aitutaki - a unique paradise destination lying isolated in the vast ocean surround.

Further ahead, an elderly local Maori CHIEF, his strong weathered features seemingly carved from the earth itself, stands watching KYLE intently, a flicker of frustration at the sudden detour to their route.

7

EXT. BEACH CAFE. DAY

7

LARA looking up from her report as BUDGIE sits down in the seat opposite her and grins winningly.

LARA
I'm sorry, that seat's taken.

BUDGIE
Correct.

LARA
It's for my boyfriend.

BUDGIE
That's incredible. You're not only beautiful, you're psychic too. I'm Budgie. Your future boyfriend.
(grins, offers his hand)
And you are..?

LARA
Hoping you'll leave now.

KYLE laughs, stepping in to escort BUDGIE away.

KYLE
Sorry, he forgot his meds. Come on Budge, don't hit on the local girls, remember?

LARA
(to Kyle, smiling)
Actually, I'm a Kiwi.
(to Budgie, cool)
But my boyfriend's an islander.

She gestures to where MAUI (late 20's), an athletic Cook Islander with impressive tattoos is heading towards them.

LARA (CONT'D)
He's very possessive. He does martial arts.

BUDGIE
Better dump him gently then. Just call me when you're free.

LARA laughs, waving a greeting to MAUI as BUDGIE writes his phone number on her report, noting the title.

BUDGIE (CONT'D)
Cetacean satellite tracking?

LARA
I like to protect endangered
species.

LARA takes the folder and turns to kiss MAUI who arrives,
smiling territorially.

LARA (CONT'D)
Hiya. These guys are interested in
whale watching. I've told them the
best guide they could have is your
uncle, Marshall.
(to others)
Last group he took out saw a calf
being born.

MAUI
It blew them away. I'm Maui. Kia
Orana. It means welcome.

He offers his hand to KYLE who takes it, feeling the power
and strength in the man's grip - as MAUI fully intends.

KYLE
Kyle.

BUDGIE
Derek Wiggins. Alright?

MAUI ignores BUDGIE's wave, noting KYLE's tattoo with
interest and moving closer to examine it more intently.

MAUI
Nice Moko. You get that done here?

On KYLE, a tad taken aback by MAUI's scrutiny, especially as
MAUI takes hold of KYLE's arm to study the tattoo.

KYLE
No, England. Bromley. I designed
it myself.

MAUI reacts, surprised, and gauges KYLE - curious, testing -
still holding his arm which makes KYLE very uncomfortable.

MAUI
You know what these symbols mean?
Their arrangement?

KYLE tries to pull his arm free but MAUI keeps a grip on it.

KYLE
No. Not really. Just thought it
looked good. Why?

MAUI smiles patronizingly, dismissive.

MAUI
It's very pretty.

MAUI lets his arm go now, allowing KYLE to step back. A moment of hostility between them which LARA deflects.

LARA
You'd better go if you want to catch the next tour. It leaves in twenty minutes.

BUDGIE
Thanks. What was your name again?

LARA smiles at his tactic - she can hardly refuse to answer.

LARA
Lara. Have a good trip.
(to Maui)
Now can we order some lunch?
I'm starving.

MAUI looks warily at KYLE and his tattoo as they head off. KYLE is disturbed at MAUI's animosity as he turns to BUDGIE.

KYLE
Derek Wiggins?

BUDGIE
If I'm going to steal his girl,
I'll need some kind of insurance.
(gestures tattoo)
And you might want to get that translated in case it's offensive.

KYLE grins, looking at his tattoo as they move on, feeling a lingering disquiet, wondering at MAUI's hostile reaction.

8

INT. BLUE NUN BAR. DAY

8

KYLE and BUDGIE walking into the beach-side bar where a giant local, PECKHAM, (30's) is cleaning glasses behind the bar.

A Belgian, DRIES VANDENBOGAERDE (early 30's) is at one of the tables, checking figures in a ledger.

DRIES
Sorry guys, we're closed.

KYLE
We're looking for Dries. A friend of ours said he could help us out?

DRIES flicks a wary look towards PECKHAM who glowers back.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Her name's Tyler? She does a few shifts here, said she bought some Mari Cava from you a few days back.

DRIES curses, gets up to usher KYLE and BUDGIE out the bar.

DRIES

We don't sell that anymore. It's verboden. And I'd appreciate you telling Tyler the same.

On PECKHAM, scowling, as he watches DRIES escort them out.

9

EXT. BLUE NUN BAR. DAY

9

DRIES talking quietly with KYLE and BUDGIE.

DRIES

We have to respect the culture here. It's a sacred drink to some locals. But I can get it for you, no problem. You know what it does?

BUDGIE

It's meant to send you a bit trippy - like mushrooms.

DRIES

Depends on the person. It's like going to a place you've never been before. It can be magical, or disturbing, so I need to know you can handle that.

BUDGIE turns to KYLE, freaked out by this kind of talk.

BUDGIE

Mate, we want to get mashed, not brain fried -

KYLE

It's going to be awesome.

DRIES

The cost is fifty dollars.

BUDGIE

Each?

KYLE

Tyler said it was thirty.

DRIES

If you looked like Tyler, then yes. You understand?

DRIES grins. KYLE smiles wryly and gets out his money.

KYLE
I've got eighty. Budge?

BUDGIE
Skint. I left my money at the
hostel - thought you had enough.

DRIES takes the money from KYLE and puts it away.

DRIES
You can pay the balance later.
Come back at five and we'll go into
the bush. I know a special place,
very private. It's perfect.

He smiles. KYLE grins. BUDGIE is less enthused.

10

EXT. BEACH. DAY

10

KYLE walking back with BUDGIE who is sounding off unhappily.

BUDGIE
Yeah, good plan. Let's give all
our money to a total stranger and
head off into the jungle with him.

KYLE
Will you relax?

BUDGIE
I'm just saying, what if 'the place
we've never been before' is the pit
he keeps all his victims in?

KYLE
And what if it's the most incredible
thing we've ever done? I didn't
come all this way not to find out.

11

EXT. VANTAGE POINT. DAY

11

The local Maori CHIEF is now looking down on KYLE and BUDGIE from a high vantage point near the beach. He watches them like a sentinel, then turns and goes, revealing on his back the tattoo of a large, crawling, brown centipede.

12

EXT. CHURCH. DUSK

12

Gospel music - *Down to the River to Pray* - Alison Krauss.

A Minister, PASTOR WALTER CALCOTT (late 40's) is smiling and welcoming his Cook Island parishioners, pressing flesh with the faithful as they file eagerly into Church.

KYLE

You should've invited Lara. She must have dumped that Maui bloke by now. Weird she hasn't phoned yet.

BUDGIE

Supportive. Cheers.

DRIES has reacted, concerned, at this mention of MAUI.

DRIES

Maui Wapiti? Please. Be careful. That is not a man you insult. His family are very influential, with many friends. Myself included.

KYLE

Don't worry, it's cool. She's way out of Budgie's league.

BUDGIE

Again. Thanks.

KYLE grins as DRIES hands him a full coconut shell.

DRIES

There's something else I need to warn you of - an encounter you might have. The White Lady of Aitutaki.

DRIES looks serious now, filling the shell for BUDGIE then gesturing them to wait as he fills a shell for himself.

DRIES (CONT'D)

It's a Maori spirit legend. She was a Momoke - a creature not of this world - this jungle is her domain. It's one of the reasons I brought you here. Not everyone sees her but if you do... Run. Don't touch her. Or let her touch you. Or you'll be dragged down into the pool where she lives.

Nervous jeering now as DRIES continues, serious, concerned.

DRIES (CONT'D)

The Momoke are spirit snatchers. They leave your body intact, just steal your soul. It's why I asked if you could handle it. I've seen people afterwards who have never recovered. They have literally, gone insane.

A sombre moment as KYLE and BUDGIE exchange a spooked glance then try to immediately laugh it off but it's clear they are freaked out despite their bravado.

KYLE

Love a wind-up. Nice one. Look at Budgie's face.

BUDGIE

I'm cool. That was crap, mate - 3 out of 10. Let's drink. Get her out here and party.

DRIES

Just don't say I didn't warn you.
 (holds up shell)
 Tukua te wariua kia rere ki nga tautata.
 (off their look)
 Allow one's spirit to fulfill its potential.

KYLE and BUDGIE steel themselves and drink, grimacing at the taste as DRIES watches keenly, smiling, then drinks himself.

18

EXT. JUNGLE. DUSK.

18

Low level drum beats sounding - intense, insistent and growing in volume throughout.

KYLE, BUDGIE and DRIES drinking more as they dance in the jungle growing ever more manic and uninhibited as they succumb to the brew's hallucinogenic qualities.

The sounds of the jungle - insects, birds, drum beats - becomingly increasingly loud and mangled accompanied by a montage of ever distorted actions and images -

KYLE rocking his body and beating out the rhythms and drum beats he can hear in his mind on tree trunks.

BUDGIE stripping off his shirt, spinning around, dancing and laughing with DRIES who is laughing manically.

KYLE lying on the ground letting foliage sprinkle from his hands onto his face which is full of wonder and joy.

The idol of the Maori God of war - TU - flashing in extreme close-up accompanied by intense, unintelligible whispers.

BUDGIE on all fours, puking up as DRIES holds him, stroking his hair and forehead and laughing manically.

KYLE staggering off into the jungle undergrowth, alone, the intense colours and sounds flooding over him.

The idol of the Maori God of the Sea - TANGAROA - flashing into his mind, in the undergrowth, morphing out from the tree trunk - more unintelligible whispers, insistent, louder.

KYLE stops, looking at his hand gripping the tree and seeing the long thin shape of a centipede suddenly appear wriggling under his skin, crawling slowly up his hand, wrist, forearm -

KYLE clutches at it with his other hand but the shape goes then appears again under the skin of his clutching hand along with other wriggling shapes appearing all over his arms, face and body -

KYLE tears at himself furiously, crying out, twisting and writhing, frantic with panic then just as suddenly they are gone - his skin is smooth again. He checks himself over, laughing, breathing heavily then moves on, stops...

Up ahead, a young local GIRL (early 20s) in a red dress is standing half hidden in the trees, looking at him -

She's beautiful, scared, staring at him with apprehension, distraught, then - just as suddenly - she's gone.

On KYLE, starting forward, scanning the jungle, struck by a strange sense of affinity with this unknown GIRL when -

Suddenly the GIRL is right behind him, moving closer.

KYLE turns, frozen, feeling breathless and disorientated at her compelling presence. The GIRL seems frightened, upset yet also hopeful and pleading, like he's her saviour but she is afraid to trust that feeling -

She speaks to him urgently - unintelligible, distorted sounds echoing and intermingled with the whispers he heard earlier -

KYLE watches, transfixed by her beautiful face as she draws near - the GIRL tearful and trembling, her hands and fingers slowly reaching out and -

TOUCHING HIM - his arm, shoulder, face...

KYLE lets it happen, flinching at her caress as if receiving a shock, then he reaches up to press her hands to his face, noticing the tattoo on her upper arm, the symbols of which strike an unknown chord of great resonance deep within him -

The GIRL smiles, sorrowful, then suddenly turns, startled by a sound, a loud crack that KYLE hears also -

Another sound, louder, from a different direction and the GIRL pulls away in fright, backing off, tearful, accusatory, as if he's betrayed her - her desperate words just distorted, discomfiting sounds/whispers as she turns to run away.

KYLE calls to her, moving forwards but she continues to run from him, fast, disappearing into the undergrowth -

KYLE

Wait. Hey, come back, wait -

KYLE stumbles after her, scanning the foliage, trying to see what has frightened her, calling as he sees flashes of her red dress in the trees until...

KYLE stops, panting, scanning the jungle which is spinning faster and faster until it becomes a blur of speed as the noises, images and drums crescendo in his head. Blackout.

19 **EXT. BEACH. DAWN** 19

Establishing shot - sun rise over the island, the empty expanse of beach, the azure sea, beautiful, peaceful.

20 **EXT. JETTY. DAY** 20

Children jumping off a jetty into the water, laughing.

21 **INT. OUTBUILDING/LARA'S WORKPLACE. DAY** 21

Extreme close up on a huge, exotic spider.

An insect struggling in its web, desperate to get free.

Pull back to KYLE waking blearily up, lying amongst a pile of canvas sail and rope in a broken wooden dingy that sits in the back of a rusty, crumbling old outbuilding/store room.

He tries to move then slumps back, exhausted, head thumping, body aching, disorientated, wondering where hell he is.

Suddenly the door to the outbuilding opens with a creaking groan and LARA enters very surreptitiously, trying to make as little noise as possible. She checks back outside to see if anyone has observed her then carefully closes the door.

She moves quickly and purposefully towards a workbench on the side wall - she hasn't yet seen KYLE who ducked down out of sight in the dingy when she entered. She crouches, searching for something buried under the debris beneath the workbench

KYLE raises himself to watch, curious at the clandestine nature of her behaviour. The boat creaks, KYLE slips, and LARA turns, surprised and rattled by his unexpected presence.

LARA

What the hell...?

KYLE

Hi, sorry, I -

She snatches up a heavy metal spanner from the workbench and brandishes it aggressively as KYLE sits up, hands raised.

LARA

You come near me I'll -

KYLE

No, it's okay, it's me, Kyle -
remember? We met yesterday. At
the beach cafe?

She stares at him incredulous, keeping her spanner high.

LARA

And that makes lying in wait for
me, naked, acceptable, does it?

KYLE

What? Oh....

KYLE looks down and quickly covers himself with his hands,
realizing with horror that he's stark naked.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Sorry, we got a bit mashed.

LARA

What if someone's child had seen
you? Here. Now get out.

She flings him a tatty old straw brimmed hat to cover up.

KYLE takes it and goes, embarrassed and disorientated.

LARA watches him leave - not entirely trusting his story -
then closes the door and moves back to the workbench to
resume her search for something behind the debris.

22

INT. HOSTEL. DAY

22

BUDGIE lying in bed, stirring. He sleepily becomes aware
there is an arm cuddling him from behind. A sleepy moan O.S.
BUDGIE's eyes flick open, wide awake now. He looks at the
hairy, male arm holding him and turns sharply, horrified at
the sight of DRIES tucked up behind him.

BUDGIE hurtles out of bed, aghast to find himself naked. He
sees his clothes on the floor and begins to dress, pants
first, as DRIES stirs and sits up, unconcerned.

DRIES

Good morning, my friend. How are
you feeling?

BUDGIE

Bit freaked out, mate - frankly -
and kind of needing an explanation.
(off Dries' puzzled look)
You here. In my bed. Why?

DRIES

Obviously, we slept together.

DRIES reaches for his cigarettes by the side of the bed as BUDGIE continues to put on the rest of his clothes.

BUDGIE

No way. I don't think so somehow.
Thank you. I'm straight.

DRIES

I said we slept together. That's all. You were feverish, shivering. I had to make sure you kept warm. There was no sex.

He flicks the sheet to reveal he is wearing boxers.

DRIES (CONT'D)

Are you always this homophobic?

BUDGIE

Never. Live and let live, mate - that's my philosophy.
(beat)
But we didn't, right?

DRIES

(laughs)
I love the English - so uptight, about so little.

BUDGIE stops dressing, a new paranoia now.

BUDGIE

What do you mean, little?

There is the sound of the door opening and closing in the next room O.S. BUDGIE looks at DRIES then hurries out.

23

EXT. HOSTEL. ROOMS 1 & 2. DAY

23

BUDGIE racing out of his room and opening KYLE's door.

BUDGIE

Kyle?

BUDGIE stops seeing a startled KYLE standing starkers with a hat covering his privates. It's a moment.

BUDGIE (CONT'D)

I'll see you at breakfast.

KYLE slams the door, shutting him out, then turns and slumps down to the floor, mind racing in turmoil.

24

EXT. BEACH. DAY

24

KYLE, BUDGIE and DRIES on a deserted beach. BUDGIE is sitting, applying sun screen to his arms as DRIES stands with an agitated KYLE who is scanning the jungle, still obsessing over last night's encounter.

KYLE

So that's Lara's workplace over there. And we started drinking...

DRIES

Behind where those rocks are.

KYLE

Which means the girl I saw -

BUDGIE

Imaginary girl.

KYLE

No, she was real. I'm sure of it.

BUDGIE

She wasn't wearing white by any chance, was she?

DRIES

Yes, I think this is what it was. My ghost story planted the idea -

KYLE

She had a red dress. She was a local, a native, she spoke to me, she was terrified.

BUDGIE

I'm not surprised - you coming towards her stark bollock naked -

KYLE

I wasn't naked when I saw her.

DRIES

Do you have a girlfriend back home? Someone special?

KYLE reacts awkwardly. BUDGIE gives him a look.

BUDGIE

Not anymore - he dumped her.

KYLE

It was a mutual decision.

BUDGIE

He did let her keep the ring, mind.

KYLE

It wasn't like that. We just wanted different things.

DRIES

It's how Mari Cava works - by tapping into the subconscious and releasing repressed feelings - like desire. And guilt.

KYLE

That's bullshit.

DRIES

You tried to comfort a girl, that you yourself had distressed, then found she was no longer available - how much clearer could it be?

BUDGIE

Sounds spot on to me, mate.

KYLE looks at BUDGIE - a tension between the two lingering over this past incident - then picks up his mask and snorkel.

KYLE

I want a swim. You two carry on the psycho-bollocks without me.

DRIES shrugs ruefully, then sits down, picking up the sun cream as BUDGIE watches KYLE leave.

DRIES

Will you rub some cream on my back?
(off Budgie's reaction)
Or do you also have some repressed feelings that inhibit you?

On BUDGIE, gritted teeth, taking the sun cream to comply.

25

EXT. SEA. DAY

25

KYLE swimming into the water, snorkelling and peering down at the myriad fish and coral around - beginning to relax in the dazzling underwater world full of colour and beauty.

26

EXT. BEACH. DAY

26

BUDGIE finishing rubbing cream into DRIES back. He wipes his hands on a towel as DRIES studies with curious amusement.

DRIES

Did you have any hallucinations you wish to talk about?

BUDGIE

Nope. None. Whole thing was a bust. In fact, I think you should give me a refund.

DRIES

Perhaps I can compensate you another way?

DRIES waggles his tongue at him, grinning. BUDGIE laughs, picking up his travel book, ready to push back a little.

BUDGIE

Okay, Mr Wind Up Merchant - you want to compensate me? Where's the best place to dive for these black pearls I keep reading about?

He shows a picture in his book of the pearls in question. On DRIES - caught on the back foot by that one.

27

EXT. SEA. DAY

27

KYLE diving down, holding his breath as he swims, watching the fish darting around the beautiful coral reefs.

His eyes spot a beautiful red patterned fish. He swims towards it, round an overhang of coral, to see...

THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!!!

The GIRL from the jungle with the tattoo on her arm is swaying gently in the water just ahead of him - her hands tied behind her back, feet tied to a large weight which is stopping her drifting to the surface.

Her eyes are closed, mouth open, her body still clothed in the same red dress, long hair waving in the soft eddies of the water currents.

KYLE jerks violently back, nearly swallowing the ocean in alarm as he stares, horrified, at her floating corpse.

28

EXT. BEACH. DAY

28

BUDGIE and DRIES looking at the map in BUDGIE's travel book.

BUDGIE

These islands here?

DRIES

Yes, mainly Penrhyn which also has the even rarer poe pipi, the golden pearl, but you can't just dive for them. It's a carefully regulated and protected industry -

BUDGIE

You're allowed to visit though?
And swim? There's nothing illegal
about that?

DRIES studies him thoughtfully then turns as they become aware of KYLE shouting as he charges out of the sea and races towards them, wild-eyed and ranting manically.

KYLE

Budge. Budgie! She's there.
I found her. She's dead.

They spring up, losing all thought of pearls.

BUDGIE

What are you talking about?

KYLE

The girl, from last night, she's
been killed. She's out there, in
the water, tied up, she's dead.

DRIES

What?

KYLE

I told you she was real. That she
was running from someone. Well,
they found her, didn't they?

DRIES

Where are you going?

KYLE

To get the police.

DRIES

Kyle, listen. Listen to me.
You're still tripping.

KYLE shrugs him off and moves away as DRIES turns to BUDGIE.

DRIES (CONT'D)

It's really common. Some people
get flashbacks for days - you've
got to stop him.

29

EXT. BEACH. DAY

29

KYLE storming up the beach, totally focussed - a man on a mission - as BUDGIE races to overtake him.

BUDGIE

Kyle. Kyle, wait.

KYLE

I'm not tripping - she's there,
someone killed her -

BUDGIE

Okay, I believe you. I believe
you. But think about it. You were
the last person to see her and you
don't remember anything. And now
she's dead. Think about how that
looks, mate. This is the Police.
We don't know these people.

KYLE looks at BUDGIE, his words striking a chord, but
incredulous at the conclusion to be drawn.

KYLE

So just leave her, is that what
you're saying?

BUDGIE

We can tell the police where to
look, anonymously, without getting
involved.

KYLE

I could've helped her.

KYLE moves on, BUDGIE stops him, firm, pointed.

BUDGIE

Kyle. You don't know what you did.

A moment between them - a suggestion of resonance to past
behaviour also - KYLE reflecting on that, before pushing
BUDGIE away and moving on. BUDGIE curses silently, then
moves to chase after KYLE again.

Go to DRIES, watching them leave, brooding thoughtfully. He
waits until they are out of sight then moves back to his
clothes and takes out his mobile phone.

He looks at the sea where KYLE was snorkeling, troubled by
this development. He looks to check that KYLE and BUDGIE
have gone. Close on DRIES: a decision.

He begins to dial.

30

EXT. DINGY. DAY

30

KYLE sitting at the front of a police dingy pointing out the
direction for Sgt DAN TARINGA who sits at the back of the
dingy manoeuvring the outboard motor.

BUDGIE sits in the middle of the dingy - glum, resigned.

On Sgt DAN floating in the water, watching him, stone-faced.

35

EXT. BEACH. DAY

35

KYLE sitting apart on the beach, still dripping wet, staring out at the sea, lost in brooding thought.

BUDGIE sits next to him, concerned for his friend, flicking anxious glances over to where an unhappy Sgt DAN is putting his uniform back on and talking quietly with DRIES.

BUDGIE

If a shark had taken her it
would've bitten through the rope -
the concrete weight would still be
there. Blood and stuff. It would
have been a frenzy. Dries said the
sea was calm, no movement at all.

On KYLE, still unable to accept the obvious conclusion.

BUDGIE gives him a sympathetic pat and stands up as DRIES approaches with a steely, disapproving Sgt DAN.

DRIES

I've explained to the Sergeant
about our little party last night.

DAN

Mari Cava?

BUDGIE

Yes. We're really sorry. Big
time. Aren't we, Kyle?

KYLE nods, still lost in thought, utterly perplexed.

DAN

Wasting police time is a serious
matter.

DRIES

And I think we're all grateful to
Sgt Taringa for kindly agreeing not
to take this matter any further.
Isn't that right?

BUDGIE

Absolutely. Thank you.

KYLE

There's been no missing girl
reported? No-one local?

DAN

None.

KYLE

She had a tattoo on her arm -
 (gestures his own tattoo)
 This symbol here - she had a row of
 them which -

DRIES

He said no-one's missing. And we
 accept that. Thank you Sergeant.
 Apologies again.

Sgt DAN nods grumpily, giving KYLE and BUDGIE a condemnatory
 look before heading back to his dingy.

DRIES turns to KYLE and BUDGIE, smiling, relieved.

DRIES (CONT'D)

You have no idea what kind of
 bullet we just dodged.

On KYLE, grim-faced, perplexed, unable to accept DRIES'
 explanation despite it being the only logical conclusion.

36

EXT. BEACH. DAY.

36

An awkward, concerned BUDGIE and a brooding, introverted KYLE
 walking back towards their hostel rooms in silence.

TYLER is approaching, wearing a bikini and carrying her
 beach bag, heading to her room.

TYLER

Hey, Kyle. How'd it go last night?
 It's pretty wild, huh?

KYLE just blanks her and goes into his room, closing the door
 behind him. TYLER grimaces to BUDGIE.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Oops. Had a bad one, yeah?

BUDGIE

That's one way of putting it.
 He'll be okay by tonight.

TYLER

Make sure he comes to the Blue Nun.
 I'll soon make him feel better.

She grins wickedly and moves on. BUDGIE watches her, envious
 that she seems more interested in KYLE rather than himself -
 he's not a Christian but she's got a body you'd pray for.

37

INT. HOSTEL. ROOM. DAY.

37

KYLE sitting, fidgeting, glancing agitatedly at a carved wooden Maori idol standing on the bedside table - the god TANGAROU - which seems now to be staring back at him, imperious, sinister, commanding. KYLE picks it up, staring back at it, feeling deeply restless and disturbed.

BUDGIE enters and watches anxiously, concerned at his state.

BUDGIE

Tyler said to meet her at the Blue Nun. I think you're on a promise there.

KYLE holds up the idol, wielding it like a club.

KYLE

I saw this last night too - in the jungle. It's all just suggestion, isn't it? Guilt, like Dries said.

BUDGIE

It's done now. Let's move on. Get back to the mainland.

KYLE stares at the idol, then looks at BUDGIE, haunted.

KYLE

Ever felt you were cracking up?
Like you're kind of a nutter?

BUDGIE

It's why we're mates in the first place.

KYLE smiles, grateful, but is clearly deeply troubled.

KYLE

She was there, Budge. I didn't imagine her. I know it.

On BUDGIE, anxious and out of his depth.

BUDGIE

Look, I've got some sleeping tablets in my room -

KYLE

No more drugs.

BUDGIE

They're just downers, prescription stuff, for the flight -

KYLE gets up and puts the idol down, fearful, troubled.

KYLE

It's still affecting me. I can hear it whispering. Still.

BUDGIE

Mate, what you need is to chill out. Just take the pills and get some sleep. Okay? Back in a sec.

KYLE nods and watches him go - restless, anxious, emotional. He looks at the idol which stares back at him.

Close on KYLE, staring, listening - scared he's losing it.

38 **INT. HOSTEL. ROOM 2. DAY.** 38

A troubled BUDGIE hurriedly emptying his wash bag as he searches for the sleeping pills. Nothing.

He moves to his suitcase, opens it and sifts through the dirty washing, bits and pieces. Just as he finds the pills he hears KYLE's door close and footsteps hurry away O.S.

BUDGIE curses, thinks about following but to say what? He sits down, anxious and overwhelmed at the scale of KYLE's delusions - wondering what the hell can he do?

39 **EXT. STREET. DUSK** 39

A faded sign swinging outside an empty, ramshackle garage as a local woman, clutched by her small child, rides past on a beaten-up scooter along the deserted street.

40 **EXT. JUNGLE. DUSK** 40

Frightened birds screeching as they fly from the trees surrounding the clearing of a Cook Island marae - its stone pillars and statues impassive in the uproar.

Close on a small, homemade, straw idol of HINE NUI TE PO - Maori goddess of death - which lies broken on the ground.

41 **EXT. BEACH. SUNSET.** 41

A beautiful red sunset beginning as KYLE stands alone on the deserted beach. He stares out to sea, at the place where he thought he saw the dead GIRL.

On KYLE, deep in brooding thought, his mind and soul still churning in turmoil. He takes a deep breath of sea air and turns to go, heading off back down the beach.

He stops, stunned, seeing symbols drawn with a stick in the sand - a copy of the dead GIRL's tattoo.

The CHIEF gestures authoritatively with his stick towards a nearby shack bearing the placard: MARSHALL TOURS - whale watching, fishing, snorkelling, reef excursions, cruises.

KYLE looks back at the CHIEF who gestures again, impatient now, urging him to go into the shack. KYLE hesitates and then moves warily forward to knock on the door.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Hello? Anyone there?

45 **INT. MARSHALL'S SHACK. EVENING**

45

KYLE entering to see a small table, plastic chair, some fishing equipment, crab and lobster pots - empty.

Photos adorn the walls of a grizzled old local man - this is MARSHALL - with various tourists proudly holding their prized catch of Swordfish or Marlin etc...

KYLE scans them, puzzled but then stops - zoning in one particular photo of MARSHALL with a girl - AUMEA - the same GIRL that KYLE saw in the jungle. And under the water.

On KYLE, everything receding around him as he focusses on that photo. On the girl - AUMEA. Smiling, Real, Alive.

Then a second photo - AUMEA with LARA. Then a third - AUMEA with LARA and MAUI all on a boat together.

On KYLE, hyper now, as he rushes back outside to...

Nothing. A deserted beach. The CHIEF has gone.

46 **EXT. BLUE NUN BAR. EVENING**

46

Establishing shot of the bar - a sparsely populated oasis of multi-coloured light bulbs against the twilight backdrop.

47 **INT. BLUE NUN BAR. EVENING**

47

Sgt DAN TARINGA is at the music decks, out of uniform and wearing casual gear plus headphones in his alternative role as the island's resident and happening Thrash DJ.

DRIES is welcoming MAUI and LARA and gesturing to PECKHAM to serve them drinks.

An anxious BUDGIE sits at the other end of the bar being served by TYLER. He is confiding his problem as he scans the crowd hopefully for KYLE.

TYLER
So no-one else saw this girl?
Either time? Just Kyle?

BUDGIE nods glumly as TYLER reflects, very intrigued.

TYLER (CONT'D)

That's really creepy. Especially
the tied up under the sea bit.

BUDGIE

Bet you don't want to sleep with
him now.

TYLER

Well, the bondage thing's a problem
but I guess I could always tie him,
just to be safe.

BUDGIE

Hey, he's not a head case, alright?
It was a bad trip, that's all.
He's going to be fine.

On TYLER, a flicker of guilt, as BUDGIE looks around - hoping
KYLE makes an appearance soon, concerned at his absence.

48 **EXT. STREET. NIGHT**

48

KYLE, is racing up the street towards the bar, a set of
photos in his hand. Pulsating drum beats sound O.S.

49 **INT. BLUE NUN BAR. NIGHT**

49

The drum beats continue as we see their source - a local fire-
dance act being put on as entertainment for the tourists.

LARA sitting at the bar alone as MAUI talks intently with
DRIES in a private corner, away from everyone else.

LARA flicks glances over towards them, wondering what they're
talking about, wishing she wasn't always excluded.

KYLE comes racing into the bar, spots BUDGIE and TYLER and
heads over as BUDGIE stands up, relieved and TYLER smiles.

TYLER

Hey Kyle. You made it.

BUDGIE

Mate, where have you been?

KYLE

Come here. I've got something to
show you.

(to Tyler)

It's private.

TYLER reacts, curious as the boys head away to a private area.

50

INT. BLUE NUN BAR. NIGHT

50

KYLE showing BUDGIE the photos he's taken from the wall of MARSHALL's shack - both relieved and energized at this confirmation of reality and his own sanity.

KYLE

That's her. That's the girl I saw.
Look. She's a real person.

A close-up picture of AMUEA - happy, smiling, alive as KYLE reveals the other two photos.

KYLE (CONT'D)

And that's Lara. She's with Lara.
And Maui. They know her.

BUDGIE looks across the bar to where LARA is watching them with wary curiosity - KYLE's intense arrival into the bar and agitated state having drawn attention.

Close on LARA staring at KYLE, unsettled by his gaze.

On KYLE, staring at LARA then turning back to BUDGIE, thinking furiously about his next step.

BUDGIE

Where did you get these?

KYLE

It doesn't matter - what matters
is - I wasn't hallucinating.

He heads off towards LARA, BUDGIE stopping him.

BUDGIE

Whoah, hold on. Wait. What are
you going to do?

KYLE

Don't worry. I'll be cool.

TYLER watches them from behind the bar, curious as KYLE heads over to join LARA with BUDGIE following, nervously behind.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Hey, can I get you a drink,
apologize for this morning?

LARA

'S okay. Dries explained.
I'm sorry you had such a bad
experience. Sounded awful.

KYLE puts the photo of AMUEA and LARA down on the bar.

KYLE

Worse for her. That's the girl I
saw. Who is she?

BUDGIE reacts despairing at KYLE's confrontational stance.

BUDGIE

Smooth. Nice job.

LARA takes the photo, flicking a look towards DRIES and MAUI
who have noticed the situation and get up to approach.

KYLE

She's a friend of yours, right?
What's her name?

BUDGIE

Mate, relax.

KYLE

I just want to know who she is.
Everyone else seems to.

He puts the other two photos on the bar - AUMEA and MARSHALL
and photo of AMUEA, LARA and MAUI on the boat - as BUDGIE
cringes at MAUI and DRIES' arrival.

LARA

Her name's Aumea. She's Maui's
sister - how did you get these?

MAUI

This is my Uncle's boat. These are
Marshall's. From his beach shack.
Did you steal them?

KYLE

Borrowed.

MAUI

With his permission?

KYLE reacts guiltily - obviously not - but regroups.

KYLE

Did Dries not tell you what I saw?
Your sister dead.

To KYLE's astonishment MAUI laughs, DRIES joining in.

MAUI

My sister is alive and well, in New
Zealand. Our father spoke to her
this morning. Saw her. On Skype.
So clearly one of you must have
been hallucinating.

KYLE

No.

MAUI smile becomes tighter, his hostility tangible.

MAUI

Are you saying he doesn't know his own daughter? Or are you calling me a liar?

LARA

Maui. He's not well. Let me get everyone a drink. Peckham?

PECKHAM heads off to oblige but stops when MAUI speaks.

MAUI

They've had enough. They should leave now, get some rest.
(gathers up photos)
I'll return these to my uncle, with your sincere apology, yes?

BUDGIE

Absolutely. He's very sorry.
(to Kyle)
Come on, mate. Let's go.

BUDGIE almost pulls KYLE away as MAUI watches them icily, then turns and gestures to Sgt TARINGA who approaches.

As KYLE retreats he looks back to see MAUI having a private, whispered word with Sgt TARINGA, gesturing towards KYLE. Sgt TARINGA nods, watching KYLE as MAUI pats his shoulder, and heads off into the night, summoning LARA to follow.

Go to TYLER, watching KYLE and BUDGIE leaving the bar and moving off to the beach as DRIES approaches.

DRIES

Did you speak to the Pastor?
(she nods)
Okay then.

He looks pointedly at her and moves off again.

On TYLER, feeling very conflicted, as she stares at KYLE and BUDGIE heading further onto the beach and into darkness.

51

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT

51

KYLE and BUDGIE alone on the beach, away from the Blue Nun bar still open in the background.

KYLE

I'm not saying that's what did happen, I'm just saying it could have. You must see that it's possible.

BUDGIE

Yes, in bizzaro world.

KYLE

Dries works for Maui. He's admitted to being his friend.

BUDGIE

So what?

KYLE

So he was alone on that beach when we went to the police. He had a good hour before we got back. Be easy enough to have phoned Maui and get a boat there, pull the girl out and take her somewhere else.

BUDGIE

Can you hear yourself? It's Maui's sister. Why would they kill her?

KYLE doesn't know. BUDGIE presses his advantage.

BUDGIE (CONT'D)

And why dump her thirty feet from the beach where any snorkeller could find her? They'd have taken her way out into the ocean.

KYLE is rattled. BUDGIE delivers the coup de grace.

BUDGIE (CONT'D)

And how could Maui's father have spoken to her this morning?

On KYLE, no answer, just a stubborn conviction.

KYLE

You've got to stop thinking what people tell you is the truth.

TYLER (O.S)

Amen to that.

They turn to see TYLER approaching, carrying a beer bottle.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Most murders happen between family. I'd kill my lot given the chance.

She hands a bemused KYLE the beer bottle.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Budgie told me about your trip.
Sounded really intense.

KYLE looks daggers at BUDGIE who shifts awkwardly.

BUDGIE

I was worried about you. She's
done the cava thing too. Thought
she might have some advice.

TYLER

I want to help.

KYLE

It's got nothing to do with you.

TYLER

You think Maui could've lied about
his father? There's a really easy
way to find out.

She smiles, slugging her beer. On KYLE, interested now.

52 **INT. CHURCH. DAY**

52

Gospel music.

The local congregation singing in full voice led by PASTOR
WALTER CALCOTT as light floods into the Church from the
blazing sun outside.

53 **EXT. CHURCH. DAY**

53

Gospel music continues.

A focussed KYLE striding ahead in the intense morning heat,
TYLER keeping pace beside him, ahead of BUDGIE as they all
hurry towards the Church.

They arrive at the door, hearing the congregation singing,
KYLE turning to TYLER as he prepares to go inside.

KYLE

You're sure Maui's parents will
be here?

TYLER

They're Church Elders - they host
a BBQ afterwards in the grounds of
their house.

BUDGIE

Why can't we just go to that?

TYLER

Cos it's for members of the congregation only. Get in - you must have something to confess.

They move to go inside, KYLE leading, BUDGIE at the rear.

54

INT. CHURCH. DAY

54

Gospel music ending just as KYLE, TYLER and BUDGIE enter and try to move unnoticed to a pew at the back.

The congregation turns as one and stares at them as they sit, very self conscious now.

PASTOR WALTER CALCOTT smiles as he moves to his pulpit and, as he waits for the congregation to turn back to him, he stares directly at the new group - KYLE uncomfortably aware that he is the sole focus of CALCOTT's fierce scrutiny.

CALCOTT

We greet and welcome new sinners,
rejoicing in their desire for the
love and forgiveness of our Saviour
Jesus Christ - praise him.

The congregation respond - *Praise him.*

CALCOTT is still looking directly at KYLE as he continues.

CALCOTT (CONT'D)

Let his light cleanse you, absolve
you of your wickedness, so that the
redemption you have sought for so
long may at last be found.

On KYLE, awkward, sweating from the heat and his exertion as he squirms at the feeling that CALCOTT is making a personal address to him alone.

BUDGIE flicks a glance at KYLE worried at his state.

CALCOTT (CONT'D)

This is a holy place, on a hallowed
isle, resting in sacred seas.

The congregation punctuate each of these sentiments with an *Amen* or *Hallelulah* or *Praise him.*

CALCOTT continues, his eyes boring into KYLE's as he preaches with utter conviction.

CALCOTT (CONT'D)

And all who bathe in its waters are
blessed - do not weep for them -

On KYLE - hearing a sudden burst of the same whisper he heard in the jungle as a GIRL enters his peripheral vision then moves on up the Church aisle as CALCOTT continues -

It's AUMEA, in the same red dress, walking in slo-mo, her hips swaying sensuously. She turns to look back at him - confirming to KYLE it is the same girl he saw in the jungle and then under water - her face troubled, haunted -

CALCOTT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

For their sins have been washed
away to lie discarded on the ocean
floor while their souls float free,
in atonement and salvation.

And then just as suddenly she's gone - the aisle clear, the congregation oblivious - only KYLE saw her.

On KYLE side-swiped by the vision and stunned at CALCOTT's message - so relevant he cannot believe it's not deliberate - as again the congregation respond with a fervent response.

KYLE's hand is gripping BUDGIE tightly. BUDGIE looks at him but KYLE is just staring out, unable and unwilling to confide his vision, which makes BUDGIE even more concerned as he whispers to KYLE.

BUDGIE

Mate? You okay?

KYLE looks at him and nods, dismissive, flustered as a Cook Islander in the front pew - a tall, authoritative man, 50's, dressed in black - stands to voice his passionate approval.

TANE

Hallelulah. Praise him.

The congregation respond as TYLER whispers to KYLE who relaxes slightly as he turns his attention to the man.

TYLER

That's Maui's father, Tane. His
wife Paeta's next to him.

TANE

Praise him. Praise the Lord. And
give thanks.

TANE turns to take the hand of the black clad local woman next to him as she smiles back, silently mouthing *Praise him* even while she weeps. The congregation and CALCOTT echo TANE's words - Praise him, Praise the lord.

On KYLE watching them, wiping his sweating face, feeling light-headed, shell shocked, wondering what the hell is happening to him. He reacts to BUDGIE's scrutiny.

KYLE

I'm fine, let's just get this settled, one way or another.

He gets up to leave with the rest of the congregation. BUDGIE moves to follow, exchanging a look with TYLER - concerned KYLE is getting worse.

55

EXT. WAIPITI HOME. GARDEN. DAY.

55

Establishing shot of the WAIPITI family home - the biggest, most opulent house on the island, reeking of status, money and tradition.

The vast, cultivated garden stretching out at the back is beginning to swell with people as the BBQ begins in earnest.

Local parishioners cluster into their social groups - all of the women at one set of tables preparing drinks and all the men at the opposing set preparing the food.

TANE and PAETA behave and are treated as obvious leaders of their respective groups - the other men and women deferring to them on all decisions as they organize the refreshments.

KYLE, BUDGIE and TYLER enter the garden from the house.

TYLER

They're one of the oldest families on this island and this is their home, so please, respect that.

She smiles and waves towards a group of local women at the drinks table who smile and beckon her over. TYLER heads off leaving KYLE and BUDGIE standing between the two social groups of men and women, conspicuously isolated.

KYLE looks towards the men, keen to confront TANE but aware it's his house and party and sensitive to the protocol.

BUDGIE

So what's the plan? You going to ask about his daughter or should we wait and let Tyler do it?

KYLE

They're coming to us.

BUDGIE turns to see TANE, CALCOTT and two other Elder Cook Island men approaching.

They wait awkwardly as TANE and the group arrive, big smiles on their faces as they form a semi circle around the trio.

TANE

Welcome friends. I am Tane Wapiti. You must be Kyle.

He holds out his hand, KYLE takes it, surprised at his knowledge and noting how TANE immediately studies the tattoo on KYLE's arm. CALCOTT smiles, studying KYLE intently.

CALCOTT

We have been expecting you.

TANE

My son Maui has told us of your misfortunate delusion.

KYLE

Right, only I don't think -

CALCOTT

And where else would you come, when you are troubled and seek enlightenment? You must lay your concerns to rest.

TANE

My daughter Aumea is safe and well.

KYLE

You've spoken to her? Seen her?

TANE

Every day. Although she is far away, she is in our hearts always, and forever.

CALCOTT

Amen.

KYLE and BUDGIE look around and realize that the whole of the congregation, men and women alike, have come closer and are now staring at them, smiling with a shining fervour that is deeply unsettling.

It's an unnerving feeling, like they've been sucked into a seemingly benign gathering hiding hostile intentions.

TANE

Come, break bread with us. And share in the blessings our good Lord has provided.

He and CALCOTT envelop KYLE and lead him back to the food table as the other two Elder Maori men smile and gesture for BUDGIE to follow suit. BUDGIE smiles weakly and moves to TYLER for support as he allows himself to be shepherded forward.

BUDGIE

You ever seen The Wicker Man?

TYLER

No, why?

BUDGIE

I think this is the sequel.

He moves on, nervous as hell, as the smiling congregation move towards them offering refreshments.

56

EXT. WAIPITI HOME. GARDEN. DAY

56

KYLE with TANE and CALCOTT, other members of the congregation including TYLER close by, listening intently. TANE is studying KYLE's tattoo with interest.

BUDGIE is on the fringes of the group, trying to stay close to KYLE to protect him but shut out by the others.

TANE

My son told me you chose these symbols yourself.

KYLE

Yes, and they're significant in some way, aren't they? Important.

TANE, CALCOTT and the other Elders all smile at that.

TANE

Why this design over any other?

KYLE

I don't know. It's just been in my head for years, I kept doodling it, the same pattern, over and over, then finally, had it done.

TANE

It is your mark.

KYLE

But what does it mean?

TANE

That is our journey. And purpose. To discover what we are.

KYLE is confused. TANE smiles, gesturing his own tattoos.

TANE (CONT'D)

My own history and fortune are written here. I was named after Tane, our God of the Forests. His daughter was Hine Nui Te Po whose colour is red.

On KYLE - a memory flash of the GIRL in the jungle - on her red dress as she flees.

TANE (CONT'D)

She is the Goddess of Death and her
idol is everywhere on this island.

He gestures to where a straw idol of HINE NUI TE PO is pinned
by a long needle into the trunk of a tree in the garden.

TANE (CONT'D)

She is our guardian. But also a
warning. Of our journey's end.
She is coming. Soon.

CALCOTT

And we must all be prepared for
that day of judgement.

KYLE exchanges a look with BUDGIE and TYLER as the others all
cross themselves and murmur Amen.

57

EXT. BEACH. DAY

57

KYLE, BUDGIE and TYLER walking along the beach - KYLE lost in
brooding thought, BUDGIE and TYLER feeling awkward at the
conclusion the morning has brought.

BUDGIE

Least we all got out of there
alive.

KYLE

Unlike Aumea.

TYLER laughs, confused at KYLE's refusal to accept facts.

TYLER

How is that your conclusion? Her
father said, he's in contact with
her - he talks to her, every day.

KYLE

He talks to Jesus every day an' all
but that doesn't mean on Skype to
New Zealand.

TYLER turns to BUDGIE who grimaces, agreeing with her but
wanting to support his friend.

BUDGIE

It was a bit Looney Tunes. Lot of
Grade A wackos there -

TYLER

They were just normal Christians.

BUDGIE

Tomato, Tomato.

TYLER laughs again, turning to KYLE.

TYLER

Okay, you're not religious,
but you've got to agree, this
is finished now, right? His
daughter's fine. You were
tripping. Let's just forget about
this and start enjoying ourselves.

She tries to take his hand but KYLE pulls away, grim-faced.

KYLE

You want to party? Go ahead. I've
got more important things to do.

He walks off. TYLER reacts, hurt. BUDGIE, hopeful.

BUDGIE

Well, I'm at a loose end so if you
fancy a beer then -

TYLER

I think one of us should go after
him.

BUDGIE

Absolutely. Check he's okay.
We'll do the beer thing later.

He grins then chases after KYLE. TYLER watches them go,
reflective, troubled, guilty.

58

INT. HOSTEL. DAY

58

KYLE packing his bag as BUDGIE watches, torn.

KYLE

They said she's studying in New
Zealand, Christchurch University,
so that's where I'm going. See if
it's true.

BUDGIE

Fine. Just swear when we've found
her we'll head back to Oz, start
earning some green -

KYLE

We're not going to find her. She's
already dead. Don't you get that?
It's a cover-up Budge.

On BUDGIE, growing unease about KYLE's mounting mania.

KYLE (CONT'D)

The family, that pastor, Maui's got Sgt Taringa in his pocket. They're hiding every trace, every clue.

BUDGIE

Let's just pretend that's not the most insane thing you've ever said - suppose it's true - what the hell can we do about it?

KYLE

Report her missing to the New Zealand police and demand they start asking the same awkward questions I am.

BUDGIE

And if they tell you to get lost?

KYLE

I'm not the only one who thinks this - there's a guy on the island - an old Maori - he knows. He told me where to look, for those photos.

On BUDGIE, more disturbed than reassured by this news.

BUDGIE

Right. An old Maori. Yeah, that doesn't sound crazy at all.

KYLE

I've said what I'm doing. You do what you want. It's your choice.

BUDGIE watches him continue packing, filled with doubt and concern but there's no choice to make.

59 **EXT. AITUTAKI AIRFIELD. LANDING STRIP. DAY**

59

Establishing shot of the airstrip.

An airplane has just landed and the first passengers are beginning to disembark onto the tarmac.

60 **INT. AIRPORT. BUILDING. DAY**

60

KYLE and BUDGIE waiting in line at the ticket desk to pay for their fare to New Zealand.

BUDGIE

D'you tell Tyler we were going?

KYLE

No, I don't want anyone to know.
If Maui finds out what we're doing
he might try and stop us.

BUDGIE

I think you're right.

He gestures nervously to the building entrance where MAUI has entered with the giant PECKHAM in tow.

MAUI scans the interior, spots them and smiles. He starts to move across, PECKHAM following.

BUDGIE (CONT'D)

Now what do we do?

KYLE

Front it out. They can't hurt us
here, not with everyone watching.

BUDGIE

You sure about that?

They almost flinch as MAUI arrives, studying them with a huge grin. PECKHAM stands behind him, glowering at them.

MAUI

You're not leaving us, are you?

BUDGIE

Yes. It's been great. Great
memories, but it's time to go.

KYLE

Why are you here?

MAUI smiles in a way that makes their stomachs turn over.

MAUI

I'm meeting someone. Perhaps you'd
like to meet them too.

He turns and looks at the stream of people from the plane that has just landed now coming into the building.

MAUI waves and a very beautiful girl in a red dress who has just entered, waves back, smiling.

It's AMUEA.

On KYLE, jaw dropping in disbelief.

On BUDGIE - staring at her too then looking at KYLE, feeling relieved and more than a bit stupid for ever thinking his friend's hallucination might have a basis in fact.

MAUI smiles and holds out his arms as AUMEA runs towards him and gives him a huge hug.

MAUI laughs, kissing his sister's cheek then letting her go as she smiles warmly at PECKHAM.

AMUEA

Hi Peckham. How are you?

PECKHAM nods and grins warmly, accepting her embrace as he takes her bag from her.

MAUI turns to introduce her to KYLE and BUDGIE.

MAUI

Aumea. This is Kyle, and Derek - two travellers who have been enjoying our island.

AMUEA

Hi. Pleased to meet you.

She smiles her wonderful, radiant smile.

BUDGIE

Us too - and you have no idea how much. Isn't that right, Kyle?

KYLE who nods, dumbstruck, staring at AUMEA in bewilderment, clocking her red dress but also the fact that her bare arms are clear with no tattoo.

AUMEA smiles awkwardly, uncomfortable at his scrutiny, and turns to MAUI who grins and leads her away with PECKHAM.

MAUI

You boys have a good flight.

They walk off, KYLE staring after her, his mind in turmoil.

BUDGIE

Job done, right? She's alive.

KYLE

How could I have imagined someone I've never met before? That's her, exactly. Same dress, everything, except for the tattoo.

BUDGIE

Didn't she have one?

On KYLE, watching intently as AMUEA walks away towards the exit, her movements slightly slo-mo as before, hips swaying, as he reacts to a recurring memory of this exact same moment.

KYLE

No. Not yet, anyway.

BUDGIE

What's that supposed to mean?

KYLE

She's going to turn.

BUDGIE

What?

KYLE

At the door, she's going to turn
back and look at me. Now.

Immediately he says 'now', AUMEA turns and looks back at him - her face troubled, haunted - it's the exact same image he saw in the Church but this time happening for real.

KYLE turns to BUDGIE, adrenalin flooding through him now.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I imagined that too. Earlier. In
the Church, I saw her, in that
dress, looking back...

BUDGIE looks at him, uncertain, concerned again as KYLE watches AUMEA being led away, MAUI putting a territorial and protective arm around her as they disappear out of sight.

On KYLE as the horrific realization dawns upon him.

KYLE (CONT'D)

It's going to happen. Everything I
saw. It's going to happen to her.

(beat)

It just hasn't happened yet.

On BUDGIE, trying to take this new development on board.

On KYLE, knowing he's right, and equally determined that somehow, he's got to stop it.

On the old Maori CHIEF, watching them nearby, his eyes blazing with satisfaction at KYLE's startling conclusion.

-END OF EPISODE ONE-