

A thesis submitted to Victoria University of Wellington in fulfilment of the research requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Creative Writing.

8 November 2002, revised April 2016

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Mission

Notes on story and location

This film is set in two locations and in two time zones. It tells a story concerning inter-racial, same-sex love, and the control of imagemaking.

A. The past story, 1828-1836 is loosely based on the true story of New Zealand Missionary William Yate and his lover, Eruera Pare Hongi.

It is mostly set in Northland, New Zealand, and focuses on the inland Waimate North Mission and surrounding Maori settlement.

B. The present day story is a fictional account of Riki Te Awata and an English Photographer, Jeffrey Edison.

It is mostly set in the community around a coastal marae and a derelict Southern Mission.¹

Sophie Jerram November 2002

¹ Unlike the Waimate Mission, this 'Southern Mission' is fictional. It was originally intended to be the Puriri mission, at the base of the Coromandel Peninsular, established by William Yate in 1834. Since the coastal mission I have set the film in is nothing like Puriri I have dropped the name.

EXT. PORT JACKSON 1836, DAY

A painted image (of the John Gully School) of the historical port of Sydney fills the entire screen. It depicts a number of ships: whaling, convict and trade vessels. The land is busy with diverse groups of people conducting business: traders, convicts, prostitutes, clergymen. The painted image blurs into an active scene.

The Prince Regent, once a convict ship, has been roughly converted into a passage for middle-class immigrants, and sits, rocking, just out of port, awaiting entry.

EXT. PORT JACKSON, DAY

The Prince Regent has docked, with crew, passengers and cargo unloading onto the wharf. William YATE, a bespectacled, elegant young pastor of 36, is talking with his sister SARAH as they disembark. He does not notice a group of four men, in clergy dress, accompanied by Richard TAYLOR, watching him. Taylor stays back as they approach Yate.

CLERGYMAN 1

Reverend Yate?

YATE

(putting out his hand)

Yes? You are?

CLERGY 1

(hesitates before shaking hand)

Sent by Mr Marsden, who apologises that he could not greet the ship.

YATE

A shame. I see you have already met my colleague,
(gesturing at Richard Taylor)

CLERGY 2

Reverend Yate, I'm Reverend Simpson. We would like you to accompany us to the offices at St James.

YATE

Perhaps later this afternoon?
I had intentions of showing my sister the perimeter of the city.

CLERGY 2

If you would excuse us, Mrs Taylor

Sarah stands back from the conversation. She looks anxiously at Richard Taylor, still lurking behind the clergymen. He refuses to meet her eyes.

The men take Yate out of earshot. Sarah watches Yate's face - a small crease of a frown develops into expressionless shock, then anger as the men talk. Denison approaches from the ship.

DENISON

Who are they, Sarah?

SARAH

They said they were sent by Reverend Marsden. What has he done?

DENISON

They're culling a brilliant man - at the height of his powers.

SARAH

Edwin? It is about this rumour?

Denison blushes, and looks away.

DENISON

You must believe me. Our
friendship is innocent.

Taylor comes to Sarah and Denison. He pulls Sarah away from Denison, not acknowledging him.

RICHARD TAYLOR

Now, dear, don't let this worry
you. We are going to the Mission
offices, that is all.
We'll be back later this
afternoon. Hurry back to the
ship for now.

From the distance, Yate waves and smiles unconvincingly at Sarah. He glances briefly, not helping himself, at Denison, who looks down. Sarah and Denison watch Yate, Richard Taylor and the men depart.

INT. BACK SEAT OF TAXI, c. 2002, DAY

JEFFREY, 38, dressed in casual black designer gear, is travelling from Auckland airport to the city. He has boyish good looks and a fine-boned physique; he would seem much younger than 38, if it weren't for his confident, world-weary expression.

JEFFREY

Phew. 26 hours.

TAXI DRIVER (MAORI, MALE)

(shouting over his
shoulder, over the
sound of a rugby
game on his radio)

Jet lagged?

JEFFREY

No. Used to it.

TAXI DRIVER

Oh, you been here before?

Jeffrey distractedly looks at the back of a postcard in his hand.

JEFFREY

Not here. But I travel all the
time - for a living. Take
photos.

TAXI DRIVER

Oh yeah. So where are you going?

JEFFREY

I'm looking for the undiscovered
parts. New Zealand's really got
a following -at the moment.
They can't get enough of it.

Jeffrey writes on his postcard.

"Judith,

Just touched down. NZ pretty quiet so far.

Good for 'contemplation' .

J xx

TAXI DRIVER
(his voice disguised
as the rugby game
climaxes - someone
has scored a try)
Yeah. Tell me about it. Bloody
tourists are swarming.

Jeffrey looks up and begins to notice the countryside, big
fields with sheep bounded by tall trees.

JEFFREY
Oh, but I'm in eco-tourism. Not
your mindless Japanese.

Silence.

JEFFREY
It's extraordinarily beautiful
for a big city.

There is more silence. Jeffrey gives up.

TAXI DRIVER
What's that? This country?

Jeffrey has opened his wallet and looks intently at a photo,
inserted behind a plastic cover. It is of a sharp- featured
woman, dressed in high-tech climbing gear, looking down,
over her shoulder, half smiling as she assails a mountain
face.

JEFFREY
Well, I mean, the green fields
around the airport, the sheep,
the rivers, the estuary. It's
what the world wants to see.

The radio suddenly goes quiet - someone is lining up for a
penalty goal. The Taxi driver speaks through the rear vision
mirror, and we see a Kuia, with gleaming eyes and hints of a
facial moko.

TAXI DRIVER
You think this is beautiful?
Used to be a lot more
beautiful, boy. Forests
everywhere.

Jeffrey, starting at the photo in front of him, looks up
only as the driver looks back to the road ahead.

JEFFREY

'is that right?

The rugby goes back to its original volume as the crowd cheers the goal. The taxi driver and Jeffrey fall silent, Jeffrey a little bemused. 1.

INT. BACK SEAT OF TAXI, DAY

Jeffrey shakes his head slowly in a moment of decision, and takes the photo out. He slips the photo uncaringly down the side pocket of his laptop bag. He rips up the postcard. The taxi draws up to a hotel in Central Auckland.

TAXI DRIVER

Make that fifty dollars, mate.

EXT. CITY HOTEL, DAY

Jeffrey gets out of the taxi, his attention captured by the sparkling Waitemata harbour that can just be glimpsed through the city. He turns back to the taxi but it is down the street. The driver waves the back of his long, hairy arm out the window in goodbye. Jeffrey looks down at the two pieces of postcard he has in his hand.

Jeffrey throws the postcard into a rubbish bin. It flutters down to the bottom of the bin.

The harbour image on the postcard merges into a scene of Whangaroa Harbour.

EXT. WHANGAROA HARBOUR, 1828, DAY

It is a stormy autumn day and boxes are being unloaded from the ship as passengers descend. William YATE, an elegant, bespectacled parson, dressed in a long frock coat appears on the gangplank and looks around, seeking a white face. He sees only the officers from the ship, and he glazedly watches them working as they unload. They are cursing the lack of native assistance.

YATE (V/O)

The manners, customs, prejudices, and superstitions of a people living at so great a distance as the New Zealanders must be interesting to all classes of persons; but particularly to those who delight to study the workings of the human mind, and the various means which man has adopted for the promotion of his earthly comfort, or for the prolongation or security of his life.

(MORE)

YATE (V/0; CONT'D)

It is, moreover, desirable to place upon record some of the prominent features of the primitive state of the inhabitants of this country; as they are now rapidly changing their character.

2.

A man in a long frock coat, HENRY WILLIAMS, appears in an open horse-drawn cob and spies Yate. Williams appears older than his 36 years. He has a warm, round face tinged with an air of disappointment. He ties up his horse and walks toward the dock, first checking the boxes on the wharf for his name. He shakes his head, resignedly.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Reverend Yate?

Yate is woken from his dream-like state

YATE

Reverend!

HENRY WILLIAMS

I am sorry I was not here to greet the ship. There is much fuss near our settlement.

Yate and Williams load Yate's smart, ample luggage onto the cob.

HENRY WILLIAMS

We paid for our provisions six months ago. Things are not at all straightforward.

He sighs.

YATE

A chief has died?

HENRY WILLIAMS

Hongi Hika - "the great musket warrior" - at least that is the rumour. His enemies are preparing for an ambush.

They set off.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE (PAIHIA), DAY

The cob draws up outside a small colonial cottage, but cannot get far because of the crowds of people sitting in a friendly occupation, outside the low picket fence around the house.

3 .

Henry Williams steps his way through the people, being careful not to engage with them.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Excuse me

Yate, following, is intrigued, and smiles at an older woman and a young man. They respond to his smile with whoops and cat calls of approval.

OLDER WOMAN

(in Maori)

Here's a good looking one!

Yate, half understanding, blushes and smiles. Henry Williams turns around, crossly.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Please, Reverend Yate.

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE, SITTING ROOM, DAY

The sitting room is sparsely decorated, with carved wooden furniture, some newly made of white pine, other more battered pieces of English oak. On the walls is a painting of an English pastoral scene and several cross-stitched panels. There are sounds of fighting and shouting in the near distance. Yate, Henry and Marianne Williams (heavily pregnant) stand in the living room.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

(looking skyward)

Well, even under the circumstances - tea, Reverend?

Yate smiles appreciatively

HENRY WILLIAMS

Hika's death will mark a new period for us.

There are sounds of banging and then children shouting from the back of the house.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Oh, excuse me.

(to the kitchen)

- Riu, please make tea.

4 .

There is a bashing at the front door. Henry Williams leaves the room and Yate takes in the room, looking particularly at the needle point works.

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE, FRONT DOOR HALL, DAY

Henry Williams is about to open the front door but it swings open before he does. A tall, stately chief, Tohitapu, stands there, glowering. He is scantily clad and brandishes a mere.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Mr Tohitapu, I will not see you
in this state.

TOHITAPU

(stamping on the mat)

I have been told I cannot enter
your church.

Tohitapu curses and spits at the front door mat. A pakeha carpenter, carrying his tools, runs up behind Tohitapu.

CARPENTER

Reverend, Tohitapu jumped over
our fence. I said it was not the
way to enter God's place.

Tohitapu spins around and waves his mere at the Carpenter.

HENRY WILLIAMS

And he is right, Mr Tohitapu.
Not when dressed as such.

TOHITAPU

He has cut me with his tools.

CARPENTER

(shaking his head)

I shut the gate only after he
had knocked over the fence.

TOHITAPU

A curse upon you for this
treatment. Payment for my
injured foot.

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE, SITTING ROOM, DAY

Marianne Williams has brought her three children, a girl (Mary) 3, a girl (Eve) 6, and a boy (Timothy) 8, out from the back of the house. The two youngest are crying. We can hear the argument continuing. 5.

TOHITAPU (O/S)

I will take Shungie's boys as slaves. Then his ghost will be in my control.

Yate looks puzzled.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Tohitapu's brother was killed by Hongi Hika. He believes that Hika's power has come through the church.

HENRY WILLIAMS (O/S)

Now, Mr Tohitapu, I want you and your men to go home calmly. We will discuss this in the morning.

The children are clinging to Marianne Williams' skirts. There is a louder banging coming from the back of the house. Yate bends down to talk to the six year old boy.

YATE

Hello young lady. What is your name?

EVE

(sniveling)

Eve

YATE

And Eve, do you know where England is?

EVE

Yes sir, it is where we come from.

YATE

And would God let you get hurt here in New Zealand?

EVE

(sniffing)

I don't know

Yate reaches into his pocket and pulls out a miniature bible.

YATE

You know that God is present no matter where we are? I have just arrived from England, and God is there as He is here. See, a small part of Him travelled in my pocket just to remind me. Would you like to hold on to Him for a bit until the troubles are over?

6.

Eve nods, sniffs a bit and takes the bible from Yate's hand. Yate smiles warmly.

Marianne Williams looks up approvingly at Yate and Eve. The sound of chaos continues. Eve's sister and brother are watching Yate and are transfixed by the tiny bible.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Eve?

Eve looks up into Yate's face and smiles.

HENRY WILLIAMS

(O/S, shouting)

Savage behaviour, Mr Tohitapu

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

It is us, who have to thank Hika - for his protection.

Riu brings in the tea. She has been crying. Marianne Williams sees her distress but tries to protect the children.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Now, run along children. Back to your rooms -you can read from Reverend Yate's bible.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Reverend, please have a seat.

Yate sits, as does Marianne Williams. He nods at the needlepoint works

YATE

A skilled craftswoman, I see you are, Mrs Williams.

Marianne Williams looks up appreciatively.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

7.

Thank you, Reverend. It keeps my mind from worrying. You see what it is like being under siege here. Henry has his journal and I, my needlepoint...
We. . .

There is the sound of doors slamming. Henry Williams comes in to the sitting room. Marianne Williams straightens up and pours the tea.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Distressing, this, I am sorry for it, Reverend.

YATE

I am impressed by the extent to which you engage with the natives.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Yet this savagery flares up so quickly. They have not jettisoned their heathen practices.

YATE

And so you teach them skills of society?

HENRY WILLIAMS

Marsden had your ear in Parramatta, did he? What is society here? If I had 200 years, I might consider society, Reverend. But God is primary to our work here.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Tohitapu showed no interest in God just last year, Henry. You have made quite an impact.

YATE

And you have had no success with Baptisms, Reverend?

HENRY WILLIAMS

We encourage the congregation
to come to God, Mr Yate, but we
cannot force the issue. The
church at Paihia is attracting
a growing community.

8.

Sounds of bashing and yelling. The children run down the
passage from their rooms. Several Maori figures run past
the windows.

YATE

It seems as if they have
passion, Reverend!

TIMOTHY

Mama, they are pushing their
faces up at the windows. They
say they are going to burn down
the house!

EVE

One said that Hongi Hika's
ghost is looking for a home!

Marianne Williams gathers the children up in her arms.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Now, you must be brave for our
visitor here, children.

(to Yate)

Tohitapu has been hoping for
Hika's death ever since he was
shot last year. Henry - what if
it is true?

HENRY WILLIAMS I

should go to ascertain the
truth. But I cannot leave you,
my dear.

(looking meaningfully
at Yate)

Not unless...

MARY

Mummy, what is a ghost?

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Shssh, dear

YATE

I would be happy to stay
here....if you would accept my
company, Mrs Williams.
Now children, there may be
strange people knocking at the
windows, but have you seen this
egg?

9 .

Yate produces an egg from his pocket and performs a series
of magic tricks. The children are delighted.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Reverend Yate has found himself
an audience already.

Henry Williams stiffens

HENRY WILLIAMS

Well, Reverend, it would be
most convenient if I could
entrust my family to you. You
will be able to witness first
hand the behaviour of our
subjects and hear their tongue,
which you will become more
acquainted with.

(to Marianne Williams)

Darling -a night and a day. I
will set out first thing in the
morning. Excuse me, I must pack.

Henry Williams goes to leave the room and turns back to
Yate.

HENRY WILLIAMS Oh,

and Reverend, I have arranged
for your Maori tutor - one of
Hika's family. He may come
tomorrow - or next month,
depending.

EVE

Reverend Yate, the egg trick
again?

Yate pulls out his egg. Henry Williams leaves to prepare for
his journey.

INT. RENTAL CAR, NEW ZEALAND WAIKATO, 2002, DAY

10 .

On the passenger seat of Jeffrey's rental car is a water bottle, a book of New Zealand history and a NZ map. Jeffrey has pulled off the road and is surveying the view. The history book is opened to an image of the Thames estuary. Jeffrey looks puzzled. He looks at the Firth of Thames, and then checks again at the book.

CLOSE-UP

The image in the book: it shows gargantuan kahikatea trees lining the river.

CUT TO

There are no trees on the banks of the river now, just a greyness of river and sky. The vast blankness of the landscape seems empty, impoverished, defiled.

Jeffrey shakes his head. He is vastly disappointed that nothing of the magnificence of the landscape remains.

EXT. COAST ROAD, DAY

Jeffrey has been driving for some hours over dusty, remote coastal roads. He pulls over when he sees a picturesque Marae with a WHARENUI, on the other side of the road, next to a derelict building (SOUTHERN MISSION), apparently abandoned. He gets out of the car, locks it, and with his camera around his neck, strides confidently toward the buildings.

There is the sound of giggling coming from the sand dunes next to the car. Jeffrey is half way across the road and turns around. There is just the sound of gulls squawking and the sea breaking.

Jeffrey admires the beach for a moment and turns back toward the wharenuui. The giggling starts again.

JEFFREY

Who's there?

There is more intense giggling.

JEFFREY

Hell----o?

Two Maori girls aged 6 and 9 pull their heads slowly out of the flax and tussock in the sand dunes.

JEFFREY
(softened by the
sight of them)
Hey. I thought I heard
something.

11
(1-

HINE (AGED 9)
You don't have to lock your car
around here, Mister.

MERE (AGED 6)
Unless you got something to
steal, Mr?

JEFFREY
Nothing to hide. Where did you
come from?

The two girls giggle and scamper off. Jeffrey notices that the light is dimming and he is getting colder. He looks at his watch.

EXT. FISH AND CHIP SHOP, NIGHT

A tatty fish and chip shop in a small town is bracketed by two buildings - one boarded up and the other a dairy, closed for the night. A street light is flickering, in need of a new bulb.

INT. FISH AND CHIP SHOP, NIGHT

Jeffrey enters the shop. It has two customers, waiting for their orders: Karl, a roughish looking pakeha guy in his 30s and Gina, a Maori woman in her 20s with two toddler- aged boys. Bill, an older Pakeha guy is behind the counter and raises his eyebrows at Jeffrey.

JEFFREY
How are you tonight?

BILL
Whaddy'll you have?

JEFFREY
A scoop of chips, and - fish?

BILL
Terakihi, warehou, kawaii, or
just plain shark?..

JEFFREY
What's your best?

BILL
 (with a gleam in his
 eye, voice directed
 towards the kitchen)
 What's our best tonight, Love?
 Warehou for Mr out of towner?

(to Jeffrey)
 that'll be \$2.50

(to Karl)
 Four scoops, two hot dogs, two
 shark, four paua patties, five
 pineapple rings.

Karl steps forward and Bill hands him the package.

KARL

Thanks, Bill

Jeffrey brings out a \$50 bill and passes it to Bill

BILL
 Nah, \$2.50, not \$25 mate!

JEFFREY
 Just bear with me...

Jeffrey fumbles with his money. Bill peers over the counter
 into Jeffrey's wallet

BILL
 Those coins are fine, a small
 one and a big one. And here's
 50 cents.

Bill gives Jeffrey a big smile. Though the joke is on
 Jeffrey, he's in good company. Jeffrey turns and waits at
 the back of the shop. He looks up at Gina, and smiles.

GINA
 Kia ora.

JEFFREY
 Hi. Uh, Keea Ora GINA
 Don't worry about him. He gives
 everyone a hard time, don't you
 Bill?

Jeffrey raises his eyebrows in a smile.

BILL
Three scoops, two frankfurters,
four paua patties

13.

Gina goes to the counter and picks up her order.

GINA
See you at the Hangi tomorrow,
Bill?

BILL
See if I can make it.

GINA
(nodding at Jeffrey)
You can come if you want...

JEFFREY
A feast?

GINA
A kind of feast, yeah.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE A RURAL MOTEL, NIGHT

Jeffrey, walking along the road, looks up at the sky as he eats his fish and chips. It is a clear night, the stars are glimmering, and he feels free. He pulls out his cellphone and looks at the time. He then dials a long number and waits for the signal to connect as he walks. After a while he realises the phone is not calling. He pulls it off his ear and sees that there is no signal. Disappointedly, he enters the motel and puts his fish and chip papers in the bin.

Jeffrey looks around the room for the (landline) phone. There isn't one. He instead notices on the wall of the motel, a copy of a sketched image titled 'Hongi's war party'. It depicts a missionary Boat, surrounded by waka. We can just see the signature - W Yate- on the bottom right of the image. Jeffrey finds some inspiration in it.

Jeffrey inspects his day's work of his empty beach scenes by scrolling through the shots on his digital camera, and downloading them into his computer. He plays around with them on screen in a computer mock-up copy of his magazine, but he's frustrated by both the quality of his photos and the restrictive nature of the layout. He sighs.

Jeffrey lies down on the bed and looks up at the ceiling, despondently, a bit lonely. He falls asleep.

INT. RENTAL CAR, DAY

Jeffrey is angrily talking on his cellphone as he drives down a small suburban street. The street is one house deep, bordering native bush.

14 .

JEFFREY

You want warmth, Judith? You sure? I KNOW you're talking about the photos. Oh, PEOPLE, OK! After years of being an outdoors fanatic you want culture, now. Christ. I'll find some people.

Seemingly by chance he spies a group of people assembled on a lawn, and Jeffrey pulls over.

EXT. GINA'S HOUSE, DAY

A shabby bungalow sits on a large piece of land, between tracks of bush. Approximately thirty people of various ages, mostly Maori, are milling around the section, sitting on blankets on the ground, old chairs, and the occasional beer crate. A covered, steaming pit where a hangi has been laid is being raked by a couple of large men.

EXT. GINA'S HOUSE, DAY Jeffrey approaches the house.

GINA

Kia ora! Make yourself at home!

EXT. GINA'S HOUSE, DAY

Jeffrey is talking to Bill and (Pakeha) farmer Jimmy. Jimmy raises his bottle to the light to show it to Bill and Jeffrey.

JIMMY

But this brew is much better than last year's. See the golden light?

Jeffrey smiles.

JEFFREY

Do you mind?

JIMMY shakes his head. Jeffrey takes his camera and gently snaps a shot of Jimmy and his bottle. One of Gina's children^{15.} approaches her, pulling her towards the house. Jeffrey follows their movement. He sees two large men in a heated discussion, on the far side of the house. He likes their raw look, and discreetly takes a shot.

There are calls of glee as some of the first steaming baskets of food are lifted from the pit. Jeffrey turns around and snaps away. Through his viewfinder he spies, in the middle distance a woman kissing a much younger man. Jeffrey curiously zooms in on them. The man looks up, and stares at him through the lens. Jeffrey is shocked at this and pulls back.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD, DAY

Jeffery is driving along a back road that afternoon; it's a clear cool autumn day. The view of towering mountains over white coastal beaches has revived him. He is humming Queen's 'Find me somebody to love' to himself. He makes a right hand turn, and pulls over at what appears to be fortifications on a flat hill site.

EXT. SOUTHERN MISSION SITE, DAY

Jeffrey gets out of his car, goes to lock it, then smiles, and pulls back. He looks out to the sea and takes some shots of the coast. Then he turns around and begins, slowly, to recognise, through his camera, the place as an old church site. He takes many photos, out of fascination of the site more than for particularly good magazine shots. He looks toward the coastline again. On the beach he thinks he spies the two girls from the day before. He lines up the zoom lens on the viewfinder and moves the camera, searching the beach for them. Two pairs of feet run out of his viewfinder and he hears their laughter. He looks away from the camera to see if he can see the girls. They appear to have run behind the sand dunes. He looks back through the camera but all he can see are a pair of pied oyster catchers. He smiles.

EXT. WHARENUI, DAY

Across from the Mission site, Jeffrey moves toward the wharenuui, approaching it from the side. He snaps away, becoming more excited as the images of carved Maori figures in his viewfinder appear with greater depth. We can see his shots; the carvings appears alive, the building almost seems to dance, to beckon him. He moves closer to the entrance of the building. He tries the door handle; it is open.

Suddenly there is a loud CLUNK: we see Jeffrey's body fall to the ground, his camera falling against him.

16.

The camera is slipped off from around Jeffrey's neck. We hear the jingle of keys and see the inside lining of his jacket pocket turned inside out.

EXT. WHARENUI, NIGHT

Jeffrey is coming to. He can make out the shape of the whare, and lets his head fall back to the ground when he remembers where he is. He fumbles for his camera and can't find it. Picking himself up gingerly, he feels that his head is bleeding, and limps toward his car. But his car is not there.

Panicky, Jeffrey staggers over the road toward the beach tussock, where Hine and Mere were playing the day before.

EXT. COASTAL EDGE OF ROAD, NIGHT

Jeffrey looks around him, as if summoning up the levity of the girls. Coming down the road toward him are a set of headlights. Jeffrey waves at the lights as they approach him. For a moment it doesn't look as if the vehicle will stop. As it approaches, we see that it is a school minibus, which brakes noisily beside Jeffrey.

Jeffrey opens the passenger door of the mini van, staggering.

JEFFREY

Any chance of a lift?

The bus driver can hardly see him in the darkness.

GINGER

I'm a bit late for tea and the youngest is cooking - Oh - get in, yeah for sure.

Jeffrey clambers in, almost falling. He looks at the face of the driver and thinks he recognises her - is she the kuia whose face he saw in the taxi driver's rear vision mirror? They drive on.

EXT. TATANOA HOTEL, NIGHT

The minibus pulls up outside an old hotel. Ginger gets out, goes around to the passenger door and opens it. Jeffrey lolls out, unconscious. Ginger yells for help as she struggles to stay upright with the weight of Jeffrey in her arms.

Jimmy is coming out of the pub, and sees Ginger, struggling with Jeffrey.

JIMMY

Hell, Ginger, what kind of
school run you been doing here?

Jimmy comes over and helps lug Jeffrey out of the seat.

GINGER

Poor fella, he doesn't know
what's going on. picked him up
opposite Whare Tapu bend.

They struggle to pull Jeffrey out.

GINGER

Messy fella! There's blood on my seat!

The two of them pull him into the pub where loud, raucous drinking talk can be heard.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE 1828, DAY

Assembled in front of the house are Henry Williams' family and George Clarke, a man of about 30, with his wife and two children. The Clarke family is being shown the view from Paihia.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Reverend Yate, I'd like you to
meet Mr Clarke, our latest
recruit to the service. George,
Reverend Yate has much
enthusiasm for the Maori
language.

CLARKE

Stories of your popularity have
already reached us. I believe
you have a candidate for
Baptism already.

Yate smiles, somewhat immodestly.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Reverend Yate's zeal is
inspiring. We are privileged to
have his energies so focused on
God's task.

A Maori MESSENGER, about 15, gallops up on horseback. He passes a message to Henry Williams. Yate admires his youth nonchalantly. The boy looks coyly at the ground.

BOY
(in Te Reo Maori)
Kei te pai?

HENRY WILLIAMS
(in stiff Maori)
Yes, thank you. Haere ra.
Please send my regards to Chief
Hika.

The boy takes a quick look at Yate and gallops off. George Clarke notices this interchange.

HENRY WILLIAMS I
have asked Hika to send a mark
of his hand each week after the
Sabbath. He is still in full
control of his mind.

EXT. KERIKERI MISSION SCHOOL 1828, DUSK

Eruera, (aged 18) tall, elegant and aloof, approaches the mission school building just as the light is fading, and enters the main classroom. It is empty. He can hear low voices, and looks around for another room. There is a small office off to the side of the classroom and Eruera is about to enter, when he remembers himself, and knocks. No- one answers. He opens the door.

INT. KERIKERI MISSION SCHOOL OFFICE, NIGHT

ERUERA first sees a young man, HEPI, of about 15, disheveled and surprised, tucking his shirt into his trousers. Yate appears from behind the door, only slightly uncomposed. He appears relieved to see that Eruera is neither anyone he knows, nor white.

HEPI
Eruera!

Eruera is unsure what to make of the scene.

ERUERA
(under his breath)
Hepi.

Yate takes a moment to admire Eruera and assert control. He smiles.

YATE

Yes?

ERUERA

Reverend Yate. I been sent to assist you with your language instruction.

19.

Yate looks slightly askance, but recovers quickly.

YATE

Of course. Will you come in?

Eruera looks off to the side.

ERUERA

I should come back another day?

YATE

No, no. Hepi, you may go now.

(to Eruera)

Come in.

Hepi picks up his book and pen and leaves, smiling at Eruera and Yate. He shuts the door.

YATE

Please, sit down.

Eruera casually, goes to the door and re-opens it, Yate watching. Eruera returns but does not want to sit in the chair vacated by Hepi.

ERUERA

I am Eruera Pare Hongi. I would like to know more about your God.

YATE

Yes. And you wish to be baptised?

ERUERA

It is not your task to persuade me of the benefit of baptism?

YATE

Yes, it is. Well, why don't we start with a catechism. Of God's love, and of sin- do you know of sin?

Eruera, interested, turns to the chair and sits down.

ERUERA

Sin is closing our hearts to
God and disobeying God's law.

20.

YATE

What are the results of sin?

ERUERA

Our relationship with God is
broken. Our relations with
others are confused.

YATE

(impressed)

So, you have studied these
already?

ERUERA

Mr Kendall said I had a good
memory for English.

YATE

Then let us look at the Maori
words.

ERUERA

What are the results of sin?
He aha nga hua o te hara?

YATE

(repeating)

he.. aha nga hua... o te hara

Eruera and Yate work through the translation, slowly. They allow themselves occasional laughter as Yate struggles with some of the words.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT, DAY

Jeffrey comes shakily down the stairs, sporting an enormous head bandage. The bandage makes mockery of his black designer clothes; he looks like a joke figure in this unpretentious context. He makes his way sheepishly into the hotel restaurant. The restaurant and pub have not been redecorated for some time, and have a dingy, worn velvet appearance. Over the fireplace is an oil painting of the coast - we recognise it as the view from the SOUTHERN MISSION and WHARENUI outside which Jeffrey was assaulted. Three or four guests are eating an early lunch. The hotel owner/manager, Madge, a Pakeha woman in her fifties with a gleam in her eye, is working on her accounts over the restaurant/bar reception desk.

MADGE

(looking up at Jeffrey)

Vertical, eh, Mr? You hungry?

JEFFREY

Starving. Been dreaming of
steak.

21.

Madge turns to the young, sunny chef, Carol, in the kitchen,
behind her.

MADGE

Any chance of a piece of rump
for our Englishman, Carol?

CAROL

(Loudly, jokingly)
I'm sure we can call this rump.

Carol puts her head out of the servery, smiling at Jeffrey.

CAROL

How'd you like it?

JEFFREY

Oh, medium rare - no, make that
well done.

Carol takes a second look, and Jeffrey winks and tips his
head at her. He winces with pain as he does.

CUT TO

POV, Riki, a smoothly attractive, slight Maori man of 30,
observing the banter at the bar from a table, when a burly,
bearded man taps him on the shoulder. They talk for a moment.

Jeffrey is served his steak at the bar by Carol, who
continues to hang around. Jeffrey smiles warmly and
Riki's attention is secured.

CUT TO

The burly guy leaving the pub, holding an envelope.

EXT. BEACHFRONT, DAY

Jeffrey is making a phone call from the beach. He has had to
wander all over the beach to find the right spot for
cellphone reception. Out on the sea a fishing boat is
discarding fish tails and guts. The sounds of the gulls and
the sea block out most of his conversation.

JEFFREY

Judith? Who the hell?
(stiffly)
It's 5? Oh. But who...?

Jeffrey covers his ear with his hand. The fishermen on the boat are watching him and stop feeding out the fish. Jeffrey shouts just as there is a temporary gap in the noises of the gulls, his conversation audible to all.

JEFFREY

Yeah. Mugged. . . camera, my computer, ...pretty much everything... can't fly for a few weeks... just thought you'd like to know...

The feeding out of the gulls start up again.

JEFFREY

postcard -its a bit isolated out here.

(pause)

...Oh, and love to Flipsy for me ...'bye...

(mouthed

) take care.

Jeffrey holds the phone to his ear for a moment longer, and puts it down. He's out of sorts.

INT. PUB, NIGHT

Jeffrey is sitting at the pub bar (vaguely playing with a glass of soda water) talking to Madge, who is polishing glasses. Carol is flitting around, trying to take part in the conversation.

JEFFREY

I really couldn't believe it. All gone. Not a single tree left.

CAROL

So, where's this again?

MADGE

Well he named it Thames for a reason. They were planning a city...

Patrons begin to trickle in, including a group of six tree fellers, with sawdust on their bushshirts. This group include KIRBY, a rough looking Pakeha aged 38 or so, KEVIN, single, of indeterminate race, KARL, from the fish and chip shop, and RIKI.

CAROL
Thames, really?

23.

JEFFREY
(to Carol as much as
Madge)
I'd have shown you the book.
It's just appalling for an area
that's not even been developed.

MADGE
(nodding at a group of
loggers who've settled
in at the bar)
Anyway, logging still employs a
heap of people so I wouldn't
let your views be known too
loudly.

Jeffrey turns, casually, to see the group of dusty, oil-
stained men.

JEFFREY
Ah. Madge, no news on my camera
or computer, is there?

MADGE
I'd imagine they're well on
their way to feeding a few
mouths.

Kirby, 37, the leader of the treefellers, has come up to
the bar for a round. He knows Jeffrey's story; he is
aggressive in his tone.

KIRBY
Had some bad luck, eh mate?
(and to Carol)
Six pints of the gold, thanks
darling.

JEFFREY
Yes, seems that way.

KIRBY
Did you get a look at their
faces?

JEFFREY
No. They came from behind.

KIRBY
You need to be vigilant around
here. You wouldn't think it, I
know, but you do.

24.

JEFFREY
(flatly)
Thanks. I'll remember that.

Jeffrey turns back to Madge, who has had to get up and attend to something behind the bar. Kirby retreats back to his table with his beer. Jeffrey is left alone.

INT. PUB, NIGHT

At the table of forestry workers, Riki is the last one to finish his beer and is therefore obliged to buy the next round.

RIKI
Same again, everyone?

They roar agreement. Riki walks to the bar where Jeffrey is still sitting alone.

RIKI
(friendly)
It's not easy, being an
outsider in this place. Don't
worry. You'll get used to it.

Jeffrey, glum, doesn't make eye contact.

JEFFREY
Well, I'm not planning on
staying here for long.

RIKI
Yeah, well, whatever...
(cooly)
Not much of a place to hang
out, I suppose, eh Carol?

Carol smiles uncertainly.

JEFFREY
I mean, I'm here for work.

RIKI
Who sent you here?

JEFFREY
Real World. Heard of it?

RIKI

Na.

25
(1-

JEFFREY

Eco-tourism magazine. Based in London. Nature photographs.

RIKI

Oh, yeah? I take photographs.

JEFFREY

Oh, is that right?

Carol is flitting about polishing the bar trying to overhear the conversation.

RIKI

But you're not from London, are you? I'd say - let me guess - you're from around Oxford, right?

Jeffrey is intrigued and looks Riki square on.

RIKI

I've spent a bit of time in the
(gesturing)
"old country", as they used to say. Worked in Banbury for a bit actually.

JEFFREY

Really? Uncanny. Like it?

RIKI

Oh, it was picturesque, but bloody grey.

Riki takes the beer from the counter.

RIKI

Anyway, I won't keep you, but you should come around sometime and see my photos - I've got quite a few of the local Marae you could be interested in seeing -

(gives Jeffrey a wink)

Jeffrey, not sure how to respond, watches Riki walking off.

JEFFREY
(sincerely)
Thanks, I'd like that.

26.

INT. PUB, NIGHT

Carol is drying pint glasses and stacking them as she talks to Jeffrey, still sitting at the Bar. She has managed to engage him.

JEFFREY
I used to go out quite a bit.
But I work pretty long hours
now.

CAROL
Go on, I bet you know how to
dance, eh?

JEFFREY
Well, I did learn to salsa when
I lived in Peru.

CAROL
OHH. Fantastic. Latin dance.
It's just what Tatanoa needs.
We could rig up the juke box.

JEFFREY
(smiling)
Well, when I'm back to full
action.

EXT. SWAMPY PADDOCK, DAY

Jeffrey, still with his head bandaged, is walking backwards, to get a better view of the sea. He is framing the shots through his hands, and then pulls out a disposable camera to make a record of what he sees. We see the different views through his hands.

Suddenly Jeffrey sees a flittering movement, like a bird or small animal. He 'drops' his hand viewfinder/camera and sees the flash of a skirt or loose material move behind a bush.

He's about to call out but instead watches, slowly, to see if anything is going to emerge. There is no movement. He goes toward the bush.

There is giggling coming from the bush. Suddenly, Mere leaps out from the bush and scampers away from Jeffrey. She seems to be carrying something - is it his laptop bag?

JEFFREY

Hang on!

27.

He runs after Mere.

RIKI

(from behind Jeffrey) ^

Woah up old man, you'll fall in
a cow pattie!

JEFFREY

(spinning around, surprised)

Where did you come from?

He staggers, slips on something, trips and falls down. His hands hit cow dung. Luckily it is hard. He feels foolish, but laughs at himself.

Riki laughs too.

RIKI

What are you looking for, Mr
Photographer?

JEFFREY

Just the serenity of the
landscape.

RIKI

It's not really something you
can capture.

Jeffrey has picked himself up. He has wiped his hand on his trousers and is walking toward Riki, hand outstretched.

JEFFREY

I am sorry. Not trespassing am
I?

RIKI

(shaking his hand)

Well, you would be if I hadn't
already invited you. So,
welcome. Want a beer? Or, -
(points to head)
-tea?

JEFFREY

Tea would be super. Did you see
where that little girl went?

RIKI
Little girl? No little girl
around here. Just me.

28.

Jeffrey and Riki walk towards what appears to be a group of blackberry brambles. As they get closer, a gap appears in the bushes and Riki pulls branches aside for Jeffrey.

RIKI
Mind your head

They approach a little cottage, hidden behind the brambles.

RIKI
It's a bit small, but I'm happy
here.

JEFFREY
How... private. And it's just
you here? You didn't see a girl,
about 7 or 8?

Riki shrugs his shoulders. He leads Jeffrey around the house to a back door where he takes off his gumboots. Various pairs of shoes are arranged tidily outside the door. Jeffrey bends down to slip off his shoes.

INT. RIKI' S HOUSE, DAY

Riki enters the backdoor, which leads into the kitchen, and Jeffrey follows. From the kitchen we can see the view out through a small living room in front, to the sea a few metres ahead.

JEFFREY
Wow. Great spot. Shame about the
trees, though.

RIKI
Gumboot OK? What do you mean?

Jeffrey wanders around to the small dining room and sits at the table. There are photos tidily arranged in piles around the floor of the room.

JEFFREY
Hey?

RIKI
I mean just plain tea - nothing
fancy. The trees. What did you
say about them?

JEFFREY

I mean, it's a shame all the natives have gone. It's mostly pinus radiata, isn't it?

29.

Riki makes the tea fastidiously, warming the pot with a careful swoosh of water, then adding two teaspoons of dark leaves from an old caddy. He turns the jug off just before it fully boils and adds the hot water. He turns the teapot Jeffrey realises his faux pas.

RIKI

Yeah, it was my grandmother's beach cottage for years. When I moved here she offered it to me to live in.

JEFFREY

She still comes here?

RIKI

No, she died last year. You take milk?

JEFFREY

Thanks. I don't even know your name !

RIKI

It's Riki. Short for Rikirangi Te Awata. And you're Jeffrey Edison.

Jeffrey is slightly taken aback. Riki brings the tea, laden neatly on a tray with a jug and sugar bowl.

RIKI

We know about the marae - where you were attacked -but that's it, really. Oh, and apart from the fact that you live in Islington, and you use a Canon EOS 65

JEFFREY

(amused but agitated) What the hell?

Riki holds his hands up in mock surrender.

RIKI

Don't panic. Carol at the hotel saw it on the fax you sent to the insurance - and well, she knew I was interested in photography - she showed me.

30 .
(1-5)

Jeffrey takes a big breath.

JEFFREY

Well, I guess you gotta have something to do with your time around here.

RIKI

Don't get like that, Mr London. You just can't come to a remote part of New Zealand and not expect to be noticed.

Jeffrey realises he is on a losing streak.

JEFFREY

(trying to change the subject)

So then, Riki, show me your work.

Riki's not sure if he wants to show Jeffrey anything.

JEFFREY

Really.

(indicating the floor)

Let's see.

Riki casually pulls from the floor a dozen shots in black and white and sorts through them like a pack of cards. He passes Jeffrey every second or third one -mostly images of local people outside the hotel. They have a close, grainy, film-still appearance. Jeffrey is impressed. There is one that looks like Jeffrey being carried into the hotel.

JEFFREY

Hey, what's that?

Riki does a flick of the wrist and pulls out a photo - similar to the one before -but not the same one. It is of a body being taken from a tangi at the local Marae. Jeffrey appears not to notice the deception.

JEFFREY

Gosh. The marae in action.
These are great, Riki. You have
a real documentary eye.

31 .
(1-5)

RIKI

It helps not being from here.

JEFFREY

Oh, you're not? I thought your
grandmother...

RIKI

Yeah, my grandmother was, but I
grew up in a little town in
Northland called Ohaeawai. I
came here last year when I came
back from Europe.

Jeffrey is looking intently at the photos he's been given.

RIKI

Needed a quiet place to be for a
bit.

JEFFREY

Why didn't you go home? Aren't
there forestry jobs up North?

RIKI

Actually there's even less work
up there than here. But I wasn't
actually looking to cut your
pinus radiata. As I said, I just
needed to have a bit of time
alone.

JEFFREY

I understand. That's why I was
sent here. To give me a bit of
time out, she said! Look at me
now!

(laughs)

Riki laughs too, partly at Jeffrey's brashness.

JEFFREY

Sorry. I just can't believe how
much clearing there's been in
New Zealand.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I've seen this kind of thing before in South Asia - but New Zealand has this green image. I was looking forward to seeing the country in a pristine, native state.. .

32.

RIKI

Oh, mate, you've had a rough time.

JEFFREY

Some would say I deserved it.

RIKI

(Getting up)

Yeah? Do you want another cup of tea?

Jeffrey gets up and turns to the view again, feeling like he's revealed too much.

JEFFREY

No thanks. I'd better go. Roast lamb's on the menu at the hotel. Mint sauce - mm mm.

Jeffrey begins to get up in preparation for leaving. Suddenly the rain begins to hit the roof of Riki's house. They look at each other; it is clear that Jeffrey will not be going anywhere. The rain seems to melt any discomfort between them.

JEFFREY

Well. Could I take you up on the beer?

Riki goes off to the kitchen, and Jeffrey stands looking at the darkening view through the rain.

RIKI

So why would anyone think you deserved the att- all this?

There is a pause as Jeffrey decides how he's going to answer.

JEFFREY

Oh, 'you can't see the forest for the trees', sort of thing, 'you're hiding behind the camera'. Things like that.

RIKI
You see life in snapshots?

JEFFREY
Yeah, that's right. Hell, it's
what I do for a living!

33.

Riki brings the beer through.

JEFFREY
What about you?

RIKI
Oh, I've not really got any
aspirations. Just the odd
magazine here in New Zealand.

JEFFREY
Cheers!

EXT. RIKI'S HOUSE, NIGHT

In the last of the light, Jeffrey puts out his hand in
thanks. Riki takes his hand and pats him on the back,
affectionately.

RIKI
Take it easy, Jeff!

EXT. SWAMPY PADDOCK

Jeffrey takes off across the fields, rubbing his hands
together - a chilly breeze is blowing up off the sea.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

Jeffrey is tossing and turning in his bed.

CUT TO

EXT. WAIMATE SETTLEMENT, 1828, DAY

It is a beautiful late summer day and two men, Henry
Williams and William Yate are talking. Williams has
interrupted Yate, who, still seated, has been sketching the
land in front of him. In the foreground of his picture are
a few grass whare and small garden plots.
Yate is showing Williams the picture, but Williams is
displeased. Yate stands up and points more forcefully at
the lush land in front of them. Williams shakes his head
and leaves.

Yate sits down again, fatigued. Eruera arrives and puts a fond hand on Yate's shoulder. Yate turns his head and his face softens at seeing Eruera.

CUT BACK TO 34.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

Jeffrey wakes, shaken. He looks at his bedside table, at his cellphone and picks it up, as if to call out. He puts it down again, and stares at the ceiling, confused.

He touches his head and winces.

EXT. PAIHIA 1829, DAY

Four men, including Eruera, are carrying a large moaning man, Rapu, along a foot track.

This scene is spoken in Maori, with English subtitles.

RAPU

I want to be saved. Eruera,
will they understand?

ERUERA

Yes, Rapu. We must get to the
church first.

RAPU

Why does God reside so far
from us?

ERUERA

Have patience. Reverend Yate is
a kind man.

EXT. PAIHIA CHURCH, DAY

Maori members of a congregation are casually departing from the church, in ones and twos, clearly before the service has finished. It is a wet, windy day and all are dressed in many layers; some have adopted pakeha clothes but are not yet adapted to wearing them and have used them merely as cover: they have trousers draped around their necks like shawls, shirts around their legs, etc. Henry Williams emerges from the church. He is visibly cold as he shakes hands with a dozen Pakeha church-goers outside. Yate arrives, breathless, and greets a few Maori, who are pleased to see him. When only a few of the congregation remain, Henry Williams turns to him, disappointedly.

HENRY WILLIAMS
And you, Reverend Yate? You
will see that the service is
now over.

35.

YATE
I am deeply sorry for it. I was
attending to Ann Waiapu - in
the last stage of her
consumption. Now gone.

HENRY WILLIAMS
And couldn't Reverend Kemp deal
with her ministrations? I rely
on you for your support,
William.

YATE
Please forgive me, Henry. - ~~vsrs-~~
~~rrcrfc-ferre~~ and she asked for
me.

They are interrupted by a wail and great spluttering from ^T
behind them. Rapu^- is put down by the men, and is now lying
on the ground.

RAPU
(coughing terribly, but
speaking in English)
Where is God when I need him,
Reverend?

Yate and Williams go to Rapu, who is doubled up with
coughing.

ERUERA
He is much worse. As Ann Waiapu
was yesterday.

YATE
Mr Rapu, please do not exhaust
yourself. Can you rest a
little?

RAPU
If God can cure my body, why
does he not do so? Then I would
believe what you tell me about
my soul.

HENRY WILLIAMS
This man is in no state to be
discussing theology. Let us get
him inside.

They carry Rapu into the Church.

Rapu continues to rant as he is being carried. His language mixes English and Maori.

RAPU

Let your God take away the pain
out of my hand, and head, and
side; let him make me well; and
that will be such a sign, that
everybody will then believe.

INT. PAIHIA CHURCH, DAY

YATE

Mr Rapu, calm yourself. God
does not act so directly. Here,
Mr Rapu, rest a bit. Eruera,
pass me the blanket.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Bring God into your heart, Mr
Rapu. He will see that your
conscience is clear.

RAPU

We native men had better live
as we are: your prayers require
too much ...Reverend, would you
be so kind as to visit me at
Waimate soon with that tea of
yours?

YATE

Aye, Rapu. E noho. Ka kite.

Yate turns to Eruera, sad to see a great man so disabled.

EXT. PAIHIA CHURCH, DAY

Yate and Williams are arguing. Williams is shaking his
head.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Wasteful, William. A mission at
Waimate would stir trouble and
disperse our finances. We need
to support each other, not set
up rival missions!

YATE

Henry, please. You see the levels of attendance at Paihia here today. Waimate is in the heart of the native country. Is our work to hover on the skirts of the natives or to more deeply penetrate their lives?

37.
(1-7)

HENRY WILLIAMS

I will be forced to oppose it.

Henry Williams walks off, frustratedly, then stops and turns around.

HENRY WILLIAMS

You are supposed to be working on our Maori texts for printing. Where are they?

Eruera comes out of the church, his head bowed.

YATE

I am almost ready to print the Catechisms. We have made progress. Edward Hongi has been particularly useful. I will go as soon as you deem, Henry. -

Yate looks up for reassurance- he notices Eruera standing at the door of the church.

ERUERA

He has gone.

Yate goes to Eruera and puts his hand on Eruera's. Henry Williams' eyes flash at seeing the proximity between Eruera and Yate.

YATE

What have we been doing, Henry?

Henry Williams looks sadly away.

INT. PUB RESTAURANT, 2002, DAY

Jeffrey is talking to a policeman. The policeman is shaking his head and then puts his hand out in a gesture to close the conversation.

Riki and his mates come into the bar. Riki sees Jeffrey across the pub. He raises his eyebrows at Jeffrey. Jeffrey nods in return.

POV: Riki - Jeffrey, finished his conversation with the policeman, heads upstairs, downtrodden.

38 .
(1-7)

Riki goes after him, to the bottom of the stairs

RIKI
Jeffrey, is everything OK?

Jeffrey turns, disbelieving that anyone might be interested. Riki's face seems genuine.

JEFFREY
No, actually, things are a bit messy. The police can't find my camera or computer and the insurers are being difficult. I was due to go to Iceland in a fortnight, and I've been told I can't travel for a month. Madge says there are some kind of Maori performance championships on this weekend. They need the hotel room so I'll have to leave.

RIKI
We're hosting the kapa haka for first time - it's a big thing - where will you go?

JEFFREY
Don't know. I can't seem to get much clarity from my editor about what she wants.

RIKI
Shit. If there's anything I could help you with...

JEFFREY
Yeah, thanks -

Jeffrey still hasn't taken him seriously. He starts to take off up the stairs again. Riki watches Jeffrey closely, and addresses his back.

RIKI
Jeffrey? Do you want to doss down at my house for a bit until you get yourself sorted?

Jeffrey looks over his shoulder and takes a deep breath, moved. He turns fully to Riki.

JEFFREY
That'd be great. Are you really sure?

RIKI
No worries, mate!

INT. RIKI' S HOUSE, NIGHT

Riki has made up a bed for Jeffrey on the couch in his living room.

RIKI
I'll get something sorted out for you soon. I hope you don't mind it here -

Jeffrey is playing with an old manual camera

JEFFREY
You've been hell of a generous. This camera - you're really sure about that?

RIKI
Yeah. I've got a few spares.

JEFFREY
It's in great condition. It must be at least 40 years old. Not sure what my editor will say to the new format, but it's a challenge.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, NIGHT

The wind and rain batter the house. As Riki walks into the living room, we can just make out that Riki is dressed in 19th Century dress. Jeffrey is tossing and turning. Riki pulls Jeffrey's blankets up over him and Jeffrey stops moving. Riki looks at Jeffrey tenderly, then kisses him gently on the cheek. Jeffrey wakes and they regard each other - first with horror (Riki that Jeffrey has woken, Jeffrey trying to work out what has happened), and then with warmth.

Riki wakes himself up from this dream. He is standing in his living room, in his bed attire (t-shirt and boxers) looking at Jeffrey. Jeffrey is stirring a little, but has not woken. Riki, confused, returns to bed.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, DAY

Jeffrey is wearing an old dressing gown of Riki's, a few inches too short, making tea as Riki comes into the kitchen.

RIKI
(looking a little coy)
Sleep well?

JEFFREY
Like a log. Superb. I dreamt I
was swimming. Tea?

RIKI
(relieved)
Thanks. Yeah, it was probably
the rain on the roof. It poured
last night.

Jeffrey pours the tea from the teapot in a careful manner and hands one to Riki.

JEFFREY
Really - so the championships
will be off?

RIKI
No, it's going to clear I think.
Besides, they can't give up for
rain.

EXT. LOCAL SCHOOL FIELD, DAY

For the regional Kapa Haka championships, a big marquee has been erected on the school playing field. There are various stalls and food stands around the field, and Riki and Jeffrey are walking around the crowd. Riki is pointing out to Jeffrey the different iwi who have their supporters in various groups around the field.

On the stage a team of young people is performing. Jeffrey suddenly moves forward and pulls out his camera, thrusting it in the faces of the performers. A young girl seems particularly put off her stride by him. Riki, taken by surprise, stands for a moment before he intervenes.

RIKI
Jeff?

JEFFREY
Hold on. I've just got a brilliant shot. 41.
(pulling back)
See here
(looking up on the stage again
and putting his eye to the
camera)
Oh, gosh this is good. So vital.
They'll love this.

RIKI
Jeffrey - are you sure?

JEFFREY
Eh? Just hold on, Riki RIKI
But Jeffrey, you're in their
face! Just hold on a little!
It might be best if you ask...

JEFFREY
(spinning around, officiously)
They're putting themselves up
for scrutiny. Why can't I?

Jeffrey turns back to continue his photo shoot. We can see through a zoomed in eyepiece that they're good, 'sellable' photos.

Wider shot of Riki watching Jeffrey. From Riki's POV, we can see some rough guys, skulking around a side tent.

RIKI
(calling out)
Hey, Jeff!

Jeffrey does not respond. Riki thinks again about calling to Jeffrey, but decides not to.

There is a loud shout and a scream from one of the tents behind Riki. He turns around to see a large Maori guy falling on the ground.

Jeffrey pulls back and looks down at his camera, really pleased with himself.

JEFFREY
The action on this is really
smooth, Rik!

Jeffrey looks up and sees Riki, moving quickly toward the prostrate figure. Jeffrey hangs at the back of the crowd, then finds himself, finger on the button, snapping at the inert figure, at the people helping and watching. St John's ambulance arrive and push their way through the crowd. Riki, 42. along with other people have been futilely trying to resuscitate the man and now step back.

Riki can't contain his anger and frustration any longer. He goes up to Jeffrey and pulls him away.

RIKI

Don't you realise?

JEFFREY

What?

Riki drags Jeffrey away from the grounds.

RIKI

Come on Jeff, don't you have any sensitivity?

Jeffrey tries to shake Riki off him.

JEFFREY

Riki, I had some really good shots there. And there was this little girl I've seen before...

Riki pulls him away from the people moving through the event.

RIKI

And didn't you see those guys? They could have been out for you.

JEFFREY

You mean -

RIKI

This may be quiet old New Zealand, Jeff, but you stick out like a pommy g- sore thumb.

JEFFREY

You know that guy?

RIKI

That was Marlin. He's sometimes works with us. Fuck, Jeffrey.

A car- a '74 Holden Kingswood stationwagon drives past as they come to the edge of the park. Riki seems to notice the driver.

JEFFREY

Riki, it's my job. First time since the attack I've felt inspired.

Riki is morose. He walks off, alone. Jeffrey goes to follow him but can't keep up. Gina, trailed by her two boys, sees him.

GINA

Hey Jeff. Crazy, eh?.

INT. RIKI' S HOUSE, NIGHT

Jeffrey enters as Riki is heating baked beans.

RIKI

(coldly)

You want some dinner - of sorts?

JEFFREY

(regarding the beans with derision)

No thanks, not hungry

RIKI

I still can't believe it.

JEFFREY

It was pretty sudden.

Jeffrey is playing with the camera as Riki is cooking. Suddenly he kneels up on the couch and starts shooting at Riki.

RIKI

(angrily)

Hey!

JEFFREY

Oh! Do I have your permission?

RIKI

My image is very important to me.

JEFFREY

(in a mocking kind of way)

We pay good money...

RIKI
Don't take the piss.

JEFFREY
Oh, go on, Riki. Angry young man shots. I'm sure I could make us quite a bit...

Jeffrey, teasing, raises one eyebrow.

RIKI
You can sleep without any blankets tonight!
(conceding)
Alright, just as long as you eat my baked beans.

We see through the viewfinder rather cute images of Riki in his bach kitchen, holding old fashioned cooking utensils, etc.

JEFFREY
You'll never be a photographer if you protect your subject, Rik.

Riki looks at Jeffrey, softened by his smile. He pulls a few really staunch faces.

RIKI
Just don't mess with my image, OK?

Jeffrey spies Riki's polaroid camera sitting above the kitchen cupboard.

RIKI
There's no film.

Jeffrey takes it off the shelf, handles it carefully and points it at Riki. He takes a shot. It whirs. They look at each other, bemused.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, NIGHT.

Coming out of a room beside the kitchen (the DARKROOM) , Riki is leafing through various photos. He sees the Polaroid shot sitting on the kitchen bench (not visible on screen). It puzzles him. He tiptoes past a sleeping Jeffrey, through the living room, to an old box-ottoman, covered messily in magazines and papers. Inside he finds old pieces of lace, sewing things, and further down, boxes of photos and drawings.

He rifles for a bit, through happy family shots of his grandmother as a young girl, and her siblings, newer images of his family and various cousins on (Northland)farmland, and at the bottom of the ottoman, scattered sketches of an earlier period. He finds what he is looking for -a sketch of a young 45. man, about his age, standing, staring provocatively, petulantly, at the portrait artist. The signature can just be read- W Yate. Riki looks at the polaroid image again when Jeffrey begins to stir. He puts both images into the ottoman and quickly closes the lid, and gets up.

JEFFREY

What time is it?

RIKI

Oh, about 2. Couldn't sleep.

'Night.

Riki moves quickly into his bedroom.

INT. KERIKERI MISSION SCHOOL, 1829, NIGHT Yate is making a sketch of Eruera.

YATE

And what did he say to you?
Just stay still...

ERUERA

He told me to respect the missionaries. But to wary of their Gods.

YATE

He had his wits about him to the end, then, your uncle.

ERUERA

I still feel his spirit with us. (beat)
What will happen with this picture, William?

YATE

I will put it in my journal.

ERUERA

You have one- like Reverend Williams?

YATE

possibly, better.

ERUERA

And what of it?

YATE

It could make you famous.

ERUERA

Is that a good thing?

YATE

When Hongi Hika travelled to London
he became very famous.
Everyone wanted to meet him.
Even the King.

ERUERA

And he returned to New Zealand with
muskets and trouble.

YATE

He was greatly respected. Come now,
surely you want to continue your
family reputation?

ERUERA (in Maori)

I want to serve my family as best I
can.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE, DAY

Henry and Marianne Williams, the three children and various
servants are gathered outside their house. Marianne Williams is
holding a new baby. Yate stands facing them with his bags
packed. In the background hovers Eruera.

Marianne Williams passes Yate a package.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS For

the journey. Keep your spirits up.
We will miss you.
You are important to us,
William.

TIMOTHY

Reverend, do you have to go?

Yate bends down to address the children

YATE

(reluctantly)

I need to make our work real,
Timothy. I will only be away a matter
of months. Perhaps in Parramatta I
shall find further magic. What do you
say, Timothy?
Eve? We shall all have tea when I
have returned.

51.

Eve pulls out the miniature bible

EVE

And will you be needing this to keep
God with you in Parramatta?

YATE

Well, Eve, I should hope that Mr
Marsden will have a few of his own
bibles! Will you keep this for me one
more year? I will return with bibles
in the New Zealand language for us
all to recite from.

HENRY WILLIAMS (rather

cooly)

I wish you God's speed with your
venture.

(to Eruera)

Mr Hongi, have you all the texts in
duplicate?

ERUERA

They're here.

He passes them to Yate, reluctantly, averting his eyes.

YATE

Yes, thank you Henry. I will return
as soon as Mr Marsden desires it.

Yate gets onto a waiting cob with driver. Eruera, desperate,
runs after the cob and climbs up after him as they take off.

ERUERA

Why did you not ask him? Or say
goodbye?

Yate, hastily looking over his shoulder to see that the Williams family has gone inside, takes Eruera's hand firmly. 52.
(1-9)

YATE

Oh my dear Hongi. I could not.
Please realise; Mr Williams does
not understand... us.
But... I will bring back a
surprise from Parramatta.

Eruera climbs off the cob. He watches it go, angrily, then wistfully.

EXT. WHARENUI, DAY

Riki and Karl, and Kevin are part of a large group of people assembled outside the wharenui, being welcomed in. They proceed inside.

INT. WHARENUI, DAY

A large man, the guy from the kapa haka -of similar stature to Rapu- lies in an open coffin. There is a timelessness about the scene; aside from the contemporary dress of some mourners, this could be any tangi of the last 180 years. There are many people inside, and the body heat is stifling. Someone faints and collapses with a loud 'clunk'. Riki looks up and sees a figure - Jeffrey? who is taking photographs. He looks again and it is a Maori woman, holding a handkerchief to her brow. Riki looks around him. He feels deceived and deceiving.

EXT. BEACHFRONT, EVENING

Jeffrey is on the beach again. This time he is almost in the sea in order to get the reception. The light is dimming.

JEFFREY

Hey? Of course they were bloody
good. Maybe the transmission- no
I can't send them again, that
camera's gone.

(beat)

I'll get you better ones, OK?

Jeffrey hangs up. He takes his camera from his neck and tries to line up an interesting shot. We see through his viewfinder a line of rocky outcrops with pohutakawas growing over them. A couple of pairs of feet run scampering off from the corner of the shot, but Jeffrey has pulled away from the shot and does not see them.

EXT. BEACHFRONT, AFTERNOON

Jeffrey, troubled by this phone call, starts to stride angrily down the beach. The weather is changeable and blustery. With every new gust of wind, the waves seem to get bigger. The wind makes Jeffrey feel very alone. He comes to a rocky piece in the beach where he has to decide to turn back, or climb over rocks. He goes on, climbing the rocks, barely noticing what he's doing. Over the rocks is a cove, where a bonfire has been laid. He sits down beside it, watching the waves, mesmerised, thinking.

53.
(1-9)

EXT. EUROPEAN BEACH, DAY

Jeffrey is on the beach with Judith, sitting under a beach umbrella. They are staring grimly at the sea, not talking. The beach is crowded with Italians and Spanish. The sea is brown, and there is rubbish in the waves.

EXT. BEACHFRONT, EVENING

Jeffrey looks back at the sea and thinks he can see a polystyrene container floating toward him. But it breaks into foam, just wave foam, and he smiles to himself; he is accustomed to seeing detritus getting in the way of beauty. The waves get bigger and bigger.

It begins to rain as Jeffrey sits in his cove, and he gets up to go back. When he gets to the rocks, the tide has come up too far to cross back. He goes up the beach and attempts to climb a steeper part of the rock. He takes Riki's camera from around his neck in order to pull himself more closely to the rock, putting it on a ledge above his head. He gets a grip, but the sandstone rock comes apart in his hand, making the ledge holding the camera break away. The camera falls on to the rocks below. The rain has started to pour, his head bandage is slipping, and Jeffrey is beginning to panic. He thinks he hears shouts and turns around, only to slip more.

Falling back to beach level, he picks up the camera and sees the lens is broken. He puts it around his neck again and strokes it for a minute, sadly.

Out of the dusk, through the pouring rain, three large figures appear at the far end of the beach, carrying large clubs. Jeffrey panics and starts to wade out into the sea. The waves are strong and knock him over. He pulls himself up again, only to be knocked over onto the rocks by another wave. His head bandage, fallen off and now unwinding is caught in an eddy and pulled under. The camera around his neck threatens to fall off but he clasps it to his chest. This act unbalances him again.

RIKI
Jeff! Here !

Jeffrey, about to be pushed under again by the surging tide, just glimpses Riki reaching towards him. Riki pulls him by the shoulders, away from the rocks and together they land on the beach with the incoming wave. Kevin and Karl stand, ready to pull them further up the beach.

KARL
You breathing?

JEFFREY
(spluttering) I'm OK.

Kevin takes off his bushshirt jacket and hands it to Riki. Riki puts it around Jeffrey.

KEVIN
Not sea for swimming in, really.

Jeffrey nods, slightly ashamed. He notices it's stopped raining. The sky has cleared a little, but the sea is still wild. He looks up at Riki. Kevin and Karl sense their exit and go off, to the building of their fire. A moment of tenderness passes between Riki and Jeffrey.

RIKI
I'll take you home.

Riki leads Jeffrey toward the back of the beach, up a steep track pushing aside bushes through track that wasn't discernable before.

KARL
(audible only to Riki)
The fire'll be going in a minute

Riki waves them off as he and Jeffrey depart. They walk for a moment, Jeffrey finding himself with every step.

RIKI
What were you playing at, Jeff?

JEFFREY
Riki, for a God-awful minute, I thought you were coming to get me.

RIKI
I was coining to get you. To find
you.

Jeffrey stops for breath, sitting on the track.

JEFFREY
How did you know I was here?

RIKI
I had a feeling. We've been at
this tangi and... I suddenly
thought of you.

There is a moment of deep recognition between them. Jeffrey,
scared, has to break it.

JEFFREY
Riki, I broke your lens.

Riki looks longingly at Jeffrey for another moment, double
checking for any signs of affection.

RIKI
Yeah, I noticed. It's OK.

Riki strokes Jeffrey's face, affectionately. He pauses, tilting
his head as if to kiss him. Jeffrey, shocked, pulls back.

Riki feeling foolish and hurt, walks on ahead. Jeffrey looks
down at the beach.

JEFFREY
Look, Riki, the fire's going!

He starts heading down back down the track. Riki reluctantly
follows.

EXT. BEACHFRONT, NIGHT

The fire is roaring. The rain still spits a bit, but Jeffrey is
sitting, comfortable in front of the heat, gazing into the
flames. He's sitting away from Karl, Kevin, and Riki.

KARL
Jeffrey, Carol seems to have a
soft spot for you, eh?

JEFFREY
Nah. I'm not her type.

General guffaws from Karl and Kevin. Only Riki stays silent.

KARL

Oh, come on, Jeff you gotta know.
Kirby's way jealous.
He's been working on her for months.

58.
(1-9)

JEFFREY

I mean sure, I like her. . .

The boys roar approval at Jeffrey

JEFFREY

but it's not as if I'm a long term
prospect...

Riki stays silent, watching Jeffrey talk, the light playing on his face in the firelight. He gets up and begins to walk down toward the sea, his hands in his pockets, looking wistfully.

KARL

You wait for the dance before
talking about the long term!

Jeffrey looks up from the flames, interested.

JEFFREY

Dance?

KARL

(to Kevin)
Riki's been keeping secrets from
our Mr Edison, eh?
(to Jeffrey)
It's in a couple of weeks, mate.
The mid-winter ball.

KEVIN

More of a booze-up, really.
You better be coming along if you
want to get a picture of New
Zealand at its cultural best,
mate.

Jeffrey smiles, then notices that Riki has gone.

JEFFREY

Couldn't say no to a dance.

Karl and Kevin roar more approval.

KARL
Kevin, you taking a girl or your
new motorbike?

They all laugh.

57 .
(1-9)

KEVIN
Why, who do want to go home with?

More laughter.

Riki returns to the fire and puts a big piece of wood on it.

KEVIN
Riki, you didn't tell our man here
about the famous Tatanoa Ball.

RIKI
(laughing, but defensive)
Just wasn't quite sure if it would
be his thing, that's all.

Kevin and Karl et al guffaw at Riki.

KARL
It's alright, Jeff, we'll show you
a good time, eh!

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Jeffrey is pulling the couch out and re-assembling his bed as
Riki puts the jug on. Jeffrey makes up the bed rather messily,
and Riki, seeing this, has to intervene to make it tidy.

RIKI
I will get you a proper bed, one
of these days. Bill said he had a
spare one.

JEFFREY
I'm pretty comfy here. It won't be
for much longer.

RIKI
Look, about tonight...

Jeffrey looks up at him, worried. He doesn't want to talk about
anything serious.

RIKI
Don't feel you have to come to the
dance.

58.
(1-9)

Jeffrey relaxes.

JEFFREY
You'd rather I didn't? You going?

RIKI
Dunno. Was pretty messy last year.
You really keen?

JEFFREY
Yeah, I'm interested.

RIKI
(ascerbicly)
Is that anthropologically
interested, or do you have a
genuine desire to connect with
people?

There is silence. Riki realises he has lost his cool as Jeffrey
visibly stiffens.

JEFFREY
(coldly)
I'm sorry, Riki?

RIKI
Shit, Jeffrey, you know what I'm
saying. You swan in here, thinking
you can just take snappy little
shots of us; capturing the great
New Zealand landscape and natives
at work and play, and then you'll
be on the next plane out of here,
with your shots in a glossy
magazine, all to be forgotten in a
month when the next issue's out.

Jeffrey looks at Riki in shock.

JEFFREY
(quietly)
You really think that?

RIKI
I'd like to think otherwise

JEFFREY

I'm really enjoying it here.
I've never stopped like this
before, not on assignment. I'm
sorry if I'm not welcome. I'll
move on tomorrow.

59.
(II-

Jeffrey looks at Riki, startled by his anger, his mixed feelings. Their eyes flit back and forth, each trying to find his level with the other.

RIKI

No. Please don't.

The sound of the jug, overboiling, fills a silence. Riki goes to turn it off.

EXT. WHANGAROA HARBOUR, SEPTEMBER 1830, DAY

Eruera is standing at the dock watching The Buffalo dock. William Yate disembarks, directing the unloading of a large machine by two young men, one in sailor uniform, the other in rougher clothes (CONVICT BOY). The sailor goes back to the ship, the other stays on land with the machine. Eruera stays still, watching.

YATE (V/O)

I am taking over as secretary to the Committee of Missionaries... all public letters will come through me. I forward what little of my journal I have written since Australia. Mr Marsden himself calls it a "country of civilised thieves" and it appears to me to be much more dangerous to the morals of the children than anything they can find here. In this place vice appears in its real form, and in its darkest colours. There it is shrouded, and wears a far more winning aspect, as it is far more likely to deceive and destroy.

EXT. HILLSIDE ABOVE WHANGAROA HARBOUR, DAY

Henry Williams, arriving down to the port, is watching the scene below with interest. He sees William Yate re-enter the ship and disembark with another man, a senior figure, SAMUEL MARSDEN. Williams shakes his head, despondently.

YATE (V/O)

I cannot but feel great pleasure
in the improvement which has
taken place among our natives
during my absence.
And by going inland I shall, or
rather, we shall, make a bold
entry into the very heart of the
enemies' country.

60.
(II-

EXT. KERIKERI MISSION SCHOOL, 1830, DAY

Eruera pulls Yate aside as he and Henry Williams, Marianne Williams, George Clarke, a kaumatua and several other VIPs enter the school, followed by a young, thin, tough-looking CONVICT BOY.

ERUERA

Who is he?

YATE

You've no need to worry.

ERUERA

You were with him in Parramatta

YATE

Mr Marsden sent him to work the
press. He is a convict.

Eruera looks at the Convict Boy trying to detect any special relationship between him and Yate.

INT. KERIKERI MISSION SCHOOL, 1830, DAY

Eruera, a Maori kaumatua, George Clarke, Henry Williams, Marianne Williams and various other settlers are assembled in the school room, around a table. Yate, accompanied by the convict boy is unveiling a printing press.

YATE

And here we have it!!

HENRY WILLIAMS

Show us, then.

Yate gestures to the Convict Boy. The boy winds the handle. He produces a page of the first catechism through the machine. However, when Williams pulls it out, the ink hasn't dried and it is impossible to read.

YATE

First time troubles. It will
improve, I assure you, Henry.

61.
(II-

Samuel Marsden enters the building.

MARSDEN

How do you find your new toy,
Henry?

HENRY WILLIAMS Oh, we
are just getting the shape of it,
thank you Mr Marsden. What a fine
specimen!

YATE

Eruera, say How do you do to Mr
Marsden. Mr Marsden, this is my
assistant in New Zealand.
Edward Parry Hongi.

ERUERA

How do you do, Mr Marsden?

MARSDEN

I knew your namesake. A fine man.
You have chosen well to learn the
letters of English.
You can tell us of what is being
said here.

Eruera looks uncomfortable.

YATE

I'm not sure if we always want to
know!

Yate has broken the tension. Marsden, Eruera and others laugh
loudly.

EXT. BANKS OF THE WAITANGI RIVER, NOVEMBER 1830, DAY

Yate's head rests on Eruera's chest, lily white skin on brown.
They have been swimming; their clothes hang on branches around.

YATE

You were right. Marsden's vanity
was the key.

Eruera fingers Yate's hair.

YATE
Our own mission is not far off,
Eruera. Vanity, is all.

ERUERA
(running his fingers
down Yate's chest)
And there, we can - be together?

62
(II-

YATE
In private, yes.

They lie back and admire the clouds scuttling past

ERUERA
I never thought such joy would come
with the Pakeha man.

YATE
Nor I, with New Zealand.

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE, SITTING ROOM, 1830, DAY

The children gather around Yate. Samuel Marsden, George Clarke
and Henry Williams all stand in the Williams' sitting room.

HENRY WILLIAMS
Now, off to play, children.

He waits for them to leave.

HENRY WILLIAMS So
it's decided, is it Mr Marsden?

SAMUEL MARSDEN
The mission at Waimate is the next
logical step, Williams.
Reverend Yate has convinced the
natives to forfeit some land for
the station. I have seen it for
myself. The new press can be
housed there.

Williams looks disparagingly at Yate. He attempts a smile for
Marsden. There is a large pause as Henry Williams gains
composure.

HENRY WILLIAMS Mr
Marsden, will you take sherry
with us this evening?

YATE
I will take my leave.
Goodnight Henry, Mr Marsden.

CLARKE
Yes, I must go to assist Caroline at the
native school. Goodnight!

63.
(II-2)

Yate and Clarke depart the room.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE, 1830 NIGHT

Yate and Clarke cannot help but smile conspiratorially together
as they walk away from the Williams house.

CLARKE
Finely executed, William.

YATE
Well, I cannot take full credit...

CLARKE
We will have to discuss the plan for the
house. It must be well built.

INT. SCHOOL HALL, NIGHT

The hall, loosely decorated in an 'alien' theme is full of
dressed-up revelers, raucously singing and dancing to Kiwi
classics: DD Smash, The Mockers, Split Enz, etc. Jeffrey,
dressed as an old-fashioned missionary, is toasting a beer with
Bill, dressed as a shark.

JEFFREY
Cheers!

They clink glasses and drink. Jeffrey wipes his hand and goes
back to playing with a digital camera, fiddling with the few
knobs and zoom levers.

BILL
Well, if it will do?

JEFFREY
I'll give it a whirl. Thanks!

Riki is dressed as a reptile. Carol, dressed as an angel,
comes up to them.

CAROL
(shouting)
Jeffrey! Riki! What's with your costumes? Oh, Riki, are you a lochness monster - no, let me guess, a taniwha, right?

64.
(II-2)

Riki smiles and nods.

CAROL
Jeffrey - you're a priest of some sort, I get that, but what's that....OH! you naughty thing!

Carol has understood something that neither Jeffrey nor Riki intended. Jeffrey smiles nonetheless.

CAROL
Dance, Jeff?

JEFFREY
Oh, ahh...I've just got here - I haven't even put my coat down.

RIKI
Oh, I'll take that. You guys go for it
(taking Jeffrey's coat)

Jeffrey and Carol take off into the crowd. Jeffrey is a good dancer and holds Carol firmly around the waist. They dance for a bit, before Carol confides in Jeffrey.

CAROL
You know, I was going to ask you to this ball, but I've not seen you around the pub. I'd begun to think you'd gone home without saying goodbye!

JEFFREY
Oh, I'd never do that! The hotel was my first Tatanoa home!

Riki is left standing watching Jeffrey and Carol. Then Ginger comes up to him. They embrace, as old friends. Riki looks over Ginger's shoulder at Jeffrey dancing with Carol.

INT. SCHOOL HALL, NIGHT

The music has changed to a group of local men playing guitars on the stage. Riki is dancing with Madge. Jeffrey is talking in a corner with Kevin, Karl and Karl's wife, Pirini.

65.

KARL

...you get on with Carol, eh?

JEFFREY She's exhausted me!

KARL

(to Pirini but looking at Jeffrey)

Hey, hey, Firi, this Englishman can't keep up with our local girls !

Riki comes off the dance floor at the end of a song.

RIKI

Whew, I'm shagged.

JEFFREY

Beer?

RIKI

That'd be great.

Carol comes up to them through the dancing crowd, as Riki sees one of the shady guys from the kapa haka champs hanging at the back of the crowd. The shady guy has his arm around a thin white woman, STORM (aged around 20), who is watching Riki.

RIKI

Jeff, do you see?...

CAROL

(simultaneously with Riki)

Jeffrey, it's the last song.

Kevin and Karl guffaw enough for Jeffrey to notice.

A happy Jeffrey and a besotted Carol take off again, into the dwindling crowd. They dance closely, Jeffrey showing Carol the tango.

Riki stands alone, watching Jeffrey, his heart breaking. His preoccupation is disrupted by a shout. The shady guy has disappeared and the woman remains. Riki looks at Jeffrey again, then down at his feet, then walks off.

66.
(11 -

EXT. SCHOOL HALL, NIGHT

Riki is pressing the young woman, Storm, up against the wall.

Jeffrey comes out, with Carol on his arm. He is looking flushed. A '74 Holden Kingswood stationwagon can just be seen leaving the carpark.

JEFFREY

Hey Rik- wondered where you-
(as he sees STORM)

-Hello.

Riki pretends not to see Jeffrey. Jeffrey staggers a little, then looks at Carol as if puzzled.

CAROL

Better leave them to it. Do you
want a ride?

JEFFREY

(quietly)

Thanks

Jeffrey and Carol leave as Riki kisses Storm, seemingly oblivious to everyone else.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, NIGHT

It is dark, and we can hear someone snoring. There are sounds of drunken bashing about and fumbling in the dark as someone else enters the house. The snoring stops.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, DAY

Jeffrey is up making tea, bacon and eggs as Riki stumbles into the kitchen.

JEFFREY

Had a good time then, eh?

RIKI

(stiffly)

You looked as if you did. What
time did you get in?

JEFFREY
Oh, about 1.

RIKI
Come on. Don't kid me. I came in at
2.

67.

JEFFREY
Yip, heard you.

RIKI
You were here?

JEFFREY
Yes. Carol dropped me home,
(pointedly, thrusting the tea
at Riki)
Wasn't in the mood for partying.

RIKI
(shamefully)
Oh, well, you only live once.

JEFFREY

(pause)
I hadn't seen her before.

RIKI
(drinking his tea)
Storm? Na, she works late at the
hospital but just came along at the
end. Not seen her for a while.

JEFFREY

Permanent casual, is she?

RIKI
Yeah, whatever. I'm not answerable
to you am I?

JEFFREY
No, just curious.

Riki pushes past Jeffrey and goes into the kitchen, loudly
tidying the dishes. Jeffrey watches him, coolly. He can hear the
sea surging on the beach.

JEFFREY
You thought I'd be with Carol.

RIKI

Yeah. I mean, she's pretty fuckin' keen. Didn't she invite you home?

JEFFREY

Does it matter? I'm here, aren't I? What's going on?

68.

Riki stops clattering the dishes. He walks out of the kitchen, and stands, glaring at Jeffrey.

RIKI

You know exactly what's going on. You're a fuckin' user.

Jeffrey jolts back as if he's been physically pushed. He bites down on his back teeth, controlling his urge to hit out. He blinks, slowly, trying to disguise enormous feelings of hurt and anger.

Riki, still boiling, shoves Jeffrey in the chest. Jeffrey grabs Riki as he loses his balance and they fall on Jeffrey's unmade bed. They wrestle for power: Riki putting Jeffrey in a head lock, Jeffrey thrashing around, grabbing and ripping Riki's t-shirt; Riki biting Jeffrey. They tumbling in dance-like motion until they are both grabbing at each other, violently wanting more, and removing their own clothes willingly. Riki assumes a position on top of Jeffrey. Jeffrey leans up to Riki to kiss him, but Riki jerks his head away. At the height of the sex, an image flashes into Riki's mind.

CUT TO

INT. WAIMATE MISSION STUDY, 1831, NIGHT

Yate is sitting in a chair in his study. Eruera stands behind him, stroking his face, gently, fondly. They are happily together, alone.

CUT BACK TO

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, DAY

Riki pulls back, shocked. When he closes his eyes he sees the two men again. He keeps his eyes open. Jeffrey appears not to have noticed.

Riki wakes with a shock. He extracts his arm carefully from under sleeping Jeffrey and he gets off the bed, pulling on his jeans. He looks down at Jeffrey, sleeping in the twisted bedclothes. He smiles softly for a moment, and looks away, wistfully. With more remove, he looks back at Jeffrey.

He sets up a tripod, and out of the darkroom behind the kitchen, brings a standard lamp. He proceeds to take photographs, trying to capture Jeffrey's beauty.

Jeffrey begins to stir and Riki quickly tidies the tripod and camera away, wanting to be gone before Jeffrey awakes. Jeffrey looks around, gulps and smiles to himself. He then notices the light on next to the bed.

JEFFREY

Riki?

Jeffrey gets up and puts on his shirt.

JEFFREY

Riki, where've you gone?

There is silence. Jeffrey notices a light under the door next to the kitchen.

JEFFREY

Riki?

INT. DARKROOM

Riki, busying himself with his photos, shifts from one foot to the other, looking at the door, but ignores the calls.

JEFFREY (O/S)

OK, play it cool. Going out.
Gotta meet a deadline. Riki?
Can I take your car?

Riki looks at the door again, putting his hand on the handle, almost opening it.

(O/S) The sound of keys and shutting door.

EXT. RIKI'S HOUSE, DAY

Jeffrey goes to open Riki's car, but instead, runs to the beach. Stripping off his clothes, he dives into the sea, emerging, gasping with cold.

INT. RIKI'S CAR, DAY

70.

Jeffrey is driving around a steep coastal road bounded by dramatic cliffs, taking shots of the scarred landscape.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD, DAY

Jeffrey has become obsessed with large stretches of felled trees, seen through Bill's digital camera. Through Jeffrey's viewfinder the groups of trees look like bodies, like large felled men.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, DAY

Jeffrey enters the house. The house has not been tidied since the morning. But on the kitchen bench is a magazine, freshly opened. It is a Maori cultural magazine, mostly images of people. When he flicks through, he recognises images of the Hangi at Gina's house, the SOUTHERN MISSION and WHARENUI. There's the image of him being carried into the hotel, unconscious.

Staggered and confused, Jeffrey drops his camera. He leafs through the magazine, staggered by the work, by images of himself.

JEFFREY

Riki?

No answer. Jeffrey sees that there is no light under the darkroom door.

JEFFREY

Riki?

Jeffrey leaves the house.

INT. PUB, EVENING

Madge is at the bar, drying glasses. Karl, Bill and Ginger are sitting, chatting. The light is dimming.

MADGE

(nodding behind them)

Well, our Mr Cool is looking rather heated

Jeffrey arrives breathlessly at the bar where Karl, Bill, and Ginger are waiting for Riki. He's trying to regain his calm. 71.

JEFFREY

Seen Riki?

GINGER

(winking)

Thought he was with you, darling

KARL

Get you a beer?

JEFFREY

Thanks, Karl. But...

KARL

I saw him earlier on.. Don't you worry.

Jeffrey looks relieved, though his underlying anxiety remains.

Ginger senses Jeffrey's anxiety.

GINGER

He has been talking about going back up North, recently

JEFFREY

(anxious again)

Really?

GINGER

But then he always puts it off.

Jeffrey looks at Ginger through slit eyes, pretending to be pissed off.

BILL

So you been enjoying that camera, Jeff?

JEFFREY

Yeah, really handy, thanks. I'll have the job done this week and be off.

KARL

Oh, mate! No way!

GINGER
And we were just beginning to
get used to you, "old thing"

72.

Jeffrey laughs.

MADGE
Not going to leave broken hearts
littered around New Zealand are
you?

JEFFREY
Once I'm gone, the ripples on
the pond smooth over pretty
quicky, I'm told.

Carol comes over to them, a little shyly but with purpose.

CAROL
(approaching the table)
Jeffrey?

JEFFREY
(turning around in a
hurry)
Carol -want to join us for a
drink?

CAROL
No. There's a phone call for
you. From England.

JEFFREY
Really? Did they say who it
was?

CAROL
I think she said her name... was
Judith?

Jeffrey gets up hurriedly and goes to the bar.

INT. PUB NIGHT.

Karl and Ginger are still waiting for Riki. Jeffrey approaches
the table.

JEFFREY
Judith - my partner - ex - her mother has
died.Car crash. She was an amazing woman.

KARL

Oh mate. Shit, that's terrible.
I'm really sorry.
Judith wants you back?

73.
(H-3)

JEFFREY

I'm close - was close- to her
mother and Jean has six sisters
and two brothers - Judith is
completely beside herself.... Oh
God, my darling.

GINGER

(a bit shocked at
his affection)
How long have you been separated?

Jeffrey looks up, as if from a dream, taken aback by this
question.

JEFFREY

Oh, three months - no, it must be
four, now.

Suddenly Jimmy comes rushing in to the bar.

JIMMY

Hey guys, come and help me!

EXT. HOTEL CARPARK, NIGHT

They follow Jimmy out and find Riki, in a corner of the carpark
outside the hotel, slumped in a puddle of mud.

Karl, Jimmy and Jeffrey hoist him up and bring him inside.

INT. PUB, NIGHT

Riki is lying on the pub floor in front of the fireplace.
Ginger is dabbing Riki's face with a bar cloth. Riki is
breathing heavily. Jeffrey finds himself touching Riki's hair.
He wants to run his fingers through it, to cradle his head. He
instead loosens Riki's shirt. Doc Para, (Maori female c. 45),
arrives.

DOC PARA

(listening with stethoscope)
Let's see what we've got here.
Bit of a whack to the chest, was
it Riki?

Riki seems to respond to his name

RIKI
(rasping breath)
Oh, God.

DOC PARA
Can you take off his shirt and we'll
get a good look at any bruises? May
have to get you into hospital,
Rikirangi.

74 .
(11 -

RIKI
(croakily)
I'm fine. Just let me be for a bit r

Riki slips out of consciousness as they tear open his shirt
and reveal blood all over his chest. When Riki closes
his eyes, he sees hallucinogenic views from Eruera's POV.

CUT TO

INT. WAIMATE MISSION, 1831, DAY

Yate's new study is filled with half unpacked crates of
clothes, letters and books surrounding the printing press.
Yate and Eruera are giggling, and throwing clothes at each
other, pleased to be at last in a private space. Eruera
reaches over the books to touch Yate's face. There is a
moment of stillness interrupted by a knock at a side door.

CLARKE (O/S)
Ready for the service, William?

The door opens and George and Caroline Clarke appear. Eruera
and Yate have already disengaged, but the Clarkes' faces show
immediate shock at the obvious frivolity.

CUT TO

INT. PUB, NIGHT

Riki is moaning. Jeffrey gets up and walks to the bar. He
trips and almost falls as he gets there.

CAROL
Oh, Jeff, you OK?

Jeffrey's obviously not. Carol hands him a brandy, and he
takes it, gratefully. She smiles, sadly, understanding.

In front of the fireplace, Doc Para is still kneeling on the
floor, but is leaning back and observing Riki. The other guys
are assembling Riki's clothes.

DOC PARA
He should be OK. He's may have
a concussion, but the chest
wound is only superficial.

JEFFREY Oh,
thank God.

75.
(II-4)

DOC PARA
Whoever, yeah.

Jeffrey bends down.

JEFFREY
Who did this to you, Rik?

RIKI
A guy. Ex-boyfriend of Storm.

JEFFREY
Storm?

Riki tries to smile.

RIKI
The chick from the dance.

JEFFREY (to
Doc Para)
Can we get him home, then?

DOC PARA
Yeah, and I'll come around in
the morning. Should take a look
at your head too, eh?

Riki's drops his head to the floor again and closes his eyes.

INT. WAIMATE CHAPEL, 1831, DAY

Yate is orating to an audience of about 200, in English,
about sin. He feels powerful and gestures frequently as he
talks. Henry Williams stands at the back and watches sternly,
his arms crossed on his chest. The congregation rise to sing
the final hymn for the service.

They sing with tremendous vigour and in tune

CONGREGATION
Finish then Thy new creation/
Pure and spotless let us be/
Let us see Thy great salvation/
Perfectly restored in Thee.

Henry Williams cannot help but be moved. A tear trickles down his face.

76.
(II-4)

CONGREGATION

Changed from glory into glory/
Till in Heav'n we take our place/
Till we cast our crowns before
Thee/Lost in wonder love and
praise. Amen

George Clarke, near the back of the church, gets up to leave.
Henry Williams puts his hand on Clarke's arm as he goes past.

HENRY WILLIAMS Is

all well with the press?
I've not heard from you or Mr
Yate...

CLARKE

He is trying his utmost to master
it, Henry.

EXT. WAIMATE CHAPEL, DAY

The newly built church is set amongst rough grass and wild bush. There is a small white picket fence around the grounds of the church that appears pathetic against the backdrop of the deep textures of the bush.

Yate is surrounded by Maori and a few settlers as he talks animatedly after the service, speaking in English and Maori. A number of people are waiting to talk to him.

The following is spoken in a mixture of Maori and English.

HEMI (AGED 14)

Reverend, does God know that Meri
took the kumara from Auntie's
garden?

YATE

God sees everything, Hemi.
(with a smile)
But it is not for you to take
God's law into your hands.

NGATA (AGED 17)

Reverend, my mother is not sure
about my baptism. Would you talk
to her?

YATE

Of course I will, Ngata. Will you bring her to the church next Sunday?

ERUERA

Matua, I will go now to finish our texts. Mr Williams has been asking for them this afternoon.

YATE

thank you, Hongi

NGATA

I'm not sure if she will come. But if you were to come to our whare...?

Eruera touches Yate's arm, a hint of jealousy in his grip

ERUERA

See you at the house, Matua.

INT. WAIMATE MISSION STUDY, DAY

Yate enters his study where Eruera is working with the press. He closes the door.

YATE

Eruera, you mustn't touch me like that.

ERUERA

Why can't we express our true feelings, William? Will God judge our hearts harshly?

YATE

God may not, but... what have you got here? These are not the catechisms.

Eruera is printing an image of the Waimate station. He holds up engraving plates.

ERUERA

These are a gift from Mr McLean. A surprise.

Yate looks at him fondly.

7

YATE

Oh, my Hongi. We need to get away.

INT. WAIMATE MISSION STUDY, DAY

Yate is working away at the press, sleeves rolled up, cursing. The image he is printing is his sketch of Eruera. The machine has churned out tens of images of Eruera, but none of them are good, the ink inconsistent. A pile of Maori texts sits, untouched, on Yate's desk.

There is a knock at the internal door to Yate's study. The door swings open.

George Clarke enters. He sees the floor littered with images of Eruera. Yate seems oblivious to the mess of the scattered images.

CLARKE

I think you should get away for a bit, William. Forget this press. Henry now wants another station in the South, to open the way more directly to the populous districts... Why don't you go?

Yate stands, red-faced, gasping for breath, suddenly looking and recognising the chaos around him. He begins to laugh, hysterically. George Clarke shakes his head, fondly.

EXT. THAMES ESTUARY, 1834, DAY

The Firth of Thames is surrounded on either side by a tall kahikatea forest. The Fortitude (schooner) sails into the Thames estuary.

YATE (V/O)

... there is a great sameness in the views, being confined by hills on one side, and an immense flat forest on the other; yet the whole is so peaceful, so well suited for meditation, and fitted to calm the ruffled passions of the soul, that hearts, even the most insensible to the beauties of nature, must feel its influence...

A group of Maori covered in a mixture of spear and bullet wounds are waiting on the dock. 79.

A Maori boy, aged about 16, wades out to help tie the ship down. Yate, sitting on the deck writing, admires the boy. Eruera, approaches Yate from behind, carrying their joint luggage. He notices Yate watching the boy.

ERUERA

I am glad to be with you alone.

EXT. SOUTHERN MISSION CONSTRUCTION SITE, DAY

This following is spoken in a mixture of English and Maori with English subtitles.

Yate is sitting on the steps of the unfinished church as workmen are busy around him. It is drizzling and the hills behind the site are filled with mist. Eruera approaches him.

ERUERA

Will we be able to complete the station in time for Matariki?

Yate sighs. Eruera sits down next to him.

YATE

This station is jinxed. And when it is finished we will be lucky to have any native congregation to preach to.

ERUERA

But the Waimate is going well. We could expand it.

YATE

With what finance? Williams will not consent to my visiting England.

ERUERA

But Mr Marsden will come to see your skill and allow you to create a whole settlement at Waimate.

YATE

You are optimistic and kind, Hongi.

(he kisses Eruera's head)

But I cannot be seen to succeed where Williams has failed.

ERUERA

He has failed because he has too much of that pompous nature in him.

(whispering)

Nor is he beautiful.

80.

YATE

(sighing)

We have so much work to do. I think the only course is a private visit to England. Yes, the Buffalo is due to sail in a month's time. I could convince the Secretaries, I am sure.

ERUERA

There will be more trouble.

Yate takes Eruera's head and playfully roughs it.

YATE

What are you saying, Eruera? England calls. I could master printing! Just think, I could publish my journal. I could even bring out my dear sister.

Eruera remains silent as the rain intensifies.

YATE

But you are right. We should try to finish the station by Matariki.

INT. TENT, NIGHT

Yate and Eruera, naked, lie linked together, Eruera stroking Yate's stomach. The sound of the rain on the roof of the tent is loud.

YATE

I love the rain. Look at us, safe under this flimsy roof. We are so vulnerable and so free.

ERUERA

I cannot imagine your cities of stone. I need to hear the movements of the land.

Yate looks over at Eruera, who is gazing into the middle distance. Yate sighs.

81.
(H-5)

ERUERA
You suit this land, Matua.

YATE
Why don't you come with me, my
Hongi?

ERUERA
The strife in New Zealand is
building, William. New Zealand
needs us. Stay.

YATE
Ah, if only all the brethren were
like you.

Yate kisses Eruera's head.

ERUERA
I am glad that they are not.

INT. TENT, NIGHT

Eruera wakes to find Yate tossing about and muttering in his sleep. Yate begins to shake and cry. Eruera watches him for a while then decides to wake him.

ERUERA
William! William! What is it?

YATE
(stirring from his sleep)
What?

ERUERA
You were dreaming.

YATE
(still sobbing)
Oh!

ERUERA
What was it?

YATE
My sister, beckoning me home. She
was telling me of my mother's
death.

ERUERA

A premonition.

YATE

But my mother died some time ago. It was...the knowledge of death, from love...I can't explain

82
(II-

Yate begins to sob. Eruera holds him silently as he cries.

EXT. SOUTHERN MISSION CONSTRUCTION SITE, DAY

There is mist swirling around the steep hills behind the construction site. Men walk through the construction as through a SWAMPY Paddock. It is clear that the ground is very wet. Yate is supervising the construction of the belfry.

A young man on horseback, the same MESSENGER as before, gallops up. Yate, expecting that the message will be for him, walks to him.

The messenger steps down off the horse. His eyes meet Yate's - there is a flicker of recognition.

MESSENGER

(in English)

Message for a Mr Eruera Hongi, sir

Yate is a little taken aback.

YATE

Hongi!

Eruera is nearby and comes over, wiping his hand on his trousers, comes to take the message. He reads it and looks at Yate, solemnly.

ERUERA

Our settlement is under attack. My mother needs me. I must go.

YATE

Really?

Eruera does not say anything.

YATE
(resentfully)
That is strange.
(becoming reasonable,
putting his hand on
Eruera's arm)
Of course, you must. I will see
you shortly. We have not got much
to complete.

83.
(II-6

YATE
(to messenger)
Boy, can you take Mr Hongi with
you to Waimate?

Yate pulls Eruera to him. They embrace, out of sight of the
workers.

ERUERA
I...hope to see you YATE
of course, of course. Next week.

Eruera leaves, sitting behind the messenger on a horse.

EXT. SOUTHERN MISSION CONSTRUCTION SITE, DAY
Yate is supervising the lifting of the belfry into the
Mission station. But he is distracted and looks out, away
from the hills, towards the north. He can see a glint of the
sun on the sea; it looks like a mirror. The sound of the
workers brings him back.

WORKER 1
Reverend Yate? Reverend Yate?
The workers have not been able to hold their ropes and the
belfry has fallen on the ground.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, DAY
Jeffrey is seeing Doc Para out the back door.

JEFFREY
He'll be OK, won't he?
Doc Para raises her eyebrows as if questioning Jeffrey.
DOC PARA
Medically, yeah.

Jeffrey paces back into the living room. Riki, hobbling, sits down on the couch, moaning.

84
(11)

RIKI

I'm fine. Just great.

JEFFREY

I really don't feel good about going. But...

RIKI

You need to go. And think of it as the end of your holiday in hell.

JEFFREY

Riki, I won't leave, I mean I'll come back, I, we, I mean we - need to...

RIKI

Yeah, whatever... as soon as you get to London they'll have you working back at the coalface.

JEFFREY

(turning on Riki)

Listen, Riki, I mean it. I will come back. This has been ... extraordinary

EXT. RIKI'S HOUSE, DAY

Riki is standing at the door of his house. It's a crisp, sunny winter's day. Jeffrey, dressed in white 'on safari' clothing, looks softly at Riki.

There is a tooting and Kevin yells out from the window of an old ute.

KEVIN

Time to go mate. I can't turn up late for a first date!

Jeffrey touches Riki's face. Riki pulls away, looking guardedly toward Kevin

Jeffrey's hand drops and brushes gently against Riki's. Riki lets it stay there for a minute.

JEFFREY

See you soon

RIKI
(disbelieving)

Yeah

85

INT. DARKROOM, DAY

Riki feverishly works in his dark room, developing his shots, all of Jeffrey. There are images of Jeffrey at the dance, of him at the beach, of him in 19th Century dress walking across a field.

Riki meticulously pegs the photographs up on a line above his sink. He stands back and admires his work.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Riki has fallen asleep on the couch (Jeffrey's bed). He wakes in his sleep, disturbed. He foggily walks around, kicking at all his photos lying around the room. He looks at one of the first day Jeffrey stumbled upon his house. His eyes well up. He thumps the back of the darkroom door, as he gently weeps.

EXT. WAIMATE SETTLEMENT, 1834, DAY

Yate is walking up a large field, towards a rambling house, perched on the top of the hill.

EXT. RAMBLING HOUSE, DAY

Yate is at the door. He can hear squeals of excitement and is just about to knock when the door opens, and Meri runs out, dodging his arm, laughing. Hine is chasing after Meri, but stops in her tracks when she sees Yate.

HINE

(clearly shocked)

Reverend Yate!

(remembering her manners)

How do you do, sir?

YATE

(taking off his hat)

Hello Hine. I am very well, thank you. Is Eruera in?

HINE

No. He is at the wharenuui.

(to Meri)

Come here, Meri, I need to braid your hair

YATE
For - a celebration?

Meri has come back to the house and is now looking up at Yate, her back against her sister's front.

86
(II-

HINE
(looking down, her
hand on Meri's head)
Yes, for the wedding...

Yate looks confused, not understanding

HINE
...Eruera's wedding

Yate disguises his shock.

YATE
Of course. Well, thank you Hine.

HINE
(reluctantly)
Would you like to come in,
Reverend? It is a hot day. I
could fetch you a drink -
perhaps a cup of...

YATE
No, thank you Hine. If you would
be kind enough, please do not
mention to your brother that I
was here.

Yate puts on his hat.

YATE
- a surprise.

and turns to leave

YATE
Good afternoon Hine, Meri.

HINE
Goodbye Reverend.

Hine and Meri stay at the door, stunned as they watch Yate take off down the field away from the house.

CUT TO

Yate's face ashen.

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE, 1834, DAY

Eruera and Henry Williams are standing in the Williams' front hallway. in the background there are sounds of children screams and of a new born baby. 87.
11-8

MARIANNE WILLIAMS (O/S)
But you cannot just leave, Riu!

HENRY WILLIAMS (overly controlled)
My dear Edward, there is no need to be concerned. Another missionary arrives this month. There are many opportunities for you. There is to be important governmental work next year that I would like you to be involved in.

ERUERA
Reverend, I feel I have insulted Reverend Yate. I only want to contact him.

MARIANNE WILLIAMS (O/S)
Surely your family can call on someone else? We need you, Riu!

HENRY WILLIAMS
Reverend Yate's passions run high; as I am sure you know. Just let him be. Do not concern yourself; we will recognise you for your work, Edward. Now, if you will excuse me...

Henry Williams has opened the front door for Eruera.

ERUERA
Is he not leaving on tomorrow's ship?

HENRY WILLIAMS
Is he? I sincerely hope not.

Henry Williams is about to close the door.

HENRY WILLIAMS
Oh, and congratulations, Edward.
I am sure Te Ariki will make a
very - salutary - wife
(closing the door)
Good afternoon.

88 .
(II-8)

MARIANNE WILLIAMS (O/S)
Not the front!...

The door opens again and Riu, clutching a small kete, rushes through it, crying.

EXT. HARBOUR, WHANGAROA HARBOUR, JUNE 26, 1834, DAY

Yate is on board the HMS Buffalo, looking out toward the sea. The ship is waiting to depart.

Yate looks pale, withdrawn.

General preparations are being made for departure. Just as the ship's ropes are removed, a messenger boy arrives at the docks.

MESSENGER BOY
A letter for Reverend Yate!

A crew member takes the letter. Yate is near the top deck, and is quickly handed the letter as the crew get on with the departure.

Yate takes it to his bunkroom, and opens it. He reads it, looking sadder with each second.

ERUERA (V/O)
You say you shall return; I but I
am thinking no, you will not
leave again your good country for
this bad country... see your
friends in Europe and say How-do-
you-do to the whole of them, not
passing over one.
This is all, from him who was
once your boy, but is now married
to a wife at Maungakauakaua..

Yate crumples the letter up, then uncrumples it, folding it carefully. He shuts his eyes, and begins to tremble. He sits on the edge of his bunk, head in his hands, and sobs.

EXT. WHANGAROA HARBOUR, DAY

The Buffalo is loosened from its fastenings. There are general calls between the ship's crew and those on land as the ship sets sail.

89.
(III-

EXT. BUFFALO, DAY

Yate is standing on the deck of The Buffalo near the bow, looking back toward the land as the ship departs. As The Buffalo leaves the harbour, Yate thinks he can see a young man, of Eruera's stature, weave his way through the crowd at the port. He strains his eyes to see. But the man he can see walks through the crowd, merely glancing at the Buffalo. It is not Eruera - it looks more like Riki.

EXT. BUFFALO, DAY

The sea is rough and churning. The Buffalo is out of sight of land. Yate is standing on the deck, gripping the rails of the ship, the wind in his hair, looking at the sea in torment.

EXT. RIKI'S CAR, DAY

The sea is churning and can barely be made out through Riki's dirty windscreen. Riki is driving inland and north, fast.

EXT. HINE'S HOUSE, WAIMATE, DAY

HINE's small, old house is surrounded by a large, lush garden, full of flowers, vegetables and grasses. The view from her house is similar to that of Yate's original sketch. Hine, small, wiry and apparently blind, moves smoothly, with a stick, through the plants. Riki is following her around as she weeds between her native grasses.

HINE

Why are you here, Rikirangi?
We see you at your grandmother's
tangi and hear nothing of you for
almost a year. Now you appear
without warning.

She smiles.

HINE

Without telephoning, at least.

RIKI

I need to know more about our whanau, Auntie. All I know is that our line is one of Hongi Hika's.

92 .
(II-8)

HINE

What brings you home at last, Rikirangi? Is it love?

RIKI

I see images Auntie. And people I touch...

Auntie turns to him and touches his arm.

HINE

Your great uncle Eruera Pare, he was touched too, as you put it.

RIKI

He worked with the Pakeha missionaries?

Hine points with her stick.

HINE

Just over there, Rikirangi. He was a man between worlds. He was one of the first who knew how to write both te reo and English.

RIKI

And who did he love? Did he marry?

HINE

He loved men and women. But mostly he loved his family. He married to save our family from attack.

RIKI

Did our family, our whanau accept...

HINE

He was talented. They loved him for who he was. Things may be more difficult now, Riki, but you must be yourself.

(MORE)

HINE (CONT'D)

The whanau has to be flexible to survive.

RIKI

But...

HINE

(understanding)

How can we judge harshly what is true to your heart? You want to know more? Why don't you do some research. Now, Riki, I promised to visit your cousin at the game. They are playing East Coast Bays. Will you come?

Riki looks askance. He is very reluctant.

RIKI

Sure, Auntie.

EXT. PROVINCIAL RUGBY CLUB, DAY

The rugby team are just coming off the field. The scoreboard shows 15-all.

Hine, shadowed by Riki, comes up and whacks the calves of one of the players, ALF, with her stick. He spins around

HINE

You were lazy, Alf. You need to stop that drinking and get yourself in better shape!

ALF

(arms above his head
in surrender)

I know, I know, Hine

ROB

Hey, Auntie. Good to see you. Sorry we didn't win today.

HINE

Hey, a draw is always more satisfying for the Gods. Look who I've got here...

Riki steps out from behind Hine. He can't help smiling seeing his favourite cousin. Riki's slight frame is brought into relief against the large rugby players.

91.
(III-

ROB

Hey, Riki! Great to see you!

Riki and Rob embrace. Rob's team mates bring out beer. Most recognise Riki to some degree and greet him. They sit down in front of the clubrooms, celebrating a gorgeous evening. ⁹²

(III-

A player from the East Coast Bays team, MOSS (chunky, Samoan) comes past. He sees Riki.

MOSS

Hey. Riki.

Riki, a little taken aback, stands up to talk to him.

RIKI

Never knew you played rugby

MOSS

Never knew you hung out with rugby boys!

RIKI

We all have our dark closets, eh, Moss!

INT. WAITANGI MUSEUM READING ROOM, DAY

Riki is engrossed in books. He has a copy of Yate's journal open with images of the Waimate mission. He continues to scan books with drawings and finally comes across one that describes the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The drawing comes to life.

EXT. WAITANGI LAWN, 1835, DAY

Various Pakeha including Henry Williams, James Busby, Donald McLean and a Mr Charles Spicer from the New Zealand Company are observing the signing of The Declaration of Independence, under a makeshift, large tent, on the lawn on Waitangi. The Flag of the United Tribes is flying. George Clarke is showing a line of Maori Chiefs where to sign.

Eruera is the chief scribe.

ERUERA

(in Maori, to Tohitapu)

It says here that if you sign, this independence is guaranteed.

TOHITAPU
(speaking te reo)
How can I trust you, nephew of
Hongi Hika?

93 .

CLARKE
We are working together in good
faith. Please believe him.

DONALD MCLEAN
(to Charles Spicer)
This will keep them at bay for a
few more years.

Clarke, overhearing this, looks up at McLean, disappointedly.
Eruera looks at Clarke, saying nothing.

EXT. WAITANGI LAWN, DAY

Eruera is putting the papers into order at the end of the
day. Henry Williams puts his hand on his arm.

HENRY WILLIAMS
I am proud of you, Edward. We
have done well today.

ERUERA
I hope I have done well,
Reverend. Time will tell.

EXT. SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, 1835, DAY

Yate strides confidently toward a grand public entrance.

INT. CHURCH MISSIONARY SERVICE (CMS) OFFICES, SALISBURY
SQUARE, DAY

Yate is before the Council of the CMS. Three Council members
are sitting, arms folded, eyebrows raised in suspicion.

YATE
...Gentlemen, I was acting with
the sincerest intent.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2
Surely, Reverend Yate, you might
have thought of gaining the
permission of your fellow
missionaries before departing for
England? And you have been
seeking private revenue for the
mission?

YATE

I thought only of the will of God. Believe me gentlemen, I wanted to act only inside the bounds so justly provided me by your prudent guidance.

94.

Council Member 1 picks up a book, newly bound, in his hand.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1

It is hard for us to believe this, Reverend Yate, especially when we read of such grand claims in this . . .

YATE

It is as I have written. And our mission in the heart of the enemy - the native's country. At Paihia we had a handful of parishioners, at Waimate the Church is set to overflow every Sunday. This is whence the need to rebuild has emerged.

COUNCIL MEMBER 3

Very well, Reverend Yate, you may go now.

YATE

Thank you sirs, for your kind reflections.

Yate departs. Council Member 1 and 2 roll their eyes at one another before Yate leaves the office. Council Member 3 seems to be reading but looks up when he senses Yate is out of earshot.

COUNCIL MEMBER 3

You think him an upstart, do you not?

COUNCIL MEMBER 2

An assuming, arrogant, pilfering one.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1

Using the will of God for such personal gain!

COUNCIL MEMBER 3

But he does mean well. I think we should not suspend him.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2

But surely, Hector, we cannot afford to continue his employment- he risks putting us into greater jeopardy.

95
(III-

COUNCIL MEMBER 3

I would like to give him a chance. He is clearly energised by his experiences.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1

I would be prepared to give him a last chance. But if he should stray from his duty, that will be it. Hector?

INT. THE DINING ROOM OF THE PRINCE REGENT, MARCH 1836, DAY

The Prince Regent is an obviously different ship to that of the Buffalo-the dining room is much larger and more glamorous. This is the first official dinner of a voyage (three or four days in). Yate is sitting at the Captain's table, with a group including his sister SARAH, her husband, RICHARD TAYLOR, Edwin DENISON.

Richard Taylor, reserved and ambitious, observes Yate, as he speaks.

Yate is gesturing wildly, he waves his right hand as if he has a book in it.

YATE

'Reverend Yate', he said, 'you are clearly having rapid success with the New Zealanders; I am most happy to support your cause at Waimate'. You realise, of course, the impact that Hongi Hika had on King George? Well, King William was very impressed and wanted me to arrange for him to meet an entire Christian tribe...

SARAH

William, you mustn't boast!

RICHARD TAYLOR

(In an superior voice)

Sarah, let him say what he will. He is obviously very pleased with himself.

YATE

My dear sister, I will try to contain myself. I am so pleased to have your sweet company with me on this voyage. There is so much I want to show you in New Zealand.

(nodding at Richard)

You both, of course.

96

(III1-

RICHARD TAYLOR

I hear that the Missionary Service was none too pleased with your endeavours to obtain private support.

Sarah casts a stern glance at Richard.

CAPTAIN

(not listening to anyone)

And, Reverend you sat for your portrait? I've been wanting to have a painting done, of my little ship. Would you recommend...

YATE

Whichelo, yes. He has painted the Earl Grey, you know. I am very pleased with it; it is painted in the new style that I believe will flatter me well

RICHARD TAYLOR

I am glad you feel that, William. I have heard that the painter was ungenerous... in his application of paint.

SARAH

(under her breath)

Richard!

YATE

You must understand, Richard, that the old style belongs to the 18th Century. If you were to have your portrait painted, who would you choose; Gainsborough or Turner?

The Captain mumbles drunkenly. Richard Taylor looks disdainfully at Yate.

SARAH
(conciliatorily)
William, Gainsborough has died,
and I do not think Mr Turner
paints portraits. Of course
Richard is most interested in
things new. Why else are we
coming out to work in the colony?

97.

Sarah turns to her right, to Edwin Denison, a young man of about 28.

SARAH
And Mr Denison, what brings you
out? Will you be settling in
Australia?

DENISON
(quietly)
I am a theologian by training.
I intend to study the beliefs of
the native population in
Australia. I am not sure how long
I will be staying - it depends on
how my subjects concede to my
enquiry.

Yate glances up at Denison again, more approvingly. The conversation continues as Yate goes into a reverie as he imagines his return to New Zealand, his completed Waimate station, the crowds of approving church-goers.

RICHARD TAYLOR
The Australian aboriginals are
impossible to pin down, difficult
to converse with, prone to
leaving their settlements - just
arising and moving, in a night.
Hard to trust a man when you
don't know where he's going to be
tomorrow.

DENISON
I am intrigued by what you
recount, Reverend. I understand
that this approach to land and
habitation is part of the
Aboriginals' religious outlook.

RICHARD TAYLOR
It will be a hard task, Mr
Denison. And how will you
determine the improvement of the
aboriginals by our missionaries?

98.

Yate's eyes flicker back to the conversation as he wonders how he will respond to Richard's question. Yate studies Denison's demeanour and response as Taylor talks.

DENISON
As a theologian, my intention is less to study the effect of the missionaries than to understand the original beliefs of the native peoples before they are... affected overly by the settlers.

The Captain lurches to one side. Yate leans over to ensure he does not fall.

RICHARD TAYLOR
You are not suggesting that the aboriginals beliefs are of substance - that is, of worth?

DENISON
There is intrinsic value in that which is unique. In that once it disappears, it will be lost forever.

RICHARD TAYLOR
A man of your skills could be spending his time pursuing other interests...

SARAH
Would you take me to the cabin, darling? -I'm feeling rather tired.

EXT. YATE AND DENISON'S CABIN ON BOARD THE PRINCE REGENT,
NIGHT

Yate and Denison are staggering along in the lurching passageway. It is hard to tell if they have had a lot to drink or if the sea is making them sway. As they approach the cabin, they are laughing, almost giggling like schoolgirls, as they approach their shared cabin.

Richard Taylor emerges out of the shadows and watches them after they have passed. 99.

YATE

So, Denison, we have been privy to your views at last! I was taken with your reply to Mr Taylor tonight.

DENISON

(coyly)

We have a long voyage in front of us. This subject was bound to emerge with time.

Denison opens the cabin door. Yate strides through it.

YATE

(laughing as he leans against the closed door)

I don't think Taylor took to your opinions!

DENISON

No, I do not think I pleased him.

YATE

He is an impossible man to please. But it was a splendid dinner.

They begin to undress over their own beds. Yate casually glimpses Denison in his leggings.

DENISON

But the Captain! He was tight!

YATE

Yes, it is no wonder; these naval men are lonely. And being so isolated...

DENISON

(suddenly serious)

Tell me, how different are the New Zealanders? The stories I have heard suggest great ferocity.

Denison and Yate are in their night gear and Yate is getting into bed.

YATE

They are capable of the uttermost savagery. And yet, it is not an untamed wildness. It is a contained, directed savagery, for they are also able to convey a melancholy of the most infectious sort...

100.
(III-3)

Yate looks into the middle distance.

YATE

I am tired. Goodnight, Denison

INT. YATE AND DENISON'S CABIN, NIGHT.

Denison wakes to hear Yate tossing and muttering in his sleep. Denison is in and out of sleep and wakes again to hear faint weeping. There is a half-light coming in the window from the moon. The ship lurches and there is a great thump. Denison gets out of bed to see what has fallen. He finds the wardrobe door open and his bag fallen out of it, just below Yate's bed. As he puts the bag back, he notices a letter lying on the floor. He picks it up and begins to read it, then stops, shocked at what he has read and embarrassed for reading it.

INT. YATE AND DENISON'S CABIN, DAY

Yate is waking up, stretching slowly and extraverterdly.

YATE

Sleep well, Denison?

Denison, dressed, turns to him, diffidently.

DENISON

Reverend, you were talking in your sleep last night.

He holds up the folded letter to Yate.

DENISON

You dropped this.

Denison and Yate's eyes meet, in complicity.

INT. BACK SEAT OF TAXI, DAY

Jeffrey is in a taxi, driving to Auckland airport along Manukau Road during thick, rush-hour traffic. The glare of the sunlight is making it difficult to see anything ahead. Jeffrey is talking on his cellphone.

JEFFREY

I'll be there in a day, Jude.
Sure. How are you? What?
Yeah - of course they're right
for Real World. What?

101.
(III-4

Suddenly the taxi lurches forward as it is rear-ended. It bangs into a stationary car in front, coming to a standstill. The taxi driver turns the engine over but without success.

JEFFREY

Oh God. Look, the taxi's just
crashed- I'll call you when I
get in.

EXT. MANUKAU ROAD, DAY

Jeffrey gets out of the taxi. Both cars in front and behind have gone. The taxi driver can be seen talking on a cellphone. Jeffrey looks at his watch. He spies a line of taxis on the other side of the road, grabs his bags and walks into the traffic.

In the middle of the road, Jeffrey is staring into the sun, and is caught -like a possum in the headlights, between heavy traffic going in both directions. Cars are honking at him as he turns away from the sun and the direction he was heading.

Jeffrey gets to a taxi, shaken.

JEFFREY

To the Sheraton hotel, please.

INT. AUCKLAND HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

Jeffrey is pacing about the room on his phone, trying not to sound concerned.

JEFFREY

Ginger? I can't seem to get
hold of Riki - you wouldn't
happen to know where he was,
would you
(beat)
-where?

EXT. WAIMATE MISSION, DAY

Riki drives into the Waimate mission visitor carpark. He gets to the house with strange sense of foreboding.

INT. WAIMATE MISSION HOUSE, 2002, DAY

Riki has moved through the tour of the Waimate Mission house and comes to the final room, William Yate's. Sitting in the corner, hunched over a desk, is a man in a chair - is it a dummy of Yate?

102.
CHI-5)

Jeffrey, reading with fascination at Yate's desk, suddenly becomes aware that he's being watched. He turns around to see Riki. He stands up. Riki comes to Jeffrey, fully embracing him.

EXT. WAIMATE MISSION LAWN, DAY

Riki and Jeffrey gaze over to the near horizon, toward a hill. Mist is gathering in the near distance toward Ohaeawai

EXT. VERANDAH, OHAEAWAI, 1836, NIGHT

Eruera is sitting on the verandah of his marital house watching the mist rise after a heavy rain. A horseman can be seen on the side road next to the house. Eruera looks at the figure, and recognises it. Henry Williams waves back, and seems to spontaneously ride up to the house through the mist, smoothly, as if a ghost. He looks aged.

HENRY WILLIAMS
Greetings, Edward.

ERUERA
Greetings Mr Williams. A wet night for riding.

HENRY WILLIAMS
You have heard the news of our Reverend Yate?

ERUERA
No? His ship has had trouble?

Henry Williams rides to the edge of the house, and on his horse's back he is at eye level with Hongi.

HENRY WILLIAMS
His passions - they have finally undone him. He believed his powers made his sins invisible.
(beat)
I am sorry.

Eruera averts his eyes.

HENRY WILLIAMS
We are gathering testimonies from
those who - knew - him. A letter
would suffice, Edward.

103.

ERUERA
(attempting dismissal)
Thank you, Reverend

Henry Williams brings out of his jacket a copy of Yate's
journal. He is incensed.

HENRY WILLIAMS
And so you will not know of his
journal?

ERUERA
(turning his head away)
I do not.

HENRY WILLIAMS
He will not be returning,
Eruera. I know I can rely on you,
There will be a clearing of his
things on Saturday...

Eruera gets up, looks away, out to the horizon.

ERUERA
(interrrupting, angry)
I understand. Good night, Mr
Williams.

Williams slips off, dismissed.

Eruera's wife, Te Ariki, comes to him out of the darkness of
the house. She is knowing, and moves softly.

TE ARIKI
You are concerned for his safety?

ERUERA
Oh, wise Te Ariki. What can I do?

TE ARIKI
You stood by him And he is back with his own
people. You must pray he will be safe. We
cannot change anything from here.

Eruera says nothing.

TE ARIKI

104 .

I cannot help you with this loss.

ERUERA

Have I betrayed him?

TE ARIKI

You chose your path. You are with me.

(bitterly)

Should I be consoling you for your choice?

ERUERA

He taught me much of what I know.

Te Arika puts her arms around Eruera. They stare into the evening.

EXT. WAIMATE MISSION, 1836, DAY

A large fire is burning in a field outside the mission house. A dozen or so people, mostly missionaries, led by Henry Williams, are standing around a large fire, throwing in furniture, clothes and books. Marianne Williams and Eve, (aged 12) approach the fire. Henry Williams puts an arm around Eve, who holds something in his hand.

EVE

Why, father?

HENRY WILLIAMS

Come on, Eve

MARIANNE WILLIAMS

Henry, is it really necessary?

HENRY WILLIAMS

(sternly)

Eve

Eve throws something from his hand into the flames.

CLOSE UP ON THE MINIATURE BIBLE, BEING ENGULFED BY THE FLAMES.

Tears trickle down Eve's cheek.

George Clarke, standing in front of the mission house, turns away.

EXT. BANKS OF THE WAITANGI RIVER, DAY

Smoke from the Mission fire can be seen on the horizon, above the river. Eruera is standing on the banks of the swollen river, attempting to bring back the memory of his time with Yate. He climbs a tree, taking him further out over the raging river, contemplating his fate. (III-6)

TE ARIKI (O/S)

Eruera!

Te Ariki's voice seems to dislodge Eruera out of his reverie. He moves back toward the trunk of the tree.

The branch of the tree cracks, uncleanly, and Eruera grabs hold of surrounding branches. Simultaneously, the river bank underneath the tree gives way and collapses into the river. Eruera, still holding the tree, is dragged into the torrential flow. The branches of the tree force him down under the water.

Te Ariki arrives at the edge of the bank. She sees Eruera, but steps back, just as the bank that was under her feet gives way into the water. She sees Eruera but is helpless to reach him.

TE ARIKI

(wailing)

Awe! Awe!

EXT. BANKS OF THE WAITANGI RIVER, DAY

A sawn piece of timber floats down the river. Riki and Jeffrey are standing on a bridge, watching the water.

JEFFREY You ready
for this?

EXT. WAIMATE SETTLEMENT, DAY

A new marae is being constructed on what can just be discerned as the old Waimate Settlement. Several men are building and one, carving outside the frame of a wharenui. Rob is hammering as Riki and Jeffrey drive up. Riki discreetly brings out his camera and takes a few shots. Rob spies him and walks over.

RIKI

Hey Rob, this is Jeffrey.

Rob wipes his hands on his trousers.

106.

ROB
Kia ora, Jeffrey

JEFFREY
(in a better accent
than before)
Kia ora

Rob shakes Jeffrey's hand. They hongi in greeting. There is a shout from the site as the men struggle.

ROB
Hey, come and give us a hand.

Riki goes to help Rob erect the beam. It wobbles a bit as it goes into place, but they hold it firmly.

JEFFREY
Nice wood.

Riki smiles at Jeffrey.

RIKI
Totara. Grown for the purpose.

ROB
Yeah. It's been a long time coming.

INT. RIKI' S CAR, DAY

Riki and Jeffrey are driving back to Riki's house in silence. Riki is driving.

INT. RIKI'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Jeffrey is cooking a meal and talking with Riki as Riki unpacks from their trip.

RIKI
So what are you going to do about your photos, Jeffrey? Isn't your deadline tomorrow?

Jeffrey sighs.

JEFFREY
Yeah - tomorrow in the UK. But you know, I'm really losing my enthusiasm.

Jeffrey continues to cook as Riki goes into expose his photos. Riki pokes his head out from the darkroom.

RIKI

Hey Jeff! Come and take a look at these!

107.
(III-6

Jeffrey comes into the dark room. The photos of Waimate and of the new Marae, pegged up above the sink, are vivid.

JEFFREY

These are good, Riki!
(quietly)
Hey, let's send these.

RIKI

What do you mean?

JEFFREY

I mean, as yours, of course.
They are very very good.

RIKI

(clearly chuffed)
Oh, I'll think about it. I've not been into great public exposure of my work.

JEFFREY

(nodding at the Maori cultural magazine)
Except for that.

RIKI

Yeah.
(beat)
I think I should have considered my subject more.

Riki shuffles a bit.

RIKI

I'm sorry, Jeff.

JEFFREY

You could make it up to me if we could send these on...

RIKI

(pointing at a ghostly flickering in part of a photo)
What's that, do you think?

JEFFREY

A visitor from the past, perhaps?

The line of pegged photographs seems to tell their story together.

108 .

JEFFREY

Riki, what happened to your great uncle Hongi?

RIKI

(softly)

They say he drowned in a flooded river, ashamed.

Riki is holding another photo up when Jeffrey, caught by Riki's beauty in the half-light, leans toward him and kisses him, gently, on the neck.

JEFFREY

But you're not ashamed, are you?

Riki turns to Jeffrey, and kisses him firmly on the lips. Jeffrey runs his hand through Riki's hair.

The polaroid photo of Riki drops out of Jeffrey's pocket, onto the floor. It could just as well be of Eruera.

FADE OUT.