

EXT. AROUND HUAHINE ISLAND. DAY

Black screen. We hear the gentle lapping of waves on the open water and the distant cries of competitors. It's quite calm.

CRASH IN:

Suddenly, the peace is interrupted as a paddle SLICES through the water, and propels the attached outrigger canoe forwards.

We pan up to see the man holding the paddle at the front of the canoe. It's HEIVA MANAKAI (27), a muscular Polynesian man wearing a white T-shirt and cap with a stylised oyster logo.

HEIVA

Vite, crétins, vite!

In a wider shot we see there are five other crew members in this six-man outrigger... and they're all paddling hard. The canoe has the same oyster logo under the words: TEAM HUAHINE.

An even wider shot reveals that Team Huahine are two canoe-lengths ahead of the nearest competitor. There are around 20 outriggers in the race, and they're rowing right between two beautiful green islands. The sun is beating down hard. In the distance we can make out a large crowd of locals in the sea.

Suddenly, another canoe comes close into shot: TEAM SHELL. They are gaining rapidly on Team Huahine. With each stroke they move closer to the leaders, who are visibly tiring.

HEIVA (CONT'D)

Fort, fort!

As they approach the final straight - a funnel route formed by islanders stood in the water - Team Shell take the lead, and by the finish line they are a full boat-length ahead.

The crowd wade further in to celebrate with Team Shell, and a furious Heiva throws his paddle into the sea with a SPLASH.

As the third-place outrigger passes into shot we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MELBOURNE ROWING CLUB - GYM. EVENING

... an ERG rowing machine. Muscular quads push hard against the foot board, shooting the seat back and forth. The rower is JOSH MANNING (27), a short, strong, white Australian man with a somewhat unkempt appearance. He has his headphones in.

We hear muffled, tinny MUSIC through Josh's headphones and we quickly realise that he's rowing in time to the beat. It's an impressive performance as he blasts on, stroke after stroke.

Suddenly, Josh stops rowing. The music has stopped. He clicks the MP3 player attached to his arm and a new song starts up.

Josh resumes rowing in time to the beat.

FADE INTO:

OPENING TITLES

FADE INTO:

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. EVENING

This is an archetypal old woman's house: the slightly-faded wallpaper, net curtains, old-fashioned flowery sofa et al.

GRANDMA (73), an elderly Australian woman, is sitting in her armchair, watching the television. It's a nature documentary.

Suddenly, a key turns in the lock and the front door opens.

JOSH

Gran, it's me!

GRANDMA

About time too...!

Josh walks into the living room and kisses her on the cheek.

JOSH
You hungry?

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM. EVENING

Josh and Grandma sit directly opposite each other at a large dining table, eating a meal of grilled salmon and salad off old-fashioned china plates with silver cutlery and doilies.

It's silent, except the TICKING of the wall clock. Finally...

GRANDMA
So how's work?

JOSH
(unenthusiastic)
Yeah, fine.

More silence, then...

GRANDMA
Have you made any friends yet?

Josh gets up without replying and starts collecting plates.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Josh?

JOSH
Come on Gran... you know you're
the only one for me!

He exits into the kitchen. Grandma calls out after him.

GRANDMA
(calling out after him)
I won't be here forever, you know.

Josh pokes his head around the corner and grins.

JOSH
Of course you will...

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. EVENING

Grandma watches television in the living room (B/G, through door), as Josh finishes washing up the dishes in the kitchen.

He places the last plate in the rack beside the sink and then walks through to the living room. We follow him.

JOSH

Right, I'm off to bed! Early start tomorrow, again! Goodnight, Gran.

GRANDMA

Goodnight, Josh.

As he EXITS, Grandma looks up at the antique wall clock above the television - it reads 9:30pm. She shakes her head, sadly.

EXT. PATH BESIDE YARRA RIVER. EARLY MORNING

It's cold, grey and drizzly as Josh cycles along the side of the river. He's wearing a raincoat but is still shivering.

He takes an exit off the cycle path, entering a car park. As he cycles towards the entrance we see it's the rowing club.

Josh parks the bike by the entrance, right beside a long line of Bentleys, Porsches and Ferraris, and starts to lock it up.

INT. MELBOURNE ROWING CLUB - CHANGING ROOM. EARLY MORNING

Josh is putting on his shirt when the door opens and a large group of men wearing 'Melbourne Rowing Club' sweaters enter.

ROWER #1

...and the coach said that if Dan's gonna insist on completely useless short strokes like that he might as well get kangaroos for his crew!

They all LAUGH, oblivious to Josh who is tying his shoelaces.

ROWER #2

That guy's an absolute joke.

ROWER #1

We're just not gonna listen to him
- it's the coach who's in charge.
And so tomorrow morning we'll do
some serious work on our stroke
length.

As they continue to talk animatedly amongst themselves, Josh - who is now fully changed - silently slips out of the room.

INT. MELBOURNE ROWING CLUB - GYM. EARLY MORNING

Josh is on the rowing machine again, headphones in, powering along in time to the beat. It's immaculate - and impressive.

On the next machine is Rower #2 from the changing room - and he's struggling to keep up with Josh. Eventually, he comes to a stop, watching Josh in admiration as he simply carries on.

ROWER #2

You're pretty good, mate.

Josh doesn't hear him - he has his headphones in, after all - so Rower #2 just shrugs his shoulders and walks off.

Suddenly, just like before, Josh stops rowing - his music has finished. He looks at his watch, thinks for a second, then clicks his MP3 player and starts rowing again with the beat.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - RECEPTION. MORNING

MALCOLM (45), a smart-suited corporate manager, is conversing with a senior staff member in the reception of a nondescript office when Josh BURSTS through the main entrance, sweating.

He is also clearly embarrassed as people turn to look at him.

JOSH
(out of breath, quietly)
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry, I don't
-

MALCOLM
Sorry, Jennifer...
(turning to Josh)
Wait for me in my office, will
you?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MANAGER'S OFFICE. MORNING

MALCOLM
I'm getting sick of this Josh.

JOSH
I'm really sorry, Malcolm, I just
-

MALCOLM
You were at the rowing club again?

JOSH
(a beat, then)
Yeah.

MALCOLM
(sighs)
It's a shame, Josh, but I'm afraid
I just can't do this any more.
You're a nice guy but, frankly,
you are completely unreliable.
Quite clearly you are not a team
player.

We focus on Josh as Malcolm continues to talk.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(fading out)
At some point you'll have to
choose between just going back and
forth on a rowing machine and
taking responsibility in the real

world. You can't keep this up,
Josh...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OPEN-PLAN WORKSPACE. MORNING

Josh walks across the workspace to his desk, but nobody pays any attention. He starts to pack things into his rucksack but his colleagues all around don't even look up from their work.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. MORNING

Josh exits the office, rucksack on back. He stops by his bike and looks left and right. He's clearly unsure where to turn.

INT. MELBOURNE ROWING CLUB - GYM. AFTERNOON

Josh is on the ERG rowing machine, headphones in, yet again.

Two members of the Melbourne Rowing Team are standing at the nearby water cooler, watching his performance with surprise.

ROWER #2

This is crazy... I make it 1
minute 36 for a half-k! That's up
there with Johnno! And the
consistency of speed he's getting
too... amazing!

ROWER #1

It's impressive alright.

ROWER #2

So why's he not part of the
crew... why doesn't the coach
pick him?

ROWER #1

He's too short - he hasn't got the
length in his stroke to keep up
all of our lads. But, more

importantly, you ever tried
speaking to him?

ROWER #2
Well, yeah, once...

ROWER #1
Not exactly the most guy... is he?

Josh, oblivious to the conversation, rows on.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON

Grandma is asleep in front of the TV when a key turns in
the lock... and she awakes with a start. She picks up her
stick.

GRANDMA
(afraid)
Who is it?

The door opens and Josh enters.

JOSH (O.S.)
Gran?

GRANDMA
(breathing sigh of
relief)
In here.
(then)
Hold on - why aren't you at work?

Josh shuffles into the room and takes a seat near to her.

JOSH
Well... Gran... I've got something
I need to tell you. Again.

GRANDMA
(realising)
Oh, I knew it was too good to
last!

JOSH
But I haven't -

GRANDMA

How long was that... three months?

JOSH

*Four months, Gran. But don't worry
- I'll find a new job to support
us.*

Grandma starts LAUGHING.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

GRANDMA

You think *you* support us? I have
my pension, Josh, and my savings -
I can look after myself fine,
thanks.

JOSH

Okay, fine. Good for you.

GRANDMA

But you Josh, you should seize
this moment. This is a real
opportunity!

JOSH

Opportunity?

GRANDMA

The opportunity to have some time
off... to go away and have some
fun. Go and do the thing you say
you'll do every time you lose your
job - go take that trip to Tahiti.

JOSH

Well, it's not that easy...

GRANDMA

Of course it is. Just pack a bag.

JOSH

(defensive)

Well, no, there's lots of reasons
I can't go away. I don't have many
savings, for one thing, and I
can't leave you here by yourself.

GRANDMA

Pfft.

JOSH

(stressing)

Plus I now need to focus on finding another job - there aren't too many accountancy firms hiring right now, Gran, so it's not as if a job will just land in my lap. I can't simply sit and wait... not at this time.

GRANDMA

It's *never* a good time with you, is it, Josh - you always find a reason not to go. But if not now, when?

JOSH

I dunno. I guess, once I've got a stable job, I can take some time...

GRANDMA

You haven't had a stable job in your life! You always end up losing them because of your bloody rowing.

JOSH

(getting angry)

You know what, Gran, I respect your opinion but I don't need this right now. If I don't want a holiday then I don't have to have one. Right?

GRANDMA

(sadly)

When are you going to start living your life, Josh? Meet some people, have some fun... get a girlfriend?

JOSH

I'm going to the gym, I'm sick of this. Same questions over and

over, every day for the last ten years.

GRANDMA

Doesn't that tell you something?

He leaves. Grandma SIGHS, frustrated. She then looks across the room at the computer, and a thought crosses her mind.

FADE OUT.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM. EARLY MORNING

FADE IN:

We follow Josh, dressed in his pyjamas, down the stairs and into the hallway. He then stops dead in the doorway to the dining room and stares at what's a wholly unfamiliar sight.

The dining table is completely covered by a ridiculously enormous breakfast feast, including sausages, bacon, eggs, croissants, bagels, fruit, cereal and a large pot of tea.

Grandma, already sitting at the table, beckons Josh over.

JOSH

What's going on, Gran?

GRANDMA

I made you a special breakfast.

JOSH

That's really nice but...
bagels... croissants...
sausages...? You know rowers can't
eat trash like this - I'm trying
to follow strict diet.

GRANDMA

That's why this is called a
special breakfast. Now, take a
seat and open your envelope, would
you?

JOSH

(sits down, sees
envelope)
What's this?

GRANDMA

Just open it, will you?

He opens it and pulls out a sheet of a paper. In close up, we see that it's a print-out of an Air Tahiti airline ticket.

JOSH

What -?

GRANDMA

(excited)

It's a flight ticket to Tahiti.
It's so you can finally take that
holiday you've been dreaming of.

JOSH

But...

GRANDMA

Tahiti, you know. You always said
you wanted to go and learn about
their rowing culture. Now you can!

JOSH

But this ticket leaves today...

GRANDMA

Well, there's no point in waiting.

JOSH (CONT'D)

...and it's only one-way! How
come?

GRANDMA

Well, I want you to stay away as
long as you can - so you only come
back when you are *really* ready.
That's why I haven't booked you a
hotel either - just find the best
option when you get to the island!

JOSH

(not very happy)

Grandma, I -

He looks up at her expectant face, and manages a weak smile.

JOSH (CONT'D)

It's lovely. Thank you. I'm sure a few days won't make any difference.

GRANDMA

Or even longer. Now, you'd better tuck into your bacon and eggs Josh - the taxi will be here in an hour...

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE. MORNING

Josh and Grandma are walking down the driveway towards the waiting yellow cab. The driver takes the suitcase and puts it in the boot, while Josh turns to say goodbye to his Grandma.

JOSH

Sure you'll be okay on your own?

GRANDMA

I'm fine. Don't you worry about me.

JOSH

I'll be back in a few days.

GRANDMA

I sincerely hope not.

They hug. Josh kisses her on the cheek and gets into the cab.

We pan out to a wide shot as it drives off into the distance.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN. AFTERNOON

Josh is squashed into the middle of a three-seat aisle with two enormous Polynesians on either side of him. As they sit in silence Josh eyes up their enormous black-tattooed arms.

BING BONG.

PILOT

(over speaker)

Ladies and Gentlemen, just a quick message to let you know that we've just crossed the International Date Line, so you can set your watches back 21 hours! It's Friday again!

Josh checks his watch.

PILOT (CONT'D)

(over speaker)

It also means we're over halfway to Tahiti... there are just over four hours to go! So sit back and relax!

Josh SIGHS. He leans forward to take 'Tahiti Magazine' from the seat pocket in front, wriggles a little to try and get comfortable in his limited space, then opens the magazine.

INT. FAA'A AIRPORT - CUSTOMS. EVENING

One of the huge Polynesians is standing at Official's customs booth. He fills the whole screen so we can't see behind him.

OFFICIAL

Merci.

He hands over the passport and the Polynesian man walks off.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Après!

Josh, who we now see is next in line, steps up to the booth.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Passeport, s'il vous plaît.

Josh hands over his passport.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

(without looking up)

...et où est le visa?

Josh doesn't say anything - he's confused.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

(looks up)

Visa?

JOSH

Ah, oh, er... je n'ai pas, I... I
don't have visa... I didn't
know...

Official SIGHS and retrieves a green piece of paper from his desk. He starts to fill in the details from Josh's passport.

OFFICIAL

Address?

JOSH

Um... 42 Grantley Street, St
Kilda.

OFFICIAL

Non, non, where will you stay
here?

JOSH

Er, well, I don't know yet, I just
thought I'd, y'know, find a hotel.

Official SIGHS again and hands Josh's documents back to him.

OFFICIAL

No address, no visa.

He waves him to the side and Josh politely obeys, allowing the woman behind to come up and take his place at the booth.

Josh stands there at the side of the booth in visa purgatory, wondering what to do. He eyes the gate he just came through, and then the next departure time for Melbourne on the board.

As he's thinking, the woman at the booth moves on and MOSIAH KATANA (58), better known as Moses, a large Polynesian man with a pot-belly, takes her place. Then, after a moment...

MOSES

Isn't that right?

Josh, after a second, realises the man is talking to him.

JOSH

(shyly)

I'm sorry?

Moses holds out his hand for Josh to hand over his passport and visa... and without thinking Josh does exactly that.

Moses then hands them to Official.

MOSES

Il est avec moi. L'adresse est la Villa Katana, un peu sud de Faie, Huahine-Nui. (*SUBBED: He is with me. The address is Villa Katana, just south of Faie, Huahine-Nui.*)

Official nods and starts to fill in the remainder of Josh's visa form. Moses turns and flashes a toothy grin at Josh.

MOSES (CONT'D)

Do not worry - I have the cheapest accommodation in the South Pacific!

Josh doesn't say anything, too shy to protest.

Official hands Josh his passport and waves them both through. Moses puts an arm around Josh's shoulder and starts to lead him through the gate to baggage claim. Josh has a final look back at the departure gate, before disappearing out of sight.

INT. FAA'A AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM. EVENING

Josh and Moses walk through the airport's baggage claim area, and as they pass the conveyor Moses, without breaking stride, grabs his bag. Josh stops to take his, then jogs to catch up.

MOSES

Do you not want to know how much it costs to stay at my accommodation?

JOSH
(quietly)
I hadn't... I suppose...

MOSES
I mean, you're taking quite a risk. There are a lot of people on Tahiti who would promise you the world for your crisp Aussie dollars. So you should ask how much it'll cost you.

JOSH
Okay. Um... how much will it cost?

MOSES
Nothing.

Josh looks at him, perplexed, as they exit the baggage claim.

INT. FAA'A AIRPORT - ARRIVALS LOUNGE. EVENING

They emerge from baggage claim into the airport's arrivals lounge and continue walking along. Josh still hasn't replied.

MOSES
Don't you want to know how?

He looks at Josh, who NODS shyly.

MOSES (CONT'D)
You're a quiet one, aren't you?
But I don't need you to talk... I need you to work. Work for me while you are here, and you'll stay for free.

Josh looks intensely at him for a moment, making a decision.

JOSH
I - I'm only here for a few days.

MOSES

That's okay. One day's work equals
one night's food and
accommodation. You can stay as
long as you like.

JOSH
(smiling)
Okay then. Er, thanks.

MOSES
No problem. Welcome to Tahiti!

Josh looks ahead, to the exit, where his fellow tourists
are being greeted by two humongous Polynesian guys playing
tiny ukeleles, and two skinny women handing out tiare
flowers.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Now let's continue to Huahine.

Josh looks at Moses, confused. He's now heading away from
the exit, towards the 'Transfers' gate. Moses grins at
Josh.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Josh, if you're the kind of person
who needs to earn money on
holiday, you definitely can't
afford to stay at any of Papeete's
resort hotels.

He beckons him and Josh follows. They exit through the
gate.

FADE OUT.

INT. MOTU MAEVA AIRPORT - CUSTOMS. EVENING

FADE IN:

Josh and Moses emerge side-by-side from the landing area.

MOSES
... and I've always had a love for
Australia. I even like Vegemite!

Josh LAUGHS, clearly a little more relaxed in Moses'
company.

MOSES (CONT'D)

I just hope you'll feel the same
about Huahine in the future...

To Josh's surprise, they walk on straight through customs -
no officials or passport checks this time - and out the
gate.

We focus on an overhead sign that reads 'WELCOME TO
HUAHINE'.

EXT. MOTU MAEVA AIRPORT. EVENING

Josh and Moses emerge from the small, provincial airport.

Suddenly, we hear a very loud WHISTLE. It's VAEA KATANA
(30), the plain but confident - almost cold - eldest
daughter of Moses. She's leaning on the bonnet of a
battered old Ute.

MOSES

Aha, Vaea! This is Josh...

JOSH

(shyly)

Hello.

Vaea, looks Josh up and down, a little disdainful, then
says:

VAEA

Pourquoi devons-nous parler
anglais? (*SUBBED: Why must we
speak English?*)

Moses ignores her, grabs Josh's bag and then throws it in
the open back of the Ute. He then hops up to the passenger
seat. Josh stands there, not sure where he's meant to go,
until...

MOSES

What's the delay? Follow your bag!

Josh obediently hops into the back beside his bag. As the
Ute pulls off, we pan out to a wide, sweeping shot,
reminiscent of when he got in the Melbourne cab... only
this time Josh is being thrown all around the place,
holding on for dear life.

EXT. KATANA HOME. NIGHT

The sun is setting as the Ute appears out of the woods and parks up outside the Katana Home. It's a traditional 'bure': a one-level wood-and-coconut leaf hut built beside the ocean.

The engine is turned off and Vaea and Moses get out and walk towards the entrance. A moment later, Josh - visibly shaken up - hops off the back with his bag and stumbles after them.

INT. KATANA HOME - LIVING/DINING ROOM. NIGHT

The three arrive home and walk into the living/dining room.

MOSES

Salut? Nanihi...?

Moses' wife NANIHI (49), who appears kind but older than her years, emerges from the kitchen, followed by their pretty and dark-haired daughter ORAMA (21). Moses gestures towards Josh.

MOSES (CONT'D)

Nanihi, Orama - this is Josh.

Josh smiles politely, but shyly, at them both. Nanihi leans in to kiss him on both cheeks then (to his disappointment-slash-relief) Orama holds out a hand to shake. He takes it.

POE

Qui est ce?

At the door is POE (18), Moses' third and youngest daughter. She's beautiful, and she knows it, but she's also very young.

MOSES

C'est... sorry, *this* is Josh. He is coming to work with us for a while.

Poe approaches Josh then kisses him on one cheek seductively.

POE

(perfect English)

It is very nice to meet you Josh.

Vaea shakes her head in disapproval, then turns to Nanihi.

VAEA

Est là dîner, maman?

NANIHI

Ah, oui oui...!

CUT TO:

INT. KATANA HOME - LIVING/DINING ROOM. NIGHT (LATER)

There's much FRENCH CONVERSATION and LAUGHTER as the family tuck into a great feast of roast chicken, fish and rice along with a variety of tropical fruits. Josh sits there quietly, eating his meal, as he takes in this new, alien environment.

MOSES

Maintenant, famille... en anglais
s'il te plaît! Nous avons invité.

They all turn to look at Josh, to his complete confusion.

NANIHI

(broken English)

Josh, will you take Po'e?

Josh looks over at Poe, confused, and she smiles cheekily.

VAEA

No... it's this here, this
dessert.

ORAMA

(helpfully)

It's a kind of baked sweet
pudding.

POE

I'm a sweet pudding.

VAEA

Poe!

NANIHI

And Josh, you will take some?

JOSH
(blushing)
Yes, please... thank you...

Nanihi grins and cut him a piece of the large fruit pudding.

ORAMA
So how long are you staying, Josh?

JOSH
Oh, I, er... I don't know.
Probably just a few days, I'm not too sure.

POE
A few days? That's a shame! If you need a guide to show you around -

VAEA
(interrupting)
Your pudding...

She DUMPS it in front of him as she gives Poe a dirty look.

INT. KATANA HOME - HALLWAY. NIGHT

Nanihi and the three daughters are tidying away dinner. Josh tries to help but Moses takes him by the shoulder in a very fatherly manner and leads him out of the room, into the hall.

MOSES
So, a quick tour of your new home.

JOSH
Right...

MOSES
Up there, that's the kitchen - you already know that. And over there, more importantly, is the bathroom.

JOSH
Mm-hm.

Moses picks up Josh's bag and leads him across the hallway.

MOSES

But *most* importantly, this door up here... this is your bedroom.

Moses opens the door to reveal a plain but welcoming bedroom.

JOSH

Thank you.

MOSES

No problem. It's all ready for you - and you should probably use it. I guess you'll be a bit jet-lagged after your flight, and we start work pretty early in the mornings, so you need a good night's sleep.

JOSH

Okay, sure. Probably a good idea.

MOSES

Good... so I'll say goodnight!

Moses puts Josh's bag down and goes to EXIT. But then...

JOSH

But, sorry, will you wake me up in the morning? I don't have an alarm.

MOSES

(smirks)

I wouldn't worry about that...!

And he EXITS. Josh, a little confused, sits down on the bed.

INT. KATANA HOME - BEDROOM. VERY EARLY MORNING

It's dark, and it's quiet. Suddenly... COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

Josh wakes up with a start. The rooster crows again... and again... and again. Josh sleepily gets out of bed, half-naked, feels his way to the door and EXITS into the hall.

He then opens his eyes suddenly. Poe is standing in a front of him, wide awake. She looks him up and down, very slowly...

POE

Hmm.

...then walks off into the kitchen. Josh, highly embarrassed, dives out of the hall and into the bathroom. The door LOCKS.

INT. KATANA HOME - LIVING/DINING ROOM. EARLY MORNING

Josh YAWNS as he sits at the dining table. Nanihi lays out breakfast - bread and tea - and he eats, slowly, half asleep.

We hear faint VOICES outside. Josh turns around to look out the window and sees Moses and his daughters already hard at work, attaching dozens of small black things to fishing nets.

Josh checks his watch - it's still on Melbourne time, so it's just 2am - and he GROANS. He looks out of the window again and see Moses looking his way, gesturing for him to hurry up.

Josh takes a hurried bite of bread, and a final sip of tea.

EXT. KATANA HOME. EARLY MORNING

Josh emerges from the house and walks over to the others at the water's edge. As he moves closer he can see what it is they are attaching to the fishing nets: small black oysters.

Poe looks up at Josh and he, catching her eye, goes very red.

VAEA

(noticing him)

Ah, about time! We've been waiting.

Before Josh can apologise, Moses interrupts.

MOSES

Ah, Josh! Right... come with me.

He leads Josh away from the water to an old shed attached to the house. He opens the door with a CREAK to reveal a line of outrigger canoes - some singles, some four-seaters, some six.

JOSH

Wow...

Josh takes in the scene. We see other outrigger-related bits lying around too, including outboard motors and spare parts.

MOSES

Help me with this one, will you?

Josh turns to see Moses struggling with a large, six-seater canoe. He helps him carry it out the shed and to the water.

VAEA

Can we *finally* go now...?

We see Orama roll her eyes in the background.

Vaea throws all of the nets from the shore (some with oysters attached and some without) into the outrigger. She then wades into the surf to help Moses push the canoe out from the bank.

Moses and Vaea clamber inside but the other girls don't move.

VAEA (CONT'D)

Come on Josh, you're in the middle.

JOSH

Oh...

Josh wades out and clumsily clambers into the canoe, almost toppling it at one point. Vaea TUTS. Orama and Poe then jump in behind and Vaea hands paddles to everyone. Except Josh. She gives him a small box instead.

VAEA

Don't drop it.

MOSES

Sorry Josh, but paddling is a very
difficult skill. Today is all
about watching us and learning the
ropes -

VAEA

(interrupting him)

Allons-y!

Moses and his daughters start rowing hard away from shore.