

'AUMĀKUA

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BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: 'Aumākua: nvt. Family or personal gods, deified ancestors who might assume the shape of sharks, owls, hawks, turtles, rocks, clouds, or plants. A symbiotic relationship existed; mortals did not harm or eat 'aumākua and 'aumākua warned and reprimanded mortals in dreams, visions, and calls.

PRE-LAP: The sounds of the ocean rhythmically emerge from the silence as we--

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - AWAKEA (DAY)

A boy with short, mussed black hair is perched nervously on a small *wa'a* (canoe). The boy's dark brown eyes flit from the rolling waves to the horizon. He hums anxiously, somewhere between a whine and a moan.

HONU (O.S.)

Aloha e ku'u keiki.

Hello, my child.

The boy starts, scrambling backwards away from the voice, causing the *wa'a* to sway violently. He turns to the source of the voice, scanning the horizon. He sees nothing.

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

'O wai kou inoa?

What is your name?

The boy starts backwards with a yelp, falling into the *wa'a* which comes dangerously close to capsizing. Panting quick shallow breaths, the boy grips the side of the *wa'a* and slowly peeks over the edge.

He comes face to face with the small head of a *Honu* (sea turtle), poking its scaled head out of the water.

The *Honu's* face is serene, its small black eyes staring calmly back at the boy's large, fearful, brown eyes.

BOY

He aha lā...

What the heck...

The *Honu* blinks slowly.

HONU

Kīko 'olā nō... Hana hou: 'O wai kou inoa?

How rude... Again: What is your name?

KAINOA

Ah... Kala mai. 'O Kainoa.

Ah... Sorry. Kainoa.

The turtle chuckles.

HONU

Pōmaika 'i nō ho 'i! 'O au kapa 'ia 'o Honu wale nō.

What fortune! I am simply called Honu.

KAINOA

Aloha kāua e Honu...

Greetings, Honu...

Kainoa sits up in the *wa'a*, leaning down to get a better look at *Honu*.

KAINOA (CONT'D)

Kala mai hou e Honu... Akā na 'e...

He aha lā 'oe?

Sorry again, Honu... but... What are you?

Honu blinks, water washing over the scales on its head.

HONU

He... Honu au...

I am a... turtle...

Kainoa rolls his eyes and sits back in the *wa'a*. He crosses his arms and his face scrunches up in annoyance. There is a moment of silence, only occupied by the gentle rhythm of the waves.

HONU (CONT'D)

No ke aha lā 'oe e hoe ai ma'ane'i

Why did you paddle out here?

Kainoa turns away from Honu, his bottom lip stubbornly protrudes as he pouts. Honu swims closer, nudging the side of the *wa'a* gently.

HONU (CONT'D)

Pono e akahēle ma kēia kai hohonu.

Hele mai nā makani nui.

You must be careful out in these deep waters. A storm is coming.

Kainoa scrunches up his body, as if to forcefully keep himself silent. In spite of himself, he glances towards the shore.

Wreathed in mist, the mainland is slowly fading into the distance. Kainoa's pout turns to a frown. Fear creeps into his eyes as they widen.

KAINOA

I ko'u mana'o... Nalowale au...

paha...

I think... I may be lost...

His gaze returns to the Honu.

HONU

No ke aha 'oe i nalowale ai?

And why are you lost?

KAINOA

Ua holo akula.

I ran away.

HONU

Ā no ke aha i hele aku ai?

And why did you run away?

Kainoa's body unravels as some of his tension releases. He turns away from the mainland and towards the expanse of the horizon.

KAINOA

Ua...

I...

PRE-LAP: The cacophony of the city during rush hour. Blaring horns, yelling pedestrians, slamming doors, and screeching tires.

EXT. URBAN STREET - BEFORE

Kainoa stands on a busy sidewalk. He looks from side to side frantically. He cowers from the adults that tower over him as they rush past. Jagged bolts of red, yellow, and white arc from all around Kainoa, converging on his stomach. Needle-like points of color inch towards him as he clutches his midsection.

The sounds of the city swell, reaching a fever pitch before--

CUT TO:

OPEN OCEAN - NOW

Kainoa doubles over, closing his eyes and wincing.

KAINOA

*I kēia 'āina 'ē a'e... 'o au i
lalawe ai...*
This foreign place... I feel
overwhelmed...

Honu pokes his head further from the water to get a better
look at Kainoa.

HONU

*Mai hopohopo, he mea ma'amau ka
lalawe.*
Don't worry, it is fine to be
overwhelmed.

KAINOA

... Pau kou 'ōlelo a'o?
... That's your advice?

Honu chuckles.

HONU

*'Ae, ka 'āina 'ē a'e 'oe e
ho'omaka'u ai, akā kokoke nō ku'u
'āina maoli. I ku'u ohana. I ku'u
hoa aloha. I nā hāli'ali'a. E
mālama ana lākou i kou 'ōpū.*
A strange new place can be
frightening but your home is always
near. In your family. In your
friends. In your memories. They
will protect you.

Kainoa's face wrinkles up as he thinks. He begins to nod
slowly as a shadow passes over the *wa'a*. *Honu* looks up at the
clouds and sighs with worry.

Choppy waves begin to toss the *wa'a* to and fro. Kainoa calls
out to *Honu*.

KAINOA

Auē! Hukihuki aku nā nalu ia'u!

Ah! I'm being pulled away!

Honu cries out over the waves as the two are separated but the strong winds whip the words away! Kainoa leans on the edge of the *wa'a*, straining to see *Honu* but they have disappeared from sight.

MONTAGE

We see a series of QUICK CUTS as Kainoa battles the storm on his small *wa'a*... Kainoa digs his *hoe* (paddle) into the water, fighting the waves... Lightning flashes behind Kainoa, obscuring him in silhouette... Angry, white-tipped waves pick up the *wa'a* and send it racing to crash upwards over the rough water... A giant wave surges up from the ocean and begins to pull Kainoa in! Kainoa struggles to paddle away with his *hoe* but cannot fight the behemoth of a wave. It sweeps him up and-- *SPLASH!* --Kainoa is dumped into the ocean!

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Kainoa flails about in the water, the roiling storm pulling him deeper and deeper into the dark ocean...

FADE TO:

INT. KAINOA'S BEDROOM - PŌ (NIGHT)

Kainoa is perched in the center of his bed. His eyes are wide, focused on the light spilling from underneath his door. He clutches a pillow to his chest.

We hear muted voices, we can't quite make out the words but we can tell that they are arguing. Kainoa winces, gripping the pillow tighter.

There's a quiet bang from somewhere else in the house. Perhaps a slammed table or tossed object. The sound of footsteps, drawing closer. The argument grows in volume but is still unintelligible.

The footsteps become thunderous. The argument is still difficult to understand but we can tell that it is in *'ōlelo pelekania*: English.

As the argument reaches a fever pitch, we see the light beneath Kainoa's door fracture. They, Kainoa's parents, are standing just outside the door, yelling loudly. Kainoa's eyes water but he does not blink. He slams his body down on his bed, covering his head with the pillow, trying to drown out the noise but it gets louder and louder and louder--

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - AWAKEA (DAY)

Kainoa bursts from the water, sputtering and gasping for breath! He falls backwards, lying on his back as he regains composure. The sun beats down upon him. It seems the storm has passed.

After a few seconds of rest, Kainoa sits up... then looks down.

He yelps, jumping up in fright as he notices that he is sitting upon the forehead of a sizable *Manō* (shark)!

MANŌ

*'A'ole maka'u 'oe ia'u e Kainoa. 'O
au! 'O Manō. E walina iā 'oe!
Do not fear me, Kainoa. It is I!
Manō! Hello!*

Kainoa leans over to look at the large black eyes of *Manō*.

KAINOA

*He mea 'ē kou 'ike o ko'u inoa?
Isn't it strange that you know my
name?*

Manō laughs, deep and resonant.

MANŌ

He hoa 'ē au nō ho'i.

I am a strange friend, for sure.

Manō raises their nose from the water and takes a deep breath in.

MANŌ (CONT'D)

Akā, ke hanu nei i kau maka'u.

'A'ole au i ha'i, "Mai maka'u 'oe ia'u"?

Yet I can still smell your fear.

Didn't I say, "Do not fear me?"

KAINOA

'A'ole iā 'oe e Manō... He maka'u nui ma ko'u na'au wale nō. No ko'u mau mākua... No ko'u ohana... 'O au ke kumu o kā lāua hakakā?

It's not you, Manō... I just have fear in my heart. For my parents... For my family... Am I the reason they are fighting?

Manō is silent for a few seconds. The ocean parting at their nose as they swim confidently.

MANŌ

Hāpai wale nō lāua iā 'oe ā he mea pa'akiki kēlā i kekahi manawa. Akā auane'i, e 'ai ana lāua i kau loa'a.

They are supporting you and that can be really... difficult. But soon you will be supporting them!

Kainoa frowns. He may have wanted to hear that it was easy to raise children and that he had nothing to do with his parents' fighting. Nevertheless, Kainoa's face softens and he sits back, leaning against Manō's front dorsal fin.

MANŌ (CONT'D)

*Nui ka ha'aheo o lākou 'o kou ohana
iā 'oe. Kēia au e 'ike ai.*
Your family has so much pride for
you. This I know.

Kainoa looks towards the setting sun, out over the horizon of the ocean. A smile creeps onto his face.

MANŌ (CONT'D)

Uihā! Ua hiki mai kāua!
Aha! We have arrived!

Manō swims up to the side of Kainoa's *wa'a* which had been slowly drifting across the still waters of the ocean. Kainoa hops into the *wa'a* and picks up the *hoe*, holding it aloft.

KAINOA

*Kupaianaha! He ko'u mau mea
ma'ane'i!*
Amazing! My things!

Manō laughs as they circle the *wa'a* joyfully. They pop their head out of the water for a second to address Kainoa.

MANŌ

*E hoe i uka e Kainoa. Ke ha'o nei
iā 'oe.*
Paddle back to land, Kainoa. They
will be missing you.

KAINOA

Hiki nō...
OK...

Kainoa rolls his eyes and elongates the "ō" in protest, like an energetic child sent to bed too early.

But he begins to paddle. Manō bids farewell, head poking from between the waves.

MANŌ

Aloha e Kainoa! A hui hou!
Goodbye, Kainoa! See you soon!

KAINOA

Aloha e Manō!
Goodbye, Manō!

Then Kainoa paddles off towards land.

EXT. CLOSER TO SHORE - 'AUINALĀ (AFTERNOON)

The sun is beginning to set as Kainoa approaches land.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (O.S.)

'Oia. Ua mālie, ke au nei koa'e.
Huh. The weather has cleared up.

Kainoa yelps in shock for the third time that day! He looks out over the rolling waves but sees nothing.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

E Keiki e! E nānā ihola!
Hey, Kid! Look down!

Kainoa looks down in the bed of the *wa'a* and sees, curled up beneath the far seat in a small pool of water, a *He'e* (octopus)!

HE'E

Hūi! Ike ia'u?
Ay! You see me?

He'e waves a tentacle, pulling themselves up to sit across from Kainoa.

KAINOA

Hiki nō!

I can!

Kainoa sits up a bit straighter, still intermittently paddling towards shore. The pair of them sit in awkward silence for a few seconds.

KAINOA (CONT'D)

No laila, e 'ōlelo mai ana 'oe?

Are... Are you here to tell me something?

HE'E

Ē. Auē! E ha'awi mai i ka na'auao e

He'e. E ha'awi mai i ka mana!

'A'ohe nā aloha a pau!

Oh. Wow! Give me your wisdom, He'e.

Give me your power, He'e! No,

"Hello, He'e!" or "Hey, He'e!".

Kainoa's head hangs: partial shame, partial annoyance.

KAINOA

Aloha mai kāua e He'e...

Hello, He'e...

He'e is facing away from Kainoa. They peer at Kainoa out of the corner of their eye. After a couple of seconds, He'e turns back to face him, folding two tentacles over each other like crossing arms.

HE'E

Ē... Mahalo. Ā aloha iā 'oe.

Ah... Well, thanks. And hello to you too.

He'e sighs, glancing up at the sky.

HE'E (CONT'D)

Ke kū nei 'oe i kahi hāiki.

You are standing in a precarious position.

Kainoa perks up, curious.

KAINOA

'Oia?

Oh?

HE'E

'O'ole'a loa 'oe! Pono e 'olu kou

kino! E hō'olu iā 'oe!

You are too strict! You need to be more flexible! Get loose!

He'e wriggles their tentacles about, displaying the flexibility of their body.

HE'E (CONT'D)

E ho'ole'ale'a e Na'aupō! He keiki

'oe!

Have fun, you dunce! You're a kid!

He'e hurls a shell at Kainoa. It bounces off of his forehead, leaving him wide-eyed and surprised. He'e takes a deep breath, sighing.

HE'E (CONT'D)

Mai ho'okaumaha iā 'oe i ke kaumaha

i ka 'āina. 'A'ole kou kuleana

kēlā.

Don't burden yourself with the weight of the world. That is not your responsibility.

THUD. The *wa'a* comes to an abrupt stop as it shifts up onto the sandy beach.

HE 'E (CONT'D)

Auē... Kū 'ia.

Look at that... We have arrived.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Kainoa scrambles out of the *wa'a*. He looks down as the grains of sand squeeze between his toes and he smiles.

He'e slithers over the edge of the *wa'a* and plops into the water. A second later their head pops out of the water.

KAINOA

*E He'e e! Pehea au e mahalo ai iā
'oukou?*

Hey, He'e! How do I thank you all?

He'e's eyes narrow in amusement.

HE 'E

Ua ola nō i ka pane a ke aloha.
A kind greeting is just fine.

Kainoa waves enthusiastically.

KAINOA

Aloha iā 'oukou! Ā mahalo nō!
Goodbye! And thank you!

Honu, Manō, and He'e emerge from the ocean in a row.

TOGETHER

Aloha e Kainoa!
Goodbye, Kainoa!

Then the three *'aumākua* disappear beneath the waves. Kainoa turns and begins trudging up the beach ridge. As he crests the ridge we get a full view of the coastline: a mainland, urban beach. Like Venice or Baker beach in California.

Kainoa is assaulted by the noises of civilization. He closes his eyes and the rhythm of the waves drowns out the noise.

Kainoa takes a deep breath... and then walks forward.

PĪPĪ HOLO KA'AO.