

DEYOND DREAMING

A LAND OF FANTASY

An
Animated
Feature

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Dedicated
To
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BEYOND DREAMING

Way back at the dawn of time the sun, moon and earth were at peace and harmony with nature and all of its inhabitants.

But this was all about to change, a new world order was emerging. An evil force from far beyond the Dark side had descended upon earth, and the land lords were destroying the wilderness.

The rainforest and animal kingdom was in danger of extinction. The future of a green and golden era was at stake.

Fate and destiny of all kind was in the hands of the chosen ones, and only they had the gifted power to save the imperilling earth from plunging into an eternal Darkness...

Most animals in the wild are temperamental and stochastic, and there's no exception here with our heroes, villains, and wildlife. At times inconsistency and sudden variants will be apparent, as nature is best in delighting, surprising, and sometimes shocking us with its naivety, honesty, and instinct for survival. Laced with an added ingredient of magical sorcery, stretches the boundaries, in this dreamlike fantasy adventure...

This is an emblematic and allegorical tale of a journey beyond time, across the first outback frontier, and laced with an added ingredient of magical sorcery, stretches the boundaries, in this dreamlike fantasy adventure...

BEYOND DREAMING

1. BLACKNESS...

OPENING TITLES AND CREDITS SEQUENCE.

DREAMY CELESTIAL THEME...

The maternal quintessential GUARDIAN of the UNIVERSE enlightens us ubiquitously with her sweetly modulating voice...

GUARDIAN

Long, long ago... Way back at the dawn of time...

A FLASH FILLS THE SCREEN.

GUARDIAN

The Heavens gave birth to the Power of Light...

FADE IN:

2. EXT. DEEP SPACE — BEGINNING OF TIME

A territory aeons of light years old, and amidst the furthest of galaxies, a primordial vortex appears, and it consumes the surrounding matter as it forms a DARK HOLE.

A spark ignites and flashes, and at the centre of the blackness, a prevenient gleaming projectile shoots away from its effulgent eternity, and leaves behind a blazing coruscating trail...

GUARDIAN

A force far beyond the dark side has invaded the Universe and is preparing for the coming of a New Age...

ANOTHER FLASH FILLS THE SCREEN...

FADE INTO MORE SPACE:

Passing by is a QUASAR, and in its red shift of extreme remoteness, emits huge energy and quasi-stellar objects, trillions of light-years old.

Now assuming the entity of the projectile, we sweep across an endless tapestry of stars at light speed, and in a wondrous journey through the vastness of interstellar space, there is perceptible movement in the surrounding universe.

As star clusters roll past in the infinite distance, and fugitive objects hurl by, we move through coloured gases and debris that can only exist in outer space.

(CONT'D)

2 CONTINUED:

Finally, coming into view, we focus in on the MILKY WAY, and decelerating while entering the awesome beauty of the great STELLA GASES of SATURN'S RINGS, WE pass through and veer towards the increscent limb of the small inner moon JANUS.

While orbiting, we sling past various scattered ASTEROIDS, and leaving behind the ARC of SATURN, we manoeuvre through COSMIC DUST, and then drifting along a PLANETARY SYSTEM, we rotate slowly, and bath in the soft glowing reflecting coming from a new world agleam...

GUARDIAN

The sun has given birth to life on a new planet...

Erupting with an Earthly atmosphere, we glide over great ocean waters, and a pristine stretch of coastline comes to view...

GUARDIAN

The air was fresh, the water clean... A land of freedom and adventure...

Flying over the HEADLAND and coastal VEGETATION...

GUARDIAN

Nature with all of its wonderful Creatures lived in peace and in harmony...

Penetrating and venturing into an amazingly bright coloured RAINBOW, allusions of large flight feathers and body parts come IN and OUT of view, and as though taking a ride on a wild-like, flying, FEATHERED CREATURE, the Volant allusion stays apparent throughout the journey until reaching our flight destination.

Gradually passing through to the other side of the Rainbow, we slowly look down, way down, and through the dissolving nacreous clouds, a massive dense lush precipitous RAINFOREST slowly comes alive.

The sky, overcast with lingering mist, covers parts of the forest, and surrounded by rugged terrain, deep beneath the canopy of this vast and pristine greenery, lies the exotic splendour of waterfalls, rivers, trees, rocks, vegetation, and the many magical wonders of nature with its abundant inhabitants.

Every now and then flight is adjusted to wind current fluctuations, and sometimes, abruptly thrusts to dangerously high altitudes...

GUARDIAN

But all of this was about to change...

(CONT'D)

2 CONTINUED:

While exploring the luscious landscape, we lithely dodge steep cliff-sides and trees, and swooping close to a waterfall, an unwary creature is suddenly snatched from its existence.

Gradually ascending using the natural buoyancy of the updraughts, we pass through patches of cloud, and climbing steeply, flight is smooth and exhilarating.

High up in the sky, we level once again, and winging steadily westward, fly gracefully above the altostratus, and continue inland.

Suddenly, the swift journey encounters an abrupt turbulence, and after adjusting, we slowly peer back over a shoulder.

Now far inland, well away from the coast, the rainforest appears as a distant patch of greenery surrounded by an undulating landscape drifting away, and remnants of the rainbow, slowly blends with the rising sun...

SUPER: BEYOND DREAMING...

FX: A LOUD CRACKLING AND RUFFLING OF WINGS...

Leaving behind the TITLE frittering and melting in the crushing heat of the sun, we slowly face in the direction of flight, and journey further inland.

Soaring with great sweeps of wings, and catching the prevailing winds, we speed through the cooler air, and high above the primordial terrain, settle into long distance flying...

GUARDIAN

A New Beginning was about to take place...
Undoing what has already begun...

Heading towards an expanse of rugged, mist-shrouded, mountainous wilderness, we slowly rise above the peaks and through the cirrostratus...

GUARDIAN

A new world order was about to emerge...

There's a great deal of strong wind up here, making the going tough, but we ride it out with minimal discomfort, as we have great strength and mobility with us.

Now, so high up, that there is very little wind at all, and the only sounds heard, are the muscular movements of flesh, wings, deep breathing, and a vigorous pulsating heartbeat...

(CONT'D)

2 CONTINUED:

GUARDIAN

The future of a Green and Golden Era was
at stake...

FX: AN OMINOUS RUMBLING SOUND BEGINS TO VENT FROM ABOVE...

Approaching THREE HUGE MOUNTAINS, the furthest away is a
smouldering and perceptively quiet VOLCANO lain dormant for
millions of years, the other TWO on either side of it, have
plateaus, and even though they are some distance apart,
there's a sense of a sinister connection between them.

Gradually descending, then circling around and in-between
the cloud-shrouded mountains, below is a deep, mist-filled
valley, with a river running through it.

Moving down a little closer, we can just make out some sort
of life, and beneath the tranquil surface of the sleepy
wetlands, a HERD of unsuspecting KANGAROOS feeds along the
riverbank.

Instinctively, sensing an ominous swooping approach, they
rapidly mobilize and prepare to encounter the disturbing
shadow looming over them, and then, quickly scattering into
small groups, they flee in different directions.

GUARDIAN

Nothing was safe...

Then moving away, the fauna squatters begin regrouping, and
continuing flight, unreflective, we vault towards our
destination.

Circumnavigating in-between the bestirring mountains the
volcano appears to be simmering with bluey-red ethereal
vapour spilling over its lapillus crater's edge, and
greyish acrid clouds are forming above it.

While heading towards the two mountains, several hundred
VULTURINE creatures are assembling on the plateau of the
nearest mountain, and rustling, bustling, cramping and
milling around in a semi circle, they face towards a
QUARTER-MOON in wake.

GUARDIAN

The Land Lords have been summonsed to
serve...

Approaching the second mountain, a lone lurid statuesque
figure with a glowing aura stands at the centre of its
plateau...

GUARDIAN

Zhenn, a Lunarian descendent, Vixen Queen
of the Seven Outback Terrains, is ruler
of the Vulturians...

(CONT'D)

2 CONTINUED:

ZHENN, an archfiend raptorial Vulturine creature, looks up into the sublunary haze, seemingly absorbing some sort of innate telepathic energy radiating from the malefic MOON above.

SKYWARD: A large reddish-blue halo encircles the moon, and with its corona emanating towards the plateaus, the halo appears to be darkening, banefully.

On the plateau, milling black clad figures surrounding Zhenn slowly come to life, and with their heads rising from their worshiping poses, illuminate their true Vulturian colours.

FX: A DISTANT RUMBLING THUNDERS AS THEY CHANT INCANTATIONS OF AN ANCIENT MANTRA...

Meanwhile, veering and landing at the edge of a clutter of hanging rocks, we move away from our transport to observe it.

CLOSING: Ineffably graceful, perched on a thorny aerie, is a fiercely wicked looking preternatural incarnate. Its wyvern draconic body is covered in squamous sheathing, and with its protracted palmate wings, it towers supremely and imposingly, and possess a tempestuous seductiveness and luridness which is incredibly overpowering.

GUARDIAN

VRAX, a dark Warrior from Vortex, is here to witness the coming of the New Dawn...

Lowering its hostile visage, and with an acidulous gaze, it viciously whips its russet tail into the air and lashes our brow.

Then slowly and fixedly looking directly towards us, it snarls hideously and salivates its serrated jowl, and it's evil and intense eyes incandesce with insatiable curiosity.

Zhenn, who, with a matching intense curiosity, diverts her attention towards Vrax, and as the Vulturians begin chanting undistinguishable moon phrases, Zhenn begins to croon in harmony with the litany.

Vrax, with a judgemental gaze, looks directly at us, and with his thick cere raising a snarl, shows off his fanged acrodont teeth, dripping with saliva.

His red blood-veined eyes, coming right up to us at bewildering speed, fills the canvas, and they're extremely evil looking eyes, expressing evil hypnotic thoughts...

GUARDIAN VOICE

The beginning of the First Outback Frontier was about to end, and then... Start all over again...

(CONT'D)

2 CONTINUED:

After a few jarring notes, we, along with the vertiginous
Zhenn, bow our heads into darkness...

GUARDIAN

Fate and destiny of all kind was at a
crucial turning point... A New Star was to
shine upon Earth... But first, it had to
rise from beyond a full moon... Otherwise
the whole Universe would plunge into an
eternal DARHHHHHHKNESSS...

FX: LOUD CRACKLING THUNDER ERUPTS IN THE DARHKNESS...

HEAVENLY THEME FADES UP: Sunshine... West of the wind...
Tomorrows will bring, Hearts together, Love forever,
Memories of yesterdays... Oh Sunshine... My... Home...

FADE IN:

3. EXT. MARSHY RIVERBANK - MORNING

On this balmy day, a HERD of KANGAROOS forages alongside
other animals at a wide marshy riverbank, and nearby,
grassland leads to shrubs and trees, where various exotic
animal and bird life are in abundance.

YO, a young gamine and agile Kangaroo, comes hopping from
the shrubs, and taking sprightly little jumps, springs over
to her mother, MAHNAH ROO.

YO

(roguishly)

Mahnah, Mahnah, there are monsters in
the woods...

Mahnah, a sweetly natured roo of placid disposition, caught
on an unguarded moment while daintily collecting grass in
her pouch, stops chewing on the word 'MONSTERS', and with a
wry self-mocking smile, looks around this way and that,
playfully flirting with imaginary company.

MAHNAH

(feigning surprise)

Ooh! Dear me...

Then fluttering her eyelashes while putting both hands to
her cheeks in mock horror, she plays along.

MAHNAH

(in waggish riposte)

Quick, everyone hide...

Yo flushes and the doting Mahnah nods and smiles with broad
encouragement, and the little roo hops towards her YOUNG
KANGAROO PLAYMATES.

(CONT'D)

3 CONTINUED:

Mahnah, ignoring the sprinkle of critical laughter coming from the elders, grins to herself, and knowing she has a healthy-minded playful child, her eyes twinkle and beam with pride. Then with her lips curled in a very tender smile, as if aware of displaying too much of her inner feelings, briskly shakes her head and goes about her chores.

4. EXT. GRASS PATCH - MORNING

Yo, curiously eccentric and dottily obsessed, approaches her young playmates, who, puckishly and cleverly disengage themselves by busying themselves with trivialities.

YO

(coltishly)

Come on, get ready, they're coming...

We... We need to... To...

In that instant, as if sensing their disapproval, she draws herself up, and, still smiling, bows with commendable grace, treating it as part of the playmate's gamesomeness.

Braving their displeasure, the sassy young roo has sense enough to retire gracefully, and oblivious to their sour reaction, dismissively turns her back on the horde of nonentities.

Then, looking down, she kicks at a stone, and in blithe spirit leased by the trajectory and distance it flew, in a single decisive moment, looks up, aloof and enigmatic, and with wry grin and little rosebud mouth pouting, courtly heralds...

YO

(somewhat reluctantly)

Oh-well... Looks like I'll have to save the world...

Then turning to the heavens for inspiration, and in her velleity, murmurs fecklessly, and infected with hallowed-smugness, leisurely moves on, swivel-hipped, and self-touting...

YO

All on my own, then...

Grandpa, PAHPOO ROO, rousing out of his slumber, lays recumbent in the tall grass, and chewing lazily, watches with bemused and somewhat vague interest.

5. EXT. GRASS CLEARING - MORNING

The YOUNG ROO PACK, JOEYS, and several other SCRUBLAND ANIMALS gather to watch as little Yo skitters over towards a nearby clearing.

Charmingly out of place in this roo environ, and unlike the other playmates, she's very versatile in her movements, walks as well as skips, jumps and hops, and is unusually inconsistent with her animal traits, indefatigably curious, and determinedly independent.

Right now, she's acting out one of her little fantasies, as she often invented, about a little fearless maiden tackling the evil forces of the Universe.

Briskly energetic in her creative scenario, she mimes her way through a brief storyline, and engaging in combat sciamachy, flounces around randomly, and adds little grunts, groans and sighs.

The young onlookers move in a little closer to observe the otherworld and otherness, and they frown and twist their cheeky little faces as they watch with dismayed interest.

Then after the hype that preceded the feisty exhibition, FREDDIE, the brash leader of the young roo pack, who was initially mildly impressed, gives Yo a condemned cynical look, and throwing his head back, tries to smother a laugh, but what comes out is a slightly hysterical giggle, and in his whimsy canniness, shrugs impatiently.

FREDDIE

Come on gang, let's go before we catch
whatever IT is that Yo has...

Baffling as it was disappointing, the utterly eccentric wise guy, impulsively turns, and daftly hustles away...

FREDDIE

Nah-nah-nah! ... Hah-hah-hah... ...
(*nastily*)
Last one is a prickly pear...

The youngsters laughingly obey and are aflutter with mischief afoot...

PLAYMATES

Wait for me, Freddie! ... And me!... Me
too!... Me...

Crying out and sniggering contemptuously, they scamper away, but blissfully unaware, behind them, dark foreboding clouds are forming.

FX: THE DISTANT RUMBLING SEEMS A LOT LOUDER THAN BEFORE,
AND AS IT BOMBARDS THE MOUNTAIN RANGE, IT ECHOES DOWN THE
VALLEY...

(CONT'D)

5 CONTINUED:

WHIP-PAN: Freddie stops, snaps his head around, and his eyes fly to the darkening sky...

The OLDER ANIMALS, unnerved, and checked by aroused apprehension, look towards the mountains...

FX: CELLO DRONES, STRINGS RACE...

Mahnah, exhaling on the note of a bass drone, swats away an offending gadfly that has been pestering, and deliberately nonchalant, knowing that her daughter's close by, calls out.

MAHNAH

(half-serious)

Yo!... Yo!... Come on. we'll be going soon. You can play all you want when we get to the Old Rainforest...

With irritability and grumpiness now becoming the order of the day, she blinks sharply and has another swat at the recalcitrant gadfly.

Then thoughtfully, with her affectionate innate tolerance rousing her adolescence years, looks eastward, and breathes in deeply, and exhales, slowly...

MAHNAH

Dear me...

In the joy of the moment, and swooning sensuality, she gently strokes her head, and with her juvenescent eyes twinkling, reminisces.

MAHNAH

Arh, yes, you'll love the Old Rainforest. Ahhh... How I long to see it again...

Her voice trails off...

The ELDERS summonsing their youngsters, give crisp instruction as they prepare to leave, and Freddie, in prompt response, haughtily leads the playmates, and re-joins the herd.

Meanwhile, in Jessie's callowness, the cheerful young roo keeps playing in the sand, and eventually, with the call breaking through her reverie, suddenly, in fear of being left behind, she quickly mouse-hops to join them.

FX: RESTLESS RUMBLING SWELLS AS THE EARLY HOURS ROLL IN...

CROSS-FADE:

6. EXT. TALL GRASS PATCH - MORNING

Yo playfully skips over to Pahpoo...

YO

(dewy-eyed)

Are you ready, Pahpoo? We're off to the beautiful Old Rainforest...

The old roo, coming out of his slumber, and with frail caducity, strokes his forehead as he looks up, and in indolent reluctance, his scowl turns into a thoughtful frown, and nods vaguely as he gestures.

PAHPOO

Yes-yes, little one, in a minute...

With creased eyes and a big smile, he eases back lazily...

PAHPOO

Arrrh... I'm getting too old to do things in a hurry anymore... Sit down my precious one...

Yo moves in for a cuddle, and with her youthful eyes smiling, she nestles daintily into the warm folds of her grandfather's hide.

His long face settles into deep-grooved lines, and his eyes, usually snapping blue with inner amusement, are now grey-shadowed, and with unusual gravity.

PAHPOO

(dreamily)

Ahh... There was a time when I much like yourself, roaming the outback, searching for adventure... Arrhh-yes. Those were the green and golden days... But you, Yo, my little princess, you are very special. You're not like the others. You are a gifted one...

With an ephemeral GLINT on 'YOU", a sense of afflation overwhelms them... And us too...

Then settling back sedately, he looks down, raises his hand languidly, and with loving, soft gentle tenderness, strokes back a wayward strand of hair from her cheek.

PAHPOO

(endearingly)

One day, you, and others like you, will rule this great wonderland of ours... Safeguarding all those who live by the laws of nature, and the land...

She tucks herself as close as she can to her loving Pahpoo, and is lulled by the warm musty comfort of his furry hide.

(CONT'D)

6 CONTINUED:

PAHPOO

(reclining...)

Believe in yourself, and all your dreams
will come true...

(profoundly)

For the power of light will always guide
you, protect you, and be with you,
forevermore...

(drowsily)

Arhhh... Yes... I was young once too...

Then laying their heads down in their idyllic sojourn, and
curled in a contented slumberous drowse in the sun-warm
grass. Yo's breath comes and goes in faint whistles, while
Pahpoo's bulging belly barely moves, and they dream away,
contentedly.

PANNING UP TO THE RISING SUN:

7. EXT. BANK / MARSHY RIVER - MORNING

As the youngsters tumble out of their play fortress onto a
grassy hillside, Freddie looks up, his expression suddenly
bleak.

The herd, becoming increasingly concerned, are frantically
grouping together, and looming large in the distance, the
volcano has woken from a deathly slumber, and regurgitating
with titanic stirrings, spurts Lava into the blackening
ash-filled air.

Mahnah, in a sobering moment, worriedly hops over to the
gathering...

MAHNAH

(calling...)

Yo! ... Yo! ...

(with searching eyes...)

Where is that girl? ...

(catching sight of...)

Freddie! Have you seen Yo?

FREDDIE

(with a flash of panic)

Nah ...

PIXI, however, in her giggly girliness, gives her brother a
critical look, and then jerking her chin up, prompts in a
bland tone that implies his memory has failed him, and then
nudges him and points away somewhere...

FREDDIE

(suppressing nervousness)

I'yu... Awhhaa... ..

(CONT'D)

7 CONTINUED:

PIXI points again, and with Freddie's face blanching under his tan, gives a helpless shrug, and his stiff upper lip starts wobbling as he maunders evasively...

FREDDIE

The last time I saw her, was...

(*vaguely pointing...*)

She was playing over...

Mahnah, roused by the anxiety in Freddie's voice, frowns, and then turning around to see what is now pouring down through the valley, an awful realization suddenly dawns on her.

The volcanic lava, with its churning force surging forward, is cutting a swathe of devastation across the outback, and devouring everything in its path.

The herd's puzzlement swiftly escalates into shock and horror, and become petrified as the overwhelming force of lava surges towards them.

In the confusion, Yo's father, PAHPAH, hurries over to Mahnah, whose preoccupation is disturbingly obvious, and although he's clearly distressed, the normally laconic roo tightly controls his temper.

PAHPAH

(*gruffly*)

Mahnah, where's Pahpoo?...

A serious shadow settling in her eyes, and slowly turning to face him, she stutters with timidity, and then suddenly, gripped by a sense of foreboding, he leans forward and gasps.

PAHPAH

Well... Arrrrhh...

With anguish intensifying, she raises her weighted shoulders and lifts her troubled eyes, and with tension squeezed brow and grave vacuity, her thin lips purse implacably.

MAHNAH

I don't know...

Breaking off piteously, she clinching her fists in a fever of anxiety and frustration, and with her eyes huge and black, glare at him.

PAHPAH

(*low and fierce*)

What about Yo? ...

(CONT'D)

7 CONTINUED:

He hesitates and groans, and then furrowing his brow, shakes his head apprehensively, but she shrugs helplessly, and with the light dying from her eyes, for an instant, looks as if awakened from a nightmare.

Then with bitter frustration quickly turning into heated anger, he grits his teeth, snorts, and huffs...

PAHPAH
(with much incredulity)
Where are they? ...

Clasping her hands in despair, and with her mind filled with dreadful black-clad crushing thoughts, she slowly shakes her head, and silently resigns.

Suddenly, trigged by crackling sounds, their black and vacant eyes dart towards the burning grassland, and they widen with startled disbelief.

Pahpah, quaking in horror, and with penetrating insight, is acutely aware of the impending danger.

PAHPAH
(calling...)
Yo! ... Pahpoo! ...

With desperation etched in their faces, and in their frantic suffering of grievous loss, they scream...

PAHPAH / MAHNAH
(calling...)
Yo! Pahpoo!

FX: THEIR PIERCING CRIES SEGUE WITH A THUNDEROUS VOLCANIC ERUPTION...

Elsewhere, the rest of the herd have fled and are heading towards higher ground, and with the stream of lava coming right up to Mahnah and Pahpah, they too begin hopping away, and still calling out as they flee.

WIDENING - EXPANSIVELY: In the crepuscular gloom, volcanic spinels and garnets of ash fill the sky...

CROSS-FADE:

8. EXT. TALL GRASS PATCH — MORNING

FX: Loud crackling sounds of burning grass...

INSERT BRIEF IMAGES: Sylvan animism morphs spookily, and with fierce fire besetting them, deflagrating funnels of flitting flames whirl and swirl, erratically and deliriously.

(CONT'D)

8 CONTINUED:

WIDENING ABRUPTLY: Pahpoo and Yo have woken, and their patch of grass which has turned into a small nested island, has bubbling molten lava closing in on them, and the north and south banks on either side is slowly drawing away.

The SOUTH BANK, where the herd are, is much too far away from the stranded kangaroos, but the north bank may just be within reach, and having noticed the slim possibility, with dawning realisation, the old roo reacts instinctively.

PAHPOO

Yo! Quick! On my lap...

CLOSING: Hopping on his lap with her back to him, they grasp each other's arms and hold on tight.

In a rare air of calm settling on the young roo, and drawn by the whiff of adventure, it was though she was playing out another fantasy roll in one of her dreamscape.

WIDENING: Then with heavy anxious breathing, and in a surge of optimism, he behest...

PAHPOO

Ready, Yo?

That she is, and nodding, like a true cadet, is profuse in her assurance.

VARIOUS ANGLES: With the surroundings reeved and shrouded in thick smoke, they're besieged by intensely fierce fiery flames, which are encircling and rapidly closing in...

PAHPOO

When I say jump, I want you to jump as hard as you can, off my lap and onto the other side of the bank... Understood?

CLOSING: With 'Understood' said slowly, that single word came in such a cold harsh voice, all the warmth and fervour drained from him.

CLOSER: That instant, with her mien becoming lifeless, and her spirit sucked out of her body, an 'UGH' seeps through her dry lips, and with courage and steely resolve unbeknown to her, takes a deep breath, and focuses on the bespoken task.

YO

Yes, sir. ...

The old roo takes the biggest leap of his life, his biggest spring ever, and with flames spitting beneath them, up into the smoke filled air they go.

(CONT'D)

8 CONTINUED:

MOVING ANGLE - SLOW MOTION: In mid-flight, halfway across the frenetic torrent of bubbling inferno, the old roo, with all his mental and physical might, draws on a power coming deep from within him, and shouts...

PAHPOO

Jump, Yo! ...

With a strong helping hand from her grandfather thrusting her forward, and in an unbelievable spring, she becomes airborne, and as though in another dimension, she glides through the air.

WIDENING - IN REAL TIME: Eventually landing on the bank, she follows up with several more leaping bounds, and springs away from the burning stream of lava...

PAHPOO (V.O.)

(hauntingly)

Hurry, Yo! Move away from the bank! Head for the hills! As fast as you can! And don't look back! ...

(echoic)

Just GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWW...!!!

IMAGE: Lost in the tempestuous swirl, a fading pneuma rides with the wind, and everything falls ominously silent...

WIDENING: Not looking back for one second, the young roo springs her way up the hillside, well away from danger, and onto safer ground...

CROSS-FADE:

SOME TIME LATER...

9. EXT. SOUTH BANK - MID-AFTERNOON

The river of molten Lava has subdued, profluent and purling, and meandering sinuously towards the eastern coast, but all is far from calm, and the brooding mood is despondent and decidedly bleak.

Pahpah, standing at the edge of the south bank, is unable to settle, and looking anxious and strained, reflects the spirit of the distraught herd who are stirring restlessly.

SLOW MOTION: Mahnah, with a withering look, and isolated in her slough of despond, croons softly as she draws away from the others, and incapacitated with grief, tears begin to spill down her tautened face.

PANNING: The north bank seems miles and miles away, and is even further from the west to east.

(CONT'D)

9 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: Pahpah approaches Mahnah hesitantly, and with soft light catching the trace of tears on her face, her eyes open slowly and meet his in a wondering stare, and in her aberration, a stolen moment...

Burdened with guilt and loneliness, intuitively, his mulled thoughts reach out to hers, and he finds himself trying to suppress that contact.

Emotionally crippled, she turns her head away with a moan, and evading scrutiny, she sinks into deep gloom.

CLOSING: Even though the pain is welling, the hard defiant lines of his expression is softening, and something deep inside is telling him to be strong.

PAHPAH

(in a whisper...)

Don't worry, Yo, is safe with Pahpoo...

With a shadow lingering in her eyes and reluctance in her persona, he puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

PAHPAH

Pahpoo will never let any harm come to her...

Then relentlessly optimistic, he clinches the air, and reiterates emphatically.

PAHPAH

Never...

Gripped with suppressed rage, unseemly horrors prod awake an unnerving pause, and even though he has an overwhelming urge to assure her, there is a sense of inadequacy, and he gives her a deeply worrying look.

In the sombreness of the moment, weighed in the mantle of grief, she nods vacantly in disconsolate acknowledgment, and he lowers his head with gnawed and stupefied anguish, and vows solemnly.

PAHPAH

You'll see...

ASCENDING: With that tenuous hope, his voice trails off as he wistfully stares out into the distance, and the dusky sky streaks and stains with blackness...

FX: SUPERVENING AN IRRITATING DRONE, BAYING WOLVES HOWL FROM THE WINDSWEPT DUNES, AND NAUSEATINGLY DRUM our EARS...

10. EXT. NORTH BANK / HILLS - LATE-AFTERNOON

DESCENDING: In the unrelenting heat of the sun, the wheat gently undulates on the slopes, and way up in the hilltop, beneath a huge old gum tree, rests Yo, exhausted and softly whimpering in her sleep.

MOVING ANGLE: Suddenly a strong gust of wind blows up the hill forming a small whirlwind, and collecting leaves and dust in its path as it approaches the old gum tree, it combusts, and then turning into a wispy blanket of smoke laden with dust, it mystically waffles about.

In eerie quiet, an obscure mystical vaporous apparition forms from its void, and glows amorphously.

ASCENDING: High up above, sitting on one of the BRANCHES is, BO the KOALA, who, munching away on some delicious gum leaves, is irresistibly drawn to the unnerving embodiment of what appears to be...

PAHPOO'S SILKEN WRAITH, filtering through the rustling of the wind, and intriguingly reifying, and irradiating edifyingly...

PAHPOO

Yo, my precious one. You are safe now.
Even though I am no longer in your world,
my spirit will always be with you...

Bo, leaning forward wondrously, wipes his eyes, and with koala incredulity, gapes at the achromatic spirit...

PAHPOO

Just remember, believe in yourself, and
all your dreams will come true...

The apparition lingers for a moment, and then transfiguring into smoke, it evanesces transcendently.

Bo, agog with curiosity, has leant a little too far forward, and over he goes, tumbling down, and hitting branches on the way, he eventually lands on Yo with a thump!

Distressingly startled, they spring apart, and with their heads snapping as they face one-another, they poise in bold defensive posturing.

YO

(warily)

Who are you?

Her face suddenly turns livid as the furry little creature casually draws a gumleaf, and with a whiff of bearish arrogance.

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

BO

I'm, Bo, and you are, Yo...

The young roo is indeed surprised, and immediately becoming deeply suspicious of his intuitiveness, cautiously edges forward with a feeling of trepidation and intrigue.

YO

(*frowning*)

How did you know my name?

The highbrow Bo smirks priggishly, and with a flagrant disregard of amenities, retorts waggishly.

BO

Because I just do, that's how.

Inclining in an expectant pose, she curiously looks down at the eruditely spoken koala, and wearing an archaic smile, he beams with effrontery.

Hmmm? ... A rather unsettling coincidence indeed...

Inhaling and holding that deep breath, she poises a gnarled fist for a moment, and then pointing warningly as she skews her head a little, she edges closer to the fluffy creature.

YO

(*accusingly*)

What else do you know? Hmmm...

She remains awkwardly poised as he brashly takes his time to answer, and with a sapient twinkle in his eye, and not really understanding the profundity of it all, asserts mockingly...

BO

Pahpoo will be with you, always...

His tone brings the girl up sharp, and having contrasted the state of affairs, she's utterly awestruck, and guardedly retreats in silent protest.

YO

(*incredulously*)

Ohh... How did.. you.. know...

Then dropping her guard momentarily, has only the shortest look back over her shoulder, and with an expression of bewilderment emanating from her face, an air of realization suddenly dawns on her, and in a deep and almost painful timidity, sighs...

YO

(*vaguely*)

I thought I was dreaming...

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

Breaking off, she withdraws disconsolately, and with her frailty now more apparent, looks away with helplessness.

The little koala eschews and frowns decrepitly, and then almost wanting to urge her on, decides to be polite instead, and agrees...

BO

(moderating his tone)

Yeah, maybe you were...

Feeling a twinge of pity, he probably should help, however, the situation is a little out of his depth.

BO

(grumbling)

I can't stand around talking to you all day. I've got things to do...

(under his breath...)

Like, have some lunch...

Then blinking impenitently, he executes a narcissistic bow, and with impudicity, smugly sashays away.

BO

Thank you, and goodbye...

CLOSING: Her eyes burn watching painfully in her waif, and with a seemingly naïve inability, takes a deep breath, as a precaution against her voice breaking on her, she whispers.

YO

What about me? ... My herd...

Stunned and standing motionless with her next sentence pinned to her tongue, her brow furrows in a dark frown and her eyes suddenly close as if bearing a sharp pain, and she sinks in a sucking pit of despair.

YO

(breathed)

My Pah...

WIDENING: Halting at the sound of her anguished appeal, and with his half-spent smile fading decrepitly, he then swallows hastily, and firmly suppresses such unbecoming emotions.

The young roo, with disappointment strewn across her face, timorously gropes for words...

YO

(lachrymosely)

Please... Won't you help me...

Raising an eyebrow at her lapse, he glances back drearily, and even though slightly sympathetic towards the ingénue creature, flint-heartedly moves on...

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

BO

You're a big girl, I'm sure you're able
to take care of yourself.

The young girl's abandonment is not motivation enough to
wipe that egocentric selfishness from the raffish koala,
who, complaisantly sashays back to his gum tree.

Sadly, motionless, and with her face twisted in grief, she
takes a deep breath, turns forlornly, and quietly lopes
away, bleating.

Droll-faced, and with his conscience obviously weighing on
him, feels a little contrite for his sharp tongue and
vanity, and regrettably, he looks over his shoulder, but in
the transitory haze, she has ghosted into the bushes.

CLIMBING: Mystified and bewildered, a bruising thought
skips his mind...

BO

Maybe all of this is just a dream...

Then shaking his head, he recovers himself with a teasing
smile, and with a surly expression, continues up the tree.

Down below, nearby, slightly in shadow, and brooding in a
grubby, roily, slough haunt, BROC the CROC, is glumly
chewing away on a rotten piece of log, and soothing his
decaying teeth.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Suddenly, thinking of wicked achievements, he
instinctively looks up, and sharpening his view, he spies
something rustling in the branches of the old gum, and then
inspirationally, he makes a quick comparison with what he's
been chewing on, and the possibilities of...

BROC

(drooling)

Hmmm... Brunch-time... ...

Then doltishly, he licks his decaying teeth and rubs his
hands with glee, and relishing the thought of Koala T-bone
Steak, he then eagerly trudges towards the old gumtree.

Lurking with intent and fuelled by a voracious appetite,
his hunger gets the better of him and is unable to suppress
his stomach from rumbling.

LEAFY ANGLE: Suddenly alerted by a gurgling sound, the
little koala stops for a couple of beats...

WIDENING: Once again, with more noisy grumbling sounds
rousing his curiosity, he looks down inquiringly, and in a
moment of lapsed concentration, incautiously loses his
footing and, whoops, down he goes...

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

BO

(yowling...)

Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaalp...!

Then unexpectedly, just what the croc ordered, and he's thinking, already, 'I wonder what's for dessert'...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Magically, the smoke instantly reappears and eerily materializes, and with koala's descent, taking on an unnaturally slow, floating tumble, he mires in a wafting, free-falling motion.

WIDENING: As the hulky croc scurries towards his meal, the smoke wisps up, interlaces, and infuses itself in one of the tree's wreathed vines, and then worm-like, it wraps itself around the little koala and breaks his fall, like a bungee-rope...

UPSIDE-DOWN ANGLE: Dangling precariously several feet above the ground, is crimson-headed, and with his eyes bulging out of their sockets, volte-faces towards the gruesome reptilian.

MOVING ANGLE: Fatuously, the croc, in his merry mayhem, leaps heedlessly to catch a mouth-full of...

BROC

(wickedly)

Koala, here I come! ...

WIDENING: Just that instant, in mid-air, with jaws wide and about to devour the poor little koala, from out of nowhere, Yo springboards off Broc's back, and with a flying leap into the air, ably catches Bo in her pouch as she skirrs past...

'WOOOOOOOWWWWWW WHAT WAS THAT...!'

Broc lands with a THUMP! Snout first, he skids into a bed of thistles...

BROC

(excruciatingly)

Arrrooooooch!! ...

Then carefully pushing back away from the thorns, he looks up sharply, and feels utterly abased and apoplectic...

BROC

Why, you, urr-arrhrrrr...! I'll get you...
Just you wait and see...

Broc's voice trails off as Yo, with Bo in pouch, hops away from danger, and disappears...

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

IMAGE: With phosphorescent light shimmering over soggy marshlands, at intervals, tall outcrops of rock jut from seemingly boiling mud...

CROSS-FADE:

11. EXT. NORTH BANK - LATE AFTERNOON

At a location somewhere near where Pahpoo was last seen, Yo lopes towards the bank of the flowing lava, and with Bo's head dipping in and out of her pouch, is suffering from suffocation, and madly squealing...

BO
Awhhh... Eeeehhhh... Let me outta-here!
(cough-cough...)
Help! ... I'm... ..

Pulling up, the claustrophobic koala pops his head out from her pouch, and wiggling vigorously desperately gasping for air, he then quickly scrambles out and lands on the ground.

On close observation, while straightening and adjusting her posture, a glimpse of the Vine appears in her pouch...

WIDENING: The young roo, however, is not quite sure how to proceed, for this overwrought koala is a different creature to what she's normally used to, and standing back and watching him fight off the air, he eventually regains his breath, and smiles weakly.

BO
(settling...)
Wow! ... Whooh! ... Where am I? ...

Hopelessly disorientated, cross-eyed and feeling a little woozy, he hesitates for a second, and then squashes his face, truly perplexed.

BO
(squeamishly)
Oh-no! ... Not you again! ...

Obviously angered by the abduction, he quickly looks around at the unfamiliar territory.

BO
(crankily)
Where's my gum tree? ...

Then eying her with a narrowed suspicious gaze, he suddenly bursts into a noisy, bratty cranky whine...

BO
(wailing...)
Arrrh, I want to go home... ..

(CONT'D)

The young roo whips up a wry grin and shrugs with infirmity, and in a moment of panic, as though, having been struck with a haunting memory, she glances obliquely at the ground.

YO

(stammering slightly)

At least you have a home. I've lost my family... My herd...

Then with a rush of abandonment, resigns, lachrymosely...

YO

(almost inaudible)

I have no place to go...

The little koala's lips pucker up with sourness, and his eyes glitter with irritation, and feeling a little bit silly for his insensitiveness, is uncertain of what to do next.

BO

Well, such is life... I'm going to go
and find my old gum t...

And before the grumpy little Koala can say 'TREE', a very angry croc suddenly appears...

BROC

(growling...)

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!

Then immediately, Yo, quickly shifts next to Bo, and with her body slightly angling towards him, nervously puts on a brave face, trying to stare down the bad old croc.

However, unfazed, the croc has edged a little closer, and showing off his decaying teeth as he sneers, fixes his eyes firmly on a koala chops.

Yo squares off with her fists while Bo brandishes a twig, and suddenly facing one-another, with eyes only, slowly look back at the croc, who, is edging, closer still, and keeping his face expressionless, hopes the duo won't read in it an additional allusion to allow an escape.

Meanwhile, not breaking her stare, she tilts her head a little, and with a slow nod, carefully opens up her pouch.

YO

(in hushed tone...)

Quick, hop in my pouch...

She then eyes him with growing exasperation, but he scrunches up his face, and huffs and puffs, and with a moue of dithered utterance, angrily slides into a parrying tantrum...

(CONT'D)

11 CONTINUED:

BO

No way! Not in there again! ...

Broc, However, has already begun charging down on them, full-throttle, and snarling ferociously, and as the duo turn to move out of harm's way, he lunges forward and snaps at Bo, and just managing to catch the fluffy white fur off his stumpy tail...

BO

(painfully...)

Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrooooooooooooooooooooooch...!

MOVING ANGLE: Impulsively, pinched-faced, clutching his rear, and in a jerking motion, like no other koala has ever done before, springs up onto Yo's back as she jumps away...

BO

(yahooing...)

Yoh-yabbah-dabbah! Yoh-yabbah-roo!

VARIOUS ANGLES: Meanwhile, the hapless croc, having lost control, is unable to stop his momentum, and hurtling forward, he's suddenly confronted with the flowing river of LAVA...

Desperately back peddling, grabs at grass, weeds and anything he can take hold of, and in doing so, tosses up dirt, dust, twigs and whatever's in his path...

ABRUPT ANGLE: But, sadly, coming to a grinding and shuddering halt, and with his nose just edging into the LAVA, he quickly pushes back and props himself up on his elbows.

BROC

(screaming deliriously...)

OOOOOOWWWWWCHAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!

CLOSE: Snorting with excruciating pain, and furiously blowing steam from his ears, he's indeed an angry croc...

BROC'S POV: In a starkly contrasting departure, Yo and Bo head eastward into the gloom...

THE PRETERNATURAL ADVENTITIOUSNESS OF THE OVERALL EFFECT HAS A STRIKING SUBTLETY AND NUANCE: FROM BO'S MOUNT, AND THE DUO ESCAPING, THERE IS AN UNCANNY AND SOMEWHAT QUASI-SEMBLANCE TO THAT OF 'THE LONE RANGER' HOPPING ON HIS TRUSTED HORSE 'SILVER' AND RIDING AWAY, AND THIS ARCHETYPAL THEME IS TO BECOME THEIR LEITMOTIV 'KANGABACK' TRADEMARK...

CROSS-FADE:

(CONT'D)

11 CONTINUED:

IMAGE: A BLOOD RED SUN, setting through a haze of distant bushfires, burns the canvas...

CROSS-FADE:

CLOSING: The jaded croc, with frustration etched on his face, is left pondering at what dinner may have been, and in sullen indignation, gropes at his stale breath and putrid drippings, and then suddenly, with renewed vigour, the master of resentment is schizophrenically bent on revenge.

BROC
I'll get you, you blithering varmints! ...
(*eyes fixed on*
imaginary target...)
Just you wait and see! ...

CROSS-FADE:

MUTATING IMAGE - WIDENING: With the Ultramundane MOON lighting up the sky, the dynamic duo head into the horizon, and silhouetted in BLACK and WHITE, slowly fade...

FX: CRACKLING THUNDER AND HEAVY TORRENTIAL RAIN...

INSERT: In the encroaching darkness of the sultry night, sheltered under TREES, the HERD look out tentatively, and with hopeless despair.

IMAGE: A will-o'-the-wisp mysteriously breezes by and FANS us AWAY into a blanket of twilight...

WIDENING: As dusk falls into crepuscular, noisy cockatoos start to call, and with gusty winds beginning to howl, the night dances across a ridge of trees to the north east, where a swathe of lava is cutting through towards a mountain range...

DISSOLVE: Coming out of the darkness into a stunning time-lapse of night sky slowly succumbing to the light of pre-dawn, sets the tone of the following day...

FX: HEAVY RAIN...

12. EXT. BLUE MOUNTAINS — EARLY MORNING

FX: A THUNDEROUS CRACKLING...

EXPANSIVELY: A sobering reminder of the volatility of the outback terrain's vulnerability to extreme and sometimes unforgiving harsh climate is distinctly betrayed...

(CONT'D)

12 CONTINUED:

Hellacious storm clouds converge from all directions, and forming a gloomy Maelstrom over the distant transcendent mountains, a tempestuous electric thunderstorm rages.

DESCENDING: From amidst the pluvial tempest, and down along a Cliffside, cradled by mountains and nestled amongst the SCREE, the DUO lay cuddled in a small rugged coverture.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Their refuge, beset in treacherous blustery squally winds, and with wicked thunder and lightning strikes, the rain pelts down and washes our VIEW...

FLASH INSERT: Elsewhere, as Broc trudges through the mud looking tired, hungry and miserable, a series of spectacular LIGHTNING flashes flare up above...

FX: DELAYED THUNDER RUMBLES...

WIDENING: Back at the Cliffside in the centre of the eye of the storm, there's a sense of quiet calm in a muted bubble of tranquillity...

Then all of a sudden, one of the lightning flashes strikes us with a numbness that stifles and overwhelms us, and through the liminal aeriform, Pahpoo's warm apparition soothes the ambiance...

PAHPOO

Ahhh... My precious little princess, you have finally found your soul mate...

The little koala is summoned at will, and in his oneiric state of hypnopompic aesthesia, heeds the behest soothsaying.

PAHPOO

You have journeyed beyond your dreams to the end of time and back again - before you were even born...

Roused by sensuous stirrings, and with an intoxicating scent, the koala's pre-existence illuminates like a flash of recognition.

PAHPOO

The time is nearing for you to repeat your journey, re-live the past, and do what needs to be done...

Then accepting the responsibility honourably, the furry little creature acknowledges with a slow somnolent nod, and closes his heavy eyelids.

PAHPOO

You, and only you, hold the Key... The Key to the New Dawn...

(CONT'D)

12 CONTINUED:

FADING: Having shared their mutual dream, the vaporous apparition smiles benignly at the sleeping duo...

INSERT: The lurking presence of a dour rutilant HALF-MOON, is just barely visible through the obscuring stormy clouds...

PAHPOO

Beware of the dark moon, on the coming
of the new sun...

A sudden harsh blinding FLASH lights up the canvas...

FX: CRACKLING THUNDER BREAKS THROUGH THE MUTENESS...

CLOSING: At the refuge, having been startled by a cacophony of deafening noise, the duo wake in fright, and clinching to one another's cushy body, suddenly with abrupt discomposure, quickly let go of their somewhat inappropriate clutch...

YO

What do you think you're doing?

She glances down sternly and is met with a furry shrug of sublime indifference, and both grinning with embarrassment, his eyes slide away, and he keeps his face averted.

BO

Nothing...

The dark-browed roo shakes her head with daft righteousness and with etiquette prevailing, smoothens the awkwardness with an over-ripe and cheeky smirk, and then quickly terminates in a flat hard voice, trusting that would end the matter.

YO

So, right then...

He dazedly complies with a tentative smile, and with thinly veiled amusement, they decorously dust themselves of the uneasiness.

CLOSE: Staring into the pouring rain, they pause for thought...

IMAGE: A slither of ice glistens, and a lightning crack explodes on the mountainside above...

Suddenly, Bo looks up in horror as a huge snow avalanche thunders down, and Yo quickly pushes him up against the cliff face as a torrent of earth and snow crashes over them, and within seconds, they are enveloped in thick snow.

WIDENING: After a few nervy seconds, she pops out from the white heap and frantically digs for him, and eventually, pulls him out shivery and fearful.

(CONT'D)

12 CONTINUED:

Then staring vacantly, and with icicles hanging from his nose and eyelashes, he suddenly goes limp in her grasp, and she shakes him a little and brushes him gently as she looks him in the face.

YO
(warmly)

You okay?

Wiggling tremulously, he frees himself of snow, and even though still a little dopey, seems to be recovering.

BO
(weakly)

Yeah...

Slightly relieved, she draws a breath, clears her throat, and with a wobbling head and dancing eyes, jests lightly.

YO
You had me a little worried there for a moment.

CLOSING: Thinking he's such a dear nuisance she patters his shoulder and sighs exaggeratedly.

At first, resenting her mollycoddling, he painfully contracts an injured muscle, but then, rather reluctantly, accepts the comforting gesture.

BO
Thanks...

She then gives him an absent smile and sighs wearily, having time to digest the comic absurdity.

YO
Hmm...

NOTING: A SENTIENT AFFILIATION WITH THEIR NATURAL AFFINITY IS GRADUALLY DEVELOPING, AND A TRYING AND CONGENIAL PHASE LIES AHEAD IN THIS INCONGRUOUS COMPANIONSHIP...

WIDENING: Following a soothing pause, and with a formality of strangeness settling upon them, suddenly, he swings around with a wounded look, and torn between two curiosities, eases into her mindset.

BO
What do we do, now?

With her face lined with worry, she drops her chin onto her chest in dulled thought, and then shaking her head in resignation, answers with a ringing in her voice.

YO
Wait till the rain stops.

(CONT'D)

12 CONTINUED:

He stares intensely at her stern profile, and for a moment longer, then nods slowly.

BO
(*poker-faced*)

And..?

After a thoughtful pause, and plagued by vague dreams, she shrugs her shoulders.

YO
Go to the old rainforest.

Then appearing slightly baffled, and concealing the twinges as the gritty wind aggravates his cold-seared lacerations, looks expectantly at her with his big bewildered eyes.

BO
But, how do we get there?

Bleary-eyed and mentally drained, returns his troubled gaze with polite unconcern, and in her fey, stares into the void, emotionless, and speaks softly because she almost dares not utter this fragile and forlorn hope aloud.

YO
Follow the Rainbow...

In an excruciating feeling of hollowness, a tiny tear in the fabric of her consciousness makes her shudder, and her heart beating with an irrepressible memory, stirs feelings of dark and fragmented impulses.

CLOSING: Just then, a sprinkle of stardust bathes her staring visage, and she descends into dysphoria...

YO
(*aspirated whisper...*)
I guess...

ABRUPT ANGLE: A FANTAIL LIZARD suddenly appears on a rock, and then hopping onto another rock, it quickly disappears into the fog...

BO'S POV: Following the distraction, he then turns and looks at his friend's worried face.

WIDENING: With one hand absently scratching his ribs, he wearily leans over...

BO
(*soughs...*)
And..?

Returning his earnest stare and, with a slight fermented pause, she redolently drifts into her mind's eye, and laments.

(CONT'D)

12 CONTINUED:

YO

My family will be there. They'll know
what to do.

Then trying to get a better understanding, he leans he
asks...

BO

(mutedly...)

What about Pahpoo..?

He ought not have reminded her of that, judging by the
bleak expression on her face, and with his moment of doubt
and disillusion behind him, looks at her sympathetically
before soppily placing a calming hand on her.

In a FLASH of the PAST bringing back a rush of feelings and
emotions, she appears lost in despair, and immersed in
inner-thoughts, wanders into the darkest recesses of her
mind, and recalls in a soft expressionless voice...

YO

Pahpoo...

Then in sombre gaze, they meditatively recline and welter
against the rock-face in quiet reflection, and we too feel
the pathos they are going through, sharing and appreciating
sentiments all too deeply in this poignant moment.

SHARPLY OBSERVED ANGLE: Detecting a slight movement coming
from her pouch is a visibly noticeable contour of the
satiny clinging VINE, and with pulsating luminescence,
snugs and reposes itself.

WIDENING: Drifting away in the astoundingly unnatural icy
STILLNESS, the visually electric climate imbues us with a
moment or two to absorb the abyss.

WIDER: A fugacious fulgent glint ensues and overwhelms us,
and with a sense of profound obligation, brings awareness
of the awesome task that lies ahead.

EXPANSIVELY: Drawing way back and revealing, the duo bedded
and dwarfed by the massive extent of an imposing mountain
range, and in the bluish alpenglow haze, specks of glitter
lingers along the rugged rocky outline, and its eucalypt
forest, seemingly stretches endlessly from north to
south...

PANNING: As the sun begins to rise, a rainbow forms, and a
patch of breaking clouds welcomes the threshold of another
day...

INSERT: Pahpah scours ahead of the herd as they stumble in
on the dawning light, and appearing in the distance, is the
shimmer of the Old Rainforest...

CROSS-FADE:

13. EXT. RED ROCK - EARLY MORNING

PROGRESSIVE ANGLE - DESCENDING: The sky is streaked with remnants of a lingering dusk, and lit fire-orange by the morning sun, it banks tightly, and then slowing to a crawl, it edges in against the rock wall, so close that we can almost touch it, and the burning colours seep into the many grottos that riddle the Cliffside of...

OVERWHELMING ANGLE: An ARCHAIC, RED (AYRES) ROCK lies in the middle of the sun-seared, ruderal desert, and a somewhat malefic looking monolith, is beset in harsh dryness, and beyond that inscrutable façade lurks...

IMAGE: A cloud withers and coalesces with smoke, and with an evil churning it lifts off the dander-covered red earth, consuming us...

ABRUPT ANGLE - WIDENING: A horrible flapping Vulturian creature emits a terrifying maniacal screech as it flies away, and with the savagely battered Broc thudding down onto the RED SOIL, ferocious flames whip up and swirl terrifyingly close to the immotile croc.

A sinister bonfire rages at the centre of the plateau where a creepy ritualistic ceremony is taking place, and in the crush of Vulturian creatures squawking and milling around, one of them kicks the sacrificial croc, and he rolls perilously close to the fierce sizzling flames of the pyre.

Outside the circle, on a dominating aiguille, stands the devilishly evil Vrax, and next to him, is the sleazy squint-eyed Zhenn.

Vrax, lifting a palmate wing, stills the Vulturians, and who, with bated breath, wait obediently, and then as if darkness had resurrected after millions of years in quietus, he behests cavernously...

VRAX

Burn him...

Then several Vulturian creatures begin vehemently buffeting the swarthy-faced croc, forcing him towards the searing flames, and into a nightmarish realm of horror.

BROC

(hysterically)

No-no! Please, wait... It's the others who oppose you, not me! ...

(pathetically)

I'm just an old worn-out croc ...

(sobbing...)

Please! ...

OBTRUSIVE ANGLE: Vrax, the epitome of evil, gives the death signal, and the Vulturian creatures begin mounting their assailment.

(CONT'D)

13 CONTINUED:

WIDENING: But the spurious croc, gripped with despair, claws the red earth for dear life.

BROC

(*lachrymosely*)

The flying kangaroo and koala are the ones who you really want, not me...
They are the Chosen Ones...

Vrax, suddenly warming to the delirious and somewhat delusional divagation, and with indolent reluctance, lifts a palmate wing, just enough to let the others know to halt.

Then, with all resistance possible, the croc launches himself to his feet, and with remarkable resilience, has one final attempt to win his favour.

BROC

(*eloquently*)

Yes... They hold the Key... The Key to the New Dawn... They have been gifted with the Force... The Force of Light...
(*breathing laboriously*)

It's them you should be after... Not me...

Vrax gives the sly-faced croc a long overly incredulous look, and with the yammering abruptly terminating, his heart thumping is the only thing audible.

CLOSE: The croc, basking in his contempt, tilts his sweat-filled face, and with saliva dripping from his drooping mouth, wonders how on earth is he going to get out of this terrible mess.

FX: A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS OF AN EARTH RUMBLING QUAKE...

A sodden pause, and everything becomes disturbingly silent...

PANNING: Vrax intuitively angles his head towards Zhenn, who, with her eyes glittering, smiles with a familiarity that Vrax knows only too well, and with avian affinity linking their wicked thoughts, they slowly turn to the fetid leather.

BROC'S POV: The weird looking Vrax, with his curiosity rousing and ruminating jagged thoughts athirst, his livid face lights up his grated eyes, and like the devil himself, with an ecstatic draw, he utters.

VRAX

The Key.. New Dawn...
(*forcefully...*)

FORCE OF LIGHT...
(*irrupting...*)

HOW DO YOU KNOW OF THIS? ... Hmmm...

(CONT'D)

13 CONTINUED:

Wrenched with angst, and thinking bitterly, he looks on with much scepticism and malice.

WIDENING: However, the rascallicon croc, with his dynamism sparking, chronically answers to the challenge, and in ire and dry wit, cannily saturates his mental tone with all the reassuring persuasiveness he can muster.

BROC

Voices in the woods told me. Yes, No...
I mean, the voice. Yes, the voice of
the wise Old Pahpoo... All the animals
have been spreading the word. Those
wretched, good-for-nothing creatures...

The paltering monologue has drifted back to the mildly amused Zhenn and several other senior Vulturian onlookers, and even though the ruddy-faced blathering croc seemed fictitious, the improbable putative story coming from this pathological liar, is nonetheless convincing.

Vrax, having found the prospect rather fascinating, suddenly turns and faces us, and begins to entertain a horrible suspicion.

Then, as though a raw nerve having been struck, his eyes suddenly snap, as does his patience, and he dismisses it as being grossly inadequate, and with a slight lifting of his cragged pinion, he stills any further irritation.

PANNING: His gesture commands absolute attention, however, unable to suppress the tremor that's shaking him, he behests imperiously...

VRAX

Enough...

His voice and manner have changed, and with a murderous gaze, his eyes flash as he rises to his full height, and with his shadow filling the immediate area, the browbeaten croc cowers from the disarming evilness.

CLOSE: Vrax swallows loathsomely, and he grimaces and gasps, and a nasty strain creeps across his face as he strokes his forehead.

VRAX

I will spare your pathetic waste of a
life, for now...

WIDENING: Zhenn, blinking and crooning tediously, is nevertheless, approving and comprehending accordingly...

VRAX

But first, you must lead me to this...

(CONT'D)

13 CONTINUED:

Then pausing momentarily, he lessens his aggressiveness, and in his inurement and exasperation, he eyes the croc, and with his teasing voice taking the sting from his acerbic wit, he utters...

VRAX

Flying Kangaroo and Koala... Hmmm...

The beholden, sycophant croc, obediently bows his head, and in obsequious blandishment, fawns parasitically...

BROC

Yes, Master... Yes, yes... Yes...

FX: A DEAFENING ROAR SUDDENLY FILLS THE AIR...

IMAGE: A blinding sheet of WHITE FLAME springs up and covers the canvas...

INSERT: A sombre half-moon, with dark ominous clouds passing in front of it, obscures our vision...

CROSS-FADE:

CLOSING: Vrax, in a state of dystopia, lifts an eyelid, and in lingering obscurity, softens his expression and lofts an eyebrow rewardingly.

VRAX

If you prove to be a worthy creature,
I will grant you the right to live in
a world of Darhhhknness... However...

Then haltingly, with his generosity dwindling, his mien alters dramatically.

VRAX

If there's untruth in what you say...
(*pityingly...*)
The darhk moon will feast on your
remains...

INSERT: Supervening a silent FLASH, an icy half-moon, with its psychodelic aura, turns grey.

CLOSING: The sour old croc looks up with due solemnity, and then edging back impishly, he slowly draws away from the burning flames, and looking rather inglorious with a sleazy grin lit faintly by the glowing embers, breathes freely, knowing he's safe for now.

IMAGE: Moving into burning flames, the smoked filled mise-en-scène bleeds in deep red...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

14. EXT. THE BLUE MOUNTAINS - MIDDAY

AERIAL: Expansively and transcendingly, in the punishing and oppressive heat of the day, the sun-drenched sky is vacated, and not even the smallest patch of cloud is visible.

DESCENDING: The craggy and brittle slopes of The Blue Mountains flake in the searing and blistering heat, and the once lush greenery that filled the range has dried, devoid, virtually overnight.

Evocatively contrasted, the hauntingly beautiful landscape which has been dramatically shaped from years of drastic protean changes, now sembles a stifling reality of the extreme harshness of the outback's volatility...

CROSS-FADE:

CLOSE: Yo, awakened from a doze, and looking somewhat addled, praises the skies...

YO'S POV: Bo arduously attempts to scramble up a Cliffside.

WIDENING: Deflected by the habit of concern, she watches disapprovingly, and with her instinctive awareness not to alienate herself, she leans forward with an admonitory countenance.

YO

Where do you think you're going?

She said it so firmly that he looks around with surprise and mock indignation, and he snorts derisively.

Having many frailties, this is certainly not one of them, and with a frown of contempt, he proudly displays his physic with lofty virtue.

Then with a trace of resentment smearing his tanned grinning face, his eyes widen as his voice takes on an overly presumptuous inflection.

BO

Climb the mountain, of course...

Much to her displeasure and dubiety, she waves aside his half-hearted protest and stares blankly at his conjecture, and disregarding his angry frown, she turns away blithely, and in her fleeting respite, she's reduced to shaking her head, with a wee-wry smile on her face.

Then shrugging off any unwanted affectations with an air of arrogance, he answers presumptuously to her silence with a fanciful notion, and with a brassy bitch pout, he adds a decisive note.

(CONT'D)

14 CONTINUED:

BO

I don't only hang around trees, you know.

The young roo, overcome by the absurdity of the moment, and wearing a sheepish wry grin, nods obligingly with great courtesy at his swaggering air.

Then sparing the musing and levities, she habituates her stance, and appearing surprisingly indifferent, with a sidelong glance, acknowledges in a very matter-of-fact way.

YO

(*derisive laughter...*)

Please, go ahead...

With aplomb, he turns dismissively and resumes his shinny, but, at this juncture, his incautious enthusiasm for rock climbing is somewhat deflated by the harsh reality of the seemingly unsurmountable task.

FX: THUNDER RUMBLES...

Suddenly, with rocks and shale falling, a trio of mysterious VOICES boom from high up above...

SISTERS #1 #2 #3

NOT OVER our ROCK BODY, YOU DON'T! ...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Bo, blasted by the resonant booming, tumbles back up against and between Yo's feet, and dizzying-stars whiz around his head as his merry eyes dance in his tired face.

Then after a moment of disorientation, he looks back over his shoulder, almost in tears for his inadequacy, and then leans forward, utterly astonished.

BO'S POV: Looking up, he sees what seems to be an eerie semblance of the KATOOMBA THREE SISTER MOUNTAINS, and with bizarrely, oddly carved out lithic faces, they speaking cavernously...

SISTER #1

HEY-HEY! Keep your grubby little paws off us THREE SISTERS! You can't just climb all over US like that! Who do you think you are? ...

CLOSE: Sister #3 glowers austere at the diminutive duo...

SISTER #3

(*sullenly*)

It is FORBIDDEN to go beyond the BLUE.

Sister #1 rumbles, and with overt irritation, leans forward interrogatively, and reiterates...

(CONT'D)

14 CONTINUED:

SISTER #1

Yes, FORBIDDEN...

SISTER #2

You are not allowed to enter the Land
Of Lost Time...

Yo straightens cautiously, and then emphasises their desperate plight in an appealing tone, but far louder than she means to.

YO

(*frustratingly*)

But we have no time to lose. we need
to get to the Old Rainforest...

The Three Sisters crease their firm brows with cracking countenance, and knowingly, look down with a curious air.

SISTER'S POV: Ignoring the warning, the gladiatorial koala strides forward in a determined shuffle, and then jamming his fists into the wrinkles of his hips, he looks up, and with shoulders back, takes a deep breath, and demands.

BO

(*saucily*)

Yeah, so let us through, or we'll...

His brash pose only lasts a moment as the menace in his voice carries to the rocky tops, and his indiscretion, although minor, raises a rocky eyebrow.

Realizing it was an inept attempt he deflates his belligerent stance a little and manages a hesitant smile, and then, in nervous anticipation, he twists his face oddly and hastily clears his throat.

Yo squinches at Bo's unbecoming frivolity and groans as she glances down incredulously at his ineptitude, but Bo, still resentful, mutters rebelliously.

Then glowering with disapproval, she impulsively grips and squeezes his arm tight, and with the reprimanding gesture making him wince, and his affected pose gone, he stomps his foot and reluctantly stands aside.

ALTITUDINOUS ANGLE: The stilted Sisters' tone up above is one of amusement, and rumbling and laughing mirthlessly, they let loose some rocks and soil debris, and then imitatively exhibit a woeful lack of taste.

CLOSE: Sister #1, eyes wide with knowledge, considers the proposal with a slightly hysterical tinge, and shrugs, adding a little more dust into the air, and then looking down resignedly, she blinks her rocky eyelids, and against her better judgement, attunes obligingly.

(CONT'D)

14 CONTINUED:

SISTER #1

(with a rock-sweet voice...)

Oh, if you insist. Then we'll just have to...

WIDENING: They graciously part between #1 and #2, and create a passageway, and Sister #3 beams an overly inserted look...

SISTER #3

... Let you through...

Sisters #1 rumbles with mock surprised indignation and incredulity...

LOW ANGLE: Sister #2, favourably impressed, crumples her face and squints, and then eying them curiously, she sighs...

SISTER #2

But you'll have to hurry, though...

ROCKY ANGLE...

SISTER #1

There are only three more dark moons...

(rumbling balefully...)

Before the coming of the New Dawn...

Meanwhile, Bo effortlessly hoists himself onto Yo's back, and reservedly optimistic, they nonchalantly kangaback through the gateway.

SISTER #3

(cautions stringently)

Beware of the lost souls...

SISTER #2

(raising a wry eyebrow...)

And whatever you do...

PRYING ANGLE - WIDENING: Sister #2 winks a baleful blue eye at the unsuspecting trespassers, and then with dusty guffawing, the bountiful Sisters give an ominous warning, sonorously...

SISTERS #1 #2 #3

(in lentissimo...)

DON'T WAKE THEM UP... OR YOU'LL BE SORRY...

Then sighing collectively, they close snugly back into their positions, and in doing so, a zany THORNY-TAIL LIZARD leaps off one of the moving rock-faces onto the ground, and then giggling mischievously, it looks at the duo and points a wagging haggard finger, warning...

(CONT'D)

14 CONTINUED:

T-T LIZARD

(in mock-solemnity...)

The poor wretched souls haven't eaten for millions of years... Heh-heh-heh...

MOVING ANGLE: Yo eyes the lizard curiously, and just as she is about to say something, the lizard grins and adds a few more giggles before happily fluttering away.

Bo's dismay is so ludicrous that Yo has to stifle her mirth, and with an ominous girded look, glances down at him and smiles graciously.

ASCENDING AND WIDENING: Then with Bo slickly smoothening the rumpled hair on the back of his neck, they casually kangaback into the verboten unknown.

BO

Let's go before they change their minds.

CROSS-FADE:

15. EXT. THE FORBIDDEN LAND — AFTERNOON

DESCENDING: The duo, having travelled some distance, pause momentarily for a breather, and then facing one another dolefully, wonder what on earth that was all about...

YO & BO

(muted...)

Forbidden Land? ...

SWIVELLING ANGLE: Looking back at the final moments of the mountains' dusty closure, a disturbing and somewhat unsettling eeriness begins to manifest...

FX: THE ROCKY CLAMPING JOINT ECHOES THROUGH THE VALLEY...

MOVING ANGLE: Continuing their journey deeper into the seemingly deserted and somewhat lifeless bushland, the maturing unusualness of the habitat is becoming more apparent.

YO

(leering)

What was all that about?

Then solemnly portentous, she drops her voice to a sepulchral bass.

YO

(mockingly)

Lost Souls... Moooaahhhhhhhrrr...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

If there had not been an ironic humorous gleam in her eyes, he would have mistakenly thought her delirious, and brushing the hair back from his forehead, he grimaces, and in a very deep voice, gives a pompous impression of his own.

BO

And Darhhhhhk. Moooahhhhhhhhhrrrr...

He then pantomimes a Thorny-tail wagging and grinning, and they both do an apery of its giggle.

BO

(easing off...)

Ahhh... I don't know about you, but I'm getting really hungry. I haven't eaten since...

(wretchedly)

Seems like a million years ago...

DUO'S POV - WIDENING: They both snort a laugh, and with their attention shifting further down the track, they gradually enter an amazing habitat, and appearing on all sides is an impoverished mallee of ghostly-shaped trees, weird-looking thistles and shrubs.

MOVING ANGLE: Suddenly, a dust devil whirling past sends the duo a little off-balance, and with the austere and despoiled landscape now even more so surreal and devoid of life, the rocks and dirt also appear to have a morbidity that is plaguing it.

YO

Strange-looking trees. What kind are they?

Pausing momentarily to collect his thoughts, the furry maven greenie then confidently qualifies the vicinage.

BO

(pompously)

They are... Hmmm... ..

(lamely)

Yes, well... Ahhh... ..

After another wayward momentary impulse, and with a pained smile, the epicurean connoisseur is suddenly not too sure.

BO

(wryly)

Hard to tell - without the leaves.

Grinning at his dubiety and devilment, she then presses on, and while passing through the supposedly lifeless vegetation, things gradually and imperceptibly appear to mutate.

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

STEADYING ANGLE: Slowly gloating into a pause, and in creepy hideous detail, the habitat metamorphoses into weird SKELETON-LIKE sculptures.

A ROAMING INQUISITIVE 360-DEGREE PAN: The massive necropolis of an immanent Mesozoic graveyard undisturbed and blighted for millions of years, is now a sinister cauldron of death.

FX: OVERWHELMINGLY STRANGE AND WEIRD BACKGROUND NOISES ARE ACCOMPANIED BY AN ECHOING PORTATIVE LENTO ORGAN THEME...

INVENTIVE ANGLE: In this forgotten daedal realm of haunted terra incognita, a mysterious transmogrify of eerie coloured cadaverous GASES begin floating, hovering, lingering, swirling, and weaving through, amongst, in and out, of copious, cryptic, skeletal structures.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Meanwhile, with limited pathway to manoeuvre, the duo suddenly skids to a halt, and the little koala jolts forward and catapults into an agglomeration of inchoately crushed melange.

Dishevelled, he manages to untangle himself a little, and then curiously peering down, scoops up a handful of some WEIRD STUFF from the ground.

BO
(queasily)
Ooh-yucky...

CLOSING: With her reaction somewhat mutant, she closely examines the fragments, and as she gently touches a portion with her finger, he gasps in wonder, and then goggling at his find, he's so rapt and awed by the discovery that she has to suppress a giggle.

CLOSER: Then sieving through the pastiche, some of the FRAGMENTS crumble and sift through his fingers...

YO
(not really sure...)
Looks like - some - sort - of...

WIDENING: Then nervously study the exotic material, in an unsettling and somewhat disturbing discovery, they suddenly scrunch up their faces, and in surprised cognizant, everything in their bodies recedes...

YO & BO
(reeling back...)
Bones...

Their heads jolt as they recoil, and with expressions of outré-weird imagination foremost, they swallow hard.

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

FX: IN THE HAUNTING UNDERCURRENT, DISSONANTLY LOUD
AWAKENING GROWLS EMANATE...

IMAGES: Wicked, rapturous and chaotic recrudescing, of
ghostly, ghoulish, phantom-like formations begin
transmuting, whistling, howling, and roaring.

MORE IMAGES: Many conjuring unimaginable oddities and
monstrosities of primeval apparitions, swirling, whirling,
incarnating, and weaving in-and-out of these ancient
cretaceous things.

Amidst this chthonic graveyard of archetypal structures,
Mesozoic Jurassic creatures evocatively reassemble, and
ghostly metaphysical stuffing, with all their original
strength and spirited existence, metamorphoses into a
potential battleground come raving feast.

Then, with an evil churning cloud coalescing and hovering
momentarily, suddenly, a fantastic ghastly apparition
materializes and blasted them with a flatulent gust.

The frighten duo recoil, but hold their ground, and still
reeling from their previous episode, are daunted by the
bone-chilling apparition as it emits a horrible maniacal
laugh before it flies away.

INVENTIVE ANGLES: Swirling mists and ghostly wraths mutate
into varying translucent shapes and bizarrely eerie
figures, and they bend and radically morph at unpredictable
pace and direction.

MOVING ANGLE: Bo cautiously mounts Yo, who, having already
begun her move, and off they go, clambering through the
rubble.

Blissfully unaware of the imminent danger, and frightening
as it is, this Jurassic graveyard menagerie seems rather
fascinating to them, as it is to us.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Suddenly, out of the pits of their foulest
dreams, a scary felid SABER-TOOTHED mammal looms up in
front of them and vents an angry growl.

WIDENING: Totally transfixed, agape with abject fear, and
just as they are about to be consumed, a GIANT SKELETON
KANGAROO, whips up the savage Saber-tooth, and flings it
against another BONED FELID CREATURE, and they both smash
and disintegrate into thin air.

MOVING ANGLE: Sharp-wittedly maintaining their balance, and
with deft and nimble manoeuvrability, they perform some
amazing gymnastics.

YO
(valorously)
Hang on Bo...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

That he does, fearlessly...

BO

Sure thing, Yo! ...

The intrepid duo springs into action with a nail-biting, on-the-edge-of-your-seat exhibition, and dexterously fending off and dodging numerous hostile SKELETON CREATURES, they eventually abscond from the chaotic disarray.

It's a precarious predicament indeed, and their stalwart devil-may-care façade is just that, for they have unwittingly unleashed the ancient secrets of this NOW confoundedly agitated cauldron.

VARIOUS INVENTIVE ANGLES: While exchanging cursory glances, intermittent dialogue, aiding and fending, they fortuitously flee from the weird and turbulent forces, and with a flurry of activity igniting, the SEPIA-TONED LOST SOULS recklessly and obliviously come out of their limbo, and confusion quickly turns into blind frenzied rage.

WIDENING: Amidst the pandemoniac quagmire, Bo notices the VINE protruding from Yo's pouch, and reaching and grabbing it, uncannily, and with serendipity-do-da, deftly whiplashes a skeleton or two, and cracks the brittle creatures into dust, here, there and everywhere...

BO

(yahooining...)

Yoh-yabbah-dabbah! Yoh-yabbah-roo!

IN FUTURE THE VINE WILL BE USED AS A QUIRT, HACKAMORE, ROPE, LARIAT, LASSO, AND MANY OTHER VALUABLE usAGES, AND IS TO BE REFERRED TO AS BO'S TRUSTED WHIP. AND ALREADY KNOWING OF ITS MAGICAL EDIFYING POWERS GIFTED BY PAHPOO, ITS TELLINGLY TRUE VALUE IS YET TO BE REVEALED...

INVENTIVE ACTION ANGLES: The duo, manoeuvring in and out of danger in a sensual and furious intensity not experienced before, demonstrate abundant scintillating stamina, with prowess kanga boxing, kangfu fighting, ducking and weaving, and raiders' whip lashing.

MOVING ANGLE: Finally and astonishingly, with hard-hitting and nail-biting tension, the dynamic duo hone their adroit and superlative skills, and at relentless breakneck pace, put as much distance as they can between themselves and the drama that is unfolding behind.

ASCENDING ANGLE - WIDENING: As they slip away and abscond into a dusty trail, they leave behind the LOST SOULS in manic stupidity and metaphysic mayhem.

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

FX: HOWLING ECHOES SWELL, AND THEN QUICKLY FADE WITH AN ABRUPT SHRIEK! ...

DESCENDING: Shortly after, somewhere down the track, they slow down from their exhausting pace, and reaching the periphery of the dusty unreal netherworld, Nature's habitat is within sight.

In a moment to soak up the glory, they then vaingloriously yahoo in perfect harmony...

YO & BO
Yoh-yabbah-dabbah! Yoh-yabbah-roo! ...

And off into the lush greenery they go, in a myriad of foliage, with viridescent gums and eucalyptus.

FX: VENOMOUS WHISPERS SWELL...

VARIOUS IMAGES: As darkness grows, slow-motion implosions and vexatiously evoking nightmarish thorny circles with dashes and zigzags whoosh and sweep past.

FLASH INSERT: Broc, having seen something frightening, reels back protectively, and an illusion engulfs him, and us, entirely.

CROSS-FADE:

MOVING ANGLE: Four Vulturians fly down an empty rock isle, flanked by trees, like raiders of the apocalypse...

VARIOUS ANGLES: Several more Vulturians prowl the skies and scour the everglades.

Suddenly one of them obediently turns out of a leisurely glide and drops swiftly for its quarry.

ANOTHER, catching a glimpse of a silvery object below, folds its wings and dives at a fearsome rate.

The REST circle implacably, and with supreme grace, veer swiftly and effortlessly towards their devoir.

16. EXT. FOREST — AFTERNOON

AREAL - DESCENDING: As Pahpah leads the kangaroo herd across windswept moors, a scrawny possum perched on a branch, looks down at the gloomy overgrown forest.

CLOSEUP: Hatchet-faced Bro nervously mires at the rear, and his mind numbed with fear, wearily glances back, vigilantly on the lookout for danger.

(CONT'D)

16 CONTINUED:

While slowing down and stopping for a breather at a small clearing, Mahnah watches uneasily as Pahpah moves off into the cover of the trees.

He looks at the herd and makes a quick mental head count, and then, casting a glance over his shoulder, he gives her a knowing look.

Gripped with despair, she drops her head to her chest, and he turns back to the herd, takes in a deep breath, and behests...

PAHPAH
(*fervidly*)
Right. Let's move on...

ASCENDING AND WIDENING: Pahpah leads the way through the gloom of the forest...

FX: A CHILLING SHRILL OF EXCITEMENT EMANATES FROM WITHIN THE DEEP VERT UNDERGROWTH...

INSERT: As bushes burst apart, four Vulturians claw their way into a dungy and clammy cave...

ANOTHER INSERT: Elsewhere, Broc, in anguished solitude, hides behind a tree trunk, and trembles and sweats profusely...

SOMETIME LATER:

17. EXT. GREEN WOODS — AFTERNOON

DESCENDING: The duo kangaback exhilaratingly along a dirt track, and then slowing down through the majestic verdure undergrowth, they ease to a roo canter.

YO
(*lauds...*)
Nice work, Bo.

With her smile a smirk of self-satisfaction, she preens meritoriously as her jockey partner leans forward and rubs his cheek on her neck.

BO
(*with panache*)
Not too bad yourself, Yo.

He endorsed her commendation so firmly that she smiles expansively, and with their affection pulsing, they gradually dampen their elation.

Then while venturing through the unfamiliar vegetation, they pass an old gumtree, and he manages to whip off a young branch of his favourite leaves.

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED:

BO

(preciously)

Ah... Food at last...

His eyes are alight with excitement, but before taking a bite, he gallantly tenders a handful to his partner, who, keen to please, convivially accepts his generosity and opts to sample just a few.

YO

Hmmm... Tastes okay... I guess...

Is she finally accepting his teasing, he wonders, or is she just humouring him? Hmmm...

However, we ALL know that kangaroos prefer to eat grass and lowland vegetation, not gum leaves, and grinning slyly, she cheekily faces away, and purposely lets the leaves fly in the breeze.

Meanwhile, winding his trusted Whip like a ranger, he snugs it back into her pouch, and she congenially acknowledges its value with a beaming nod.

Then while enjoying the breezy kangaback through the lushly green woods, they smile in sensuous anticipation.

CLOSE: Breathing a little easier, he thinks, 'Right, now where was I? Oh, yes...' and luxuriates, palatably...

BO

Love those gum leaves. Hmmmmmm-hh...

WIDENING: Unfortunately, having reached an abrupt impasse, their elation is short-lived, and finding themselves grinding to a halt, they wobble and teeter mercifully short of... Whoops! ...

Ashen-faced, she pulls herself back, and then cautiously peering down into the void of an enormous yawning chasm, she heaves a huge sigh of relief...

YO

(nauseously)

Ooh-wow - some - drop...

YO'S POV: VERTIGINOUSLY... WOHHWWEEEEEEEEEE...

Then carefully sliding off her back, he stands next to her, and taking in a deep breath, the sense of relief is so palpable he almost passes out, and mockingly, he rolls his eyes and gravely agrees.

BO

(tentatively)

Sure is...

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED:

Then adjusting his attire, he affirms with piffling pomposity.

BO

Good thing I told you to stop, when I did...

His words ended with unruffled equanimity, as though he was almost surprised he had to mention the fact, but such trivial annoyance quickly evaporate.

Then, aroused slightly, she looks at him quizzically, and as one, with a shared feeling of relief, they nimbly step back.

Making a gentle ascent, she archly awards him a slightly contemptuous smirk, and with a flirting glance, in a somewhat facetious manner, entertains a notion, with a squinch of doubt...

YO

Yes... I suppose you think we should rest here for a while, too, hmmm..?

After having asked so pointedly, she has a sneaky glimpse at him, and he guiltily twiddles his fingers, clears his throat, and grins an apology.

Then steadily guiding his mercurial expression, with an insinuating purr, he smiles slyly, and in his roguery, he preens, and his low voice ripples with drollery.

BO

Yes. Exactly what I was going to say...

Yes, it seems the friendship is indeed maturing, and with lots of joyful bantering and good-humoured raillery, a testing of wits and instincts is propagating.

However, raising an eyebrow, suggestively, and with an innocent simper, he's half-expecting to be contradicted for his flummery, but she astutely suppresses a reprimand and glances cheekily at his witticism.

Then, a trifle relieved, and even though the strain of the past day still shows in her face, she deftly strokes her muzzle, teasingly, and curling her lips, which are no longer thin with tension, she smiles tenderly.

YO

Well, that's okay by me too...

She gives him an affectionate clout on the back of his hairy noggin, and with her eyes clear and beaming with shimmering delight, conducts herself with all the civility required by nobility.

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED:

YO

I don't know what I'd do without you,
Bo.

Distinctly pleased with himself, he flushes, and then looking down at his feet, he hunches his shoulders in a self-effacing way.

BO

Errh... Yeah...

The roo, seeming a little glassy-eyed, and with an abashed grin, crosses over and inspects the grassy patch, and then turning slightly, she peers at him, and he politely looks back as he chews on a twig, somewhat disconcertedly.

For a moment there, he thought their mutual understanding was dulcifying, but her eyes seem guarded and he wonders what on earth could be worrying her so, and feeling a little robbed of what fragile contentment he had, he lofts his eyebrows in polite query.

BO

(in a caressing tone...)

Are you all right? ...

Then noticing her visibly disturbed, he warily leans over and gives her an ever-so-light consoling pet, briskly kneading her tension.

Still unusually subdued, and with her body flinty and saliently taunt, her brow furrows in a dark frown, and then loosening her shoulders slightly, she sags with her arms dangling limply, and in a sudden shift of mood, her troubling eyes scan the ambient environ.

YO

(distractedly)

I guess so...

Her face is a mask of sorry, and her eyes concealing nothing, she is gripped with a terrible migraine and begins shaking her head tenuously from side to side, and with her head tightening from some internal throe, she slowly passes her hand over her eyes, and gently strokes her temple.

YO

(breathed...)

Yes...

CLOSING: Now with an unsettling coldness numbing her, there's such a shadow in her usually candid green-blue eyes, it is as though she's trying to erase some sort of self-deprecation to make amends for something.

CLOSE: Redolent, and with tears filming her eyes, she nods, willingly, then looking up, she gently kisses the sky.

BLINKING A LITTLE TIME AWAY:

18. EXT. CHASM - LATE AFTERNOON

WIDENING RAPIDLY: Yo, flickering her eyelashes, she lifts her head and sniffs the fresh air, and the canvas erupts with water, water, and more water, ferociously cascading, crashing, and splashing everywhere.

EXPANSIVELY: In a spectacular panoramic view, the stimulation and magnitude of an awesome momentous undertaking suddenly bursts in a riot of colour, and just at the edge of a RIDGE, overlooking an enormous crevasse, a deep chasm is flanked by mighty massive mountains, as far as the eye can see.

PANNING: With a RAINBOW shining diagonally towards what appears to be a very Old Rainforest, an overwhelming feeling of profound greatness, and a sense of a real beginning, is thrust upon us.

NATURES' mesmerising symphony takes over with all of its idyll potency and grandeur, and sustaining the sensation, we marvel the supreme forces of nature, and life flourishing within.

GRADUALLY CLOSING: Yo, fully appreciating the enormity of such a venture, acknowledges in a thoughtful drawl, and just then something whirs around her head, and IT emits sounds that range from scolding to entreaty.

As IT lands on her hide, she stands still, with the erect stiffness of someone who dares not move a muscle, but smiling with incredulous joy, she slowly eases towards the diminutive beast.

CLOSE: IT is resentful but obedient, and all Yo can do is remain limp with bewildered kindness. Perched on her shoulder, and returning her gaze, is the juvenescent DRACO, the profane emissary from the Guardian State.

WIDENING: With its draconic features and tiny eyes aglow, like winking green-fired jewels, regards, Yo, with wary curiosity, and twittering with conflicting wishes, its miniature wings unfurl into gilt transparencies, aglitter in the sunlight, and as it hesitate a beat, it tilts its head and registers incredulity and indecision.

In a mixture of transmissions, its wings remain up, but the tautness, which precedes flight, relaxes, and pacing the length of her arm, it stands near her face to observe her, and it gazes steadfastly until she feels her eye muscles strain to keep from crossing.

Then awkwardly, it tries to imitate her actions, but again, its tiny head cocks, and its eyes glisten actively as they whirl with surprise and increase doubt, and after a momentary pause, with malicious pleasure, it turns and glances charmingly at the captivated koala.

(CONT'D)

18 CONTINUED:

The glary-eyed fluff-face lets out a soft smoky laugh, and taking a second longer look, is sceptical, and rather mesmerised by its features and behaviour, and with a half-dreamy-smile, he goes to say something, but decides to back off, not wanting to scare the little creature.

Then flying up on busy wings, it hovers defensively, and with slight overtones of curiosity and alarm, it wafts cool air across the face of the roo, who, finding it wincingly funny, blinks to adjust her vision.

As she turns winsomely to the little creature, it attempts to land on her arm again, and stiffening defensively, it hisses, and with it's eyes rolling weirdly, it gives her a long penetrating look.

CLOSING: Something in its candid gaze disturbs the roo deeply, and losing her concentration a little, she wobbles slightly, and unbalanced by the sudden movement, it jerks its head back and digs its razor-sharp claws piercingly into her arm.

WIDENING: Then instantly responding with a yelp 'OUCH!' and adding a gasp as she jars and shakes her arm, she dislodges the little beast in the process.

Magically, in mid-fall, the creature disappears, and the koala, wearing a fleeting expression of mute shock, is open-mouthed and wide-eyed with astonishment, and jerking his body back hastily, he puffs his cheeks with mild annoyance, and then simmering with lenity, bends his expression into a sympathetic grimace.

Suddenly it reappears, circles, takes one look at the roo, and abruptly disappears, and then reappears again, lithesome and adroitly buzzing, and its protective colouring blends with Green and Gold.

The roo, immediately grasping the little creature's thoughts, cracks a smile, and in generating reassurance and affection, the gyration of its lovely jewel-faceted eyes slows and it smiles back shyly.

Then making a graceful survey of her aura, the draconic messenger is finally satisfied in identifying its quested patron and goes into a surety hover, and edifies prophetically.

DRACO

(in a ringing tone...)

Earth, wind, and fire will rage, and
with the sky blackening, the moon will
rule eternal darkness, if not the sun
anew... It is at the Crystal Palace...
That the Force of Light will be with
you...

(CONT'D)

18 CONTINUED:

The zappy little creature takes flight, zipping high up into the air, and the young roo, instinctively, stupefyingly, breaths a mere mental morpheme whisper...

YO

(devoicing...)

Don't go...

WIDENING: The consonant ends in a pained sob, and dottily obsessed by the arcane departure, the duo watch as it heads towards the great forest.

ABRUPT AND OBLIQUE ANGLE: Meanwhile, down below in the muddy and unsavoury undergrowth, the villainous Broc lurches into view, and leading TWO SHADOWY CONSORT FIGURES to the edge of a crevasse next to the waterfall, they waylay menacingly.

DESCENDING - EXPANSIVELY: Bo looks out over the plummeting waterfall of the ancient wilderness, and see the visually, awe-inspiring, sweepingly panoramic spaciousness of a land with unimaginable transcendental beauty.

ASCENDING, WIDENING AND PANNING: Dark foreboding CLOUDS loom overhead, and a gibbous MOON, with a fateful miasma stare, makes an ominous and malign presence.

CLOSING: The duo, having noticed it too, are perhaps a little wary of its formidable shade, and then easing their tension, they casually lounge on the grass verge.

Then all of a sudden, the roo points skyward, and deviating to the right, a brightly twinkling ORB appears glistening.

YO

(pointing...)

Oh! What's that?

SPACE IMAGE: Recherché features of various coloured masses, swimming a many-hued globe, are lushly embellished in an airy inscape...

VARIOUS ANGLES: A hypnotic display of the recalescing and radiating vesper, with its splendiferous odd whitish-pink entities of clouds, purl and spot its asteriated sphere.

INVENTIVE ANGLES: In the fuliginous ovoid, greyish gases swirl around profusely, and with lively glints and fulgent sparkles, the heavenly glowing embers emblaze and twinkle aesthetically, like a beautiful fairy ballerina in space.

CLOSING: Meanwhile, the little koala finds something oddly and tantalizingly familiar about this hypnotic phenomenon, and in self-enlightenment, his astral telepathy connects him to the strange entity.

(CONT'D)

18 CONTINUED:

In his allurements, the SUBLIMINAL SIGN provides and indulges us with a tantalising glimpse of his genius, and majestically adorned, with great fervency, his precocious afflatus mindscape shows off its instinctive maven talents.

BO

That's the star Hesperus, the first
light before night... Goddess of love,
beauty...

(ending in a whisper...)

And mother of life...

It is indeed a weirdly strange encounter, and inured with an arresting cognisance of a forbidden anamnesis, he adds...

BO

The Guardian of eternal light...

Then suddenly, supervening a PROPHEMIC FLASH, and igniting his stream of consciousness, an intensely vivid simulacrum evokes a disquieting traumatic experience, borne aloft with heinous innominate gaseous images.

CLOSING: It's as though he was possessed with some sort of inner cabalistic Arcanum, an inviolate sanctity of the past, or perhaps something that will enlighten us later.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Meanwhile, the young roo is overawed by the nubilous experience, and with her softly spoken willingness, she ponders aloud.

YO

(eyes wide)

Wow... How did you know all that? ...

Then suddenly, the little koala is clinches with a primitive stab of fear, and with a small pulse of reason wisping his brow, he returns her gaze steadily, and having realized his arcane espial enlightenment, he self-consciously withdraws into a mood of resignation.

BO

(softly)

I just do, that's how...

'Oh' ... The somewhat addled roo realigns her features into a frown, and after a brief pause, she grins broadly, and then turning slightly, she gazes at him with increased respect.

Just then, a streak of light shoots across the sky, and in their epiphany, they're granted a reward...

YO & BO

(in unison, echoic...)

MAKE A WISH!

(CONT'D)

18 CONTINUED:

And that they do, ever so fervently...

SKYWARD: The SHOOTING STAR fizzles away into the atmosphere of a gegenschein horizon...

ASCENDING AND STEADYING: After a glowing pause, and without further ado...

YO

Better rest, we've got a long journey
ahead of us.

Chewing on a blade of grass, and feeling quite fatigued, she glances down with a bemused grin, half for his quirk, and half for a nostalgic memory of her roo playmates, and then finding an appropriate resting next to a hollow log embedded on the ground, she settles for the night.

The lazy koala, however, content on munching some gum leaves, looks around warily.

BO

So... How are we going to find the
Crystal Palace?

Lost in thought, she intuitively selects some grass to store in her pouch, and after a moment's pause, she involuntarily glances over and grins chivalrously at his dozing off.

YO

(softly)

Follow our dreams, I guess... ...

(sighing deeply...)

Arhhh... Mahnah...

Suddenly, catching herself staring at the snoring koala hugging the log and fast asleep, she's in such a somnolent that she's unable to keep her heavy eyelids open any longer.

CLOSING: Then crouching down, she rests her weary head on the log next to him, and smiling with innocent serenity as her elbow gently touches his, a connection of reassurance and nurturing intimacy is kindled.

ASCENDING: Nearby, a light zephyr drifting through the shrubs activates the mise-en-scène, and in the vesperal milieu, the BIRDS around them seem strangely active, with RAVENS wailing, and PIED CURRAWONGS slicing through the thickening gloom.

WIDENING: The forest is alive with FRIARBIRDS chattering and shrieking from the crowns of the green forest giants, and they're debating ownership of its fruits and flowers.

(CONT'D)

18 CONTINUED:

MOVING ANGLE: A pair of NANKEEN KESTRELS hover side-by-side high above before plummeting towards the profluent waterfall.

STEADYING ANGLE: A small SUNBOW radiating from the water-saturated atmosphere just above, distends over the duo's heads, and the coloured crystal incandescently glitter.

ASCENDING: Moving up into the sky and looking out at the setting sun, the canvas becomes filmy and brume...

CROSS-FADE:

Meanwhile, a short time later, the croc and the SHADOWY FIGURES who were skulking in the brush, appear, and as they slowly lean forward to take a closer look at the sleeping juveniles, the slobbering slack-jawed croc, with his insatiable thirst, locks eyes onto a mouth-watering.

BROC

Koala T-bone, for me... And Kangaroo tail, for you... Heeh-heeh-heeh...

The young roo, stirring slightly, settles back to sleep, and from within her pouch, slithers the Vine, undulating silkily and ghosting mystically, it waft-creeps on wisp-thin air across the deep crevasse.

Then lithesome, and worming stealthily towards the croc and his two offsidiers' grassy patch, it weaves its way into a tangle of uplifted roots at the edge of the cliff, and yanks hard.

WIDENING RAPIDLY: With the small piece of earth giving way, it's just enough too send the croc and two shadowy figures over the edge.

MOVING ANGLE: Slipping off into the crevasse, they nose-dive into a spiralling descent, and plummet dizzyingly towards the crushing waters of the mighty waterfall.

DESCENDING: The black clad creatures, now seen as VRAX and ZHENN, simultaneously grab hold of the spread-eagled BROC by a foreleg and the tail, and both frantically flapping away from the ferocious waters, up into the air they go.

ASCENDING: The THREE drenched FIGURES fly into the SUNSET, and with their black bulk silhouetted against the lighter night sky of the afterglow, they gloom into twilight.

But we move the other way into the altostratus clouds, and locking onto the obscure three quarter gloaming moon, its throbbing halo reminds us of its foreboding presence.

DESCENDING AND WIDENING EXPANSIVELY: The far HORIZON dims as an iridescent gegenschein hangs over the OLD RAINFOREST...

(CONT'D)

18 CONTINUED:

FX: A LONG-DRAWN WAILING COMES DOWN THE WIND, LIKE THE CRY OF SOME EVIL AND LONELY CREATURE...

CROSS-FADE:

19. EXT. RED ROCK - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: Hauntingly, back in the drowned ruins, at the foot of the bleak and unforgiving surrounds of the decaying RED ROCK, hundreds of Vulturians spill out from misty caves and take flight in the clear midnight blue sky, and amidst the chaos, a sense of serenity.

INSERT: Bro, tottering through a misty Twilight World, moves past foggy shapes of gnarled trees, and somewhere behind him, Pahpoo's distraught voice, carries from another dimension.

CLOSING: Parched-lipped and debilitated, and wilting under the weight of fear and helplessness, he suddenly stops and cowers against a rock, like a lost and abandoned child.

IMAGE: In an uncomfortable smouldering procreative silence, sinuous swirls aerate, and with a flash, as though coming from the flaming depths of Hades, something very sinister is afoot.

INSERT: Within the nicks, crags, and crannies, a frazzled, swarthy faced, Bro, sombrely hiding behind a rock, nervously peers through a crevice.

FX: EERIE SCREECHES ECHO ACROSS A CREVASSE...

CLOSING: In the darkness, Bro, heavily respiring, and with his head propped up against the rock-face, a shaft of light falls across his eyes, and the utter cold of the dimension painfully irritates the sores on his face, and the awful nothingness makes his bones ache.

BRO'S POV: He looks up at an overwhelming VULTURIAN ARMY blanketing the bleak and ominous sky...

CLOSE: Then painfully gasping in abject horror at the sight of the vastly darkening mass far above his head, he abruptly and insanelly, turns away with his profile melting into the shadow...

FX: WILDCATS CATERWAULING...

IMAGE: Moving into a harrowing darkness, suddenly out of the black abyss, a swirling DARK CLUSTER appears, and fire erupts in its centre and burns the canvas...

FX: A WRETCHED CREATURE SCREAMS IN PAIN...

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

INSERT: From a disturbing glimpse of horrified animals fleeing, a cliff towers in the night, and with the wind blowing cold, a BEARDED DRAGON LIZARD shivers at its edge.

ANOTHER INSERT: As a BROAD-TOOTHED RAT springs out of harm's way, an inconspicuous WHITE-LIPPED SNAKE, slithers lethargically down a dysprosium-covered ROCK, and then disappears under a mossy log.

BACK AT RED ROCK: The sinister Zhenn, with insane eyes and the face of evil, steps into view, and in the foreground, a BONFIRE rages to the hum of the stirring melee, and casts eerie shadows.

WIDENING: Broc is slumped on the red dirt, and encircled by whipping flames dancing fiercely and tantalizingly close, a group of Vulturians close in.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Suddenly one of the youngish CREATURES with a wicked BEAKED-JAW, snarls, springs forward, and begins pecking at the croc tail.

CLOSING: Broc winces as the tip of ANOTHER BEAK sinks into his shoulder.

FX: BENEATH THE HUM, A WHISPERED MURMUR IS INVOCATING...

LOW ANGLE AND RISING: Vrax, standing on a megalith, looks up at the sinister MOON and makes a sacrificial offering.

VRAX

... for you, my dear MOON, and may
you bring us the darkness that we all
so rightfully deserve...

(looking down,
vehemently...)

Take this croc and...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Broc, suddenly braking loose from the Vulturians' grasp, edges back a little and utters whispers of denial, so soft, that it can barely be heard.

BROC

(mouthing...)

No-no! Please, I'll do anything you
ask. I'll tell you anything you want
to know...

Then shot with a stern glance, he rises daringly and lurches forward with determined reassurance.

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

BROC

(*melodramatically*)

All the animals are gathering at the Crystal Palace. They say the White Dove is going to open the Sky Gates and let the New sun Shine... They are the ones who oppose you...

(*lachrymosely...*)

Not me... Spare me... please...

Zhenn, who is standing nearby, looks pitilessly at Broc, and then turning slightly, shakes her head to an accompanying minder.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Vrax's eyes blacken, and snarling fractiously, he utters abhorrently...

VRAX

Enough! ... There will be no New sun...

On the word 'NO' a shudder goes through Broc's fevered body, and with his eyes flinging open in gaping horror, he makes a final pathetic bid.

BROC

(*mouthng...*)

Please...

Vrax, plucking at an irritating chest hair, and then pulling a recalcitrant forelock back from his eyes, snarls querulously...

VRAX

Silence! ...

It is so grotesquely demanded that Broc is obliged to desist from his apology, and he turns away with a glazing look.

Lynx-eyed Zhenn, taking sobering satisfaction that Vrax did not seem the least bit interested in the croc's ravings, knew all along that he was half-teasing.

However, there's something so repellent about the glitter in Vrax's eyes and the nasty edge to his sordid laugh that Broc feels the scales raise on the back of his squamate neck.

VRAX

(*with simpering
enthusiasm...*)

Two more dark moons and the Universe will fade...

(*evil personified*)

Then, an endless entity will emerge, and we will all, remain, in absolute DARKNESS, forevermore...

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

FX: LOUD CRACKLING THUNDER ROARS...

ABRUPT ANGLE: A great shadow falls over the dragooned Broc, and he rests his head down onto the red dirt, forsaken and ennui.

OBLIQUE ANGLE: A flash of lightning wakens the moon, and with it wavering and waning as its darkened halo dissolves, in its opacity, uneasiness begins to filters through.

WIDENING: Vrax lifts his awesome sinewy wings, whips his draconic tail, and lashes the red dust.

SKYWARD: With clouds dispersing, the moon slowly throbs and strengthens, and then begins to restore its DARHK HALO.

WIDENING: Now, with Vrax in deep concentration, and Zhenn and the other Vulturians kneeling and bowing their heads towards the MOON, they lapse into solemn silence as they meditate.

ABRUPT ANGLE: A sudden LIGHTNING FLASH reveals Broc grinning with pure mischief, and as another LIGHTNING FLASHES, the Old Croc, wittingly vanishes.

WIDENING: Ensuing the momentary lull, we rise from the winds of black dust and ultramontanes, and as intermittent tremors and distant rumblings manifest, in the rapidly altering background, the once dormant volcano wakens with a vengeance.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Disgorging violently, it leashes out natures' wrath with convulsive blasts, and spurting pernicious lava and ash it streaks the clear blue sky with darkness.

QUICK ANGLES: In a heated melee of stomping claws, red dust beats up, and with heavy rustling and shrieking raging, snarling beaked nostrils let loose lots of steamy bad-breath.

DESCENDING ANGLE: Suddenly TWO thundering sinew Vulturians, with claws of lethality, swing down precipitately, and one, just missing a small DESERT CREATURE who was innocently wandering out from the loamy undergrowth.

INSERT - CLOSING: The infinitely sinister Zhenn squeeze her eyes shut...

IMAGES: QUICK PSYCHIC BLASTS, and a DARK SHADOW, smothers the simulacrum...

FADE TO BLOOD RED...

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

IMAGE: With evil darkness fading, a burst of flames and burning lava gushes out from the volcano, and streaming forth it surges EASTWARD towards the OLD RAINFOREST, and brings destruction in its wake...

CROSS-FADE:

20. EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

In a peaceful mellifluous setting, dappled sunlight plays on a richly grassed clearance, and the sound of nearby running water drifts through a vista of fir trees.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Suddenly Pahpah lets out a startled cry, and pulling himself free, spins around to face his assailant.

WIDENING: Frowzy-looking, Bro, steps into a shaft of moonlight, and with his coat dirty and ragged from much travelling, and his hair and hide much unkempt, paranoia blazes in his eyes.

Pahpah grabs him by the shoulders, and looking him squarely in the eyes, shakes him vigorously.

PAHPAH

(*angrily*)

Where are they? What did you find out?

Bro straightens frigidly, and his brow furrows deeply as the guttered lines from his high-bridged nose pulls his mouth down at the corners, and with his eyes darkly smudged and bloodshot, feverishly shakes his head from side to side, and grimly fights back tears.

BRO

(*with ragged breathing...*)

Pahpoo... Didn't make it...

(*lachrymosely...*)

And...

THE DISQUIETING NEWS IS DEAFENING...

Pahpah clenches his teeth with an audible snap, and with the colour draining from his swarthy face, a rumbling sound issues from him though the gears of his thinking were sifting audibly, and then leaning in aggressively, and his voice turns hard.

PAHPAH

(*excruciatingly*)

Well, what about, Yo? ...

Bro, overwhelmed with despair, tears pour down his cheeks, and with his shuddering sobs shaking a body already weakened by fasting, has trouble keeping his composure, and resigns with a helpless shrug...

(CONT'D)

20 CONTINUED:

BRO

Don't know...

Pahpah moves as close to him as possible, but Bro's feverish eyes cannot see him or anything else but shadows, and with his moans so faint, so piteous, that Pahpah closes his eyes against the pain of his tone.

Then turning his face away, and with his lips barred as if his teeth were fastened on an imaginary target, his body arches with emphatic effort.

FADE TO BLACK AND THEN FLARING AND BURNING INTO WHITE...

FADE IN:

WIDENING: In the distant horizon, a magnificent AURORA lights up the sky, and with a stunning TIME-LAPS of the night sky slowly succumbing to the light of day, set the tone of the landscape and the dawn of a new day...

21. EXT. THE CYANIC ARROYOS - MORNING

AERIAL: The morning mist clears as the duo, nimbly kangaback down a precarious dirt track along a viridescent cliff-face slope, and with downward momentum making easy going, Bo grits his teeth in wanderlust and urges Yo to greater speed.

MOVING ANGLE: Then as they pass a gum tree, the dexterous koala whips off a small branch and catches it, and he then offers some leaves to his companion, who, having pre-empted his gesture, is already chewing on some savoury grass which was previously stored in her pouch.

YO

(smirking...)

No, I'm right, thanks.

The grumpy koala, mildly curious, gives her a rumble and a knowing grin, from ear to ear, and having already sensed that she's not yet acquired the taste for gum leaves, the cheeky little koala wanted to tease her just the same.

MOVING ANGLE - AERIAL: The duo, continuing to trek the gradually winding versant, the long slender roo tail waves lithely and gracefully and leaves a spectral trail behind them.

IN SUDDEN SHIFT OF ANGLE: we, however, turn in the opposing direction and move upwards, and while reaching high into the sky, we look back away from our travel...

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED:

WIDENING: Meanwhile, in the distance, a sea of boiling LAVA covers a vast stretch of LAND, and it's heading towards The Blue Mountains, on route to the east coast, in a relentless foray...

While progressively revealing the fragility and scale of an imminent environmental and ecological disaster, the dawning of the massive destruction of woodlands seems inevitable, and with the terrains rapidly putrefying, sends the Wildlife into absolute frenzy...

MOVING ANGLE - SKYWARD: A dark malefic shadow falls upon Earth, and as it trails the nether realm of devastation, the MOON, not yet full, and its dark gassy aura throbbing and swirling around its circumference, passes just below the sun, and partly eclipses it...

IMAGE: The DARHKENING SKY slowly CONSUMES us...

FADE IN:

HIGH ANGLE: dark forces are gathering on the plateau, and with the new hybrid creatures, now more and more like Vrax, have partly replaced their feathers for scaly leather and DINO-SCORPIOID features, and they're stomping around ceremoniously to a spiritual theme...

INSERT - AERIAL: The kangaroo herd moving rapidly through the GRASSLAND turn sharply towards the hills...

FX: DISTANT HOWLING RESONATES IN THE WIND...

To the EAST of the mountains, the green goods run down the pale gleam of a great river, and beyond, the land appears flat and empty, formless and vague, until far away, it rises again like a dark and dreary wall, and the SUN that lies above it is curtained by an altostratus which has the power to enlighten the shadows that lie below.

ASCENDING: There's a palpable sense of uneasiness as the moon torches down onto the obsidian, covered plateau, and as we spiral up to the plateau's summit, Vrax's utterings fills the surreal mise-en-scène.

IMAGE: A CIRCLE of Vulturians doing a ceremonial moon dance is emitting a darkish funnel-like beam directed skyward, but we, however, moving in the opposite direction, continue our flight, and amidst the harsh GUTTURAL WORDS, a turbulence of fear engenders.

VRAX O/S

The end is nearing. Time will begin to fade...

FX: CRACKLING LIGHTNING... AND ROARING THUNDER...

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED:

VRAX O/S

(booming portentously)

The last shine is only one more dark
Moon away! ...

On the word 'dark' his voice reverberates, and sends us into darkness...

FADE IN:

INSERT: The morning sun slants through the entrance of the gloom of a dank and stifling cavern, and in the haziness, near a tenebrous murky pool of water, a shadowy outline of a soused reptilian figure is brooding.

CLOSING: Cloistered and blanched in half-light, is the distraught croc trying to control his frightened breathing, and in the cramped space, mutters vindictively.

BROC

I'll get those rascal critters. I'll
show them. Just you wait and see...
Arrrrhhh... I'm so hungry I could eat
a...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Then sharply distracted by a movement in the miry cesspool, he snaps at IT, and chews IT... 'Hmmm...' He savoured, somewhat distastefully.

HOVERING ANGLE: Surrounding him, the whorl ripples of roiled sediment appears to be glowing, and hypnotically, feeling himself caught up in the hunger, he vicariously dissipates his anger by munching on an imaginary koala chop.

Then with sudden interruption, he turns to a faint noise coming from down one of the passages of the grotto behind him.

FX: SOUNDS OF A MALICIOUS DRAWL FADES IN AND OUT...

WHIP-PAN: Sneaking a look, we see a disturbing glimpse of a small emaciated, simian creature, with villous arms and withered branch-like fingers, gripping onto the cave wall.

WEIRD ANGLE: Looking straight at us with its grotesquely luminous eyes, it blinks with malice, and then quickly darts into a passage.

DIMMING: The croc, bathed in uncomfortable darkness, turns and crawls sluggishly through a cold and muddy tunnel.

INSERT - WIDENING: Moving alarmingly fast, and soaring away from the mountains, the darkening green forest and jagged white peaks, recedes into a shroud of mist.

22. EXT. OLD RAINFOREST - AFTERNOON

DESCENDING: As the screaming native Wildlife amasses, the crammed and quarrelling animals, reptiles, birds, and insects move every-which-way, and in a desperate clamour for information, anarchy and delirium rapidly infest from the noisome avian nests, huts, and haunts.

Elsewhere, family groups are being persuaded by their leaders to move along, and adding to the confusion, some rebellious youngsters run around heralding the dark news of the beginning of the end.

Meanwhile, the kangaroos gathered at the edge of a rivulet appear to be flustered, and are exhibiting aggressive behaviour such as sniffing, hissing, stamping, and pawing.

The young roo, however, are unconcerned and playing chase, and a couple of elders that were wilting in the afternoon sun, raise their heads from their drinking positions, and wonder what on earth all the commotion is about.

MOVING IN REAL TIME, AGAINST A SLOW MOTION BACKGROUND: As Mahnah warily approaches Pahpah he suddenly clutches his head, as though being hit by something consumedly disturbing.

SEVERAL QUICK IMAGES - WITH INTERMITTENT FLASHES: Evil and grotesque dark creatures wreathed in flames, abruptly implode, and then explode.

WIDENING: Then breaking the malaise mood, a shambling old GOANNA splashing its way past the nonplussed kangaroo herd, is momentarily halted...

MAHNAH

Why the big rush, Goanna? ...

The Goanna, with its complexion flushed and temper to match, stops to catch its breath...

GOANNA

(haggardly)

Run for your lives! The dark Force is on its way!

Then seeming about to add another thought, it clears its throat instead, and glancing around nervously, as if catching a glimpse of something in the woods, it swiftly trots off.

MOVING ANGLE: Startled at the ominous warning the herd turns to Pahpah, and a hysterical, PARROT #1 garishly ruffles by with intermittent screeches of fickle, fuddled, fluttering, spluttering, and spluttering gobbledygook.

(CONT'D)

22 CONTINUED:

PARROT #1

The mountains are spitting with fire and
a sea of burning rock is heading towards
us! WE ARE ALL DOOMED! ... DOOMED!!! ...

ANOTHER ANGLE: Another hysterical, PARROT #2, fancifully
follows, and it too is just as crazy...

PARROT #2

(screeching...)

Scram everyone! ... The world is coming
to an end... Ack-ack-ack-ack!!! ...

In the midst of the hurried frenzy, an asinine GOANNA
boorishly flounders by, and having stumbled, it stops for a
breather and irritably brushes back a forelock, and then
with an eccentric disposition, heralds crazily...

GOANNA

Hurry on everyone... Hurry to the Crystal
Fountain... Hurry-hurry-hurry...

Then galumphing forward, it accidentally tramples on an
innocuous looking CARPET SNAKE, who then, lifting its
squashed head with an expression of shock and indignation
crossing its weather-lined reptilian face, it hisses and
slithers away.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Frightened young Freddie suddenly springs up
in the grass, and with unlit deep brown eyes peering
straight at us, he tosses away a long stem from his mouth,
and the other YOUNG ROO suddenly appear, popping up one by
one.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Terrified of being left behind, they
quickly hop over to the rest of the herd, calling...

FREDDIE

(wild-eyed)

Daddy! Daddy! What are we going to do?!

PIXI

(cross-eyed)

Mummy-mummy-mummy! ... I'm scared! ...

SPIKE & YOUNGIES

(crying out, erratically...)

Daddy! Daddy...! Dddd...! Mmmm...! Mmmm...! ...

ABRUPT LOW ANGLE: Surly Pahpah steps up and glances down at
the youngsters, and with hands trembling, and face fevered
and sweating, it's as though he's gripped by some terrible
internal struggle.

FX: A SUDDEN LOUD SCREECHING ROUSES HIS TORPOR...

(CONT'D)

22 CONTINUED:

ANGLING UP: A VULTURIAN SCOUT brakes into the air above and trumpets its presence, and with such a wingspan, it occupies most of our view.

MOVING ANGLE: The Wildlife goes into a panicked frenzy, and with the distraught animals braking into a run, adds to the frightening tension in the air.

CLOSING: Pahpah motions the herd to stand steady, and they do so with prepared alert posturing, obviously rehearsed many times before.

VARIED ANGLED: The animals, stampeding every-which-way, are eventually absorbed into the throng.

DIRECTLY ABOVE: The Vulturian squalls loudly as it circles a couple of times, and then shrieking powerfully as it wings away, it creates a massive updraft that destabilises the mise-en-scène.

CLOSING: Mahnah shoots a knowing look and Pahpah averts his steely gaze.

WIDENING: Turning westward, his face assumes grave lines, and instinctively aware, in a wailing whimper, he deeply probes his mindscape.

Just behind them, coming into view, Bro throws an indulgent smile at Spike, and only betraying his disquiet, when the youngster looks away.

Further back, in absolute chaos and running amok, the WILD CRUSH of ANIMALS, heads towards a brightly lit area.

INSERT: Elsewhere, while TWO TASSIE DEVILS yelp and fight to be first through a passage, a TURTLE strolls past and is oblivious to the panic and impending danger.

VARIOUS IMAGES: As the harsh midday sun bleaches the parched and desolate landscape, the outback winds turn runaway Spinifex into straw, and across the red cliffs, forms of twisted dead trees lean and litter the habitat.

INSERT: The high-spirited duo, traversing a treacherous track over deep sands and then onto skull rattling corrugated gravel, are revelling in the pace and momentum.

CROSS-FADE:

ASCENDING: The once beautiful pastures are now pitted and incinerated wasteland with mephitic smoke and fire billowing out from numerous cracks and crevices.

CLOSING: The haunting desolate landscape surrounding the RED ROCK is littered with toxic fumes seeping out from tunnels, fumaroles and vent holes.

(CONT'D)

22 CONTINUED:

FX: STRANGE GUTTURAL MOTIVATIONAL CHANTS ECHO UP FROM DEEP UNDERGROUND...

MOVING ANGLE: Several Vulturians appear in the sky, and after momentarily circling, they then head downwards with dizzying speed towards the red dirt.

LOW ANGLE: Zhenn glides up to a ledge and settles in a familiar spot where she expects to be sunning herself.

CLOSING: Just then, a commotion starts in one of the CAVERNS, and she extends her wings into a flight position.

CLOSER: Craning her neck towards the entrance, and with her weight leaning forward in a disciplinary manner, she stalls a moment.

BUT we MOVE THE OTHER WAY, AND DISSOLVE INTO THE SUN-DRENCHED SKY...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

23. EXT. OLD GUMTREE — LATE AFTERNOON

In a serene and euphonious ambiance, the duo rest beneath a very old patulous gum tree dappled in sunlight, probably the very first gum tree ever, and with its huge trunk and mottled branches stretching out, it covers an idyllic setting which is adorned with white flowers arrayed among the well-seeded GRASSES.

Then suddenly facing one another, they begin laughing cheekily, nothing naughty, just happy to have reached this far together was a moment to savour.

BO

(*rubbing tummy...*)

Well, that's what I call a yummy dinner.

Deflating, and also satisfied with her well-earned grassy feed, daintily settles her lingering eyes on her friend.

YO

(*amiably*)

Yes...

Then looking around, enjoying the familiarity, she smiles to herself, and then putting some grass and a few leftover gum leaves into her pouch, she sneaks another admiring glance.

Responding, with intuit sensibility, he turns and looks at her curiously, and barely able to suppress a chuckle, they retire on the sloped green, and rest contently.

(CONT'D)

23 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: The VINE, just visible in Yo's pouch, is seemingly at home...

ASCENDING: As another day slips over the horizon, it quickly falls into owl-light, and the duo are asleep under a star-filled sky...

24. EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - TWILIGHT WORLD

SHARING A DREAM: As we enter the breathtaking hermetic world through the window of Natures' mysteries, we are inexplicably drawn into a euphonious nocturne mood, with magical bubbling spherules, lustrously shimmer and glimmer, and encircling the dreamscape periphery.

ASCENDING ANGLE: The duo, enwreathed in an oasis of calm, an effulgent aura encircles their pneumatic dreamscape with a backdrop of a zillion stars, and ensconced in this limned spherically terrestrial landscape, they levitate tranquilly in this infinite and unknown spiritual entity, and spiral aerially into the serenity of supernal space.

Then breathed from the heavens, an invigorating airy crescendo transcends in a lustral omniscient utterance.

GUARDIAN

(*subliminally*)

... It is time... The beginning is about to end... The New Sun will give birth to a New Dawn, and a new world will emerge...

(*edifyingly*)

You have been chosen, long before your time, and now you must serve, for future's sake... A green and golden era is awaiting to fulfil your dreams...

(*profoundly*)

May the Power of Light be with you...

Angelically, on the word, 'YOU', a bright FLASH lights up the canvas, and supervening with a spectacular shower of effulgent and iridescent sparkles, it then evanesces and evaporates as it touches the oviform dreamscape.

MOVING ANGLE: Underscored by a dreamy ambient rhythm, we, along with THEIR terrarium jelly-like haven, begin to rotate slowly, awlirl like a merry-go-round, but only a little more, wobbly.

As the glistening effect dissipates, the Vine slowly slips out from Yo's cosy pouch, and magically and gradually, it de-materializes into Pahpoo's luminary apparition.

(CONT'D)

24 CONTINUED:

HOVERING ANGLE: While manoeuvring within the ambit space, he solemnizes the sleeping duo in a warm glow of satisfaction, sanctity and forbearing spirit, and with his felicific eyes softening affectionately, he profiles, tactically, and gently air-brush-strokes the progenies.

PAHPOO

(*impassioned*)

Ah, my precious little ones... You have been blessed by the heavens... You are now ready for the greatest challenge of your life...

(*winsomely*)

Follow your instincts and let your senses guide you... For you are the gifted ones...

And on the REVERBERATING word, 'ONES', we go into an episode of VERTIGO...

Then dissolving back into the real world, a smoky whirlpool smoulders into a SWIRL of devastatingly hot bubbling lava...

CROSS-FADE:

25. EXT. OUTBACK TERRAIN — TWILIGHT HOUR

As we focus on the bleak and imposing vista of destruction caused by the ferocious stream of lava, its apparent brutal pulverisation of everything and anything in its path, has left a trail of devastation, so overwhelmingly bare.

MOVING PROWLING ANGLE: The RED ROCK, now in its renewed evil manifestation, dominates the landscape with its ascendancy, and the infernal barren wasteland surrounding it, is riddled with fire, ash and dust, and the fields and trees have been replaced with pits belching smoke, and the air is polluted with poisonous fumes.

IMAGES OF ATROPHY...

WIDENING: Impressions of countless crashing waves have carved spectacular channels into lichen-coated cliffs of the receding lava banks.

Further back down the trail, where a cockatoo ceremonial gathering had taken place, was abruptly cut short, and now only a few burnt feathers remained as they scattered out of harm's way.

MOVING ANGLE: Approaching The Blue Mountains, the lava appears to have gathering momentum and is manifesting ominously, and with the three sister mountains fearfully creating gaps between themselves to minimize the burn and hurt, they scream girlishly as the percolating molten lava drubs its way through the sylvatic locus.

(CONT'D)

25 CONTINUED:

ASCENDING: The forbidden cauldron of bones is charring, like overcooked potpourri stew in lava paste, and rising with the all-pervasive, the repulsing stench escapes into the cinereous smoke-filled atmosphere.

FX: DISTANT GROWLING GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER, AND OVER THE RUMBLING, A SINISTER SONOROUS LAUGHTER THUNDERS...

WIDENING EXPANSIVELY: As the sunset fades beyond the horizon, the haunting blackening sky, is perhaps a bleak omen, of what's to come.

FADE IN:

26. EXT. CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

With dusk rapidly falling, the herd of kangaroos trail at the rear end of a queue of a motley array of Wildlife, and with its seemingly perpetual throng leading to a clearance of an illuminating milieu, it appears like a spiritual procession on pilgrimage to a holy sanctuary.

MOVING ANGLE: Manoeuvring through the FOREST towards the crystalline specula PALACE, the CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN is abuzz and awash with colour, and somewhat obscured by prismatic-like images it mirrors and reflects psychedelically.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Pahpah, looking over his shoulder with a tortured expression, has only one thing on his mind...

FX: A PENSIVE THEME SWELLS...

INSERT: An almost full and fiery MOON, hiding behind shadowy CLOUDS, shields itself from the beams of psychedelic light...

A FLASH WHITENS THE CANVAS...

FADE IN:

27. EXT. OLD GUMTREE - DAYBREAK

CLOSING RAPIDLY: Yo, looking straight at us, as though catching the thought of Pahpah, has only one thing on her mind, and with her patients wearing thin, gestures a feeling of urgency, and a flash of blue steel glitters in her eyes.

YO

Let's go...

WIDENING: Bo, hurriedly rising onto her back, spurs her, and off they go.

(CONT'D)

27 CONTINUED:

FLASH IMAGE: Green TREES slowly give way to a brown and withered land, and several Vulturian creatures force through the brushwood and take off with deadly purpose.

ANOTHER FLASH IMAGE: In a brief moment of blazing light, and like a silent flash of lightning, great shadows spring up and flee.

CROSS-FADE:

MOVING ANGLE: Four Vulturians, with impetus and downward momentum, fly along palisades like raiders of the apocalypse.

The leading Vulturian, with terse warning to its company, folds its wings and rolls and dives rapaciously towards an especially thick patch of verdure, and then breaking its descent with neck-snapping speed, swoops up a helpless unsuspecting creature.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Closely following, others aggressively pursue similar targeted prey...

CROSS-FADE:

28. EXT. MONTAGE OF AN OUTBACK FRONTIER JOURNEY — MORNING

In VIVID VISUALS of the many facets of the vast and omnific outback, the duo journey through the protean and cline wastelands, woodlands, moors, bush, jungle, everglades, streams, gulches, and ravines.

FX: AN UPLIFTING AND MELODIC MUSICAL THEME ACCOMPANIMENT...

DESCENDING: The duo, poised at the rim of a massive GORGE, breathe in deeply, and savouring the rich organic odours, they then look out meaningfully over an ocean of undulating cumulus clouds, and behold an expansive and most spectacular view.

Taking in this truly inspiring sensation and feeling the rapture of being alive, the disarming rawness and fantastic detail of this immensely powerful and magnificently free early morning, is heightened by a stunning array of hyper-real visuals.

Enthusiasm shines having scaled a rocky outcrop topped with unusual purple and black extrusions, and they look out to a splendorous spectrum of tree and plant life, and further, draped beyond is the mountain's layers of alpine vegetation.

MOVING ANGLE: Trudging through waist-deep Spinifex in remote wasteland, they head towards shimmering strands.

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

Then trekking along the fen of the far shore of a great purple lake, they pass great looming cliffs and jagged tors mirrored by deep coloured water, and nearby, sandbars and reefs provides sanctuary for large flocks of bird-life.

WIDENING: Dwarfed by the multifarious panoply rock walls of a chasm, and contemplating the honeyed glow emanating from its entrance, the soft stone of the bungle range is unmatched by the raging torrents of wet-season rain that carved many such chasms deep into the massif, and thereby created these convenient natural structures.

Then hiking over the gentle highlands, they stop to wipe the sweat from their eyes, and looking across the wild dry northeast, white gum rise from a sea of Spinifex and red dirt hills.

MOVING ANGLE: Wading through a shallow stream, where GEESE graze in abundance, a tussock-grassed slope supports a thriving black-tailed shearwater ROOKERY, and hides several opiated BLACK TIGER SNAKES and other SPECIES.

While the duo pass by a HERD of YELLOW-FOOTED ROCK WALLABIES, they're charmed by their adorned white check stripes, rich orange ears, forearms and legs, boldly striped tail, and soft white fur on their bellies.

PRYING ANGLE: A couple of vigilant overbearing elders stand watch in an alert posture while few subordinate males, several females, and an assortment of juveniles graze on grass and herbs among the rocks at the bottom of a ROCK PILE.

WIDENING: Nearby, some are browsing from small bushes and trees using their paws to pull down leaves, and others are sitting up and basking in the sun.

Pausing for a moment, and regarding the gorgeously marked marsupials as intently as they regard them, a youngster hops onto a rock outcrop and gazes watchfully.

One could easily be fascinated by these Wallabies' apparent curiosity and self-control, thinking that it resulted from a confidence born of their agility and speed in the event of a quick getaway, if necessary.

MOVING ANGLE: Footing is treacherous on the narrow strips of green and greasy stones, and before too long, they're back on solid ground, at speed.

WIDENING: Two Vulpine creatures run up a steep slope, rakishly and unnaturally fast, then stopping on top of a mound, they begin howling.

FX: HAUNTING HOWLS SWEEP ACROSS THE PLAINS...

In the distance, a trail of ominous plumes of smoke stretches across a splendidly primitive landscape.

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

Reaching the verdant escarpment, rough-hewn and brownish-yellow sandstone lie side-by-side with smooth grey granite.

In a wandering gaze over patches of headland and meadows of snow gum covered ridges, the foothills rise, eventually to the massive heights of the northern range, and gently merge with the wide plains of the outback.

To the west, striped beehive domes, lit in fiery red and gold, rise above the dry wash of creeks, and far beyond, seemingly endless dunes of the outback desert, with mirage figures shimmering in the sun.

To the east and south, an erg leads to the multiform Alps, which roll in dark waves towards the horizon.

Following a zigzag route, and while entering a multifaceted sublimely mixed forest of alpine ash and mountain gum, some huge old trees are gnarled and twisted, and with galls and withered etchings, and beautifully natural vibrant colours, on this day their trunks disappear into the thick mist that shroud the plateaus.

Tough brittle-gums and heath occasionally give way to steep bare mountainsides, on which patches of thick moss look like lumpy green rugs supporting clusters of plants, including carnivorous alpine sundews.

Isolated from the rest of the ALPS by deep VALLEYS, an endless sea of grass and purple hyacinth roll over the lowlands.

The duo, poised alongside a small stretch of a fast-flowing rocky stream in the mountain forest, they watch in awe as the waters coming from a brook, splits into fingers of white, and tumbles over boulders into a mist-shrouded chasm.

The exhilaration of the wilderness and the magnificence of the eclectic surroundings in this precious earthly paradise, gives THEM, and us, a sense of peace and realisation of the importance of Nature's role in this terrestrial evolution, and with all its precariousness and fragility, it's a humbling feeling connecting with its richness and the environment in all its rawness.

Further on, the dripping trees beside the tracks hang in a thick mist that seems to magnify the calls of GANG-GANG COCKATOOS, RAVENS, CURRAWONGS, SPOTTED PARDALOTES and KOOKABURRAS.

Oblivious and single-mindedly scanning every trunk, Vine, and rotten logs carpeted with delicate fungi, all of a sudden a forest dragon reptilian disrupts the attention.

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

Then while EMERALD DOVES hoot softly over the background buzz of CICADAS, they're lead away from the seclusion and follow a fern-lined path which winds around the massive buttress roots of ancient strangler figs and brier, and nearby, dim shapes of massive granite boulders and a gnarled snow gum with leaves blown horizontal by the rain-streaked wind, derelict the fringes.

INSERT: Suddenly an ARMY of Vulturian raiders apocalyptically and pervasively loom over the great PURPLE LAKE.

Taking the VIEW of a Vulturian being lead by the progenitor Vrax, and following along with Zhenn, the predacious Army of Vulturian prowlers glance down at the purview of an immense ELLIPSOID LAKE, glittering blindingly.

ADVANCING ANGLE: With the Vulturians' reflection mirroring in the still and lustrous purplish water, they partly circle, and then veer away.

OBLIQUE ANGLE: Vrax, dipping his wings suddenly, disappears from sight, and Zhenn, in giddiness and struggling to keep up, coyly swoops into a high banking turn and wings-over before aggressively matching his speed.

MOVING ANGLE: A couple of Vulturians peel off from the sides, and a cold instant later, are wheeling downward at high speed above a chain of stair lakes, startling blue in the early morning sun.

PROGRESSIVE: Vrax, framed briefly against the water, glides effortlessly, and with the sunlight intermittently gilding their russet bodies, Zhenn quickly gains on him, and they fly wingtip to wingtip, magnificently, and rest of the army methodically follow their lead.

WITHDRAWING: With the glaring sun reflecting from the glimmering cascading waters momentarily blinding our birds-eye view, we part company and refocus on the Vulturian army moving northeast.

Then while circling around to the west, we leave behind the discoloured and polluted waters below, cascading in gentian blue, and swinging around, down, and upwards against the flow of the cascading water, we eventually submerge, and drown in deep purple.

FX: THE ACCOMPANIMENT THEME FADES...

CROSS-FADE:

AERIAL: The duo kangaback along a rugged countryside, and hurriedly crossing a multiflorous grass field, they move away from an escarpment towards the everglades.

CRANING DOWN: As a CROW races towards us, the wetlands in the foreground reveals a bleak and unwelcoming sight of moss-green-covered trees and weird bushes.

29. EXT. MURKY SWAMP - MIDDAY

At the edge of a bemired and viridescent swamp, sinister effervescent undertones are lingering, and keeping with the pervading oddness, in the humid brume, a roo-paw tips back the scarred piliferous foliage, and turning down the broad saw-edged swamp grass, wary Yo turns, ever so slightly, and catches Bo's stunned eyes, and she gestures, wordlessly, forwardly.

While peering through the thick and reeky verdure, in a skin crawling cringe-full moment, she stumbles slightly, and then halting momentarily, and seemingly impervious to the uncomfortably hot mud, she straightens her shoulders and slowly moves on.

In a probing wander, with the humidity hanging thick and greasy in the sultry air, the interspersed dwarfed thistles and low berry bushes in the muddy swamp, is superb burrowing ground on which sufficient organisms feed and proliferate.

The unexpectedly grey gnarly taproots of the bush are thick with black earth, and the displaced soil is pullulated with grub life pestilence, writhing among the thick tough grass roots.

With all senses on alert, and although hearing somewhat compromised by the loud squelching and sloshing of mud, the crunching of timber, weeds and leaves is distinctly perceptible.

SHORTLY AFTER:

PROWLING ANGLE: Scanning the surrounds anxiously, and with the reluctance of fear, they doughtily manoeuvre their way through the pestiferous and leech-infested swamp.

It's a hard tricky smelly venture, and becoming increasingly queasy and squeamish, abruptly and repellently, they avert their gaze and hesitantly face one another.

YO & BO
(*mouthing...*)

What now? ...

In the tense silence, and in a contemplative moment, their jaws remain sunk to their chests, and with eyes only, they look around, intently surveying the surrounds, and grimly assessing the boggy slush and slurry.

(CONT'D)

29 CONTINUED:

PANNING: The mephitic atmosphere brooding is palpable with a lingering mist of uncertainty, and emanating with an overwhelming eerie presence of heinous restless humming, over to the side, just beneath an uprooted tree amongst the mushy mildew, weeds, algae, parasites and obnoxious bog, Broc the croc, who was ponderously lurking, suddenly locks dinner firmly in his sight, and is ready to pounce on the unsuspecting duo.

Just then, the humming mysteriously stops, and in the sudden unquiet mood, a faint but crisp and clear crack, snap, and a bubbling, and a churning, begins to slowly rudiment to a crescendo.

CLOSING: Bo, anticipating the worse, purses his lips and blinks rapidly, and Yo, in a twitch of surprise, is immediately aware of the increase in noise and takes a deep breath.

Shrouded in awkwardness, her strained eyes rivet on a nondescript object, and with every instinct telling her that something is wrong, she suddenly grabs him by the arm in a painful grip and turns with shock in her eyes.

WIDENING: Meanwhile, nearby in the misty gloom, something malevolent is lurking in the still and sullen water, and suddenly breaking the mired surface, a villous DRACONIC SERPENT surges out from the murky sludge.

Rearing its obnoxious greenie scaly head, it lofts high up into the air and gushes fire from its flaring nostrils, and with salivating mud exuding through its knife-edged fanged teeth, it towers hideously over the trembling trio, and consumes them with in its putrid breath.

The unwelcomed intruders blanch fearfully, and with hands up to their faces, they cover their mouths and noses, and squint in horror.

However, without disguising its displeasure, it greets them quizzically, and then in a sudden angry burst, it cranes down and cholericly displays its fiery wares...

SERPENT

Well, what have we here, hmmm? ... I wasn't really expecting any company, however...

In its inimical timbre, it dissembles imaginatively, and wetting its appetite in the process, accosts them disingenuously.

SERPENT

Now that you're here, you may as well stay for lunch... Hmmm? ... I'll just heat up some water, shall I...

(CONT'D)

29 CONTINUED:

Gleefully flaunting its prowess, it belches out sparkly fumes, and then whipping up its body, it belly-whacks into the murky sludge and causes a huge mud-wave.

The trio quickly disperse and splash away in different directions, and with Bo, now in unfamiliar territory, attempts a koala paddle, and in his struggle he woefully swims over and scrambles onto Broc's back.

Now, slipping into a new precarious role, the croc-savvy koala holds firm in a belligerent stance, and with his mind concrete and fastidious, his visage is more-or-less oppugnant and hideous.

BO

Where's that mud-serp? Come and get me, you slimy-slithering-slag! ...

Broc, scared frozen, unblinking, and with his face utterly devoid, is incapable of any expression, but Bo, in contrast, makes challenging gestures with his furry paws as he probes the misty morass, and then with spread-legged, he jams his fists against his hips, and a deep frown scorns his brow as he juts his chin out and directs his bellicose mood.

Suddenly the Serpent emerges once again, and sinuously surging out from the muddy swamp, it then bears down with gushing fire and sizzles Bo's fur and Broc's rear.

BO & BROC

(screaming...)

Owwwch...

Then having a brief moment of deranged optimism arrested, the slimy-soused koala hurriedly surfboards away, with the croc doing the paddling.

Pell-mell, wiz-bang, the Swamp Surfers reel towards DRY LAND, and scurry and clambering onto safer ground, they're sweating with exertion.

Meanwhile, Yo, with her eyes tightly shut and a trickle of sweat rolling down her brow, is still knee-deep in the boggy mud, and unable to get out.

The leery-eyed Serpent, with white-hot radioactive breath, bends down to admire its catch, and as the large figure closes in, Yo opens her eyes slowly, and then staggers back as the shadowy effect of the impact becomes apparent.

Then slobbering malodorously, it swerves in and faces her, and with its smoky nostrils right up close, almost touches her trembling body.

(CONT'D)

29 CONTINUED:

The sweat which has formed droplets on the tip of her snivelling nose is attracting MOSQUITOES that are buzzing around her head, and adding to the nausea, that squashy thing oozing between her toes is almost certainly a LEACH, swollen with her precious blood, but none of the trivialities matter, as she is completely immobilized with fear.

Still curious, it sniffs once again, studiously, and then suddenly bursting apart, it ferociously throws its head back and lets loose more fiery air from its ghastly fanged jaws.

Now, angrier than ever, it looms down aggressively, and as it nears the water's surface, it finds that the roo has vanished... hmmm? ...

WHIP-PAN: Quickly turning its attention to Bo and Broc, who, cringing with fear, and under the aberrant circumstance, look confederate, rather than foe, the Serpent propels back its tall frame and cranes its head high, and then looms down and does another fire-throw.

Bo and Broc, the somewhat reluctant allies, are terrified into a state of inertia, and crouching in fear, with eyes tightly shut, a violent death is foremost in their minds.

MOVING ANGLE: The serpent, with increasing restlessness, suddenly lunges forward with its gaping salivary fanged jaws!!!!!!! ...

ABRUPT ANGLE: It stops, motionless, and incredibly close to the terrified creatures, who, pale with haunting hollow faces, are trembling in fear, and with the greenie, greasy, gnathic saliva dripping all over them, the stench of its breath is all but choking and pervading the mise-en-scène.

WIDENING: Bizarrely, the serpent's face instantly turns purple, and it eructs and expels fetidly as it desperately gasps for air.

Now, balancing precariously on its narrow neckline dorsad, Yo steadies herself with a firm grip of the Vine, which is tightly wrapped around its varicose neck, in a tethering slipknot.

MOVING ANGLE: Suddenly, whirling its head around, it takes Yo on a swinging merry-go-round ride, and on the second time round, the acrobatic roo snatches the little koala by the scruff of the neck, and he immediately relaxing into her urgent grip.

THRUSTING ANGLE: They whirling around a couple of times more, in an instant, they're air bound, and hurling across the swamp towards the other side.

(CONT'D)

29 CONTINUED:

UH-OH! ... OH-NO!! ... WHAT'S THIS!! ...

They hurtle straight towards a HUGE TREE TRUNK, and just as they're about to CRASH, they come to an elastic, stretchy, sticky sort of STOP! ...

SLOW MOTION: Yo, closely followed by Bo, are ensnared by a gigantic, intricately woven, cobweb entrapment, strung from a huge old tree...

EVERYTHING IN SLOW MOTION - EXCEPT FOR THE VINE, WHICH IS IN REAL TIME: Mystically slipping back into Yo's pouch, it ensconces contentedly in its adopted abode...

WIDENING: Meanwhile, back at the swamp, as the sinister smog settles, the nostril-flaring serpent cranes its sinuous neck around, and with its protracted pupils, eyes the dense forest, sweepingly.

Outwitted and infuriated by the apparent evasion, it reverses a little, and then careening downward for one last look, it withdraws and submerging into the quaggy swamp, and leaves behind smoking buddle residue on the surface of the variegating toxic algoid...

With the milieu settling, and recrudescing, in its lingering inhospitable eerie mist, awaits with hungry anticipation for other unsuspecting visitors...

MISTING OUT:

FADE IN:

30. EXT. OLD GROWTH FOREST - AFTERNOON

DRAWING BACK AND SHARPENING THE FOCUS: Reveals the lucent and augmented silken mesh, entangling the duo, appears to be a gigantic cobweb.

YO

(wide-eyed)

Wow, that was a close call...

However, with the precarious situation worsening, their struggle to free themselves seems very much ineffectual.

BO

Sure was, but what's all this sticky stuff?

Both are utterly fettered and somewhat disoriented, and frustration quickly turns into despair.

YO

(dithering...)

I think it's...

(CONT'D)

30 CONTINUED:

Ensuing a discomfoting paused, and with a second realization crossing their faces, they look pointedly at one another, with the daunting prospect of...

BO
(with revulsion...)

Yeah...

Feeling a little dispirited, and with an expression of repugnancy, the young roo rises slightly and agrees...

YO
Yeah...

Vigorously wiggling and twisting, they try to free themselves from the gooey webbing, but their efforts, are indeed futile.

BO
Let's get the heck out of here...

Helplessly trammelled, they push and pull, this way and that, but they're inextricably bound, and getting nowhere fast.

Meanwhile, unbeknown in the background, something begins pulsating, and supervening an ominous drone, mysterious sounds emanate and rise to a crescendo.

FX: SOUGHING, SIBILATING STATIC... WHEEZING... HISSING... FIZZLING... SIZZLING... AND TWIGS GRATING, SNAPPING, CRUNCHING...

With palpable tension pervading, looming behind them is a gigantic, hairy, hideous, stomach-churning SPIDER, creeping wickedly towards its prey.

YO
(awry-faced)
I can't seem to free myself...

Writhing with inability and disability, frustration suddenly gives way to anger, and the awry-faced roo looks at the confounded little koala, impotently...

BO
(excruciatingly)
Neither can I. What are we going to do?

The SPIDER, huge and grotesque, as only a creepy-crawly can be, has edged a little closer, and with its penetrating eyes almost the size of Bo, is now right up behind them, and as he's just about to turn.

YO
(whispers...)
What's that? ...

(CONT'D)

30 CONTINUED:

It was so softly breathed, that at first he thought he was mistaken, and looking at him inquisitively, he throws her a half-puzzled look back.

BO

What's what? ...

She shushes with her eyes raking him, and then turning slightly to get a better listen, concentrates intensely, and there IT goes again, and she sniffs the air and leans forward tentatively.

YO

(tremulously...)

That...

Suddenly, falling deadly silent, they dare not to breathe, and with nauseating notions fermenting, their eyes widen and jaws drop.

The roo, straightening vigilantly, flexes her fingers, and with the bleary-eyed koala catching her look, he nods, and slowly swallows against his terror.

Then taking in a silent deep breath, he listens sharply, and as he goes to glance over his shoulder, a huge, black SHADOW rises over them.

WIDENING: The roo gasps, and in her intuitive apprehension, the daunting actuality is comprehended.

YO

(cringing)

I think it's a...

In chilling realization, they quiver in horror, and before she can say 'SPIDER' a sudden explosion of flames blasts them: FROOOOOOOM!!! ...

MOVING ANGLE: The spider, with its hairy body afire, tumbles backwards, and the flash burn, sizzling the web, sends the helpless duo tumbling to the ground, scorched and frizzling.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Another flame torch blasts towards them, and yes, it's that serpent again, but it's too far away to be of any immediate threat.

SPOOKY ANGLE: The gaunt spider, however, backing up with horripilation, then moves into its nidus, in the large blackened crack, of the trunk, of this very huge tree.

WIDENING - EXPANSIVELY: Beyond in the background, there are enormous bushes, and more huge old trees, towering monolithic trees, in a deep and dense forest, and wow, this is really old stuff, it must be the very first forest, ever.

(CONT'D)

30 CONTINUED:

INSERT: Meanwhile, in a blind panic, the duo, have already fled kangaback, and with their fur and hide smoking, are singeing in their escape.

MOVING ANGLE: Then while fleeing into the Old Rainforest, they send the Wildlife screaming into their lairs.

ANOTHER INSERT: Back at the swamp, as the serpent secretes into its murky paludal void, its toxicant, pungent fumes, bubble on the surface as it submerged.

ANOTHER INSERT - CLOSING: A pair of terrified spider's eyes stares out manically from the gloomy blackness of the hollowed tree trunk, and optically out of focus, they gradually converging into one.

CROSS-FADE:

AERIAL - DESCENDING: With the moon almost full, and its dark halo slowly palpitating, it rises in the east over a white blanket expanse of meadows, freshly dusted with greyish powder.

PANNING AND WIDENING: In the distance, the landscape is serene and tranquil, and its visually contrasted wall of pine rises into the crisp deep-blue sky.

EXPANSIVELY AND EXHILARATINGLY: Further west, the terrain is like some alien world habitat yet to be explored, and even though clutched and unearthed by Nature's hot oppression, triumph overrides all minor irritation in this invincible outback.

IMAGE: The canvas colours wither into grey tones, and then gradually transpose into...

FADE IN:

31. EXT. MONTAGE OF AN OUTBACK TERRAIN JOURNEY - AFTERNOON

While moving through an eerie barren land, a flurry of dust and sand swirls, and with the rising wind the only sound heard, something looming from out of the storm, resembles the partly charred remains of Bo's old gumtree.

AERIAL - DESCENDING: Following the course of destruction made by the volcanic lava, reveals the decimation of everything in its path, and along with the wreaking havoc and devastation, the dark Vulturian forces are pillaging of the vast outback.

MOVING ANGLE: Crags and tors of gnarled granite have had their slopes shrouded in torture, and lying in-between the outcrops, are boulders covered in shale...

(CONT'D)

31 CONTINUED:

Scorched are the overturned and strewn snowgrass meadows, heath-lands, and sphagnum bogs between the rolling woodlands of snow gum, alpine ash and mountain gum.

INSERT: A solitary heather sizzles and frizzles...

ANOTHER INSERT: The SILHOUETTE of ad Vulturian looming against the skyline, turns, and departs...

ANOTHER INSERT: The anxious kangaroo herd sprawled on the ground, appear to be holding their breath in fear, and with night descending over the forest, emphasises the weariness that engulfs them.

ANOTHER INSERT: Abruptly flashing somewhere into the dark recesses of Broc's warped mind, we find him marooned on a tiny flat peak of a precipice, and surrounded on all sides, is a sheer one hundred foot drop.

CLOSING: While lying unconscious on the cold obsidian earth, he's suddenly jolted out of his slumber by sounds of ripping and tearing, and then sluggishly, he rises onto his elbows and lifts his excruciatingly pained head.

SUDDENLY WIDENING: Quickly crossing to the edge of the peak, he peers down, and in this premonition of evil, the victim of abject loneliness looks on in horror, and where the unnatural is only surpassed by the unspeakable, all you can lose is your sanity.

FX: A THUDDING HELICOPTER SONANCE SEGUES INTO SCREAMS FROM IMMOLATION...

CROSS-FADE:

32. EXT. CHASM - LATE AFTERNOON

AERIAL: As the ferocious flowing lava moves relentlessly towards the great waterfall, there's a sense of caution in the air...

DIZZYING ANGLE: The sun, glaring down, shows off its potency, swelteringly...

33. EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE - LATE AFTERNOON

FX: A LOUD CRACKLING ERUPTS...

ABRUPT ANGLE: FREDDIE suddenly appears clamping his paws over his ears, and as he crouches impishly, the other roguish youngsters surround him.

(CONT'D)

33 CONTINUED:

LOW ASCENDING ANGLE: Pahpah, looking down sternly, gives them a rather nervous smile, and beyond that façade, is a deeply troubled roo, who then turns to his herd and slowly shakes his head.

OPPOSING ANGLES: As his roving eyes meet Mahnah's abandoned stare, they sink in dysphoria...

WIDENING: The mise-en-scène is overwhelming with poignancy...

Meanwhile, deep in the heart of the Old Rainforest, the Animal Kingdom has assembled in what appears to be a palatial crystal asylum decorated with lucent white and emerald green sapphires and coloured gemstones, and with all the huddled masses cramming and wriggling close to one another in families, groups and strays, a mutual purpose and understanding is palpable.

SKYWARD - SUDDENLY DESCENDING: A cosmic ray of light bursts from the corona of the sun, and bolting down to earth, it strikes at a megalithic diamond crystal at the centre of the glittering diamondiferous maze, and it begins to refract and reflect brilliantly.

Then following a sharp intake of collective Wildlife breath, an uncomfortable and overwhelming silence falls, and in the mounting tension, the unnerved Wildlife braces itself as it anxiously looks towards the brightly glowing sigil.

The crystal numen, surrounded by a bright aura, begins to rotate slowly, and as it spins, it accelerates, and with the crystal magnetron luminescing and palpitating magically, it intermittently releases an ultraviolet magnetic resonance.

IN A BLINDING FLASH: A heterochromatic geyser spurts out from the crystal apical, and a serpentine crystalliferous fountain begins to coruscate, and radiating high up into the air, it sinuously and flexuously culminates with a spectacular sparkling in the sky.

ASCENDING: In a state of frenzied tumult, vivid vaporous felsite clouds agitate, distort and torque, and as the fountain magically iridescences psychedelically and kaleidoscopically, it shoots high into the air and the convoluting forces whirl a powerful purine crystal beam.

MOVING ANGLE: Arching, and then with anfractuous flexural twisting, it towers tortuously, and in its acme, it vaults a ballistic gyroscopic terbium ray towards its intended target.

34. EXT. WATERFALL - LATE AFTERNOON

ABRUPT ANGLE - WIDENING: The terbium ray strikes the cascading water and injects a renewed impetus, and with great motivity and retaliative stimulus, an enormous impenetrable iridescent fulminating scutate sunbow fans out.

MOVING ANGLE: Meanwhile, the lava, continuing its destructive path, crashes into the crystalline scutiform, and as it perforates the water, it cascades down into the great chasm, and transforms into a massive variegated waterfall.

The DYNAMO from within the crystal wellspring ignites and electrifies the sunbow's bulwark, and with its repulsive moiré refractory catalysing a responsive thrust, it turns into a huge crystalline pavis.

OPPOSING CRUSHING ANGLES: The relentless force of LAVA surges forward with devastating retaliative power, but the sunbow, getting another mighty dose of adrenaline from the dynamic fountain, is charged with an incredible combative strength.

CONFLICTING ANGLES: Nature unleashes its horrifying fury in a titanic gruelling battle of inexorable forces imperviously distending, moiling and repelling tenaciously, and with the polarity escalating it's intensity, neither side shows any sign of abating.

DISTORTING ANGLES: This nocuous violent cocktail of great indefatigable manifestation, throttles vehemently, and with ruthless efficiency, pressures progressively and assiduously, and forces the tempo into a powerful sporadic reactive overdrive.

STEADYING ANGLE: Eventually, the sunbow shield, with its torrefying and overwhelming force, gradually debilitates, coalesces and mollifies its antithesis to a backwater...

ASCENDING: Culminating with a tremendous seismic rumbling transpired from its effete, the volatile mixture convulses uncontrollably, and heaps of regolith, rhyolite, and perlite, gradually effloresces, crystallises, silicifies, and streams away from the FALLS...

35. EXT. OUTBACK TERRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

EXPANSIVELY: The Lava, conflating with a refluent motif, permeating against its rapid flow, and refluxes all the way back to its origin..

MOVING ANGLE: Then surging up the molten colluvium, it heads down through the obsidian scoria and forges its way deep into the earth's molten hypothermal mantel.

(CONT'D)

35 CONTINUED:

DESCENDING: Moving into the volcanic core to the magna chamber, awesome tremors shake the squelching igneous rock, and create immense pressure.

FX: MASSIVE REVERBERANT SEPULCHRAL GROANS RISE TO A CRESCENDO...

PROGRESSIVELY: Then all of a sudden, it detonates and sets off multiple explosions in spectacular fireworks, which shoot back up through the molten hypothermal mantel.

WIDENING - EXPANSIVELY: As it backtracks miraculously along the petrified LAVA TRAIL, stunning visuals of psychedelic clouds dissipating into billions of dust particles, fills the sky above.

360-DEGREE PANOPTIC VISTA: Eventually, the remnants sprinkle down, and gradually settling on the breadth and dept of the vast and multi-coloured pristine outback terrain, the sweaty dirt cracks golden.

INVENTIVE ANGLES: Refurbishing lavishly and spectacularly, and magnificently displaying a myriad of nature's wonders, and the detailed biology and status of the species slowly emerges, and is teeming with demiurgic life, in all of its burst-out browns, ochres, yellows and greens.

IMAGE: A RED-THROATED RAINBOW-SKINK crawls from beneath a leaf and flattens out in a patch of sunlight...

ANOTHER IMAGE: An Amaranth plant with long drooping heads of small green, red, and purple flowers, and blooming beauteously...

VARIOUS IMAGES: Colour - colour - colour - Everywhere in Nature's canvas...

AERIAL - ASCENDING: Beyond the hills stand many mighty old trees, taller than any others in the region, and in the crown of one of the oldest trees is a beautiful nest, and gleaming in the low ray of late afternoon sun, from many dovecotes and crannies of green, gold, and silver, hundreds of white doves fly into the air.

ANGLING SKYWARD: A transient white cloud suddenly looms...

PANNING AND DRAWING BACK: Facing its flight, a beautiful white dove, swiftly wings towards the old rainforest, and ensuing the divertissement, an unearthly grumbling rumble begins to permeate the reviving terrain.

EXPANSIVELY: Something distinctly unsettling is brewing in the air, and with encroached ominous clouds gathering in the distance, a sign, of unfinished business, is obviously needing attention.

(CONT'D)

35 CONTINUED:

INSERT: The apocalyptic full moon hanging in the night sky, is now more meaner, more angrier, and much more vengeful, and as lightning streaks across the darkening storm clouds, wisps of smoke curl to the north, and further east are several Vulturians silhouetted against the dying sunset.

FX: A SOLITARY WILD DINGO BARKS IN THE HILLS, HAUNTINGLY...

36. EXT. RED ROCK - TWILIGHT

WIDENING: Huge billowing clouds of black filth spreading across the red streaked sky, casts a shadowy pall over a nightmarish landscape, and bursting out of the obscurity, several Vulturian creatures, with hyperkinetic mind-bending foray, charge towards us, and over our heads they fly.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Another pack of wild Vulturians break into the air, and over the high reaches without order, they wheel sharply and head down at a dizzying speed.

DESCENDING AT A DIFFERENT LOCATION: Amongst the thicket of old growth, rampaging Vulturians in their venerary, are incessantly hacking into tree trunks with their axe-jaws.

MOVING ANGLE: Screaming flaming Vulturians break out of the greenery, and skimming along the spring forest, they get a quick bearing, before soaring up to meet the rest of the PACK.

WIDENING TO FILL THE CANVAS: Suddenly, in a physical mastery and possession of the wilderness, many Vulturian creatures begin stalking, looming, looting and destroying whatever's vulnerable, here, there, and everywhere, and in the blazing ruination, vegetation is strewn about, and trees burn and billow in flames.

INSERT: High up on a rocky ledge, several Vulturians make a slew of swooping attacks on a WEDGED-TAIL EAGLES' NEST, where a couple of unsuspecting and defenceless FLUFFY WHITE FLEDGLINGS unknowingly peck at the air.

SKYWARD: The void thought and scream of fear is simultaneous, and from the heights, extending its wings in alarm, MOTHER EAGLE heads for the rescue.

INSERT - WIDENING: Seeping out across the blood-red sky is Bo's grave face, and pausing momentarily before spurring, his eyes settle on a distant light, and then off the duo go, kangaback at speed.

FX: AN ANCIENT ANIMAL LITANY VENTS IN THE AIR...

(CONT'D)

36 CONTINUED:

INSERT: In an ill-lit mud-patch, as snorting crocodile nostrils ease up into view, a shadowy black figure suddenly looms over the carnivorous reptile, and its leather quickly sinks into the murk...

ANOTHER INSERT: In the darkness, with the litany breaking into a piercing scream of agony, BRO doubles up and jolts, and as his right shoulder hunches as if to protect his head, he clutches in delirium tremens, and wreaks with sweat...

FX: WITH TEASING CRIES OF A DINGO'S SURRENDERING WHIMPER, RUMBLINGS QUAKE THE EARTH AND ECHO LIKE THUNDER...

BLACKENING...

FADE IN:

37. EXT. OLD FOREST - SUNRISE

YO suddenly awakens with EYES open wide in the dark, as she's accustomed to in the mornings, and the suffocating stillness around her, however, is not simply that of the soft solitude, but of the incommodious surrounds.

BO, also rousing, and with his brilliant EYES flashing open, is the only other light in the dark.

IN A CREEPY POV: A figure seen from under a bark shelter, comes crashing out of the undergrowth, and yes, it's that bad old reptilian back on the prowl...

CLOSE: EYES creased with tension, and in hushed tones...

YO
It's Broc the croc...

BO
(peevishly)
What? That...

YO
Shhh... Quiet.

LOW ANGLE: Broc, brushing past the bark hideout, snorts irritably, and then stoping momentarily, sits very still, with his head bowed, listening.

HOVERING ANGLE: With beads of sweat gathering on his furrowed brow, he sniffs, as though trying to catch an elusive scent, and then turning his head from side to side, he scans the vegetation.

(CONT'D)

37 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: Leaning over the mossy bark, he peers intently and suspiciously at something that seems familiar, hmmm, and then again, maybe not.

Then frowning up at the hot rising sun, he wondering, and savage with frustrated worry, he breathes in deeply, and grumbles moans of discontentment.

MOVING ANGLE: Giving the frail bark surface a cursory swipe with his jaw, he then gawkily traipses his leathery and clambers on.

WIDENING: As he lengthens his stride and trudges away, the surrounding scattered leaves rise and a dust devil dances and whirls down the path, lolling behind the lumbering brute.

YO (O/S)

Wow, that was close. I hope we don't meet up with him again.

Suddenly, from the warm creamy timber glowing in the morning light, the bark aslant against a gum tree is pushed over, and out step the duo from their over-night shanty...

Then glancing around optimistically...

BO

Stupid old leather case. Lucky for him he's gone, otherwise I would have shown him a thing or two...

Having said it so flatly contradictory, the roo's grin fades a little, but none-the-less, there's a mood of cosiness and conviviality airing.

YO

Yeah, troublemaker, that's all he is.

Pausing with a yeasty koala grin, he savours the moment anew, and after a nonchalant shrug, licks his lips with glee, and then begins chomping complacently on some scrumptious food.

BO

Good thing there's always gum-leaves around to soften the taste buds.

CLOSE: Then having noticed that she's munching on some luscious gum leaves, he smiles sardonically, and... wonders... 'Hmmm, must be infectious, or is it?'

CLOSE: The young roo, frowning unattractively, thinks, 'Oops! Blimey, wrong stuff' and scarcely able to mask the bitter aftertaste, reminds herself not to screw up her brow that way as it makes awful wrinkles.

(CONT'D)

37 CONTINUED:

Now bathing in what is gradually becoming an intimate friendship, and even though a discordant and somewhat fragile symbiosis, they enjoy their dalliance, and blushing prettily, she glances shyly at him, and her eyes are blue as his.

Nearby, in a fleeting moment, TWO YOUNG SQUIRRELS react to the hilarity with a jump from a HOLLOW LOG, and then quickly up a tree.

After that decampment of prying eyes, and regretting that all too intimate glance, she gives him such a piercing look that his smile fades a little, and then with a flash of previous discontent, gives the platonic mate a half-playful shove.

Then suddenly, with the gaiety lulling, she catches herself grimly reminded of an incredibly painful memory, and with a squint-eyed probing look, behests.

YO

Come on, we better move on...

(with far away gaze...)

The sun is rising...

Having noticed the shrewish rasp in her voice, and obviously the thought of family and friends weighing heavy on her, he's already astride, eagerly raring to go...

BO

Right...

Then lifting her head, and with her eyes gleaming, she looks around abruptly, as though being watched...

YO

(snappishly)

Let's go...

MOVING ANGLE: Kangaback they go, steadying down in the croc's direction, and just a little way further, they veer onto a side-track, and with the sheer thrill and adventurousness, gracefully and artistically manoeuvre their way through the old growth forest.

QUICK INSERT - BIRD'S EYE VIEW: Swiftly gliding through a maze of cumulonimbus at high speed...

CROSS-FADE:

RISING AND SWIVELLING ANGLE: A WHITE DOVE flies overhead, and with the Fay leading towards the summit of the now towering Diamond Crystal, it disappears into its argentic gleam.

With Rayleigh scattering, we DISSOLVE into the GLARE of the RISING SUN...

38. EXT. RED ROCK - SUNRISE

The RED ROCK, conspicuously more imposing than ever, and with the landscape once again naturally fertile, in the humidity, its distinct rufous veneer appears to be possessed with an evil, which reverberates the Archaean surroundings.

IMAGE: Suddenly, a surreal impression of a SHIMMERING WHITE FIGURE takes off, and in a brilliant flash of light, the heat and humidity blurs the mise-en-scène...

CROSS-FADE:

WIDENING: With the SUN glistening off virescent blue, brown, and bronze backs as a surfeit of Vulturians soar and veer away from us, they make an ominous v-line in the western sky, and the vanguard already beating to a height, is preparing to dive to an unknown destination, and with terrific enthusiasm they circle lower and lower, in rapacious speed.

INSERT: The enigmatic moon sneaking up from the horizon, makes it's ominous spectre felt, and ensuing an abrupt flash, the canvas evaporates...

CROSS-FADE:

39. EXT. HEADLANDS - EARLY MORNING

In the PRE-DAWN LIGHT, at an auriferous rocky gorge, croc leather undulates dilatorily through the sheltered waters of steep palisades.

In stunned silence, drawn to the splash of vivid colour, the croc's eyes widen with wonderment.

BROC'S POV: The current carrying him through a narrow pathway between the blinding glitter coming from TWO LARGE STATUESQUE ALARS on either side of the water's entrance, ushers him towards to an amazing wonderland.

CLOSE: Broc, strangely moved by the incandescent beauty of the aureate sentinels, drifts benumbed, like a dead log.

WIDENING AND CRANING UP: While passing the towering trona crystal edifice, the vast epithermal adularia appears to be decaying from its sides, and entering the new downstream boarder, it reveals a massive ancient rainforest.

INSERT: Somewhere at a nondescript forest location, several wicked Vulturians hover attentively above a strand of smog-shrouded trees, and poised and ready for pending attacks on unsuspecting victims, one by one, they swirl and swoop, down towards their prey...

(CONT'D)

39 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER INSERT: A SUNBURNT IMAGE of Mahnah, turning to Pahpah with troubled eyes, and both exceedingly aware of impending danger, are muted into a disquieting stare...

CROSS-FADE:

40. EXT. OLD FOREST - SUNRISE

CLEARING: In the heat of the morning SUN, the duo kangaback along a forest track, and venturing into the old growth, they head towards a bosky patch.

CLOSING: Bo, leaning against Yo's soft hide, and with the warmth of their contact easing their inner thoughts and feelings, as they slow down near a rivulet, something suddenly becoming apparent.

Yo
(grimacing)
Why is it so quite? ... So still...

Having entered some sort of lifeless pseudo-world, the forest is deceptively calm, and appearing conspicuously absent of Wildlife, the only discernable sounds, are coming from running water.

Bo
(uneasily)
Sure is creepy! ...

As the thirsty roo bends to have a drink, in one fluid movement, the koala cowboy allows himself to glissade down over her shoulder.

Then kneeling down, they scoop up some water in their palms, but before taking a drink, they notice a strange reflection, and suddenly jolt back.

Bo
(aghast)
Ewww! What the...

DUO'S POV: Then carefully peering down into the water, they stare intently at the reflection, and from the clearing ripples, a weird pair of GOGGLING EYES looks straight at them.

WIDENING: Yo slowly lifts her head to a hissing sound coming from above, and wiping her lips with the back of a hand, she then looks into the foliage, and with Bo, pryingly following her gaze, they both stare solidly at a strange nettled walleyed creature.

BAT
(gloatingly)
BOO! ...

(CONT'D)

40 CONTINUED:

ABRUPT ANGLE: The duo, startled into wide-eyed silence, are rather intrigued by the inimitable 'DRACULA' accent.

BAT
(glowering)
What are you looking at? ...
(wrinkling brow...)
Hmm?
(scowling darkly...)
Well?

WIDENING: Now fully out of its self-induced coma, it opens its batwings and wraps them around itself in one swift motion, and with a somewhat belated and objurgating look, interrogates the koala in a wickedly charming manner.

BAT
Haven't you ever seen a Bat before?

AN UPSIDE-DOWN BAT'S POV: The duo, slightly perturbed by the curtness and capricious behaviour, step back to get a better look.

STEADYING ANGLE: YO, a little nervous at first, straighten her shoulders as if to endure the its opprobrium, and in feint askance, inquires contemplatively.

YO
Where have all the animals gone?

WIDENING: Bat implodes in a seismic rage, and with its eyes flashing with a fleeting madness, looks insanely horrid, and then with an ominous guised grin, hesitates for a moment before turning and sneering at the tree-foliage.

BAT
(indignantly)
What a silly question...

Having scorned the palter it takes a deep breath and brakes into a broad grin, and after a couple of bat-beats, the duo face one another, bemusedly.

Then Bo, with ill-disguised contempt, unceremoniously twists his view a little just enough to get a better look at the inverted creature, and not quite recovered from the rebuttal, inquires astutely.

BO
Well? ...

Bat mocks profound disappointment, as though having consumed something nauseatingly distasteful, and with its patience depleting, gives such an accusing look that the fickle tight-lipped koala sinks into a scourge of regret.

(CONT'D)

40 CONTINUED:

BAT
Another silly question...
(with edgy quirkiness...)
Funny little fellows, aren't you...

Then after doing an upside-down bat-cackle, it abruptly terminates the niceties with a righteous rant...

BAT
(bombastically)
Haven't you heard? The sun is no longer going to shine, and the whole world is going to go to sleep...
(abruptly)
And may we all rest in peace...

It juts its chin out at a belligerent angle, and with disturbing sobriety, grins at their disillusionment with intense satisfaction.

The little koala, with his dratted thoughts a combination of annoyance and a tinge of trepidation, cringes with alarm and dismay.

BO
(hesitantly)
Huh? What? ...

Then with a touch of insolence, he demands, this time in a more circumspect tone...

BO
(wittily)
Says who? ...

Utterly bedimmed, he then glances around apprehensively, and jerking his furry head in a half-protest, mumbles something unintelligible.

However, the vampirish creature, barely able to conceal its anger, is rather piqued off.

BAT
(peevisly)
Says, I, fluff-face! ...

Then with its expression subduing slightly, croons softly, but its fleer has not gone unnoticed, and with the koala's confidence suddenly abandoning him, and his ego severely wounded, he bearishly retracts.

The roo is seriously unimpressed and about to respond angrily, but hesitates momentarily, and with her slender tanned hands chafing her thighs in unconscious agitation, she clears her throat and nods indifferently, and then in her belie, ventures purposefully with polite insistence.

(CONT'D)

40 CONTINUED:

YO

So, then, where has everyone gone?

Bat, slightly pacified by the seething resentment, glares down and affirms its animus, and then, with its innate customary charm, and an almost malicious snide smile playing on its lips, utters.

BAT

(tauntingly)

Off to the Crystal Palace, for beddi-
byes, of course...

Then having stared for a moment, it does an upside-down bow in such solemn acknowledgement that the little koala feels a surge of irritation for his stuffiness, and he shudders and frowns, and then drawing himself up to his full height, and with a confident swagger, alludes.

BO

(archly)

Why are you still hanging around? ...
(measured and calm...)

Hmm..?

He clears his throat and, being a little gruffer than intended, does another series of throat clearing to cover his outspokenness.

Bat, mildly amused, masterfully suppresses its piped laughter, and postulates mockingly.

BAT

Don't be sillier than you already are...

Its lips idiosyncratically turn into a sneer, and with added levity, menacingly relishes the thought of.

BAT

Us Bats love the dark... we're rather...
(with matted teeth...)

Looking forward to it...

The insinuation is not lost, however, for in the folds of the tree-foliage, the hidden MINIONS rustle with lots of strident and uncontrollable sylvatic CHORTLING, GIGGLING and odd BATTY noises.

Then suddenly, an abrupt stillness descends, and after a couple of bat-beats, Yo, impervious to such nuisances, eagerly pulls Bo away from Bat's view, and solicits in her lightest, sweetest voice.

YO

Where exactly is this Crystal Palace?

(CONT'D)

40 CONTINUED:

For a moment there, Bat seems a little surprised, but then, stares hard at Yo, so resentfully that Bo begins to fidget nervously.

Yo, clearly uneasy, flutters her delicate fingers on her cheek, and then lifting her feet up and down in a curious mincing motion, she's totally at variance with her physical appearance, as though testing the heated ground.

CLOSING: Bat, finding it rather wickedly funny, airs loose a sarcastic throaty chuckle, and then relaxing a little, and with praetorian intentions very much transparent, it fortuitously shows off its gleaming vampirish teeth.

BAT

(cryptically)

Dead centre. Right at the heart of the Old Rainforest. And if you're lucky, it may still be there...

(sinisterly)

You'd better hurry though, for the BAD MOON is rising.

Just then, for a split second, it transforms into a specious wrinkled creature, with bony hunched shoulders, a hungry visage, and a metallic glint at the corners of its taut vampirish mouth.

WIDENING: Ensuing the elusion, the TREE suddenly FILLS with EYES FLASHING OPEN, and glittering and humming pleasurably in coadunation, a tree-load of vampires burst with laughter and excited rustling.

ASCENDING WITH THE FADING HILARITY: High up in the air, facing eastward, the scorching, sun, approaches mid-morning height.

PANNING TO THE RIGHT: In distant silence, the obfuscated full moon makes a louring appearance, morbidly, and menacingly.

41. EXT. OLD FOREST — MID-MORNING

WIDENING: The duo kangaback gracefully and consummately, and while manoeuvring their way through the old growth forest, the environment seems deceptively calm, and the Wildlife obviously conspicuously omitted, there's only the occasional dark eye or two that appears...

FX: A DISTANT HAUNTING CRY OF A VULTURIAN CARRIES THROUGH THE AIR...

FROM THIS POINT ONWARDS, A HEIGHTENED SENSE OF URGENCY UNDERLINES THE OVERALL THEME...

42. INT. RED ROCK CAVES - MID-MORNING

ASCENDING: The ground suddenly trembles, and in reflection of simmering unrest, a mighty ROAR fills the air...

MOVING ANGLE: Entering one of the many RED ROCK PLUTONIAN CAVES, a plethora of light filters through large felsic cracks, and varicoloured dust and labyrinth lanthanides criss-cross the greisen pathway.

Advancing through a vast skein of magna DUNGEON CHAMBERS, lit with narrow shafts of sunlight that beam in from small holes near the overhead scandium surface, and amongst the vile, infernal, flea-infested, noisome rat-crawling filth, Zhenn strides into view.

CLOSE: Her eyes flick open, clouded and red-rimmed, and her brow and lore beads with sweat.

ZHENN'S POV: Looking down at the concrescence LITTER, a chirring newly born Vulturian is escaping its birthing membrane.

LOW ASCENDING ANGLE: Feverishly active terricolous GRUB propagate the fertile verminous concourse of the feeding undergrounds and down the couloir-rooted passages.

PROBING VIEW: Teeming with bloated GRUB life dropping to the ground and frantically burrowing away from sudden exposure to air, light and sound.

ABRUPT ANGLE: GRAVEL suddenly tumbles down a seemingly bottomless ABYSS.

FX: AS LOW ROLLING PERCUSSIVE NOISES RISE FROM THE DEPTHS BELOW, IT GROWS LOUDER, AND A CACOPHONY OF DISTORTED UTTERANCES AND CONJURATIONS, REVERBERATE AN UNEARTHLY MOURNING DIRGE...

DESCENDING: While moving into the abyss of anti-utopia, numerous fluorescent catacombs appear from the luciferase walls, and emerging from hundreds of subterranean passageways, are unflattering shadows of multifarious hybridised Vulturian creatures.

Embedded in the red argentiferous rock are streaming faint lines appearing like slender vitreous veins of luminous silver, and further down the massive, oppressively hot, sub terrestrial luminesce, igneous rock lights up the abyss.

FX: A THROBBING THRUMMING MÉLANGE EMANATING, SEEMS AS THOUGH IT HAS A LIFE SOURCE OF ITS OWN, AND BEYOND, AN AUGMENTATION OF COPIOUS NOISY SQUAWKING, PECKING, JAWING, CHIRPING AND CHATTERING...

(CONT'D)

42 CONTINUED:

STEADYING TO A HOVER: Nethermost into the abysmal, in the rarefied avian vale of Hades, the obscuring shrills and trills of thousands of abounding Vulturians cram and shuffle around in organized chaos, and patrolling the mise-en-scene are SEVERAL OLDER CREATURES strutting their wears, and ready to scold any inordinate and aggressive juveniles.

Deep within the enormous sepulchre, effluvium rises from the waste and decaying matter, and amongst the restless trampling and maggoty litter, there's some are still in their embryonic stage.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Newly bred, beastly, precocial creatures, with ravenous hunger foremost in their delicate thoughts, flap their downy wings, and whirl and whip their tails.

Some of the FLEDGLINGS voraciously attack each other, while the weaker ones, amongst the clutter of littler and stomping feet, cry wistful and piteous pleas as they struggle to survive the cull.

CLOSING: Amongst the EGGS, a head emerges, and with its claws scrabbling against the wet shell, its body struggles to right itself.

CLOSER: Another, staggering free of its casing, instantly looks around for something to eat.

CLOSER STILL: Another, barely able to stand, shudders and rattles its pinions as it utters a delicate fluting sound of distress.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Emerging from shells popping and shattering, are multifarious slothful viperish creatures, and with their glistening eyes enormous in their outsized skulls, the awkward ugly young things flop from their casings squawking, crooning, and moving about with their wedge-shaped heads too big for their thin sinuous necks.

LOW ANGLE: JUVENILE #1 creature, with startled shrieks and defiant screams, instinctively spreads its wings as protection for its vulnerable eyes, and then rearing back, it bites at the air.

ANOTHER ANGLE: JUVENILE #2 creature, with a corruptible demonic appetite, squawks ferociously as it pounces at some waisted scraps, and with its steps less awkward, and its wings spreading and drying rapidly, it flaps agitatedly, and disturbs the ambiance of the flee-infested dwelling.

GYRATING ANGLE: Zhenn, swiftly gliding downward into the immense hatching grounds, is acutely aware of the rising hum of the fledglings, and the expectant sensuality of the other Vulturians who are now perched on ledges, is intensifying.

(CONT'D)

42 CONTINUED:

ZHENN'S POV: Down the labyrinthine subterranean realm, and poised above the steaming soil, is a great rocky theatre with its tiers of perches from beast-spawned young and old, and with their increasingly macabre behaviour, have an insatiable desire for grub, and hunger, hunger, hunger is the pulse of their thoughts.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Amongst the whirr of wings and concentration of musty scent of putrid waste, and with faces intent and sensual on the scene of the feeding grounds, several juveniles' expressions change from avian into strange simulacrum parodies of darkness.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Suddenly aware of our presence, a neophyte rears and turns its maggoty head, and looking directly at us, is instinctively, with a palliating knowing purpose and entity.

ZOOMING: Darting directly into one of its eyes at startling speed, we melt into stygiand...

FADE IN:

INSERT - WIDENING: The proemial dark moon is getting eerily close to intercepting the path of the blazing sun...

FX: A DISTANT AGONISING CRY, COMING FROM A VULTURIAN, CARRIES THROUGH THE AIR...

CROSS-FADE:

43. EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE — MID MORNING

AERIAL: Descending through thinly dispersed clouds towards a beautifully coloured Crystal Palace, and adorned with trees and gardens that are watered by gullies and streams flowing down from the mountains, a Nature's Ark of life subsists...

VARIOUS ANGLES: An overwhelming assemblage of an abundant avid Wildlife Refuge, in all shapes and sizes, is circulating and mingling with activity.

STEADYING ANGLE: As several species jostle for a better vantage site, the White Dove, lissom, sylph-like, and donned with an asthenic façade, gracefully lands on top of the Diamond Crystal.

The White Dove elongates resplendently, and with the lineaments of its exquisitely pale filmy-white palladium contoured feathers, angle-like, its striped muscles bear magnificently taut, and corona-veiled, in numinous and majestic metamorphosis, it manifests into a phantasmic aurora, definitively and beauteously.

(CONT'D)

43 CONTINUED:

WIDENING: The Orphean semblance rouses a sharp intake of Wildlife breath, and supervened by a spate of screams and protests, the erratic mood settles into an ominous murmur, and with exchanges of expectant and terrifying glances, it gradually lulls into hushed silence.

INSERT: An OWLET'S eyes suddenly open wide, and with its pupils dilating, it gasps in awe...

IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION - WITH MINUTE SOUNDS UNNATURALLY MAGNIFIED: The Wildlife, agape, and in an air of despondency and cumulative awe, looks on as the pale and strikingly beautiful amorphous white dove is veiled by a diaphanous mist, and with an overhead sprinkling of crystal dust, manifests like an androgynous mantic reflection.

With confusion and enlightenment settling in the becalming ataractic warmth, and ensconcing in its purification, the White Dove's face, with its cerulean eyes, semblances neither old nor young, though in its transcendental beauty, it evokes many things both joyous and sorrowful.

The mesmerized Wildlife, looking at the elegiac portrait in wonderment, is aired with a sense of aesthetic purity and passivity.

WIDENING: Superlatively and angelically, the penetrating voice of the sweet maternal supernatural Guardian of the Universe vaticinates ethereally.

WHITE DOVE

You need not be afraid... Darkness was
meant to be...

A collective ragged GASP of fear suddenly sweeps through the leafy galleries, and with fractious and inarticulate half-heard cursing utterances rippling down towards the front stalls, an abrupt stunned silence descends.

SWEEPING ANGLE: The Wildlife's startled eyes are black with awe and fear, and with limbs half-raised in frightened protest, indecision and hopelessness registers on their faces.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Out of the masses, a distraught overwrought WALLABY looks up, and with fear reflected in its eyes, painfully limps away.

SKYWARD - CRANING DOWN: The sun, glaring down over the vividly coloured Palace, creates a majestic mirror-ball spinning effect, and gradually and soothingly, it lights up the psychedelic argyle canvas.

WIDENING: In the background dysrhythmia, faint sighs of resignation whirls around the stadium, and a terrific sense of foreboding filters through the Wildlife.

(CONT'D)

43 CONTINUED:

ILLUMING SURREALLY: The White Dove elongates angelically, and with an orphic-inspired utterance, it enlightens in eloquent arioso.

WHITE DOVE

(in eloquent arioso...)

The sun will shine once again... And it will guide you and give you strength...

(pneumatically)

You must not lose faith for you are all equal in the eyes of the almighty light... You are the children of the Universe...

FX: A DISTANT THUNDER RUMBLES...

MOVING ANGLE: The adumbrated prophecy has sent a shudder and a murmurous ripple through the faience crystallite terraces, and with the initial panic giving way to an uneasy calm, the sculpturesque White Dove slowly shrinks back to its birdlike manifestation, and then flying up into the SKY, it heads towards the horizon, in silence...

A FLASH...

CLOSING: In a mood of cautious optimism, the Wildlife awaits anxiously, and as Pahpah frowns up at the mid morning sky, his troubled eyes drift away to a painful memory...

CROSS-FADE:

INSERT - CLOSING: As though being summoned ethereally and cathartically, Yo turns to catch a glimpse of a telepathic vision...

MOVING ANGLE: Stretching the purlieus, the White Dove flies at high speed, from Earth's atmosphere to hyperspace, within seconds.

DOVE'S POV: Turning and looking back at the SOLAR SYSTEM, all of the eight PLANETS are now almost in LINE, and with the EARTH, MOON, and SUN falling into SYZYGY, they begin revolving in a spiralling direction.

WIDENING: The White Dove suddenly shoots into hyperspace once again, and supervening with interrupted cadence, it disappears in candescence...

CROSS-FADE:

44. EXT. OUTBACK TERRAIN — LATE-MORNING

In the weSTERN HORIZON a vista of thick undulant STRATUS blankets the landscape, and undulating sinisterly as it coasts EAST, consolidates and covers a vast distance.

(CONT'D)

44 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: The d at speed, and as we move headlong rush into the suffused and orgiastic MASS of thousands of writhing CREATURES flying past, we're suffocated by feathers.

AGGRESSIVE ANGLE: Venturing deeper into the fray, the New Vulturian Creatures, which now appear more vicious and lethal than ever, wing so close to one another, some of the weaker ones are rammed and knocked, and fall way down below.

Overwhelmingly, the main mass, however, dwindling against the frightening cold, it strongly forge forward, as there's no leeway in the skies other than for evil strength.

AERIAL - WIDENING: Rising high above the deep cluttering darkness, the ominous gloominess presaging the outback infests the SKY with evil.

IMAGE: A bright LIGHT FLARES and CRINKLES the CANVAS...

45. EXT. BROC'S DELIRIUM - DARKNESS

Broc, lost and delirious, squeezes his muted green eyes shut, and gasps squeamishly...

IMAGE: A viciously evil dark apparition appears, and the most stirring chords could not capture the beat of blood, the catch of breath, the chill of fear and hopelessness, surging, inculcating, within him...

Manifested amongst the harsh noise of the virulent vision, Vrax's inured voice, with steel intensity, deep and black as night, cuts through the swirl with a chilling resonance.

VRAX V/O
(*hauntingly loud...*)
The DARHHHHHHHK will spare no one...
(*reverberating...*)
NOTHING WILL ESCAPE FROM THE DARK
UNIVERSE...

CLOSE: With flaring FLAMES flickering, twisting, and twirling, Broc pleadingly shuts his eyes and staggers back, and with deep heavy breathing, is caught in the grip of this hideous vision.

46. EXT. OLD FOREST - LATE-MORNING

The duo, trekking speedily through the forest, they overtake some of the slower straggling species, and head into the unknown.

(CONT'D)

46 CONTINUED:

SURREAL SLOW MOTION: With Yo's HEAD bobbing to the Kangaback rhythm, the sunlight flickers through the TREES sliding by, and Bo, having a rough ride, lifts his head weakly as he bounces in the saddle.

The journey obviously getting the better of them, they appear to be tiring, but determinedly, they recompose and refocus, and continue into the darkness.

REMAINING IN SLOW MOTION, and in contrast to REAL TIME, Draco flies into view.

DRACO

(resoundingly...)

The awakening hour is fast approaching.
The sky gates are due to open... The
world will change as day turns into
night... Trust your dreams, as they
will guide you beyond the threshold
of time... Believe in the Power...
The Power of the Light...

*(veering towards and
over us...)*

And with this POWER... You will see...
Through the Darhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhk...

It's VOICE TRAILS OFF as we resume in REAL-TIME...

AERIAL: The duo, emerging from the trees, speedily cross an open grass area, and then head back into more forest.

WIDENING AND CIRCLING: A billowing swarm of darkness fills the western horizon, and blanketing the outback with an ominous shadow, it rapidly creeps towards the edge of the great rainforest, and heads to the Crystal Palace.

High above, the sun is seething...

MOVING AND DETRACTING ANGLE: As the duo manoeuvre through the treacherous undergrowth, the darkness passes over them, and accelerating away, it obfuscates the mise-en-scène.

47. SOLAR SYSTEM — SPACE TIME

The SEVEN PLANETS are critically poised in sine qua non and the EARTH, MOON, and SUN are almost in SYZYGY...

Approaching the dawn of apogee, the Earth's green and gold magnetosphere begins radiating, and with the sun's glare strengthening, the moon's penumbra halo adumbrates magnificently.

48. EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE - MIDDAY

The Palace multicoloured crystals begin to grey as the moon casts its shadow...

ROTATING ANGLE - SOFTLY LIT: The grim-faced Wildlife stares into nothingness as hush descends on the forest, and the only sonance is the gentle rustling of leaves and the natural ambiance of the milieu.

MOVING ANGLE - CLOSING: Pahpah, leading the herd, wades through the cluttering mass into the Arena, and manoeuvring to the front of the Diamond Crystal, he turns and glances anxiously up at the sky.

Then while listening to the enfeebled cries of the enervated Wildlife, all of a sudden, he frantically summons the herd and wills them to gather around as he does a quick mental headcount.

PAHPAH

(raspy)

Are we all here? ...

CONTRASTING ANGLES: Mahnah, with increased apprehension, and with her eyes almost black, nods affectedly, and as they turn to face one another, hidden behind their visage, they're painfully aware of an unspoken emotion stirring within them.

Then turning away sharply, and with a little difficulty in recognizing one of the relatives, spots the face of...

PAHPAH

Bro, stay here with the herd...

Bro acknowledges the order with a quick nod...

PAHPAH

I'm going to go and look for Yo...

Mahnah, with ashen phiz and hands aquiver, breaks into a cold sweat...

MAHNAH

Pahpah...

Emotionally void, she stares exhaustively, and he tenses, and slowly, wrenchingly, turns to face her, and shakes his head, as if catching her dreaded thoughts...

PAHPAH

Yes...

Awry-faced and disoriented, she's unwilling to look him in the eyes, and opening and closing her mouth futilely, she painfully skews away as the tears begin to roll.

(CONT'D)

48 CONTINUED:

SKYWARD: Suddenly, a thunderous brass chorus of Vulturians echoing from the heights stuns the Wildlife into momentary silence, and as a swarm of darkness covers the airspace above, the tension and escalating fear becomes eminently palpable.

PAHPAH'S POV: Looking up in horror at the overwhelming Vulturian Army amassing and swelling, he shifts his gaze westward, where more fierce Vulturians are filling the sky and swelling adamantly towards the old forest.

WIDENING: Bro edges up from behind Pahpah and gasps in unimagined disbelief, and further back, with the lingering threat keeping the wretched Wildlife on edge, collective expressions of shock gives way to a spiralling of despondency.

INSERT SURREAL IMAGE: In a sudden brief moment of darkness, a full circle of thousands of Wildlife eyes flash open, and if not millions if including the insects.

WIDENING - SURREALLY: Then with the adumbration, gradually and contrastively, illuminating the dimly lit Palace with passive and self-generating thulium, a sort of bluey-grey twilight shade irradiating from some sort of profound terrestrial source, begins reflecting and refracting.

SLOWING DOWN SURREALLY: As the overhead winds swirl, the dark Swarm circles the Arena above, and the upward draft draws bark, leaves, twigs and forest debris into the air.

CLOSING - SURREALLY: Amongst the frightened Bird Creatures, Broc the Croc, with a compound of fear and loathing, is cowardly hiding.

RAPIDLY WIDENING - IN REAL TIME: As the wind picks up, the twilight light intensifies, and ensuing a huge silent flash igniting and spotting the Arena, an eerie stillness settles, and lingers...

Then suddenly appearing, poised domineeringly at the centre of the sphere, is Vrax, and glaring accusingly at the Diamond Crystal, has an uncontrollable urge to vent his anger, and after a rumbling moment, lets loose a startling cry.

STEADYING AND THEN ANGLING SKYWARD: As the dust settles, appearing and shadowing Vrax is Zhenn, and with her smile composed of pure malice, turns her stony eyes away from him and looks up at the thousands of wild Vulturians awhirl, wingtip-to-wingtip, and circling in a dizzying stir.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Vrax, lifting his leathery wings, commands immediate attention, and that he gets, from every living thing in the environmental locus, and with all forces having come to a somewhat fragile and tentative truce, an eerily and uneasy calm descends.

(CONT'D)

48 CONTINUED:

STEADYING TO A HOVER: With the circular luminance radiating from the crystalline palladium gradually neutralizing the disquieted ambiance, a remitting magnetic force field restricts all movement, and with the anxiety and tension escalating, the steam and odour from the sweaty animals, intermingles in the overheated mise-en-scène.

CLOSING: Vrax, devilishly concealing his true nature with a cordial and well-mannered persona, his voice, echoing at first, gradually refines magniloquently.

VRAX

I take it that you're all...
(*breaking off...*)

Hmmm...

VRAX'S POV: Broc, snared amongst the feathers, and with an empty gesture, looks rather disconcerted...

BROC'S POV: Vrax, smiling crookedly, thoroughly enjoys the unnerving discomfiture...

VRAX

Here... Then...

Then rolling a scintillating eye towards Zhenn, who snorts with mild amusement, and in dissipation, her judgemental eyes wander over to the craven croc, who, is attempting to hide, and then, idly turning back to Vrax, with a disarming grin, she's scarcely able to contain her glee.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Amongst the mutterings of discontent, a couple of GALAHS behind the aggrieved croc suppress a chuckle, and with a ruddy-faced WALLABY shaking his head slowly, indicating a low opinion of the leather baggage, others openly flee at the egregious persona non grata.

However, the chagrined croc is not amused, and with a scowl and a snort for his misgivings, is nervously conscious of the wild critical eyes surrounding him, and cowardly mopes in a sinking sick way.

WIDENING: The distasteful murmured utterings breathed upon him, add to his sourness, and under the wary gaze of simmering animosity, the ungenial Wildlife is quick to show its disrelish and cannot hide its enmity for the dour rough-necked croc, for to see him in this pathetic state, was somewhat palatable, even under the present exigency.

ABRUPT ANGLE: The horrified Kangaroo Herd, caught off guard by the overpowering presence, is suddenly in the limelight.

CLOSING: Vrax, with his weird and beatific smile lighting up his palliating face, gestures, with admirable courtesy...

(CONT'D)

48 CONTINUED:

VRAX

Hmmm... Yes... Certainly good to see
that most of you are here...

Even though aware of a conspicuous absence, he is
nonetheless pleased, and continues his gaze,
charismatically...

VRAX

I suppose one or two less morsels...
Won't matter all that much in the...
End...

Then rather abruptly, snares Pahpah's indignant eyes...

VRAX

You there...

WIDENING: Browbeaten Pahpah leans forward protectively, and
daringly looks up and gives a death-stare, however,
magically frozen, and now gravitating, mysteriously drifts
towards the centre of the Arena.

In a moment of unpredictable terror, the Wildlife recoils
disbelievingly, and Mahnah, with an intense moiling
expression, gasps as he's swept away.

Meanwhile, under the overwhelming intensity, he suddenly
snaps out of his trance as he collapses to the ground, and
as the dust settles, he looks up gravely, and with pale
face and slumberous eyes, is stunned with the realization
of the dire nature of their predicament.

Mahnah, pained and struggling with the desperate
afflictions pulsing through her veins, quickly picks up a
stick and throws it at Vrax, but with his reaction sudden,
swift and lethal, deftly catches it, and gives her an
appreciative smile as he drops it.

SLOW MOTION: In its futileness, the stick lands on the
dusty soil, and repeated for effect...

REVOLVING 360-DEGREE PAN: The collective expression of the
Wildlife Creatures' spellbound enthrallment is so intense
that it's almost palpable...

STEADYING ANGLE: Vrax, in his mephistophelian charm, looks
down at the hapless Pahpah, and exercises his playful
polemic skills, sensuously...

VRAX

Shall I, or shall I not... Spare you...
(grandiosely)
In fact, ALL of you...

QUICK INSERT - REVOLVING 360-DEGREE PAN: A repeat of the
collective expression of the Wildlife Creatures' spellbound
enthrallment, only much more intense...

(CONT'D)

48 CONTINUED:

VRAX
(*fiendishly*)

Hmmm? ...

Then turning, he frowns at the devastated observers, and like the devil personified, postulates alluringly, and with an uncompromising echo of coldness in his voice...

VRAX
Yes, free yourselves from this awful light, and come with me and share a new era of eternal life... Or, you can perish in... Darhhhkness...

IMAGE: Abruptly on the word 'DARHHHKNESS', an electrifying spectre of an evil DARHK HOLE suddenly appears, and with the voluminous illusion momentarily hypnotizing us, it shatters the nightmarish *mise-en-scène*...

CROSS-FADE:

49. EXT. THE DARHK WOODS — MIDDAY

AERIAL - DESCENDING: The duo, in kangaback stride, manoeuvre on untrodden pathways, and with death defying and wizardly swift movements, venture down a seemingly impossible trek through the woods...

MUTATING PROGRESSIVELY: From deeply rich colours gradually FADING to BLACK and WHITE, it gets darker and darker as they venture deep into the forest...

MOVING ANGLE: Passing in the flickering light of the dim glows are ghostly looking trees, shrubs, unearthly shadowy creatures, and many scary unknown evils, posing and glaring mischievously, and with the passage churning up dust and further dimming sight, the dizzying speed affects THEIR, and our, defocusing eyes...

BO
(*moiling...*)
Where are we going, Yo? ...

CLOSING: Groaning and grimacing painfully, he squinches his face and squeezes his lips shut, and then glancing hopelessly to his foreside, he wonders where all of this is leading.

MUTELY: Losing all sense of sight, sound and earthly contact, they slowly count the seconds, telling their frantic minds to hold, and with virtual radar now taking over, they stride into the unknown.

YO
We'll find out when we get there...

(CONT'D)

49 CONTINUED:

They are indeed revved up with steady resolve, unflinching determination, and undeniable courage, and in the abstruse tableau, amidst the rustling sylvatic foliage, a conduit augurs hauntingly.

DRACO (V.O.)

Fear not for the path has been set, and your journey has yet to begin. Seek not what you need, but what is required by you, and the Power of light will guide you...

Yo, sougning to the strangely soothing nostalgia-inducing antidote, she slowly closes her eyes and tightens her facial muscles, and then gnashing her teeth, she bunches her fists to beat the pinch of fear.

Then suddenly, in an incredible urge, wing-footed and with a new sense of frightening urgency, they enter the pitch-black sylvan, and the only thing visible, is the radiating heat of their bodies, glimpsed between the trees.

FX: A THUNDER SHRIEKS...

IMAGES OF DYSTOPIA: While entering an otherworldly wonder, the canvas inexplicably bursts into bright light...

50. EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE - MIDDAY

IN SEPIA - SPECTACULARLY: From out of nowhere, the DUO leap over the heads of terrified Wildlife, and fly heroically into the Arena, they then, land with a thump! ...

BRIEF INSERT: Bro swings around at the sound of Yo's feet hitting the ground, and with his eyes wide with apprehension, suddenly turns into surprise after realizing who it is, and his mouth makes an 'o' of astonishment...

WIDENING - COLOURING IN: With the environmental mood one of reserved optimism, and certain expectancy in the air, the Wildlife gradually brightens...

FX: A MUFFLED BELLOW REVERBERATES THROUGHOUT THE PALACE AND INTO THE SKY ABOVE...

STEADYING ANGLE: The wild eyed duo, ragged and out of breath, are mentally and physically exhausted from their long arduous journey, but softened by lambent walls of Nature filled with Wildlife, never had they felt so welcomed.

CLOSING: Yo, like a newly born super hero, glances at the herd, smiles, and then nods pleasurably...

YO'S POV: Set in the Wildlife faces, are voiceless mouths, greeting them with astonishment and latent euphoria...

(CONT'D)

50 CONTINUED:

WIDENING: As Pahpah and Mahnah go to embrace their child, they find themselves severely restricted in movement by some darkish force field surrounding the Arena...

Bro, also immured, is standing just behind them, and leaning heavily on one side as though carrying some sort of injury, he looks on painfully.

ABRUPT ANGLE: Mahnah suddenly turns back in horror, and with her beseeched and lachrymose eyes looking desperately at us, her silent scream is deafening.

WIDENING: Vrax, somewhat cautious, is not to take anything for granted, however, softening his suspicion, he welcomes the newcomers respectfully...

VRAX

(with a squelching lisp...)

You are? ...

As the little koala slides off to the side of his mount and postures boldly, the young roo, introduces herself...

YO

I'm Yo...

Stepping forward, the larrikin koala stares up belligerently, and then with a swanky lip, struts his credentials...

BO

And I'm Bo...

Vrax, with shoulders shaking spasmodically in laughter, gives a perfunctory nod and a passive aggressive applause...

VRAX

Yo and Bo? ...

Then having let loose a brief grin, the cheeky little koala rocks back a step, and Vrax, finding it hilariously absurd, laughs sardonically...

VRAX

What silly names are those? ...

And with shoulders still shaking, he mumbles some improvised causticity, and then laughs sardonically...

FX: ENSUING THE HILARITY, THE RUMINATING SKY SEGUES WITH AN EXPLODING LIGHTNING CRACK...

SKYWARD: An electrical current sizzles the dark sulphurous Maelstrom, like some complex circuitry going haywire...

FX: LOUD ECHOES, AND MORE DARK LAUGHTER...

(CONT'D)

50 CONTINUED:

DRIFTING AND CIRCLING IN AN ASCENDING ANGLE: Passing through the aerospace, we speed into the cyclonic Maelstrom, and as the sizzling growls to a deafening roar, we burst out the other side of the swirl and shoot into space...

51. EXT. SPACE FRONTIER

In a fight for supremacy, the MOON commences to ECLIPSE the SUN, and with its dark umbra pulsating, it progressively smudges and divests the light, and the sun, retaliating violently with an irruption of flocculus and bleeding sunspots, swells over its entire surface.

In the systaltic disorder, bright oscillating white heat counteracts the blotching forces, and the altering hot and cold photospheres flare up in all directions, and with the dimensions dilating furiously, the manic derangement and elasticity intensifies.

However, the solar flares burning through the smouldering dust, has only minimal effect, as the moon's halo has eminently forced an albedo back onto the sun, and is smothering any ray of light being emitted.

Meanwhile the Earth, inauspiciously athwart by the impelling dark Forces, is sequentially shadowing the other planets of the solar system, and is locked in a self-perpetuating time continuum.

EXPANSIVE: Moving further out in space, and circumnavigating to get an empyreal perspective, the new Solar System and beyond, appears to be swirling and spiralling extrorsely, and in the anisometric circumvallate, an immense helical gravity funnel is being generated.

STEREOSCOPIC ANGLE: At the far end of the concentric spiroid, a dark Hole is forming, and beyond the hellish electrifying cyclopean maelstrom distending, trillions of light years of space entity dissolves into infinity.

FX: AN EVIL DRONING REVERBERATES IN THE HAUNTED VACUITY...

CROSS-FADE:

52. EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE - MIDDAY

DESCENDING: Bestirring the ambiance of the miss-filled Arena, swirling vibrant sounds, sweeps in with the wind...

FX: CELLO DRONES, STRINGS RACE...

PAHPOO (V/O)
(spirited...)
Believe in yourself...

(CONT'D)

52 CONTINUED:

The rush, strengthening like thunder, rolls past Vrax...

PAHPOO (V/O)

(*exhorting...*)

For you are the chosen ones...

The duo, edified with a profound sense of strength and spiritual enlightenment, illuminate, like a glowing aura.

Vrax, stepping in the limelight, responds to the impetuosity with the vilest dark laughter imaginable, and with a note of finality, proclaims in a vociferous yen...

VRAX

(*gutturally*)

It's too late... The end has already begun...

(*with phlegmatic
eloquence...*)

You will all.. now.. vanish.. in eternal
DARHHHKNESS...

INSERT: On the word 'DARHHHKNESS' the mise-en-scène fills with unimaginable horror!

FX: STENTORIAN CRACKLING THUNDER... AND LIGHTNING...

WIDENING: With the smell of fear lingering in the air, Pahpoo's discarnate eidolon begins to reify, and with his antecedent configuration slowly revivifying, he materializes alongside to the left of YO and BO.

FX: STENTORIAN CRACKLING THUNDER... AND LIGHTNING...

Suddenly alongside to the RIGHT, another apparition, and a little unclear at first due to static in the air, gradually materializes into the honorific and gracile White Dove, the Guardian Angle of the Universe.

Elongating majestically, its timeless persona is grave but superlatively beautiful, and with a piercing fulgent light surrounding its apatetic, feathered body, its mien is lithe and angelically divine.

FX: EVIL STENTORIAN LAUGHTER...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Vrax, refusing to meet the Dove's eyes, grounds a clawed heel into the hardened dirt, and with utopian posturing, gestures unsparingly...

VRAX

Welcome to my Universe...

BRIEF IMAGE: A TIGER SNAKE hisses a warning as it climbs up a ghost gum tree...

(CONT'D)

52 CONTINUED:

WIDENING: Zhenn steps forward and flashes the Dove a look of pure enmity, and with great relish, from her pouted rictus, eructs stridently, but the Dove, however, is eminently unmoved.

Vrax, with relaxed demeanour, and somewhat sleazy uppity, slides his eyes towards the scorned feathered creature, and with a condescending smirk and nebbish bass rumble, boasts...

VRAX

(mordantly)

Won't you ever learn? You're no match for me...

(magniloquent finality)

And you'll never be...

CLOSE: From a look of evil loathing, he shoots Yo a fiery glare...

FX: STRIDENT CRACKLING LAUGHTER FILLS THE ARENA...

The gesture woos the horrified Wildlife beholders into a state of utter despair.

BRIEF IMAGE: A FRILLED-NECK DRAGON LIZARD suddenly appears, and with alacrity, it fans open in a hissing launch position, and then disappears with a shriek...

WIDENING: Vrax slowly raises a sanguineous palmate pinion, and outstretching his mighty appendage, casts a hypnotic force, which encircles the Arena...

360-DEGREE PAN: The Wildlife, awash with gasps of horror ushered from the mortified faience crystallite-terraces, is sent into a vertiginous spell... FOOSH HH HH HK! ...

CLOSING: All of a sudden, the incredible force hits old Pahpoo, and knocking him senseless, he sways exhaustedly, and in the blackening daze, feels himself lifting into the air, and then abruptly, crashing to the hard surface of the dirt...

IN SLOW MOTION: The delusional repeat of the crashing to the ground, echoes the effect, and emphasises the dizzying shock, and overwhelming pain...

WIDENING: The Wildlife falls silent as it watches in horror...

Pahpoo, lurching to his feet, faces his nemesis, and with a sleight hand and open palm, he sends forth a cyanic ball of fiery gas.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Vrax and Zhenn, turbidly smutted in a swathe of congealment, and furled and mewed into gelatinous viscosity, are solidifying and fossilizing.

(CONT'D)

52 CONTINUED:

In the transient stillness, descending into a nerve-shattering realm, an enormous energy reverberates from the mafic cocoon, and it converts into an enormous electric current, which sparks with luciferous evil.

Then suddenly, the fossil explodes apart, and splattering the Wildlife with a gooey substance, it leaves them bounded and motionless.

Vrax, enswathed and swelling in blind rage, turns to Pahpoo, and with his draconic characteristics now truly taken shape, looks deep into his violet-eyes, and leaning forward with fierce brooding concentration, beams an evil ray of DARHHHHHHKNESS...

The penetrating chemistry unnerves the roo, and as he backs away, he desperately sucks breath into his battered body and forces himself to keep to his feet, and he surely can't collapse now.

With the relentless FORCE darkening, Pahpoo swings himself around and faces the starring mass of triste eyes, and as he pivots back, an enervating lassitude spreads throughout his body.

In the meantime, Yo and Bo, instinctively trying to reach out to Pahpoo, are unable to move, as the invisible turbulent force has immured the entire Wildlife Enshrinement, and overcome with anguished grief, so intense, it seems afire with pain.

Having watched Pahpoo drooping his shoulders, and with a look of dawning horror, holding out his hands, indicating his helplessness, was a bleak moment, and indeed a searing experience for ALL.

Then after a further moment of smothering silence, the vulnerable multihued Wildlife diverts its attention, and mutely transfixes on the draconic Vrax.

CLOSING: Bleary-eyed Pahpoo staggers backwards, and with eyes glowing dully, and mouth working soundlessly, his frail opiated body and mind is unable to bear any more...

CLOSER: With his head slumping, and sinking heavily to his knees, he sags sideways, and with passivity, he comatose to the ground, and in his hypoxic state, a darkening strain begins to spread across his ashen face, and tragically, he falls into syncope...

360 DEGREES PAN: Mahnah, with her heart in her throat, fatalistically lowers her head, and as the profoundly disturbed Wildlife quietens into numbed silence, young Jessie, who has been watching all of this alongside her mother, is unable to observe the solemnity, and is grinning...

(CONT'D)

52 CONTINUED:

WIDENING: These behemoth winged forces are no strangers, and having had an enmity existence ever since the birth of the Universe, they have duelled many times since...

The White Dove, beauteously manifested in its silvery galvanised armoured wings, is no longer exulting in grandeur, but tensed for combat.

Vrax, breaking the ominous silence with a strong shrilly laugh, turns his attention to the Dove, and unleashes a frighteningly powerful darkness upon her.

The White Dove, however, with its electroluminescence and catoptrical energy radiating, resists virulently with a necromantic response: FOOSH - FOOSH - VROOOOOOOOOOOM...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Vrax suddenly bolts backwards, and slamming into Zhenn, they both roll onto the ground...

Zhenn screeches piercingly, and with her grey eyes sparkling with fury, quickly gets up, whips her tail, and aggressively jerks her head.

ABRUPT ANGLE: The Dove's face turns crafty, and glowing sublimely, with an imperturbable tranquillity, her sinewy body swells and writhes sensuously...

WIDENING: Vrax hisses and cranes his head sideways, and with his face reflecting immense incredulity and hatred, gradually transmutes into a grotesque Draconic Creatures, and amidst the metamorphosis, he seizes with massive convulsions, and screams shrieks of terminal anguish.

Then erecting slightly, and with fierce abominable eyes, he lifts his behemoth sinewy leathery wings, and from out of his stygian mouth, sends forth the vilest dark Force ever conjured.

OPPOSING ANGLES: Instinctively, the gladiatorial White Dove responds with enormous retaliative force, and as the Winged CREATURES' throbbing auras inosculate and variegate, their awesome and electrifying red-hot incandescent pinions, spark and sizzle in the burning air.

After several vehement combative moments, and with both sides at times looking the more dominant assailant, the omnificent dark Force eventually overpowers the angelical white glow and purity gives way to quietus.

CLOSING: The White Dove, delicately poised, stagnates and weakens dramatically, and with her body straining in an agonizing stretch, cries out, something more gasp than scream, and then whirls uncontrollably...

CLOSER: Her blood-shot eyes, the antipathy of her soul, semblances billions of light-years of torture...

(CONT'D)

52 CONTINUED:

WIDENING ABRUPTLY: Suddenly, epileptic and albescent, she soporifically discomposes into catalepsy, and with her body sagging in an alarming collapse, she preternaturally bursts into flames and curls into black dust, and then writhing impotently, she floats listlessly into the dense forest.

It's a devastatingly melancholic blow for the Wildlife, and for us too, but not for Vrax, who, with odious triumph, laughs manically.

VRAX

See you in billion years time...

Cloyed, and with 'TIME' resonating in his voice, he then utters...

VRAX

(*pleasurably*)

If you can wait that long...

Meanwhile, amidst the turmoil, an unsettling scenario has been unfolding, and with highly detrimental repercussions imminent, one could only hope for a miracle.

WHIP-PAN: Yo, quickly seizing the moment, springs over to her dearly loved grandfather, and then crouching down with her body bowed tautly, she gently clasps his head and rests it delicately on her lap...

YO'S POV: In half-conscious ethereal spirit, as he breathed vaporously, his tenuous waning GLOW, slowly ebbs away...

PAHPOO

The light will be with you, always...

Yo, having gone through an array of heart-wrenching emotions, bends over, and gently kissing her ever-so-loved grandfather on the forehead, she then goes to stroke his temple, but her love and tenderness are not enough to keep his pneuma alive.

CLOSING: With shallow breathing, and his dearth aeriform, slowly disembodying, he dematerialises, and his last aired words evanesce imperceptibly...

PAHPOO

My little princess...

WIDENING: With his transeunt penumbra vanishing into Elysium, the devastated Yo, sobs at her empty lap, and gut-wrenched Bo, moves over to comfort her...

It's a distressing moment for the Wildlife, and from the leafy galleries to the front stalls, a wave of affectivity grips them all.

(CONT'D)

52 CONTINUED:

Pahpah, illumined in cathexis, and having watched the stomach-churning disintegration of his father, sinks timidly to his knees with profound despair.

Mahnah, with silent screams of excruciating horror, shakes her head repeatedly, not willing to accept the inanimate departure.

SKYWARD ANGLE: Suddenly, an abrupt lightning crack exploding from the evil conjuring aviary up above, triggers strident shrieks and piercing wails of terror amplifying in air, and from the congested turmoil, a disgorging toxic admixture of squamulose flesh and feathers flakes down onto the Arena.

CLOSING: Yo, stirring restlessly, she leans forward intently, and blind with grief and inconsumable rage, her body trembles with a chill, not physical, but that coming from the soul, and fighting every instinct, she reins in powers bestowed within her, and is ready to deal with this ancient menace.

Then raising her head, and with steely determination, she dips her shoulders in an aggressive stance, and with her visceral roborant pneuma strengthening her animus and will, her eyes redden with malevolence.

YO'S POV: Looking straight at Vrax, we shoot into one of his evil eyes at supersonic speed, and from deep within, in stunning silence, an uneasy darkness is brewing...

FADE IN:

53. EXT. OUTER SPACE - SPACE TIME

Ensuing a flash, millions of sparkles sprays the timeless canvas, and in the dark Interregnum, it fills with star clusters strewn like clouds of brightly sparkling dust, which forms an impressive visual milieu of grey masses of space-haze.

Then maturing in the heavy oppressive gaseous ambiance, a mass semblance of a ghostly hellacious GORGON-LIKE SKULL stems from the vilest creature ever imaginable.

Bracingly visual, its gauzy braiding streaks of space-silk hair, frays into bluey-green vaporific anti-cosmos, and its jittering edges of noxious vertiginous clouds, morbidly obscures.

Then in its vacuity it swirls ferociously to form the figure of a massive FIST, and palpitating in the chaotic fabric of space, it curls slowly, menacingly, over its sclerous clenched fingers, as if the clouds themselves were grabbing hold of the grey mass.

(CONT'D)

53 CONTINUED:

Like a malicious evil being released into the Universe, the FIST slowly opens and closes, exasperatingly, and smothering itself it loses its definition, and lulls into a resemblance of a single facet of a DARK EYE, half-lidded for sleep.

Then blinking away from the prelusive darkness, we immerse ourselves into an eerier calm, a in the lingering droning saltation, resonates a bleak and uncertain future...

FADE IN:

54. EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE - MIDDAY

In a defining moment, and the conspectus of imminent dour consequences inevitable, one by one, numerous Vulturians descend upon the scorched earth, and with alacrity, they encircle the Arena.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Brandishing their gleaming bloodthirsty fangs and whipping their tails, they exhibit their combat prowess.

ANOTHER ANGLE: The duo, standing back-to-back at the centre of the Arena, await the first assault, and as the muted rush of air swirls, several Vulturians stir, and stretching their enormous pinions, they gradually move in on their prey.

QUICK INSERT: Broc sinks to the ground in horror, and in the background, faint images of alarmed Wildlife, disperse in fear.

WIDENING: Vrax, however, finding all of this tolerably intriguing, decide to watch rather than participate, and Zhenn, with grandiose hauteur, turns away sneering, and to her surprise, her roving eyes fasten on the youngsters, huddled in fear amongst the elders.

CLOSING: Then settling warmly, wetting in sinisterous hunger, she lusts with beckoning eyes, and with her prying gaze covetously caressing the young, desirously and possessively, she favours the beguiled little Jessie with a long inscrutable look...

ZHENN'S POV: Jessie, peeking out of the folds of her mother's pouch, squeaks a protest, and then quickly ducks under cover, and ensconcing in her mother's protective guard...

WIDENING: Intuitively, in one fluent motion, Bo mounts Yo, and grasping the Vine from within her pouch, he whip cracks it! ...

FX: THE CRACKING SEGUES WITH LIGHTNING AND THUNDER...

(CONT'D)

54 CONTINUED:

MOVING ANGLE: Yo, mettlesome in her pigmented hide armour, charges at a group of Vulturians, and with, Bo, now in what is to be his dramatic trait, wields his trusted Whip like the lone ranger...

IN SLOW MOTION: Moving deftly, and barely visible through a sea of dust, the duo take on their opponents in emphatic style...

FOCUSSING THROUGH THE BLUR: Several stridulous Vulturians fan their wings agitatedly, and with their eyes bulging bright orange, shriek at one another before preparing for the assailment...

QUICK INSERT: Meanwhile, Mahnah's eyes widen with tension, and the herd, in utter despair, group around her protectively...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Little Freddie, with his eyes tightly shut, claps his hands to his ears...

FX: IN LENTISSIMO, GRINDING DEATH METAL RAGES...

IN MUTED SLOW MOTION: The Vulturians, lagging at first, in a wild and blistering offensive, vault forward rapaciously, and they wield their thorny tails in a swinging, slicing, slashing and hacking frenzy...

WIDENING: Several Vulturians, on the flanks, flail and back wing, and with spraying swipes, fling up dirt and dust...

FX: RAUCOUS SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS OF RAGE, ADDS TO THE DISTORTED CACOPHONY...

IN REAL TIME FLURRY: From both sides, more sweat spraying swipes, whip-cracking wings, legs, and wherever an open target...

The steadfast duo, showing amazing athleticism, and with jaw-dropping skills, valour, grit, alacrity and grace, take on their opponents in stunning fashion.

Then eventually, successfully executing their consummate parrying manoeuvres, force the aggressors crashing, wounded and exhausted.

LOW ANGLE: One of the younger Vulturians, determined, and unwilling to accept defeat, rises for one last swipe, but after a lame attempt, keels over, moribund and devoid of any stir.

INSERT: Pahpah, now standing in front of the herd, looks at the duo with amazement, and just behind him is Bro, lighting up with a smidgen of hope, and with a wide smile breaking his thin troubled face, is deeply moved by their courage...

(CONT'D)

54 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER INSERT: BROC closes his eyes and shakes his head, as though unable to rid himself of the lingering feeling of disquietude...

WIDENING: Vrax, even though outmanoeuvred and completely discredited in the abortive battle, thunders a laugh, and then somewhat subdued, unsubtly gestures for his army to mobilize...

Zhenn, having already slightly extended her wings for balance, hesitates a moment, and then looking back at Vrax, who urgently signals her to hurry, dips her head and shrieks before take-off...

MOVING ANGLE: The WHOOSH from Zhenn's great wings suddenly draws the Wildlife's eyes upwards, and fearing some sort of confirmation of a pending catastrophism, all wild-chatter dies, and then just as sudden, renews, more loudly than before.

HIGH ANGLE: There's a real urgency in the infernal Maelstrom above, and with the shrilling now ululating piercingly, the nightmarish event has indeed begun.

Alarmingly, with great vibrating forces taking effect, the massive WHIRL stridulously turns into a behemoth TWISTER.

CROSS-FADE:

55. EXT. OUTER SPACE - SPACE TIME

The FULL ECLIPSE, with the MOON and SUN turbulently fighting for ascendancy, the warring for perpetual survival has truly begun.

The flaring sun distorting contrastively, begins warping extraordinarily, and with its luminosity dramatically waning, is forced into wanness submission, and the merciless MOON claims the empyrean dominion.

DISTANT SYNOPTIC ANGLE: The sun, confined to a thermal dot in space in comparison to the domineering dark Helical Cone, is being coalesced into a massive dark Hole...

FX: DARHHHKENING THUNDER ERUPTS WITH A FLASH...

56. EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE - MIDDAY

RAPIDLY CLOSING: With the Arena's stroboscopic crystal lighting and vibrations, intensify, a sudden cataplexy hits the DUO direfully head-on, and bathes them demonically in a frightening Darkness...

WHIP-PAN: Vrax, surfeited with DARKNESS, lifts his scabrous head, and like the grim reaper, utters satanically...

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

VRAX

The end is here for you all... But,
for me, it's only the beginning...
The Universe will now, turn, into...
DARHHHHKNESS...

FX: FULMINANT ON THE WORD 'DARHHHHKNESS' AND, INDELIBLY
SEGUING WITH A ROAR SO LOUD, THAT ALL IS DEAFENED FOR A
MOMENT...

With glaring utopian aspirations anew, he triumphantly
glances around at the muted Stadium...

INSERT: Mahnah, suddenly gasping, grips Pahpah's hand so
tight, that her fingernails pierce his hide, and with
burning sense of dread, he protectively puts an arm around
her...

CLOSING: Yo, breathing deeply, and in spite her
determination not to show the panic she is feeling, a cold
pressure grips her belly, and with her chest heating in
pain, sweat starts to creep down her forehead, and the
salty drops fall onto her chest...

ANOTHER ANGLE: Amidst the uneasiness of scraping feet and
Wildlife jittery, Pahaph's eyes meet Mahnah's, and wavering
from side to side, their worst fears are realized, and they
slowly steady...

VARYING ANGLES: YO glances sidelong at her best friend with
intense and growing concern, and Bo, stunned by the fatal
reality facing them, fearfully turns to his best friend,
and a deep subtle attachment between them, is in their
breath.

CLOSING: Bo, feeling consternated, and with his fingers
toying the Vine, in a moment of desolation, a shadowy
reflection suddenly wipes over him...

WIDENING: Vrax, airing his leathery spinule wings, shapes
into an archetypal draconic pose, unlike ever seen
before....

CLOSE: Bo, with little pointed eyes of light, and disarmed
by a piercing look, cowers...

BO'S POV: From a worm's-eye view, the evil Vrax, with his
hairy chest bulging, raises a palmate and releases a
frightening deleterious power...

WHIP-PAN: With that effectuation, BO levitates, and whizzes
into the swirling TWISTER...

WIDENING: Yo, quick to react, is with arms outstretched,
and every nerve in her body is yearning to go to his
rescue, but sadly there's very little she can do, as he is
caught in the indestructible TWISTER...

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

BO

(yelping...)

Help...! Yo...! ...! ...! ...! ...! ...! ...!

With his face flushing, and eyes protruding from their sockets, he squealed like only a koala can, and in his struggle to maintain his equilibrium, he drops the Vine.

EXTREME SLOW MOTION: In several split-second agonizing moments of a writhing, entwining and whirling sensation, distorted primal screams shriek from the twister as the Vine coils down onto the mist-heated ground, and with precious seconds grinding away, it seems like an excruciatingly out of reach eternity...

ABRUPT ANGLE - IN REAL TIME: The Vine, dropping out from the noxious swirl, lands onto the dusty earth...

FX: WITH AN EXAGGERATED 'FLOP' A DEVASTATING SILENCE ENSUES, AND AN AWFUL SINKING FEELING, LINGERS...

WIDENING: Surprisingly, from out of nowhere, Draco suddenly appears, and swooping down on whirring wings, hisses and fans restlessly, and then quickly grabbing hold of the Vine, it swiftly darts into the rifling Helix...

Yo, engulfed in horrid disbelief, fumes with anger, and schizophrenically, as her shocked and souged expression quickly fades, she narrows her eyes, and with a flash of indignation, mutates overwhelmingly evil.

Vrax, with a rueful lick of the lips, locks eyes on Broc, and slavers an obnoxious grin...

VRAX'S POV: Broc, nervous and apprehensive, flashes a complying warm sneer, and then abruptly breaking his train of thought, enigmatically lowers his face...

WIDENING RAPIDLY: Suddenly our attention is caught hostage by an unnerving presence, and with an urgent whispering denial coming from the turbulence above, Yo is abruptly blasted across the clearance...

Then slamming against the invisible Electro-Magnetic Force Field encircling the inner part of the Arena, she briefly lies motionless.

CLOSING: Looking dazed and deranged, and with a serious mien, she slowly draws herself up to her full length, and in her pale death of innocence, she nods congenitally...

In a fantastical quest of rebirth, she accepts the challenge facing her, and poised with composure beyond her years, has the ultimate responsibility to defend the what's rightly theirs.

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

With glowing enlightenment, and imbued with bluish-white halation, she assumes a new posture of supremely confident omnipotence, as though being spiritually possessed, and inheriting a gift of extraordinary powers.

Emotionally charged, and her face suffusing with wrath, the innate feral instinct in her persona is now emerging like never before.

WIDENING: Glaring up, she clinches a fist, and the skin stretches white across her knuckles, and then slowly lifting her arm, she points accusingly...

YO

(viscerally)

You cannot take away our dreams...
our freedom...

Then reaching deep within her anima, an intense volition emboldens her determination and indefatigable spirit, and with a sudden rush of fury she screams...

YO

(vitriolic)

You shall not destroy what we love...

With her feet firmly grounded, and her eyes steadfastly fixed, her posture stiffens, and bathing in sweat, her varicose veined neck tightens and inflames.

CLOSING: Sucking in sharply, she forces herself to breath, and then clinching the air with her fist, she grits her teeth rancorously, and the muscles in her jaws throb, and her voice, grows hoarse with vehement asperity...

YO

(sanguinely)

This is our EARTH . . .

FLASH INSERT: With the Wildlife hanging onto every word, the apocalyptic utterance pounds THEIR and our sensibility with a steely sense of purpose...

WIDENING: Then continuing to hold her ground, hold her stare, she fiercely refuses to allow the mad-powered usurper, purloin their home...

YO

(pain-soaked...)

Not yours . . .

WHIP-PAN AND CLOSING: Vrax, in a blaze of glory, saliently motions the others as he emphasises with a curt nod, and magnanimously cloy with self-aggrandizement...

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

VRAX

(*fiendishly*)

Yes, but, I can... I shall... And it
will be...

FX: IN REVERBERANT PORTENT ANGER, A THUNDERBOLT CROSSES THE SKY, AND A GUTTURAL ROAR BURSTS FROM ITS DARKNESS...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Vrax, transmogrifying into a weird draconic beast, and with steely light gleaming in his eyes, tilts his demonic head, and in the evilest visage ever, fixates his Darkest Force upon Yo...

SURREALLY: Vis-à-vis, and with swirling currents, in this extramundane cauldron, a weird and unnerving feeling inextricably settles upon the arena.

Then suddenly, the clashing of good against evil ignites, and in the electrifying fulgurant energy, an excrescency of relentless power is wielded.

Yo, in her radiant aposematic armour and animal omnipotence, faces the fiercest force ever, and with her now extrasensory increate and cathectic powers, she releases a brilliant necromantic Force of Light.

Vrax, spontaneously blotting the light with his Dark Force of energy, shrouds the Arena with a harsh purplish neon effect.

CLOSING: Yo, however, dementedly, her shoulders jerk back and her hands clench into fists so tight the bones show yellow through her skin, and immersed in a self-hypnotic cataleptic trance, she illumines spectacularly.

VARIOUS ANGLES: In the clashing of forces, the rumbling grumbling and thrumming is immense, and in an incredible roar of furnace-hot tornadic wind bursting with fury, the air is aflame with great intensity and increasing turbulence, and a hot swirling airlift, whirls them around and around at such a dizzying speed, that we too, are caught in IT...

Vrax, looking piercingly, extends his wings, and in his imperishableness, unleashes a hideous force that slams Yo hard against the twirling debris, and emotionally frazzled, and with her mental fortitude rapidly deteriorating, she tumbles about astatically, weightlessly and inanimately.

DISTORTED ANGLES: Then nightmarishly, she's hurled into reddish clouds shot with nauseating greys and whites here and there, and torn by massive orangey-red fuliginous fulgurant rivers, and stifling the mise-en-scène...

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: Now, with her will sapped out of her, and lost in transit, she leans forward attempting to straighten slightly, but eventually withdraws staggeringly, as hundreds of hot points burn the unprotected skin of her face, and penetrate the lids over her eyes, and pit her hide...

INFERNAL REALM: In the brutal unrelenting turbulence, the flames kaleidoscopically whip in and out of the viridescent sphere, and in the multifariousness and simmering welter of punishment, the overwhelming cyclonic atmosphere batters her ruthlessly to unconsciousness...

The beastly force from above is now in control, and stirring intoxicatingly, it belches with evil satisfying relief.

STEADYING ANGLE: The Arena's ambiance suddenly settles, and with everything hurled into an awesome calm, it's abnormally still, and with the Earth continuing to spin, it too, eventually and gradually stabilize.

Yo, with her mind paralysed by the holocaust, is crippled, impotent, and drifting helplessly, and with all her senses failing, the only thought is with Bo, Pahpoo and her family, and she is too weak to think beyond that.

FLASHING BACK: SHE REMINISCES HAPPIER TIMES WITH RELATIVES AND FRIENDS...

SURREALLY: Meanwhile, the relentless turbulence continues savagely, ruthlessly and destructively, and in the inexorable deadly pressure, it churns masses of slickly greys and oranges that heave and dip, and the heat is as massive as tidal waves.

FX: A SCREAM TEARS FROM A SINGLE THROAT, LIKE A KNIFE UPON RAW NERVES, AND THE FEELING OF FEAR-FEAR, TERROR-TERROR, IS THE ONLY ENTITY...

STEADYING: The ARENA, in vacuum-like atmosphere, is still except for the subtle movement of dust and particle debris, and as the impotent roo unnaturally floats in the air, she appears mentally exhausted...

SLOW MOTION: With her body hanging pulpy and much reduced muscular atomy, she hovers just above the ground in weightless ataxia, and slowly falls into soulless and serene calm...

Pahpah, unsettled and unsure of the intangible unknown before him, is unwilling to perjure himself for what looks like the inevitable and inexorable conclusion, and he shakes his head resignedly.

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

Mahnah, instantly going to his side, is desperate for some relief of her fears, and sweaty and tense, she places an uneasy palm on his shoulder but finds it hot to touch, and with a bleeding heart, she lowers her head and gently withdraws.

WIDENING: The roo herd, absolutely crushed by the moment, surrounds Mahnah and Pahpah in stunned silence, and just as all hope was fading, lacerated piercingly by the extremes of anguish, a vociferous cry comes bursting from the clouds and compounds an entreaty that echoes alarm...

ABRUPT ANGLE: Suddenly, from out of the massive twirl, the Vine whiplashes with a vengeance, and leashing onto Vrax's spiniferous ankle, it tightly knots his calloused unguis cockspur...

WIDENING: Vrax, in spite of the minor discomfort, laughs nonchalantly as he stoically attempts to shake loose the Vine, but it is securely wrapped around his ankle, and pulling him rampantly...

With delusions of grandeur now rapidly deteriorating, he direly struggles to negotiate with the dubitable terms, and even though appearing impassive, the sweat rolling down his face betrays him.

The situation, obviously looking rather precarious, and with growing concern, his smile quickly fades, and for the first time ever, he decrepitiy realizes he's in a potentially fateful and futile predicament.

Slowly but surely, with great anfractuosity, the Vine pulls him upwards, and with his hanging torso twisting and turning, this way and that, he gyrates towards the Darkening swirl with deadly efficiency.

SKYWARD: Towering high up into the welkin, the powerful twister is tempestuously sucking Bo into the vortex, and in turn, vigorously pulling Vrax's contorting body into the swirling updraft...

With his insecure tenure now becoming more apparent, he desperately tries to slash the Vine with his razor-sharp talons, but his efforts are to no avail.

Slowly asphyxiating, and with his bloodstained tusks enlarging from his skull-like head, he clenches his fisted leathery palmate wings, and grasps at the thinning air.

WIDENING: In the congested atmosphere, whittlings and debris is also being forcefully sucked up into the evil Maelstrom Whorl, and with the situation appearing extremely volute, it's causing much disquiet amongst the captivated Wildlife...

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

Meanwhile, Vrax, distorting amorphously, and swirling and spiralling uncontrollably into a state of nihility, corkscrews upwards tortuously through the stratosphere.

CLOSING: Glaring furiously, he strangles on his apocalyptic curses, and with frenzied futile efforts quickly dissipating, in crushing realization, a sense of defeat sucks through his nostrils...

FRACTIONATING DIMENSIONS: Littered with rage, and writhing tortuously, his bulging eyes fill with blood from vessels bursting by the force of his guttural and crepitating cries, and in wounded fury, he asphyxiates and convulses as he warps in and out of the Dark Side...

VRAX
(diabolically...)
YOU CAN'T DESTROY MEEEEEEEEHHH... ..
(transcendently...)
I AM DARRRRRRRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHKKK...
(deafeningly...)
IN YOUR DARRRHHKKKEST DREEEEEEEEEAMZ...

SLOW MOTION: Spasmodically jerking, and shrieking stertorously, he attenuates amorphously, and withering and waning, his atrophy tremulously dissolves into the darkest sulphurous void of his perdition, and dims into nigrescent obscurity...

FX: A PIERCING CADENCE OF DEATH KNELL ECHOES THROUGH THE WHIRL...

BRIEF INSERT: Broc, disgracefully happy, looks up, and his eyes shine with a mixture of incredulous joy and astonishment...

FX: BEASTLY ECHOIC SONOROUS CRIES SEGUE WITH THE SWIRLING RAGE OF DARHHHKNESS, AND WITH AN INCREDIBLE TREMBLING RUMBLE AND GRUMBLE, IT REVERBERATES ALL THE WAY UP INTO THE WHIRLING MAELSTROM...

WIDENING: The other Vulturians scream in terror, as they too, are swallowed in the deluge, and with their piercing cries drowning in the roaring swirl, their leathery plumage fritters away as it rises into the stratosphere...

BRIEF INSERT: A bright light suddenly flares, and with a whooping gasp, Broc squeezes his eyes shut...

Meanwhile, with the attention still on the cyclonic turbulence up above, the thrust, progressing in a shooting spiralling motion, culminating all the way to the vertex of the swirl, and enters, the behemoth's Darhhhkness...

FADE IN:

57. EXT. OUTER SPACE - IN THE VORTEX OF TIME

IN SPACE MOTION: Emerging out of obscurity is, Bo, and while slowly entering the DARK SIDE of the TWILIGHT ZONE, various inexplicable images begin fabricating in the firmament of space.

With Vine in hand, the feral astronaut somersaults, rolls, twists and turns, and close behind, little Draco, is caught in the slipstream.

Then all of a sudden, the hellacious dark Skull appears, limpidly, and with its outline colour greyish-red and whitish on the top, is star-lit, and somewhat fiendishly bizarre.

Amidst the mutating fabric, randomly, various distorted images emerge, and a whirling, many-faceted impression of heat, violent turbulence, and burning breathlessness, fills the mise-en-scène.

The dark Skull, having awoken from its cosmic abyss, roars stertorously, and then growling gutturally and demonically, it sucks cosmic matter down its dark bodiless throat, into nothingness.

Bo and Draco, rather intrigued, mysteriously drift inside the gaping skeleton mouth of the dark entrance, and embracing the essence of what is evolving, Draco whizzes around, orchestrating the ambiance.

Meanwhile, with the very integrity of space-time continuum at risk, destiny is about to intervene, and mystically, Pahpoo's spirit appears amorphously, and with oracular utterance, breathes mutely...

PAHPOO

(omnipotently...)

The dark Forces of the Universe have taken over. The cycle must now repeat or the past will end, and the future, will never be... Only you hold the Key that can unlock the gates to freedom...

(fading...)

For within the darkness, there is Light, and a New Dawn will shine once again...

On the word 'SHINE' a fugacious fulgent glint awakens the furry gladiator's extended memory retention, and in his psychic intuitive, he exhibits his splendiferous innate acumen.

Balancing stupendously, he maintains an ethereal steadiness, and lifting the Vine up above his shoulder, it morphs and straightening into a silver sagittal spear, and gleams with mighty awesome power.

(CONT'D)

57 CONTINUED:

Then adeptly leaning back in an athlete's javelin pose, he thrusts his body forward, and swinging his arm around, releases it with tremendous force.

MOVING ANGLE: The now blazing spear, lancinates and slits the ugly dark spelaeen fabric, with shattering effect, it hurls into the Skull's death-lit evil-spirited mouth, of seemingly impenetrable darkness...

DEEP FOCUS TRACKING: Beyond the swirling conical dark Hole, a clashing of centripetal and centrifugal forces warps the space vacuities, and in the contiguous and antecedent line of astral and planetary masses extending infinitely into the depths of far outer space, a refulgent beam retrogrades transversely and ubiquitously through the void...

AT LIGHT SPEED: Breadth spatiotemporally, reaching right back to the beginning of time, and then latterly against the flow, ignites a fuse from within the prodigious dark Nexus...

Then abruptly, and mutely, the dark Hole collapses like an imploding supernova, and setting off a thunderous explosion, it blasts the darkness into smithereens, and its crux shrivels into eternal oblivion.

The Sonic Wave Emanation takes several seconds before it hits us, and when it does, IT deafens our ears with a SHATTERING ECHO! ...

Flashing and whitening, the dark cluster of Cosmic Matter then atomises and diffracts, and beautiful colour fills the space canvas, like never seen before...

DISTANT DILATING ANGLE: Star clusters disperse and coalesce into formations, and with the Skull fragments deteriorating into obscurity, a whitish hole appears, and it sends a shockwave throughout the universe...

FX: PIERCING SCREAMS AND KNELLING CRIES OF DEATH GRADUALLY SILENCE IN THE BECALMING QUIETUS...

IMAGE: An intermittent bluish-purple afterglow relumes, and slowly pales into insignificance...

EXPANSIVELY: Spatial rippling Rings slowly fan out in celestial sonority, as though synthesized by a superior entity, the SOUTHERN CROSS star formation appears magnificently... 1 ... 2 ... 3 ... 4 ... 5 ...

VARIOUS IMAGES: Instrumentally, other Zodiac Star formations begin inaugurating in the newly formed universe...

FLASHING BACK...

58. EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE - MIDDAY

With the bluey-virescent Earth gradually stabilizing, the tranquillity subsists ubiquitously, and in the soft stimulus of nature, the inception of animism comes alive...

FX: IN A LILTING THEME...

SUSPENDED SILHOUETTE ANIMATION: As WHITE PETALS fall from the sky, varietal BUTTERFLIES emerge from the faience crystallite terraces, and fluttering, in a circular, undulating, calming effect, it unburdens the dire strain and reorients the senses, soothingly...

WIDENING - IN REAL TIME: As the air clears, and the dust settles, the partially frozen stadium of Wildlife begins to revive, and is awash with incredible sense of intense relief...

ASCENDING: With multifarious visuals and aural feasting in full swing, the New Sun auspiciously emerges from behind the mollifying neonate Moon, and in gradual sinew isolation, the Earth regenerate, effervescently...

In the emotional intensity, a tsunami of sentiment grips the Wildlife, and with a renaissance of paradisiacal flowering in Nature's splendiddness, it replenishes exotic and captivating images, sounds and entrancing aromas, and the inhabitants, in tumultuous harmony, springs vividly to stupendous life.

BRIEF INSERT: The decrescent MOONSCAPE gently BEAMS the SUN'S reflection...

CLOSING: Yo, in the wake of hurt and heartbreak, and the wildness only now starting to die from her eyes, passively drops her chin to her chest, it's not easy to be roused to such intensity, only to be left disastrously deprived of absent loved ones...

WIDENING: Meanwhile the immensely relieved Mahnah and Pahpah quickly go to their daughter and greet her with hugs and kisses, and close behind, the roo herd joins the celebrative reunion, and roisters with outpouring emotion...

In collective spirit, the Wildlife rises vivaciously to the momentous occasion, and with optimism overflowing, paeans in rapturous joy.

With Arcadia blooming, a scintillating NEW DAY drenches in SUNLIGHT, and flooding the atmosphere with pure clean de nova air, bathes its inhabitants with its purification, and in this epochal moment, captures the hearts of all.

(CONT'D)

58 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: Auntie Roo, delicately caressing Jessie's upturned head, fondles her lovingly, and Freddie pushes Pixi away and she stumbles backwards and falls to the ground.

A Potoroo cheekily hops around the young ones while they mischievously resume their playful activities, and Bro watches with amusement as they frolic and cavort.

Pahpah, with a look of triumph on his sun-tanned face, briefly savours the moment anew, and then turning with inarticulate jubilation, hugs Mahnah fiercely.

BRIEF INSERT: Broc the leered Croc is dumbfounded, and quelled with his gnawing addiction, licks his lips ruefully, and then manages to raise a painful but very relieved smile...

WIDENING: The entire CRYSTAL PALACE is abuzz with euphonious life, and in a sonorous carnival atmosphere, the brightly arrayed WILDLIFE chatters and flirts in environmental freedom....

FX: ISOCHRONAL CHATTER AND THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE RINGS IN our EARS...

CLOSING: Yo, however, is not entirely happy, in fact, she is now crying, and these are not tears of joy, but laden with sadness, exquisitely sad...

BRIEF INSERT: Oblivious to the epochal occasion, a TIGER SNAKE, with an almost defiant hiss, benignantly relents its grip from a Ghost Gumtree, and slithering insipidly back onto the dirt, it then makes its wallow, and couches itself in a convenient curl of tail, and the irenic sunshine lulls it into somnolently...

WIDENING: With all the excitement draining from the herd's faces, and with pitying rue, they inertly back away from the family circle...

BRIEF INSERT: Broc, even though feeling a little contrite, nods solemnly and whispers soft remorse, however, a knowing observer would have seen that naughty gleam of amusement in his eyes...

CLOSING: The grieving family is tightly bewildered, and with the mood funereal and shrouded with immense sadness, the surrounding Wildlife begins to settle in an uneasy vigil...

Yo, firming her structure, maintains her dignity, but unable to withstand the shuddering feeling mounting in her fragile frame, the unnerving sensation becomes much too toilsome, and it eventually overwhelms her.

(CONT'D)

58 CONTINUED:

SLOW MOTION: Gripped in a poignant moment of crushing and heartrending reality, her forlorn figure is crestfallen, and stripping bare and uncovering her raw and heartfelt emotions, a solitary TEARDROP rolls down her cheek.

Even though wounded and weakened by the physical and mental strain endured over the past few days, she appears somewhat more mature, and there's a soft flush of colour in her face and lips.

BACK IN REAL TIME: It's indeed a wailful and painful soul-destroying experience, and there's an enormous emotional intensity of family bonding.

Mahnah, aglow with love and admiration, puts a reassuring arm around her daughter's shoulders, and then slowly ventures to stroke her muzzle with her gentle fingertips.

MAHNAH

Everything will be fine...

Yo, now at her lowest ebb, and with the pliancy of her body gone, hides her wan face in her mother's shoulder, and who, with restrained jubilation, is relatively calm, and gently lifts her daughter's palsy head and looks subtly into her unwinking eyes.

MAHNAH

(searchingly...)

You're with family now...

CLOSING: Then lovingly, she raps her arms around her, but the young roo, with opalescent eyes, incipiently slips away, and wavering in a grip of solus, suddenly abandons herself to her mother's caress.

Despite Mahnah's melancholic mood, she gives her daughter a benignant smile, and with soft gentility, she delicately smoothens her tousled hair.

Pahpah, buoyed in his idolatry, looks on felicitously, and although keeping up his guard, in his paternal forthright composure, is indeed.

PAHPAH

Very proud of you, Yo...

Sadly, however, in the profound sense of loss, the offering of solace is not enough to heal the young roo of a broken heart, and with her silence disturbingly ominous, the melancholy is so intense, the emotion is palpable.

BRIEF INSERT: With elation now turned into despair, and celebrations somewhat muted, the Wildlife feels a sudden wave of intensified pathos for the emotionally scared Roo Family...

(CONT'D)

58 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: The young roo, fatigued of the heart and mind, drops her chin to her chest, and then turning slightly, she painfully pines as tears fall down her rubefacient cheeks...

WIDENING: Just then, a distant whisper seems to fill her head with a final apologue, and we get the impression, that the others can hear it too...

PAHPOO'S SPIRIT

(*elegiac voice...*)

Yo... Princess of Sunshine... You must be strong. You must be brave. And above all, you must share your gifts with those who are less fortunate, and those who are in need...

Poignant, yet uplifting, his voice raises enthrallingly, enough to be heard high up in the leafy galleries...

PAHPOO'S SPIRIT

(*emotively...*)

Protect this green Earth you live on, and Nature will reward you well...

(*aerially...*)

The future lies within your dreams, your family, and your friends...

As his voice trails off, it consoles the listeners like a healing and soothing balm...

FX: THE SOUND OF A TEARDROP SEGUES WITH THE SOUND OF THE VINE DROPPING DOWN FROM THE SKY...

LOW ANGLE - IN AGONISING SLOW MOTION: The VINE, seeming to hang in the air for a split second, whorls down like a SNAKE-COILED CONE, and flops onto the DUSTY DIRT...

In the murky intrigue of apollonian wilderness, the WILDLIFE rouse with an uneasy murmur, and in an underlying sense of excitement and anticipation, the inner twine of the Vine begins to GLOW...

WIDENING: Then in the sweetest disarming surprise ever, emerging from the trough of death, the unlikely slick-faced droll hero pops out booming, and with saint-like presence, the fantabulous cynosure of the eternally grateful Wildlife Kingdom, brims with virtue and justice...

BO

Hey, some trip! ...

VARIOUS ANGLES: Here, there and everywhere, the Wildlife is alive with anarchic glee, and in the rollicking trumpet-sounding joy, flying from out of the VINE'S COIL, is the darkly soiled, starry-eyed...

(CONT'D)

58 CONTINUED:

DRACO

Like, wow! ...

Histrionically spaced out, and in a buzz and zap, the deliriously excited whiz is spotless once again, and heaving a sobering sigh of relief, it smiles bravely.

In this vainglorious moment, and having sent hearts aflutter, it gives us the THUMBS UP, and after a SAUCY WINK, it flies around, parading.

INSERT: Broc the farouche Croc, cleverly content, licks his decayed teeth, beshrewing, and with a hint of evil cunning gleaming from his protuberant blue eyes, ennui turns into a relishing thought of...

CLOSE: BO'S BROWN FURRY FOOT, stamps on the ground...

SUDDENLY WIDENING: Flushing with success, the koala draws himself up proudly and shakes loose the greasy slick, and wincing at the pain of an injudicious movement of his arm, has the Wildlife thinking it wryly funny, and bursts into spontaneous sonority...

Now, in the lightened up, the young roo is untethered, and no longer a statue immobilized by grief, she squeezes her eyes shut, and with her heart thumping, suspends her disbelief with an inarticulate gasp of relief.

Having seen her wish finally come true, she breaks into an angelic smile, and with everyone revelling in ebullient excitement, brings a lasting certitude for ALL to share.

FADING UP: EUPHONIOUSLY, AN ORPHIC PESANTE THEME, WITH A MESMERIZING RHYTHM AND DREAMY OROTUND LYRICS, FILLS THE AIR WITH A RUSH OF LOVE...

YO

(in sotto voce...)

Mahnah . . .

The unwaveringly empathetic mother, tensing at the sound of her daughter's voice, has an expression of compassion and worry momentarily clouding her face, and is uncertain, of how to react.

The young roo, with emotional subtleness in her plight for blissful liberation from her inhibitions, suddenly surrenders into her mother's cossetting arms, and dispels restless feelings that were lingering.

CONTRASTING ANGLES: Brimming with love, she meltingly turns her great opalescent eyes on her best friend, who is basking in his imperial honorific glory, and her tone suffuses with admiration, affection and awe.

(CONT'D)

58 CONTINUED:

WIDENING: Then as her parents embrace and press lovingly against her, absorbing the joy, endearingly, in the glaring limelight, the little koala enthusiastically acknowledges the acclamation, and bows in gratitude to the rapturous applause of his new adoring fans.

In a fleeting moment of passion, the young roo swoons, and while searching for some stimulant, her face, brighten slightly as she catches her mother's dithyrambic expression, and entrancingly, with her demurring smile slowly reaching her creased sloe-eyes, she purses her lips and gives her daughter a glowing endorsement.

GLIDING STYLISTED ANGLE: Starry-eyed and hopelessly smitten, the young roo lets loose a breath of elevated relief, and with the clearance bathed in sunshine, sweet desire speaks a thousand words, and it TANGOS us in an uplifting tempo...

WIDENING: Meanwhile, spiffy Bo, with TRUSTED WHIP in HAND, and with bravura, is aloft in one great leap onto Yo's back, and like a true haute école, salutes with airy amiability...

BO

Yoh-yabbah-dabbah! Yoh-yabbah-roo!

Gushing with admiration, he slaps Yo's neck, and with great fealty and camaraderie, affectionately rubs against her cheek, and nifty Draco, leaps on a passing POTOROO, does an elfin haute école whirl...

FX: THE EARTHLY ATMOSPHERE THRIVES IN CRESCENDO...

ASCENDING: The bedazzling SUN, with its jewelled lit RAYS gleaming pellucidly down on the festal activities, a friendly looking silver-lined MOON on its left, passes behind a nacreous cloud, ebbing and afresh...

INSERT: Broc, looking on favourably, is somewhat emote and cheerfully in tune with the Wildlife hysteria, but wait-a-minute, to be indebted to Yo and Bo would be abhorrent, would it not? ... Hmmm? ... Perhaps it's just a subtle symmetry, a balance of good and bad, or maybe even a fateful compensation? ...

With suppressed pain and chronic fatigue now the mood, his EYES glittering with cupidity, and in souring adulation, he expresses stern laconic remorsefulness... "Ah, yes, now that's more like him"...

WIDENING: Meanwhile, Mahnah, briefly turning her glowing eyes towards Pahpah, pets the old fellow's muzzle affectionately, and after a low laughing response, he turns facing the herd and sighs with dramatic dedication...

(CONT'D)

58 CONTINUED:

The intoxicated spectacle of the mise-en-scène weeps in grandeur, and in majestic admiration for their ethos, we enjoy the virtuosic moment.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Freddie, stepping forward, looks admirably at the incomparable duo, who evoke, a twinge of admiration and desire in him.

Little Jessie, with her face flushing with excitement, hops out of her mother's pouch, and despite the red rims and bloodshot whites, her eyes are sparkling.

Pixi and the other youngsters, oozing with envy, raise adoring eyes for their heroes.

A grumpy frumpy Wallaby, making its way to the front of a pack of party animals, waves clumsily, and then exhaustedly, settles down on its backside and rests its rotund body.

EXPANSIVELY: The Rainbow Forest, transcendently bathing in glorious vernal SUNSHINE, is truly an aesthetic experience, and sweetly and wonderfully, a memorable and life-affirming moment for ALL...

CLOSING - IN SLOW MOTION: The duo, in a rutilant AURA, smile in their most winning way, and with Bo, cracking his trusted Whip as they go into an iconic éclat spin, strike a memorable portrait that will be indelibly etched in animism history...

WIDENING: In consummation, the artistic AUTOGRAPH, with its subtle and unforgettable kudos for the salient sensualistic experience, bathes us spellbindingly...

Then suddenly, with the sublime fusion of spiritoso music, the Palace bursts in colour, exquisitely, and is awash with euphoric scenes and vivacious images.

Meanwhile, Draco, doing a customary salute to the skies, whips this hand down and whirls around the duo with a trail of glitter...

ANGLING SKYWARD: Feeling a sense of elation and liberation coming from the native Animals, Flora and Avifauna, we marvel the renaissance of the land's ethos and ecesis...

WIDENING: Their fate, sealed with unconditional friendship and loyalty, forges the beginning of an odyssey that entices overwhelming, headlong and inescapable dangers...

IN THE ADVENTURES OF YO & BO...

FX: DISTORTED SOUNDS AND VOICES SLOWLY DEGENERATE...

(CONT'D)

58 CONTINUED:

MOVING IN SLOW MOTION: Translucently and somnolently, the canvas inosculates into a weird scumble, and then fading achromatically to a photographic negative, slash sepia quality, we circle up with a blending of COLOUR...

SKY ROCKETING: Moving speeding away from the Crystal Palace, Forest and New Earth, we then slow down into a drift...

59. EXT. OUTER SPACE — INTO PERPETUITY

Passing by the New Sun, and then moving deep into omnipresent extragalactic space, we witness the nebulous first and final perennial frontier being reborn.

Symphonically, in subito silence, two limn angel-like figures embellished with glitter, smile with beatitude, and then in celestial harmony, they luminously fly towards us, and lithely veer to alternate sides.

Circling away, they sprinkle in stardust, immortally radiant, diaphanous, and ethereal...

PAHPOO & DOVE
(*synchronously...*)
We will be with you... Always...
(*glittering and fading...*)
Forevermore...

Quiescently, and in the zenith of supraliminal eternalness, perpetuates an indelible imprint on us all...

Implicitly bound, tranquil in flight, and with lambent omnipotence, they are paled into ineffable infinity, and personify a supernal amaranthine...

In a moment of nirvana stillness, a New Era dawns...

Then suddenly, in the abrupt space blackness, Broc's vicious JAWS open egregiously, and villainously snap us into...

DARHHHHHHHKNESS...

THE END