

The Sunrise

A Backpacker's Paradise

A Modern Sitcom

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THE SUNRISE

PILOT

(Sunset At Sunrise)

1. OPENING TITLES AND CREDITS SEQUENCE...

PENCIL ANIMATION OF CHARACTERS, PRODUCTION STAFF, AND CREW, going through their daily stereotype multifarious routines, as the first few bars of the THEME SONG plays...

PANNING UP TO A STUNNING TIME-LAPSE: The night sky slowly succumbs to the light of pre-dawn, which sets the tone for the balmy day...

SEGUEING WITH SURF, WAVES AND SEAGULLS SQUAWKING FADING UP: Noise of the beach and pedestrians nearby intermingling is subdued and in the background, but never wholly ceasing, along with chatter and activity in and around the Sunrise backpackers hostel.

SUPER: SUNSET AT SUNRISE

ASCENDING: In the salubrious breeze, and with Rayleigh scattering over the eastern coastline, the *TITLE* fritters and melts in the crushing heat of the rising sun.

INSERT: STREET SIGN - BEACHSIDE DRIVE

CROSS-FADE:

2. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - EARLY MORNING

The morning paradise heat is seeping through the cracks on the wall of the aging Sunrise backpackers hostel.

The MELODY gradually blends into the indistinct chatter in the background and eventually fades...

ANDRE DE CASO, a ruggedly handsome Frenchman on a working visa, and the Sunrise hostel book-in receptionist, is explaining to a European backpacker couple, what the Sunrise has to offer...

ANDRE

(with french accent...)

... and if you have any problem, just let me know, and I will fix it for you...

(with dreamy seductive eyes...)

I am here for you...

Coolly raising an eyebrow on "YOU" as he slides a glance and fixes it to the enticingly alluring glamour-girl with the gleam in her eye, and barely able to contain his glee, postures provocatively as he continues...

(CONT'D)

2 CONTINUED:

SLOW PAN: Irresistibly drawn to one another...

FX: Vesper bells ring faintly in the distance...

SID SEBASTIAN, the owner of the Sunrise, comes out from the entertainment area and passes through the foyer arrogantly puffing his lips and clutching a newspaper race guide.

RITA PETROCELLI, the Sunrise duty manager, is close behind in hot pursuit and acrimoniously harping-on about the lack of maintenance and facilities and that the situation is becoming unmanageable.

MOVING ANGLE: As the quarrelling adversaries exit into the glaring early morning sunrise, two wet American backpackers in dripping bathers and spray on skirt with bikini, carrying a surfboard and paddleboard, enter and dodge their way towards the rear, sharing a joke and laughing lewdly...

OFF SCREEN: Laughter and indistinct chatter fades...

OFF SCREEN: Noisy squabble is heard coming from just outside the front where Sid and Rita are debating some petty and trivial matter...

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDENING - MUTED: In the background inundating the entire entertainment area is a huge cloud of SOAPY FOAM which appears to be fermenting from frothy waves flowing out of the laundry, where the washing machine suds are overflowing like lava oozing out of a volcano, and is streaming into the *mise-en-scène*...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO WASHING MACHINE AGITATION...

ANOTHER ANGLE: André, with an expression of bewilderment emanating from his swarthy face, an air of realization suddenly dawns on him and he goes into one of his cringe inducing OCD panic episodes, and the somewhat bemused backpackers who have reluctantly checked in, with escalating panic, quickly move away from the oncoming deluge about to consume them.

WIDENING: Following André's wandering gaze, *WE* see an agitated figure emerging from within the FOAM...

PABLO, the rugged Spaniard janitor/cleaner is frantically attempting to sweep the SUDS with a broom, and behind him are a couple of roguish larrikin backpackers jostling clamorously and riotously playing 'snowball-throwing' with the frothy stuff...

Chaos and incivility ensues with laudatory and rumbustious behaviour aplenty as the overwhelming FOAM smothers the entire *mise-en-scène*...

VARIOUS ANGLES: A cacophony of disturbed onlookers frowning, squawking, boisterous cackling and hysterical laughter...

(CONT'D)

2 CONTINUED:

FX: The lens fogs and the blurry images dissolve...

FX: The amusing uproarious pastiche of bantering becomes muffled and is washed down the frenetic gargoyle and rats feast on its waste...

INSERT: A shimmering iridescent confusion of flashing light pierces through a cracked canvas and bursts into a burning sun, making US squint from the glare...

3. EXT. NEWSAGENT - LATE MORNING

DESCENDING FROM THE GLARING COASTAL SUNSHINE: Rita steps out of a newsagent gazing forlornly, and with a depleted smile, kisses the sacred text of a lottery ticket, and then with a pathetic wretched grimace, looks up at the heavens, and makes a pleading wish...

FX: A stadium of exited punters cheer as the final stages of a horse race is broadcast, and heavy pacing hoofs pound the turf...

WHIP-PAN:

4. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

WIDENING: Sid turns off the blaring 70's transistor radio, and angrily sliding into a parrying tantrum, tares up a newspaper race guide and trashes it as he curses his demons...

Then after taking a swig of some Scottish bourbon whisky, from one of several partly drunk bottles in the booze cabinet, he grabs a pack of nicotine patches and sticks them on his arms and neck...

VARIOUS ANGLES: The Sunrise office, epicentre of perpetual chaos and confusion, is with it's idyllic and superfluous 70's décor still cluttered and unadorned ever since the hostel's inception, and is in a disgusting mess.

CIRCLING: In a cesspool of litter from leftover hamburgers, pizzas, chips, soft drinks, and a heap of overdue and final notices of unpaid bills covering the desk, and garbage strewn all over the place.

INSERT: A group of BOY SCOUTS and SCOUTMASTER approach the unattended Sunrise reception, and they notice the remnants of dissolving SOAP SUDS plastering the walls and furniture and are a little apprehensive to book in.

ANOTHER INSERT: A very dirty and untidy six double-bunk boy's dorm, is littered with used underwear, socks, shirts, pants and other undesirable items strewn all over the place.

(CONT'D)

4 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER INSERT: A very dirty and untidy six double-bunk girl's dorm, is littered with used underwear, socks, shirts, pants and other undesirable items strewn all over the place.

ANOTHER INSERT: A leaking sink and dripping shower has waterlogged the bathroom, and used hand towels and toilet paper is strewn all over the place.

ANOTHER INSERT: Rear garbage bins full of waste has spilt and is heaping on the pavement.

ANOTHER INSERT: A rear window billows with smoke fumes...

JUMP-CUT:

5. INT. KITCHEN / DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

MOVING ANGLE: Tracking through the smoky dim-lit dining and kitchen area, where the soiled benches and tables are littered with the leftover food and drinks from the night before, and amongst the many barely working utensils, a faulty *TOASTER* is burning sliced bread, and the *SMOKE FUMES* are inundating the *mise-en-scène*...

Emerging out of the blackness is Pablo, still clad in the now darkened *SUDS*, is fanning the *SMOKE* with a *BROOM SCOOP*, and in the background, the mischievous larrikin backpackers, also covered in darkened *SUDS*, are continuing their raucous anarchic behaviour...

FX: Rubber mallet pounds on a wooden signpost...

CROSS-FADE:

6. EXT. THE SUNRISE FRONT YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

WIDENING: A '*FOR SALE*' sign has been hammered into the ground, but only manages to stay upright for a few seconds before collapsing.

ASCENDING RAPIDLY TO AN AERIAL VIEW: The Sunrise *SIGN* and *FACADE*, badly in need of a decent facelift and with the many other neglected repairs, appears rather derelict, if not creepy and spooky.

FX: A DISTANT RUMBLING THUNDERS AND A CHANT OF AN INCANTATION OF AN ANCIENT MANTRA FADES UP...

CROSS-FADE:

7. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - EVENING

Meanwhile back at the office, bathed in bluish tinged light, and with the foreboding ambience pervading, a grim reaper shadowy wall-figure with a scythe ghosts past and takes a swipe at some imaginary victim.

CLOSING: Sid, with his cogent attention taken hostage by the ghastly apparition, in a wave of panic, is thrown into a state of intense fear, and as he withdraws against the wall, he clinches his jaws and his neck muscles tighten so much that his veins swell purple and grotesque.

CLOSE: Flurried by the tirade and emotionally dislocated, his stunned eyes fly open and he staggers a little, and within his simmering purview, he become visibly agitated as he furrows his brow in a fever of anxiety.

VERY CLOSE: Moving in on his desiccated face, he grits his teeth and his eyes fix on an imaginary target, and a pale glow radiates his aura...

FX: An ancient Mantra pulsates briefly, and then segues with indistinct chatter coming from the airwaves...

WIDENING: MISSES BETTY SEBASTIAN, his indisposed mother is rambling on the 70's landline phone...

Having exhausted his tolerance, he shakes his weary head, resignedly, and then proceeds with a series of complex facial contortions throughout the excruciating vernacular...

FX: Uncannily Betty's voice coming from the telephone receiver, sounds unnatural and somewhat theatrical...

SID

(servilely...)

Yes-yes, mother... Everything's under control... I just need - no - no - mom - let - me - finish... Arrrh... !!! ...

Being berated so, and gasping and frothing from the mouth, his deeply troubled gaze takes an adventurous wander into the void, and unable to get a word in he flinches and croons exhaustedly...

BETTY (V.O.)

(decrepit; slurring...)

... Your father would have turned over in his grave if he knew you were destroying the paradise he worked so hard for...

CLOSING: Shadowed with vague fear, and with a languishing expression of hopelessness crossing his wretched face, piteously, lets loose a malefic outburst...

(CONT'D)

7 CONTINUED:

SID
(*apoplectic...*)
Arhhh... No-no, mom... Arhhh, for god's
sake! Arrrrhhhhh... ..

Amidst the groundswell of rage, and saturated with abject humiliation, he slams the phone on the desk, pounds at the heaped bills, and then strewing them all over the floor and paces around as Betty continues her berating...

BETTY (V.O.)
(*frail and weary...*)
... What more do you want? My pension
cheque?! ... I've given you handouts...

VARIOUS ANGLES: Sid, having had a bizarre brain snap, struggles to maintain his composure, and now possessed and quaking with incoherent rage, vigorously acts out adlibbing and miming gestures of theatrical discourse extricating himself from the shackles of dysfunctional kinship...

CLOSING: Then a passing thought seemingly from nowhere limps across his mindscape rekindling his wretched past, and he lets loose a pathetic gasp...

FX: Scottish bagpipes play a brief funereal piece tinged with dolefulness...

WIDENING - IN SLOW MOTION: With the stream of mental vituperation weighing him, and somewhat deflected by the habit of concern, his innocuous look rather betrays the wrenching torment deep within him...

BETTY (V.O.)
(*somewhat debilitated...*)
... You've drained me of all your father's
wealth! ...
(MORE)

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT: A POODLE BARKS AGGRESSIVELY AND INCESSANTLY BITING AT SOME FABRIC MATERIAL...

BETTY (V.O.)
Shhhhh ... shoosh! ... Down boy ... Baby I
need to go - ring me tomorrow... Down boy...

FX: Slap-Bang! - Poodle weeps - Phone clicks...

Sid's gaze takes on an adventurous wander as he frowns up at the gods, and suddenly, with instinctive awareness as though sensing *OUR* presence, he looks right at *US*, emotes and with cold acceptance, he smiles, a lazy, insolent smile.

With bruising thoughts fermenting, he's awash with a painful countenance, and a wounded look of dread wipes his face his.

BLACK OUT:

(CONT'D)

7 CONTINUED:

FX: Ragged and laborious breathing trails off, leaving US with a vague chill...

With a creeping resignation pervading, a stunned and tense silence descends, and in the eerie stillness, subtle faint sounds gradually surface...

FX: High heel footsteps approach, keys jingle, a door unlocks, and with a sharp exhaled "HOO..." a light switch flicks...

8. INT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION OFFICE - LATE EVENING

A LAMP turns on and illuminates drafted building PLANS spread over a large designer's desk.

WIDENING: KIM LEE, a real estate entrepreneur in the neighbouring building site, is shrouded in half-darkness and appears inexplicably cloistered while looking over the plans of her new and expanded mega shopping complex.

The femme fatale with a somewhat narcissistic personality disorder, takes out her classy mobile and thumbs numbers, and in her egocentric demeanour, preens before leaning an ear at it...

FX: Buzz-buzz... Buzz-buzz... Click... Ragged and slow laborious breathing imbues the airwaves...

Still savouring her earlier fantasy, she pauses somewhat dramatically and allows for the deeply disturbed soul to exhaust itself...

KIM LEE

*(with coquettish grin,
and in arousing tone...)*

Sid, darling, five hundred gees is my last offer...

(MORE)

CLOSING: Remaining teasingly poised and somewhat a little toplofty...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

(with persuasive eloquence...)

That's including dinner and drinks, of course, and being a betting man, that you are, I'd say those are pretty good odds...

(MORE)

CLOSING: Draws back the mobile and glares devilishly, and with her demeanour somewhat disguising her passion for mischief, leans forward with an arched brow...

(CONT'D)

8 CONTINUED:

KIM LEE (CONT'D)
(with measured and
determined insistence...)
Take it or leave it, darling...
(MORE)

FX: After a momentary pause, screams and raucousness booms from the receiver...

Indeed, favourably impressed, however, smoothening down her stylish hairdo, and in her sobering forlornness, her eyes glitter with irritation.

FX: More screams and raucousness booms from the receiver...

CLOSER: Perpetually available, she gives her ruby lips a good sexy moisturizing tongue wipe and with saucy temerity goes to steel a furtive air-kiss, but pulls away, teasingly, and laughs sarcastically...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)
(with imposing ascendancy;
mouthing slowly...)
L o s e r . . .

ANGLE ON: In her intuitive awareness, holds a demurring sleek model's pose, and after a couple of beats, her glance shifts to faces US and teases US with a sexy wink...

DISSOLVE:

FX: Ragged and slow laborious breathing, segueing with an exhausting claustrophobic struggle...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

9. A. CANVAS INTERLUDE — DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: Hangman's Noose game with four of the five letters 'L-O-S-E-' and the hanging man struggling, as the fifth letter 'R' is written...

Sunset At Sunrise
Living in a land of fantasy
Sunset At Sunrise
Wishing you were here spending time with me...

(CONT'D)

9 CONTINUED:

I'm wishing - Wishing -
Wishing - you - were - here -
Spending time - with me...

Sunset At Sunrise

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO A CRANKING WHEEL AND HATCH OPENING...

The illusion shatters and the canvas burns into another sunrise...

CROSS-FADE:

10. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

DOMINIC, the son of Rita, a twelve year old in secondary school uniform, is sitting at the messy desk, playing video games on his tablet, and Pablo, still somewhat darkly stained, is filling a garbage bag with the accumulated office mess.

DOMINIC
(*smugly; in midst of a
computer game...*)
... Hey, Pablo ... No use cleaning this
crummy joint, it's a dump, anyway...
(MORE)

Pablo, distinctly uneasy, lowers his eyes avoiding the interrogatory gaze, and then following an awkward moment, tries to avert the attention away from himself by pretending to be busy cleaning...

However, hawk-eyed Dominic gives him a suspicious look, and then with a ghost of a smile barely on his lips, swivels around and continues playing his game...

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
(*accusingly...*)
Pablo! ... Have you got your hearing aids
on? ... You stupid Spaniard! ...
(*with sadistic sneer...*)
Yeah, I thought you'd hear that... You're
nothing but a pathological liar with a
dodgy past. But you needn't worry, I won't
snitch on you...
(MORE)

He throws a conspiratorial look at the Spanish snide, who is clearly agitated, and sparing no time for amenities...

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(with imbued grin...)

However, it's going to cost you big time,
catch my drift...

CLOSE: Pablo, vaguely connecting, and after a squirt of smug ignorance, beams up and stares worryingly at his intriguer and considers some specious quibble and utters with open dubiety.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Rita enters abruptly, and unwittingly interrupting the potential collusion, appears visibly fatigued, and has no time for nuisance behaviour.

RITA

(to Dominic)

Get out of here before Sid sees you...
You'll be late for school... Come on,
move it...

She waves a palm in front of Pablo's face, insisting he pay attention, and Dominic, having another clandestine glimpse, flashes an incredulous smirk and gathers his things.

RITA

(with measured tone...)

Come on, Pablo, we haven't got all day.

She wags a monitory finger at him, and averting his gaze, with a stiff and frozen upper lip, stares vacantly and subconsciously replies...

PABLO

(grumpily; with Spanish
accent...)

Yes, miss Rita.

RITA

(while cleaning...)

I'm not your miss - Now hurry up before
Sid sees this mess...

Tight-lipped, he nods obligingly, and cheekily dismissing the obedience expected of him, with sardonic wit, continues sluggishly.

PABLO

(grudgingly; under his
breath...)

Si señora...

FX: A 'Mini Mouse' Looney Toon 'hysterical giggle' briefly imbues the *mise-en-scène*...

Dominic, with the impertinence keenly noted, sneaks a nod and conspiratorial wink as he swings his school bag over his shoulder, and just as he's about to leave...

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

Sid enters unhurried and somewhat frazzled, and with hair unkempt and clothes dishevelled, negotiates his way through the quagmire to his desk, and in his awry disorientation, slumps into his chair and waves a sarcastic hand gesture like a lunatic...

SID

(frowning; mockingly...)

Who's he? The little one? What's he doing in my office? This is not a nursery...

*(feigning blamelessness;
while scanning mess...)*

What's all this? Was there a party here last night? Why wasn't I invited? ...

(MORE)

His sarcasm had not gone unnoticed, and furrowing her brow, she throws Dominic a cursory glance over her shoulder, gesturing for him to hurry.

However, barbed with a derisive sneer, he mimics her visage and screws his brattish brow in an awful wrinkle, and after postulating with an overly incredulous look, nonchalantly saunters out.

FX: Looney toons "giggling" and "suppressed laughter" trails off...

SID (CONT'D)

*(to Rita; pouting
mockingly...)*

I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but there are two social workers at reception, I think it's something to do with - the - little one...?

QUICK CLOSE INSERT: Unnerved Rita glances at him sternly, and with a squint of doubt creeping into her steely eyes, is flustered in dismay at Sid's uncouthness.

WIDENING: With breathtaking arrogance, he glares and angles a transitory eye at the conscience-stricken culprit, who, after the neck-snapping news, and with the formality of shrewdness settling, an awful realization suddenly dawns on her, and her face turns livid.

RITA

*(haltingly, and with
vague dubiety...)*

Yeah-arh...

(MORE)

CLOSING: With a drifting nod, mentally contrasting the state of domestic affairs, an obtuse thought suddenly flashes her mind...

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

RITA
(*fatigued and in a
disparaging tone...*)
Maybe I should...
(MORE)

CLOSE: Standing motionless as if stunned, and with the next sentence pinned to her tongue, an excruciating feeling of hollowness overcomes her and she steadies herself with a firm grip of the desk edge, and with paranoia consuming her, drops off into silent proclamation...

RITA (CONT'D)
(*digressing; intoned...*)
Go and see what...
(*grousing whiningly;
with mixed Italian
slang...*)
... ..

WIDENING: Stony-faced and braving her discomfiture, she curtly hurries out leaving behind the filled garbage bag, and Sid, in haste pursuit, flicks fingers in rapid succession...

SID
(*obliquely; over his
shoulder...*)
Yes, you do that, and while you're at it,
start looking for another job, because
unless you win the lottery, there's no
money to be had here...
(MORE)

Wily palliating and with his hand still dangling, stalls briefly, and then turns to Pablo...

SID (CONT'D)
(*pointing aimlessly...*)
And - And - You - Your - Free board has
just expired...
(MORE)

Unceremoniously gestures for the Spaniard to leave...

SID (CONT'D)
Enough cleaning... Now get out - Go on -
Go find something else to destroy...
(MORE)

Pablo, with florid face and wide-eyed innocence, mutters some inarticulate Spanish snide, and somewhat oblivious of his impending departure, adds some sluggish foot-dragging theatrics as he ambles away...

MOVING ANGLE: Oblivious of the plastic garbage bag having been ripped, he leaves a messy trail of litter behind him...

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

SID (CONT'D)

(wallowing...)

And I believe your work visa has expired.
You need to see the immigration department
about renewing your passport...

(MORE)

The brooding Sid does a double-take, and his eyes pop open with startling intensity, and having digested the comic absurdity, manages a brief smirk before abandoning his remaining few faculties, and with a single arrogant eye, peers down haughtily.

Barely able to hide his glee, and flagrantly disregarding the finer points of subtlety, throws a stinging remark over the shoulder...

SID (CONT'D)

(raising his voice...)

Otherwise they'll send - you - back - to -
the - Spanish gallows...

Pablo, with the crude insinuation not lost, and with an unhealthy dependence for mischief, wheels on him, shooting a sizzling look as he closes the door.

FX: A noisy convict ankle chain and ball being dragged along a wooden floor trails off...

Sid, finding it wryly funny, and with an almost hysterical tinge, is suddenly deliriously happy, and then turning to his favourite toy his late father gave him for his tenth birthday, the transistor radio, tunes in on some fun...

FX: Talkback commentary trails off...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO DISSONANT CLOCK TICKING SOUNDS...

CROSS-FADE:

11. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION — MIDDAY

The Global clocks, displayed on the rear reception wall, are all with varying faults, and one is spinning out of control...

FX: Ticking fades...

André, an amateur photographer and a comic collector in his spare backpack time, is at the front desk viewing some of the 'SNAPS' he recently took, on the desk computer screen.

INSERT: A slideshow of some of Andrés favourite beach and social photos, with lots of his 'GIRL' friends in amateur model poses.

(CONT'D)

11 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER INSERT: A backpacker enters through the front entrance, wearing *BUILDER'S LABOURER* gear, with tool-belt and gumboots, and heads towards the dining area.

INSERT: Behind the reception desk is another security monitor, with half a dozen split-screen framed videos monitoring certain sections of the Sunrise hostel.

VARIOUS ANGLES: In all the video frames, odd and/or mischievous goings-on are taking place, including Sid's office, showing him going berserk over a horse race broadcast...

ANOTHER FRAME: BO, the homeless hobo, enters the kitchen and scavenges around for some leftover food...

INSERT: A backpacker enters through the front entrance dressed in a NURSE outfit, and she heads into the entertainment area, where an eclectic array of rather distinguishable and somewhat bohemian lay-about type characters are mingling and socializing...

WHIP-PAN:

LUCY and NORMAN, two unassuming social workers in dark suits, are taking notes while questioning Rita, who has just kissed Dominic on the forehead before he races out.

Rita, clearly agitated, and with her frustration brewing, her eyes flicker around furtively, and Lucy, indeed clearly unimpressed, has become the subject of intolerant glances...

LUCY

(taking notes...)

So, misses Rita Petrocelli... This is...
Where you and your son reside?

FX: A rush of air segues with a deafening ear-splitting rift...

Rita, with worrying timidity, cautiously chooses her words while nodding complaisantly at the scrutinising officer in command...

RITA

*(in a dispirited
sotto voice...)*

Yes, but it's only temporary... I am
making alternative arrangements... It's
just a matter of time...

SUBTLE ANGLES: Capturing expressions, reactions and the bizarre transmogrify of the growing discomfiture...

CLOSE: Rita, in vacuous mien, and with the daunting thought of being exposed, is somewhat lost for words and is cascading vertiginously into the void of nothingness...

(CONT'D)

11 CONTINUED:

CLOSER: Lucy, vaguely sensing the uneasiness, leans forward with roaming inquisitive eyes, tauntingly close, and raising an eyebrow, sceptically...

LUCY

(falsely optimistic...)

So, what about your rehab? How's that going? Hmm...

WIDENING: Rita, seeming oblivious to the dilemma she is in, takes a sharp step backwards before smiling wanly, and with her eyes flickering, a sudden surge of irritation overcomes her, and simmering frustrations give way, and she has a quick furtive glance over to the front entrance where Dominic was loitering.

RITA

*(candidly; injecting
a note of levity...)*

I've been clean for over six months. I've been attending weekly therapy, and I'm doing just fine...

(MORE)

With the mood becoming despondent, in a nervous strain, she stiffens, icily, and gives her hair a quick makeover...

RITA (CONT'D)

(with a slight quiver...)

And my son, he's going to school, just down the road, and - and - everything is - going - really well...

On nervous impulse, she suddenly breaks off and idly casts a glance back over her shoulder, and with a realization sending a surge of hopelessness, a rise of panic pools inside of her...

NORMAN

*(tilts head; polite,
but pointed...)*

Yes, but, we've been receiving contrary reports, and we need you to satisfy the department of your situation here...

Rita, with peevish and nervous fidgeting, and her lazy sombre gaze drifting aimlessly, ponders her diminishing options as Norman, the bluenose puritan rambles on...

FX: The procedural jargon segues with a mélange of varying levels of kitchen noises, shuffling of feet, chairs dragged, indistinct voices talking, gay chatting, quarrelling, and faint TV and radio broadcasts...

INSERT: Bo, the homeless intruder, holding a plate of food which he inaptly obtained from in the kitchen sits on the couch in the entertainment room, and with a TV remote, switches on his favourite cartoon show.

(CONT'D)

11 CONTINUED:

INSERT: Bo, the homeless intruder, holding a plate of food which he inaptly obtained from in the kitchen sits on the couch in the entertainment room, and with a TV remote, switches on his favourite cartoon show.

ANOTHER INSERT: Several backpackers manoeuvring back and forth from the kitchen to the dining area, preparing and eating brunch...

Meanwhile, Norman hands Rita some documents...

NORMAN

(refers to text...)

... and if you can fill out the forms,
and drop them into the office, we then
can reassess your pending circumstances...

SLOW PAN: Rita, feeling a little tizzy, squints and frowns thoughtfully as the rhetoric dulls and trails off...

INSERT: Nearby sandy beach, showing off some sunshine and surf...

ANOTHER INSERT: Locals and tourists enjoying a swim, surf and various other outdoor activities in and around the coastline...

ANOTHER INSERT: Photo snaps of the afternoon, including some with André taking selfie pics with a pretty beach GIRL...

PANNING AND RISING TO THE SETTING SUN...

DISSOLVE:

12. INT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION OFFICE — LATE AFTERNOON

Kim Lee, clothed with executive confidence, is reviewing a takeover contract...

The mobile buzzes and vibrates on the desk, and after a premeditated pause and wondering stare, she connects in conference mode...

KIM LEE

(insipidly...)

Yes, darling, how can I help you... I'm
very busy writing you a cheque...

(MORE)

CLOSING: Staring at an imaginary target, deliberately obtuse, and with an over-the-top presumptuousness, ponders the pleasurable notion of obtaining the potential spoils...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

What did we say, four hundred and fifty,
gees, wasn't it? ... Hmmm...

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

12 CONTINUED:

Following the slightly fermented pause of silent protest coming from the receiver, and roused with mouth-watering anticipation, she mull over her clinical opportunism coming to fruition.

FX: Screams and raucousness booms from the receiver...

Then leaning back languidly, and dismissing the reaction as being mere superfluous, she responds with a caressing tone of assurance...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)
Yes, darling, I know - I know - I know...
It's very painful, isn't it...
(MORE)

FX: A violin weeps a tune, with moans of anguish in the harmony...

CLOSER: Tinged with mischief, she rouses US as she fondles herself in an eye-opening, low-cut, slinky, see-through fabric shirt, dripping with translucent desire, and covering just enough to let the imagination racing.

CLOSER STILL: Barely contained is the firm outline of her erect nipples, peaking, and flirting through her lacy satin bra. she slides a strap off her shoulder, solicitously...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)
(gratifyingly...)
However, your odds are slowly shrinking,
and if you don't act soon, the bank will
come and take it all . . .
(MORE)

Pausing pleasingly, and guilelessly savouring the moment anew...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)
(airily...)
And dare I say, that will be, sunset at
sunrise... For you... And your three
screwball stooges...

FX: After a couple of beats of ominous silent, another explosive episode of screams and raucousness booms from the receiver...

VERY CLOSE: Her infectious thirst for ruthless manipulation and deeply perverse pleasure is unquenchable, and her visage says it all.

INSERT - VIEWED FROM OUT BACK: Trash from within Sid's office, is thrown out the window, including A tooth brush... tooth paste... worn out jockets...

(CONT'D)

12 CONTINUED:

FX: Deep harsh-sounding guttural groaning segueing with a toilet flushing...

WIDENING: After a momentary pause, with lots of rummaging, grumbles and moans... More trash flies out the window, including the bathroom sink... ??? ...

FX: Explosive fireworks colours the canvas and coalesces into monotone sepia...

DISSOLVE:

13. B. CANVAS INTERLUDE — DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: A game of naughts and crosses played, with the crosses winning the line...

Sunset At Sunrise

Living in a land of fantasy

Sunset At Sunrise

Wishing you were here spending time with me...

I'm wishing - Wishing -

Wishing - you - were - here -

Spending time - with me...

Sunset At Sunrise

The illusion shatters and the canvas burns into another Sunrise...

FX: Looney Toons suppressed giggling and laughter...

INSERT: Successive candid pics taken by André, viewed in varying computer screen angles, of the goings on at the Sunrise Hostel...

FX: Visuals accompanied by clicks, and shutter and rewind sounds...

JUMP-CUT:

14. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - LATE MORNING

André, while amusing himself reviewing a collection of snaps on the desk computer, is distracted by a satiric giggle which draws his gaze to two backpackers, who are either going to work, or to some fancy-dress masquerade party, flash a teasing smile as they strut past.

CLOSE: André's glary eyes sparkle with mouth-watering anticipation...

WIDENING: The GERMAN is in a CHEF'S uniform, and the sassy little RUSSIAN is in a neatly pressed MAID'S uniform with her sexiest, sashayed body, clad in a jaw-dropping décolletage outfit revealing in-your-face cleavage.

VARIOUS ANGLES: As the uniform couple make their way to the front entrance, the flirtatious dainty ingénue maid, after picking up her deliberately dropped handkerchief, turns to André and rewards his fantasy with a seductive wink, and the *crème de la crème*, beaming with delight, follows the chef out...

CLOSING: André, having keenly observed this stunning little risqué ensemble, and with his ego now somewhat bruised with the loss of a potential playmate, the colour slowly drains from his swarthy baby-face and he ponders what may have been...

CLOSER - SLOW: With his face in part shadow and darkening, and all the eagerness gone, his jaw sags and his lust fades as his lazy sombre and soporific gaze drifts aimlessly...

FX: Heavy heart palpitation rises from a misty twilight world, and with soothing humming carrying from another dimension an idyllic sojourn paradise begins to materialize...

FX: Ensuing the out of body astral projection experience, WE sway soothingly while drifting into an airy Elysium, and with a sweet-filled apogee of a seemingly unending slake of desire, utterly sates and shrivels US into ecstasy...

SUPER: *"Life is but a dream, sometimes you just don't want to wake up..."*

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

15. EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - DREAM TIME

A FLICKERING 1920'S SEPIA MOVIE BEING SCREENED ON AN AGED CANVAS AND VIEWED IN SLIGHTLY FAST MOTION: André, hovering around in a spiffy full-piece striped swimsuit, is having a photo shoot with the outrageous mannequin-like maid and chef, and with his attention mostly favouring the adorable petite girl in pigtails, the chef, tinged with jealousy, is determined to steel the limelight...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: André, with amateurism personified, is snapping shots from bizarre and extraordinary angles, and with poses equally stunning, the two aspiring models are doing some deliciously and wincingly funny sexy poses...

FX: GRADUAL FASE BACK TO NORMAL MOTION AND NATURAL COLOUR:

ABRUPT ANGLE: After a small magical 'POOF EXPLOSION' and the 'SMOKE' clearing, the young promiscuous beauty, now transformed statuesquely before the vertiginously qualm looking French beau, and alive with color and mischief in her saucy red curls and vintage hippie skirt, does an awkward, and somewhat sexy, contorted, 70's dance...

CLOSING: Andre, the casanova with a surfeited mien, is roused with carnal stimulus, and trancelike, lowers the camera, and with cool lechery, faces the ridiculously hot femme fatale before him, but he's a little unsure of how to respond to her lustfulness, and is mystified to where all this was leading...

CLOSER: Absolutely floored by the achingly devastatingly ridiculously hot *femme fatale*, teasing *US* with her bod for sin, send *US* all into ecstasy...

VERY CLOSE: Suddenly she looks right at *US*, emoted, as though sensing *OUR* presence, and the stunning charm primed to kill, smiles soothingly, a lazy, insolent smile, and her yearning moans take on a caressing tone...

ANDRE'S P.O.V.: She daintily curls her arms around him, but not really touching him, just airing his body, perfervid, and in a self-stimulating beautific way, and searching his face, she closes her eyes and tries to paint his features and blissfully winnows the movements of his lips...

WIDENING: The moment of endearment is engaging *US* all with her impelling procreative brazenness and the fatuous fetishism...

VARIOUS ANGLES - SLOW MOTION: With tactile hallucination intensifying and the light surrounding her somehow brighter than before, her opalescent eyes suffuse with sweet desire, and her awkwardness gives way to a fluid grace, and she ingratiates herself with her seemingly carefree playfulness and beguiling innocence.

CLOSING: Striking an uncompromising quintessential pose, the perfect human metaphor for beauty, blissfully and breathlessly looks directly at *US*, and her hair fans out around her head, with burnished light, glowing in her warmth...

Her movements take on a blatantly erotic edge as sonorant music increases its intensity. Seductively undoing her sheer blouse, and lasciviously peeling off her bikini top, she teases *US* with an expression that is both, innocent and knowing, and provocatively irrepressible.

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS SUBTLE ANGLES: She tries to follow his retreat, and with the temptation to embrace wildly delicious, she grabs him by the shirt and slowly hauls him in to the soothing rhythm of the erotic aura manifesting...

ANGELIC IMAGE - GRADUALLY BLURRING: Hauntingly beautiful, and the salacious moment charged with erotic tension is hypnotic and seductively alluring...

ABRUPT ANGLE: The ludic episode is suddenly interrupted by the impetuous Sid, who, wearing an old hillbilly overalls outfit, has barged into the fantasized *mise-en-scène*, and with his favourite transistor toy cuddled in arm, is dancing to the '*THEME SONG*'...

INSERT: LIZ LOVETTE, APPEARING IN A DIAPHANOUS DRESS OF PALE GOLD, IS PERFORMING THE THEME SONG '*SUNSET AT SUNRISE*' WITH LOTS OF SHOWBIZ GLITZ AND GLAMOUR...

MOVING ANGLE: André, his eyes glittering with irritation, is infuriated by the rude intrusion, and attempts to shoo the uninvited dream pest away.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Kim Lee, in her mesmeric appetite and mouth-watering glary-eyed anticipation, suddenly appears from another dimension, and wearing a seductive leathery cat's outfit with whip in hand, begins luring Sid away.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Rita, somewhat disorientated by the glare coming from the above lights, enters the fray with black bloodshot eyes, bruises over her face and body, and in a deep and almost painful timidity resembling an abandoned and distressed refugee seeking some well needed attention.

ANOTHER ANGLE: From the numinous awesome grandeur of the expanding universe, emerging from a flashing lightning bolt, Bo, returns to earth after been abducted by aliens, and somewhat dazed and confused, with the colour drained from his swarthy face, is walking around like a zombie, and then, suddenly, he is '*zapped*' away into the unknown...

SUPER: "*Tomorrow is just another day...*"

ANOTHER ANGLE: Pablo, dressed in a legendary Zorro outfit, sneaks into the ever confusing *mise-en-scène*, and finding it a trite blasé, is utterly disconnected and at a loss to join in the festivities...

ANOTHER ANGLE: Enter Dominic, seeking some mischief, tugs at the masked Spanish bandit's cape, who, turns and gives the blackmailing brat a bundle of cash, and whiz-bang with outstretched hands, they both do an overly fanciful esoteric '*rapper's handshake*' before vanishing into the fabric of fantasy...

VARIOUS ANGLES: With the partying is in full swing, there's lots of multi-cultural mingling, small talk, and an outrageous display of their provocative wears...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: As this theatre of the absurd wanes, an eerie quiet settles, and in the somewhat dystopian realm, the remaining masquerade coterie, turn and face *US*, with bizarre and creepy smiles...

DISSOLVE:

FX: Breaking the malaise, as the final bar of music plays...

SLOW FOCUS: The '16mm reel' to which this farcical episode was projected, has reach 'THE END' with the film countdown (10 down to 0) and as the final noisy film sprockets pass through the projector gate, the worn out blank white screen crepitates with a cacophony of scratchy sounds coming from a winding spool of film flapping against the projector arm...

THE THEME FADES...

FX: With a supreme court hearing in progress, there's lots of shuffling, paper turning, chairs dragging, and incoherent dialogue of a resolution taking place, a gavel bangs the wooden desk for "order" ...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO THE RHYTHM OF ANDRE'S HEAVY BREATHING
SEGUEING WITH AN INCOHERENT DISCOURSE...

An incoherent yelling intended to evoke an arousal...
"André! ... André! ... Wake up André! ..."

FX: Deep breaths echo...

JUMP-CUT:

16. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - MIDDAY

Meanwhile, having been momentarily winnowed, and with *OUR* attention somewhat distracted, sadly, *WE* are back in the real world...

CLOSE - WIDENING: André, rousing from his restless doze, and with sweat creeping down his forehead, reposefully stretches his face muscles and takes in a deep reviving breath...

WIDER: Rita, stooping over the romantic French frog, splashes a glass of water over his face and shakes him vigorously...

RITA
(nudging the dreamer...)
Wake up sleepy-head...

André, startled and with a nasty strain crossing his face, becomes squeamish at the discomfoting unwanted wash, and goes into one of his *OCD* episodes.

(CONT'D)

16 CONTINUED:

Rita, after endeavouring to pacify the drowning French frog, gives up the fruitless attempt and directs her attention to the disturbance occurring behind her...

OUT OF FOCUS: In the background, in the entertainment area, the previous larrikin backpackers have been joined by several others and are misbehaving badly.

ADJUSTING FOCUS: Rita, growing irritable, and beneath an appraising eye, quickly disposes any niceties and heads to quell the rambunctious mayhem manifesting.

WHIP-PAN:

17. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE — AFTERNOON

WIDENING: Sid, pale-faced, tight-lipped and frowning thoughtfully, has resigned to a slow death, and blissfully unaware of any depressing outcome foredooming, is gambling on some alternative reality.

FX: Phone rings and rings and rings...

With the ringing causing excruciating nausea, he timorously picks up the receiver, and listens, piteously...

BETTY (V.O.)
(*convulsing...*)
Sid, dear... What I think you could do is...
(*poodle barks...*)
Shoosh, boy... Rather than selling the
Sunrise...
(*poodle growls...*)
Why don't you just... ..
(MORE)

The growling intensifies and becomes rather vicious during the convoluted verbal gymnastics, and Sid, enduring the over-saturated mental diarrhea permeating the *mise-en-scène*, is having a nervous breakdown...

BETTY (CONT'D)
(*incoherently prattle...*)
And you can... ..
(*lots of tongue licking*
and chewing sounds...)
Enough already... ..

FX: Loud growling and barking - SLAP! - BANG! - CLICK! ...

The silence is deafening, and Sid, rolling his eyes in utter disbelief, is hugely disappointed, if not devastated, and is left to wonder what may have come from his mother's subliminal suggestion.

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED:

He stares numbly at the phone, which revives briefly with a dull ring or two, and he's unable to raise his gaze, even to a passing ambulance whaling toward some emergency.

FX: A Looney Tunes instrumental of an Oboe weeping...

INSERT: Half a dozen tired and frustrated backpackers, of various nationalities, grouping in front of reception, wait to be attended.

ANOTHER INSERT: The Sunrise mailbox stuffed with dozens of letters, some of which spilled onto the ground, and have *RED PRINTED FINAL NOTICES STAMPED* on them.

FX: Animation of confetti raining down and heaping on the ground...

THE CANVAS IS AWASH WITH WHITE...

FX: *BIZZ-VVV-BIZZ-VVV-BIZZ-VVV-BIZZ-VVV*...

FADE IN:

18. INT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION OFFICE — LATE AFTERNOON

Kim Lee is putting a takeover contract in an envelope as her mobile cell phone buzzes and vibrates on the desk...

After a wickedly delicious premeditated pause, and brimming with transcendancy, she connects in conference mode...

KIM LEE
(methodically)
Yes, darling, I'm just about to send you
the takeover contract...
(MORE)

FX: Heavy breathing permeates from the receiver...

CLOSING: With her insatiable curiosity crossing her mind, she strikes a seductive pose, and smiling with glee, her voice ripples with amusement...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)
(haughtily...)
I have commitments of my own, you know...
I have a mega complex to build, and I can't
do that without the adjoining Sunrise
property...
(MORE)

With a dismissive simper, she adjusts her hair and checks her makeup with a mirror kit, and in her swaggering mood, eyes the mobile with supercilious air.

(CONT'D)

18 CONTINUED:

FX: More heavy breathing coming from some other worldly depository, and with piercing screams of agony, nauseating acoustic cries echo loudly, and then cease abruptly.

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

(trivializing; in beau geste...)

So consider this as a duty of honour, darling... In any case, your mother can always take you in...

(MORE)

The mobile 'clicks' and expiating with mock maudlin sympathy, she lets loose an incredulous gasp...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

(mocking melodramatically)

Poor thing...

Palpably charged, and magnified under the ruthless glare, she deflates her belligerent stance, and manages a hesitant wry smile, and then settles into a somewhat indulgent mood.

FX: Glass shatters, and a sustained fart is emitted...

SMASH-CUT:

INSERT - DIAGONAL VIEW: The Sunrise office window has a gaping smashed hole, and a ghastly vapour is seeping out...

CROSS-FADE:

19. INT. GRANNY FLAT - LATE AFTERNOON

What use to be a couple's dorm, has been converted into a small two bedroom granny flat at the rear of the Sunrise. It was originally Sid's abode, however, he recently moved into a nearby run down unit his mother owns.

Dominic, still in his school uniform, is with noticeable facial bruising, and typing away on his laptop at a side-bench, is trying to keep a low profile.

Rita, while preparing the evening meal, waves an envelope at the accused, and with a half angry frown...

RITA

(mumbles some indistinct Italian slang...)

... You've been stirring up trouble at school again? ...

She cranes her neck and locks eyes with the brat, who, roguishly flexes his muscles, stretches his fingers and resumes his preoccupation...

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

DOMINIC

(while typing...)

They call it bullying, mom. That's what
you get for having a name like Petrocelli...
I'm the victim here, obviously...

Fanning her face dignifiedly, she turns sharply and holds
him captive with a piercing look, and then thumbs the
envelope down on the dining table...

RITA

That's not what this letter from your
teacher says...

The brat shrugs nonchalantly and then seizes the moment
with an unctuous reply...

DOMINIC

(vaingloriously...)

Oh... What's it say...

*(with smarmy bronx
accent...)*

That this cool dude, is the best stoo-dent,
ever. Cool, man. I'll take that as a ten
plus...

Then proudly displaying his sinewy physique, he smiles
broadly, but he's clearly discomfited by the glaring
attention, and somewhat unconvincingly, he pretends to be
distracted by something on his laptop screen and resumes
his typing.

Gripped with frustration and with her conscience obviously
weighing her, unseemly thoughts prod awake an awkward beat,
and she glares at him with increasing disquiet.

RITA

*(mumbling indistinct
Italian slang...)*

... Don't get smart with me you little
brat... Those bullies you're referring to,
are the schoolgirls you keep teasing...

(MORE)

FX: A crushing sound of disappointment shatters her mien...

After a long beat of slow recovery, and sensing the
uneasiness, she decides to lighten up the mood while
stressing the seriousness of their pending predicament.

RITA (CONT'D)

(doing a James Cagney...)

If you don't get your act together, big
boy, the boogie man will take you away...

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

A tense silence fills the room, and With that sinking feeling, she throws him an ominous glance, and their eyes lock momentarily, and gripped by an internal rallying cry, she gasps.

RITA (CONT'D)
(*in a benign but firm
manner...*)

I have social welfare breathing down my
neck wanting to send you to foster care,
if not reform school...

Dominic is unable to observe the solemnity of the moment and finds it rather absurd, and the naughty crumple-faced dude looking as though he's about to implode, his eyes glitter with mischief, and he turns away dismissively.

Mindful of his fragility, and with her truculent mood somewhat mellowing, she smoothers down her crinkled worn out shirt, and confirming her hip look, nods a fanciful gesture of obeisance...

DOMINIC
(*somewhat fainéant;
while typing...*)
Cool, man... Maybe some rich dude will
adopt me, and I can start living...
(*grinning hideously*)
Maybe even eat something decent that
doesn't stink of garlic...

CLOSE: Jarred by the unkind innuendo, and noticeably hurt, she lowers her dewy eyes and drops her chin, and with simmering tensions taking hold, she casts a sidelong glance and regards him with a look approaching pity.

FX: Ensuing the cold silence hanging in the air, the glass ceiling suddenly cracks under pressure...

WIDENING: Feeling a little contrite for her sharp tongue, and with painful countenance, nervously ventures to stroke her hair, and then taking in a long clean breath of air, with an almost desperate edge to her crackling voice, sternly reminds him...

RITA
(*overly-emoted...*)
Yeah, well, Sid, the compulsive gambling
addict, is drowning in debt, and his many
creditors have called in administrators
to sell off the Sunrise...
(MORE)

CLOSE: Unable to face him, she lowers her heavy eyelids, and winces painfully...

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

RITA
(*ruefully...*)
... And you, dude, will be out on the
streets, begging for food...

CLOSING: Dominic, agog with mock excitement, and with a petulant shake of the head, starts behaving like a mentally impaired retard, and then clutching his chest with an Incredible gasp, implodes, and lets loose an incoherent cry of excruciating pain...

FX: An oboe d'amore tone drags US into a heartrending poignancy...

WIDENING: Suddenly painfully aware of her mien, she dutifully bats her eyes at the infantilism, and the model of propriety in her bewildered kindness and indolent reluctance, adds to the playful theatrics and melts to his piteous suffering, and then abruptly terminates the mini episode with a look of cold amusement.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Almost tearing, she screws her brow in an awful wrinkle, and he has to look away, and with the ominous silence hanging heavy, it's a cathartic moment for her.

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO THE RHYTHM OF INNUMERABLE MARCHING BARE FEET, STOMPING THE EARTH...

DISSOLVE:

20. C. CANVAS INTERLUDE — DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: Roman slaves emerging in masses, pass through a rocky valley, march towards a bottomless chasm, and tumble down into nowhere land...

Sunset At Sunrise
Living in a land of fantasy
Sunset At Sunrise
Wishing you were here spending time with me...

I'm wishing - Wishing -
Wishing - you - were - here -
Spending time - with me...

Sunset At Sunrise

(CONT'D)

20 CONTINUED:

The illusion freezes and crumbles, and the canvas tapestry deteriorates...

JUMP-CUT:

21. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - LATE AFTERNOON

The reception, now with many more backpackers waiting to be attended, has been abandoned.

SLATE: BACK SOON... MAYBE...

MOVING ANGLE: As the front doors open a tumbleweed rolls in and heads towards the entertainment area, and two larrikin backpackers start playing football with it.

Pablo, in his 'MESSI' number ten t-shirt, clownishly joins in and indulges in some schizoid fun of his own...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT OF FOOTBALL FANS IN A STADIUM ROARING WITH EXCITEMENT...

WHIP-PAN:

22. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

WIDENING: Sid, overwrought and seeking some migraine relief, takes a medicine bottle out from one of the desk draws, and shoves a half a dozen or so tablets down his throat, and after nearly choking, grabs a whisky bottle and guzzles down the narcotics, but the unpalatable cocktail forces him to spray most of it out.

FX: Toilet flushes, gurgles, and regurgitates...

MOVING ANGLE: While experiencing some sort of an induced psychotic episode, he pulls out a megaphone from the bottom draw, goes to the door, and steps into the hallway...

SID
(*weirdly paranoid; into
the megaphone...*)
One - two - testing... One-two-testing...
(MORE)

FX: The megaphone whistles and squeals as he speaks...

SID (CONT'D)
(*schizoid...*)
This is your host speaking - Everyone must
leave the Sunrise - Now! - Immediately! ...
There are rats amongst us... Go before
it's too late!

SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY INTO THE VOID...

(CONT'D)

22 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: With the inarticulate utterance blaring, and alarming its now terrified occupants, bare feet race, doors bust open or slam closed, and furniture dragged, pushed or knocked over as a mass exodus ensues...

FX: Stampeding buffalo hoofs pound the earth, and rustling wind whips up a dust storm...

CROSS-FADE:

23. EXT. THE SUNRISE FRONT YARD - EARLY MORNING

RAPID TIME-LAPSE: Overlapping in duration...

MOVING ANGLE: With the sunrise threatening to appear, suddenly bursts up from the ocean's horizon, and blinds OUR vision.

WIDENING: Dappled sunlight plays on the front entrance doors where a hand painted poster is displayed:

CLOSED - TILL FURTHER NOTICE...

FX: The stampede lessens, and the rustling wind eases...

A couple of tumbleweeds roll up to the abandoned front entrance, and a desert coyote howls in the distance...

DISSOLVE:

24. INT. GRANNY FLAT - MORNING

Rita and Dominic have packed, and are preparing to leave...

MOVING ANGLE: Dominic, flushed with excitement, is really looking forward to an adventurous move, but not so with the disgruntled Rita who is somewhat apprehensive, and in the heat of much disillusionment, reluctantly leads the young whippersnapper away...

FX: A mixture of euphoria with an emanating dysphoric dirge...

CROSS-FADE:

25. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - MORNING

André, with backpack, carries his camera equipment out the front entrance, and as he opens the doors to leave, a couple of dusty tumbleweeds blow into his path...

FX: A long moaning, whistling, and rushing sough...

CROSS-FADE:

26. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - MORNING

Pablo, wearing his favourite 'MESSI' number ten Barcelona football t-shirt, wheels his trolley of goods out the front entrance, and another dusty tumbleweed blows in.

With the dreaded thought of deportation crossing his mind, his squeamish Spanish muttering trails off as he vanishes into a clouded mist.

FX: An irritating bass drone coming from windswept dunes, nauseatingly drumming *OUR* ears...

CROSS-FADE:

27. EXT. THE SUNRISE FRONT YARD - MORNING

Social worker inspectors, Lucy and Norman, enthusiastically record the exodus, taking photos and notes, and the much-needed evidence for their case of intervention.

FX: "*Hallelujah-hallelujah-hallelujah...*"

CROSS-FADE:

28. EXT. THE REAR OF SUNRISE - MORNING

Bo, arms packed with food, sneaks out the back, and in his haste, drops most of his spoils.

FX: Loud construction noise coming from the neighbouring building site rises and falls...

CROSS-FADE:

29. INT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Kim Lee, rubbing her hands with much merriment, is gleefully and somewhat prematurely celebrating '*Sunset at Sunrise*'...

FX: Loud construction noise rises and falls and segues with an ear-splitting rift that settles with an eerie silence...

CROSS-FADE:

30. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - MIDDAY

SLOW MOTION TIME-LAPSE: Sid, in the randomness of his existential malaise, stares out of the broken window, frowning thoughtfully.

FX: The sound of urban activity gradually washes out with waves rolling, crashing, and the surf fizzing away...

(CONT'D)

30 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: While sitting alone in his derelict office, he listens to his mother's inconsequential rumblings of discontent, and with his face masked of wretchedness, he soughs thoughtfully.

Suddenly gripped with a terrible migraine, he begins shaking his head tenuously, and with his brow tightening from some internal throe, he slowly passes his hands over his eyes, and gently strokes his temples.

CLOSING: Reaching for his medicine bottle, he pops a half a dozen or so pills, and knowing it won't relieve his pain, throws them out the broken window and grabs a bottle of scotch whisky and takes a few swigs.

CLOSER - IN SLOW MOTION SURREALISM: With wandering eyes, looking out into the summer breeze which is airing his face, and in subliminal phlegmatic titubation, is caricaturing his mother, dementedly.

FX: Neighbouring sounds cease abruptly as his reverie is prodded by the actuality of his existence...

BETTY (V/O)

(descending into oblivion...)

... Just like your pathetic father -
You're a born loser! A pathetic loser!
Why I married him in the first place, I
don't know... ..

A cold undercurrent permeates the *mise-en-scène* bleakness, accentuating a strange sense of malaise radiating, and is evoking an overly effervescent feeling of oozing '*coup de foudre*'...

ANOTHER ANGLE - SLOW: Cowering by the window in a solitary pose, and with ruminating jagged thoughts athirst, sneaks an oblique glance directly at *US*...

CLOSING: Frozen with inglorious defeat, lowering deep into the darkest recesses of his protean mind, in his perdition, rekindles a troubled and obsessive personality...

CLOSE: Beyond the hardened exterior, *WE* sense a fragile man who is hurt, and his face begins to lax with a strange indolence, and blinks *US* into nothingness...

INSERT: From some dim dark place in his vague memory, he dredges up an old litany from his days as an alter boy that pervaded his youth, and somnolent, lost in his covert existence, no longer searching for that youthful dream...

FX: Vesper bells ring faintly in the distance, with an emanating dysphoric dirge...

BLACK OUT:

(CONT'D)

30 CONTINUED:

FX: An abrupt spark flashes and lights up a nondescript space in this phantasmagorical twilight zone, and then supervening with a spectacular shower of effulgent and iridescent sparkles, evanesces and evaporates...

FX: An ambient instrumental rendition of the *THEME SONG* fades in and rises with the climax of the dazzling light show...

FADE IN:

31. D. CANVAS INTERLUDE - DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: A Lottery ticket is drawn from a fish bowl, and streamers and money confetti falls, and explosive fireworks fills the tapestry of indescribable and infinite ecstasy...

Sunset At Sunrise

Living in a land of fantasy

Sunset At Sunrise

Wishing you were here spending time with me...

I'm wishing - Wishing -

Wishing - you - were - here -

Spending time with me...

Sunset At Sunrise

The illusion vaporizes in the glare of the sun...

CROSS-FADE:

32. INT. NEWSAGENT - AFTERNOON

MUTED: With the humidity hanging thick and greasy in the sultry air, appearing in a warm glow, Rita and Dominic, are being told by the newsagent retailer, that they have... just... WON... *THE... LOTTERY!!!...*

VARIOUS ANGLES: The gamine Rita is engulfed with disbelief, and looking sharply at her young whippersnapper, who is shaking his head incredulously shares a dumbstruck life-changing moment...

CLOSE: Dominic eyes wide with exhilaration...

(CONT'D)

32 CONTINUED:

INSERT - SURREALLY: Streamers and money confetti bathe them with glorious colour...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT OF FIREWORKS...

WITH THE SKY FILLING IN GLOWING EMBERS, AND EMBLAZING AND TWINKLING, THE THEME SONG PLAYS, AND CONTINUES OVER THE FOLLOWING SCENES...

WHIPE:

33. INT. GRANNY FLAT - AFTERNOON

Rita and Dominic, still in a celebratory mood, carry their luggage back into the granny flat...

SLATE: (typed) Rita Petrocelli, a single mom, with a history of alcohol and substance abuse, is currently on rehab and determined to turn a new leaf.

ANOTHER SLATE: (typed) Dominic Petrocelli, a clever and mischievous computer and games wiz, who, even in his brattish best behaviour, often leaves behind trail blazing roguery...

CROSS-FADE:

34. EXT. THE SUNRISE FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON

André, wearing a backpack, lugs his camera equipment out through the front entrance and away from his comfort zone...

SLATE: (typed) André De Caso, a first time away from home French backpacker on a working visa, is into photography, surfing, pretty girls, and Looney Toon comic-books, but most of his ventures usually prove futile, due to his amateurism, nervous disposition, or his suffering from obsessive compulsive disorder.

CROSS-FADE:

35. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

Pablo, still wearing his favourite 'MESSI' number ten Barcelona football t-shirt, wheels his trolley of goods through the front entrance and into the back.

SLATE: (typed) Pablo López, a Spanish nationalist with a checked past, and whose visa has reached it's expiry date, just like everything else in his life.

CROSS-FADE:

36. EXT. THE REAR OF SUNRISE - AFTERNOON

Bo, about to enter the rear kitchen door, is suddenly and mysteriously 'ZAPPED' by a laser beam, which carries him skyward.

SLATE: (typed) Bo, as in Hobo, the local homeless intruder, often found helping himself to other's food or crashing on the couch, and claims he is being abducted by aliens on numerous occasions, and is taken to some far distant planetary system.

CROSS-FADE:

37. EXT. THE SUNRISE FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON

SLOW FOCUS AND WIDENING: The 'CLOSED' poster sign, which was ripped down, screwed up, and thrown to one side, has left shredded remnants taped to the grubby glass doors.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Backpackers, with cell phones in hand, and with somewhat indolent reluctance, re-enter the dilapidated Sunrise.

SLATE: (typed) International backpackers checking in and out often seen glued to their mobile and iphone screens, visit and spend time in and around the beachside paradise.

CROSS-FADE:

38. INT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

WIDENING: Kim Lee, emotionally scarred as her wizardry goes awry, and lamenting on what may have been, she clinches her fists while trying to find her breath, and coiled with anger, she smashes a cardboard model of the proposed mega complex construction displayed on a large boardroom table...

SLATE: (typed) Kim Lee, a South Korean real estate tycoon out to capitalize and expand her entrepreneurial ambitions, is left to consider an inferior 'PLAN B' ... Maybe... Or maybe not...?

FX: A powerfully controlled construction blast shatters the office framework...

INSERT: Images of a large building being demolished, and with dust streaming away from it, smothers the local industrial and residential neighbourhood.

CROSS-FADE:

39. EXT. THE SUNRISE FRONT YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Lucy and Norman, hugely disappointed in recent turn of events, and with the desired result pending against the Petrocelli family not forthcoming, have to bide time for another day.

SLATE: (typed) Social worker inspectors Lucy and Norman are on a mission to expose the unscrupulous and dysfunctional Petrocelli family for it's negligent and irresponsible lifestyle that is influencing, if not corrupting, their innocent son Dominic.

CROSS-FADE:

40. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - EVENING

WIDENING: Sid, inexplicably cloistered and shrouded in half-darkness, eventually movement subsides, and except for tired slow breathing, mute stillness descends.

FX: Ominous inconsequential prattle coming from his mother, gradually surfaces in this surrealistic *mise-en-scène*...

Oblivious to the present outcome, with a thoughtful stare, and devoid of any expression, he suddenly snaps and turns his attention to his favourite toy, the transistor radio, and tunes in on some drab talk show...

SLATE: (typed) Sid Sebastian is the owner of the failing Sunrise, and amongst his many frailties is a compulsive gambler, ex-smoker, social alcoholic, anti cell user, and stuck in a 70's time zone that his late father has endowed him with, and remains in perpetual self-destruction mode.

FX: Betty's incoherent prattling is statically warping, and aimlessly drifting into darkness...

FADE TO BLACK:

SLATE: (typed) Betty Sebastian, the divorced wife of the late, Patrick Sebastian, a famously popular surfer that set up the Sunrise backpackers hostel in the 70's, is now with declining health and senility phasing in, and has profound regrets for raising a deplorable son.

FADE IN:

41. E. CANVAS INTERLUDE - DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A FINAL SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF ENDING: Production crew rap up...

(CONT'D)

41 CONTINUED:

Sunset At Sunrise
Living in a land of fantasy
Sunset At Sunrise
Wishing you were here spending time with me...

I'm wishing - Wishing -
Wishing - you - were - here -
Spending time - with me...

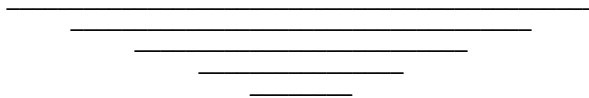
Sunset At Sunrise...
Sunset At Sunrise...

THE END

PENCIL ANIMATION: 'THE END' is rubbed out, and replaced with...

BEYOND DREAMING

**The randomness of lunacy
perpetually gyrating towards
a vortex of chaos...**



SUNSET AT SUNRISE

Sunset at Sunrise -
Living in a land of fantasy -
Sunset at Sunrise -
Wishing you were here spending time with me...

From the misty mountains to the blue-blue sea -
You can hear the Sunny Sunrise melody -
Birds are singing - Cats are swinging -
Everybody's having fun...

Sunset at Sunrise -
Living in a land of fantasy -
Sunset at Sunrise -
Wishing you were here spending time with me...

Walking through the park any day or night -
You can hear the Sunny Sunrise melody -
Bees are buzzing - Trees are humming -
Everybody's having fun...

Sunset at Sunrise -
Living in a land of fantasy -
Sunset at Sunrise -
Wishing you were here spending time with me...

From the north to the south, and east to the west -
You can hear the Sunny Sunrise melody -
Hearts are throbbing - Love is calling -
Everybody's having fun...

Sunset at Sunrise -
Living in a land of fantasy -
Sunset at Sunrise -
Wishing you were here spending time with me...

Sunset at Sunrise -

Sunset at Sunrise -

I'm wishing - Wishing - Wishing-you-were-here -

Spending time . . . With me . . .

Sunset at Sunrise -

Sunset at Sunrise -

