

The Sunrise

A Backpacker's Paradise

A Modern Sitcom

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THE SUNRISE

EPISODE 1

(A New Dawn)

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...

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 backpacker's chatter and activity in and around the Sunrise.

SUPER: A NEW DAWN

ASCENDING FROM THE MORNING DEW: With Rayleigh scattering over the eastern coastline, the TITLE fritters and melts in the crushing heat and ushers in a new sunrise...

CROSS-FADE:

2. EXT. THE SUNRISE HOSTEL - EARLY MORNING

DESCENDING AND CLOSING: The Sunrise facade, now newly painted, with contemporary landscaping and front entrance...

MOVING ANGLE: Approaching the entrance, the laser sensitive-operated glass doors open into...

3. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - EARLY MORNING

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

MOVING ANGLE: Entering the foyer to the reception, where André, with his flamboyant charm, is explaining to a Japanese backpacker couple, what the Sunrise has to offer...

VARIOUS ANGLES: Weaving past the counter and beyond, which is now strikingly adorned with contemporary Euro-International décor, and embellished with elaborate fittings and a warmly lit hospitable ambience...

ENTERTAINMENT AREA

VARIOUS ANGLES: Weaving past a variety of backpacker amenities, including cozy opulent couches, a modern TV screen with satellite-cable reception, a dart board, a pool table, a mini hand-soccer machine, and several other items of entertainment...

(CONT'D)

3 CONTINUED:

DINING AND KITCHEN AREA

MOVING ANGLE: Weaving past modern furniture, fittings and appliances that are unnaturally sparkling, hygienically...

INSERT: A very clean and tidy six double-bunk boy's dorm...

ANOTHER INSERT: A very clean and tidy six double-bunk girl's dorm...

ANOTHER INSERT: Modern toilet and showers, unnaturally sparkling, hygienically...

ANOTHER INSERT: Clean garbage trollies neatly housed in a brick compartment, unnaturally sparkling, hygienically...

FX: Rapid sparkles, strobing and flashing US into blindness...

FADE IN:

4. INT. GRANNY FLAT - LATE MORNING

The Petrocelli abode, just like the rest of the Sunrise, is now beautified with contemporary Italian swanky décor.

Rita and Dominic, still vibrating in a celebratory mood, are habituating to their newly acquired privileges.

CROSS-FADE:

5. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Unlike the rest of the Sunrise, the office has remained Sid's 70's paradise, and if anything, looks dilapidated, and much in need of improvement...

The telephone receiver is off the hook, and on the table...

FX: Gradually raising in volume, a barely distinguishable horse race call is being broadcast on the transistor radio and statically segueing with a dog panting heavily...

BETTY (V.O.)

(dotingly...)

... yes, boy... Nice, boy... Sid, dear, now that you've had your debts paid off, and a new business partner, what's her name, Rita something? Anyway, you won't be needing...

(MORE)

The panting gets a little over-heated, and the growling becomes erratic...

(CONT'D)

5 CONTINUED:

BETTY (CONT'D)
(with growing agitation...)
Yes-yes, sweetheart, nice, boy... No-no,
sweetheart, not there, that's a no-no...
No boy! Stop it! ...

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

FX: Toilet flushes, noisily...

CROSS FADE:

6. INT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

WIDENING: Kim Lee, helplessly inebriated and with the fire gone out of her, frowns unattractively as she attempts to steady herself, and then instinctively, in the thrall of the moment, cultivates her dishevelled hair and ruffled appearance, and then as she reaches for a whisky bottle, collapses, face down onto the desk.

FX: Jackhammer pounds the concrete, jolting and dimming US into darkness...

FX: Nauseating acoustic cries echo loudly, and then cease abruptly...

FADE IN:

7. F. CANVAS INTERLUDE - DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: Greedy bank managers and creditors cart bags of money away in wheelbarrows, and the wealth rapidly diminishes...

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)

7 CONTINUED:

The illusion of several remaining coins left on the canvas, vaporizes in the glare of the sun...

CROSS FADE:

8. EXT. BEACHSIDE PARADISE - LATE AFTERNOON

Looking out into the horizon, storm clouds are brewing...

FX: A static sounding weather forecast broadcast...

WEATHER GIRL (V/O)
(*crackling static...*)

... and a late shower expected, with an over-night storm turning into a possible category five cyclone... Everyone along the north-east coast is advised to stay indoors and be prepare for a battering... ..

FX: The static broadcast segues with distant rumbling thunder and lightning, and spooking *US* into darkness...

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

9. INT THE SUNRISE OFFICE - EVENING

FX: The transistor radio is blaring, the phone ringing, and screams and mayhem coming from nearby dorms...

FX: The thunder is now overhead and *WE'RE* in the middle of the eye of the cyclonic storm, and a chant of incarnation of an ancient mantra fades up...

The *mise-en-scène* is like something out of a B-Grade black and white horror movie, with the ceiling light flickering erratically, lightning flashing from outside, and scary shadowy figures streaking from corner to corner, making hungry vampiric gasps...

FX: FADING UP - WORLD WAR TWO AIR-RAID SIRENS AND BOMBINGS...

CHAOS REIGNS: . . .

INSERT - IN SEPIA: Boy's dorm is in part darkness, and with violent lightning flashing from outside the window, the terrified backpackers frantically search for cover, and multiple mobile and iphone torch-lamps scan the *mise-en-scène*, like an aerial war zone.

(CONT'D)

9 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER INSERT - IN SEPIA: Girl's dorm is in part darkness, and with lightning flashing from outside the window, the terrified scantily clad backpackers ignominiously showing off their skimpy brief undergarments, frantically search for cover.

FX: Multiple mobile and iphone torch-lamps scan the *mise-en-scène*, like an aerial war zone...

FX: The cacophonous metaphysical mayhem eventually dilutes into darkness...

Meanwhile, Sid, panic stricken, enters the office, and leans back against the closed door, and stands motionless.

SLOW FOCUS: Sid's face, looking pale and abandoned, and at his lowest ebb, suddenly imagines something alien before him, and reels back protectively, and a dark illusion engulfs him, and *US* entirely...

SOUND CUT:

BLACK OUT:

SLATE: 1978

FADE IN:

IN SEPIA: EDWARD SEBASTIAN, the spitting image of an aged Sid with long thick reddish sideburns, wearing a Scottish kilt, and smoking a cigar, is sitting at his desk, waving his overly excited ten-year-old son into the office.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Handing over Sid's birthday present, the *TRANSISTOR RADIO*, with a thick checked Scottish ribbon tied around it, and playing a *BAY CITY ROLLERS* hit song - *SATURDAY NIGHT* - and both do a 70's 'John Travolta' dance to the tune...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO A THUNDERCLAP AND DISTANT THUNDER RUMBLING...

FX: LIGHTNING FLASHES *US* INTO DARKNESS...

FADE IN:

10. G. CANVAS INTERLUDE - DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED SLIGHTLY FASTER THAN NORMAL, OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL OF SLIGHTLY FAST MOTION: Yachts and boats at a marina bay are being battered by cyclonic conditions, and one by one, they sink...

(CONT'D)

10 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

The illusion of the marina, conspicuously vacated of any vessel, darkens rapidly to the setting sun...

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

11. INT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

WIDENING: Kim Lee, paralytic, and sprawled over the desk, with one empty whisky bottle partly spilt on the desk, and another two thirds full.

FX: The mobile is buzzing and vibrating in the spilt alcohol, and from outside, obvious storm damage, with squeaking crane sounds, and loose tin scraping brickwork, ignites OUR nerve senses into frozen hysteria...

KIM LEE

(*licentiously...*)

Yes, darling, I am here for you...

(MORE)

FX: Lightning strikes building construction, and a concrete wall crumbles...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

(*soporifically...*)

I... I... I will think of something, soon...

Give me a few minutes, and I - I - I ...

(MORE)

CLOSING: In her slough of despond, she tries to will herself into sobriety...

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

(*spiritless...*)

Hang in there, darling - hang in there...

(CONT'D)

11 CONTINUED:

CLOSER: She tries to adjust her hair, and after flashing a sadistic sneer, collapses, face down onto the desk.

FX: A draining sink swirls and gurgles, and the mincer chews up the waste...

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

12. EXT. CYCLONE STOCK FOOTAGE — RECENTLY

STOCK FOOTAGE - EPISODIC SEPIA MONTAGE: The East Coast being battered with extreme swirling winds and heavy rainstorms, leaving a trail of extensive damage and deluge...

V/O: NEWS BROADCAST OF THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THE PASSING CYCLONE, TRAILING OFF...

INSERT ANIMATION OVERLAY: Janitor pulls the cord to turn the ceiling light off...

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

13. H. CANVAS INTERLUDE — DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: Rock Paper Scissors Hand Game, with several 'hand' challenges...

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 is littered with hail, and washes US with a white-storm...

THE INSTRUMENTAL THEME MELODY CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING SCENE...

FADE IN:

14. EXT/INT. THE SUNRISE - RECENTLY

SEPIA MONTAGE - PANNING UP TO A STUNNING TIME-LAPSE: The night sky slowly succumbing to the light of pre-dawn, and setting the tone for the 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 backpacker's chatter and activity in and around the Sunrise...

MONTAGE PHASING INTO LIVING COLOUR: WITH THE CYCLONIC STORM SETTLING AND THE DAWNING OF RUINOUS DESTRUCTION MANIFESTING, A DECEPTIVELY UNEASY CALM SETTLES...

DESCENDING: The sky is streaked with remnants of a lingering dusk, and the irenic sunshine lulls US into a somnolent state of lethargy...

DISSOLVE:

FX: Mellifluous and smooth sounds of crickets rustling, and juvenile birds chirping...

INSERT ANIMATION OVERLAY: Council worker broom-sweeps heaped trash from left to right, at bottom of frame...

WIPE:

15. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - EARLY MORNING

FX: The *INSTRUMENTAL THEME MELODY* gradually blends with the indistinct chatter in the background and eventually fades.

WIDENING: André, unwittingly briefing two soaking wet super cool lower-class hippies, who happen to be long time buddies of Rita's.

ANDRE

(with french suaveness...)

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

(MORE)

STORMY, the whip-smart pro assumes a glamorous and somewhat solicitous pose and pulls out a roll-your-own 'joint' and slips it in the mouth of her greaseball lowlife mate, SPIDER, the edgy and language-rich punk.

CLOSING: André, feeling incredibly awkward, manages a somewhat hesitant smile before making a gentle ascent and glowers with disapproval.

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

CLOSE: Sensing his hostility and striking a variance in posture, the unscrupulous cronies pout mockingly, and with a somewhat ironic shrug of dismay, flaunt their dysfunctional assets...

WIDENING: But notwithstanding their reluctant acceptance, the troubadour with an insistent scowling mien, gives the counter a cursory wipe and parries off some unsavoury French slang...

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)
(overly-emoted...)
Arh-no-no-no, madam... ..
(with a condescending
smile; and waving a
finger...)
Please, no smoking in here. No-no-no...
No good...

Stormy, after a nasty cheek tic or two and a fetid sniff, surrenders with an apathetic shrug and "up-yours-middle-finger", and scoffs at the importunate insistence, and with her face flinching, grudgingly reclaims the 'joint' from Spider's mouth, and then carefully placing it into her rugged jean jacket pocket, snarls indignantly and does a fancy wiggle and curtsy...

SLATE: Both mercurial long time mates of Rita's are neophyte petty crims that are reckless and amoral, and the perpetually wasted barflies have a penchant for life in the fast lane.

WHIP-PAN:

GIOVANNI PETROCELLI, the infamous, unshaven and dressed like a mafia hoodlum out on a vendetta, is blown in by a gust of blustering wind...

MOVING ANGLE: Entering through the faulty automatic sliding front doors is Rita's ex, who, supposedly died after a car accident, has arrived unexpectedly from the grave.

CLOSING: Giggi, as known by his friends, is an unctuous dark-eyed Italian, an inhibited strait-laced self respecting rake that earned his unsavoury reputation as the perfect scoundrel by collaborating with the multifarious 'A-List' clique, and valorously cut many a swathe through society's sleaze and corrupt underworld.

CLOSER: Even though notoriously feared for his brittle temper and destructive behaviour, he is a little bit of a softie under that cool exterior, and right now, through tenuous alliances, is wearing his best smile.

ANOTHER ANGLE: The lower-class degenerates, in circus-like aura, are favourably impressed, and mimic his dopey smile...

WHIP-PAN:

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

MOVING ANGLE: Sid, appearing from the entertainment area, politely greets the guests convening at reception with a raised eyebrow and a quick tilt of the head, and then realising who they were, snarls at their chuckling...

SID

(barely tolerant...)

André... We are fully booked. Can you not remember? ...

André, browbeaten and rather confused, strikes a defiant pose as he refers to the desk computer screen, and after taking in a deep breath, a precaution against his voice braking on him, rambles on some French garble...

ANDRE

*(querulously; with
abashed grin...)*

No-no-no, monsieur, we have...

Sid slams the counter, and with spasms of painful facial contortions, and several furtive and bizarre eye blinks, overemphasizes the point...

SID

(furtively...)

André, shut the French Frivol...! We are fully booked...?

*(through gritted teeth
whispering overtly...)*

Are we not? ...

Sid's formidable nod, however, is lost in the convoluted translation, and having been met with the helpless shrug from dumbfounded André, who, referring to the screen, confirms the obvious...

ANDRE

*(wincing; with mixed
French slang...)*

No-no-no, monsieur...

And with Sid's nodding rhythm going haywire, he throws his hands up in moral outrage and gives André such a piercing look, that the foreign legion lieutenant's smile fades as he half-hardily acquiesces.

WHIP-PAN:

MOVING ANGLE: BO, soaking wet and holding a skeleton umbrella frame ripped of its material, enters the front entrance with a gust of blustering wind, and to everyone's bemusement, continues towards the kitchen, obliviously...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

SID
(*pinched-faced and
frowning...*)
What...? ... André...!
(*grumbling through
gritted teeth...*)
... ..

Meanwhile, amidst the scurrilous murmurings of the gathering, Sid's demanding rhetoric carries over the garrulity and segues with an approaching utterance...

WHIP-PAN:

ADJUSTING FOCUS: Appearing from the entertainment area is Rita and Pablo, and if body language was anything to go by, the incredulous look wiping her face said volumes about the archfiend's precipitous entry to the smouldering *mise-en-scène*...

FX: A startled shriek and defiant scream hushes *US* into silence, afflicting her and *OUR* sensibility...

RITA
(*procedurally...*)
... and don't forget to throw out the...
(MORE)

SLOW MOTION SURREALISM: Somewhat distracted by chatter, she slews her head slightly and catches Giggi's amused look...

RITA (CONT'D)
(*with ragged gasp...*)
. . . r u b b I s h . . .

Having been stunned by the sight of her ex-husband and with shock fading and turning into anger, in her unearthly poise, her eyes narrow and flash with incredulity and indignation.

Then suddenly aware of *OUR* presence, she turns her head and looks directly at *US* with a palliating knowing purpose and entity, and the tension is palpable...

FX: A deafening roar suddenly fills the air and segues with an ear-piecing screech, and *WACK!!!*...

INSERT - IN SEPIA: A 20's WESTERN, DOUBLE HEAD ON TRAIN WRECK, MOMENTARILY SHATTERING THE SENSES...

FOCUSING - IN SLOW MOTION: With Sid inertly watching and masterfully suppressing his displeasure, Rita, with gritted teeth and wrenched with angst enters the reception area, and with her posture tightening her dress against her full bosom body, her antagonism is all too obvious.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Giovanni, with steely eyes glaring and meeting her gaze, an abrupt *FREEZE* suddenly locks the action, and a derangement syndrome begins to manifest...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

FX: A whistle and crack of the whip ushers in a brief instrumental of the 'Good, Bad and Ugly' movie theme...

VARIOUS ANGLES - BLURRING THE BOUNDARIES OF REALITY: RITA, GIOVANNI, STORMY, SPIDER, SID, PABLO, ANDRE AND EVEN BO FROM THE SIDELINE - MELODRAMATICALLY DOING THE OVER-EXPRESSED EYE STARE IN THE INFAMOUS SCENE DONE BY CLINT EASTWARD IN THE MEXICAN STAND-OFF...

CLOSING: Giovanni, with eyes glittering and steaming from the collar, raises a beaming smile which splits his feral face, and slipping into macho burlesque, does an arousing 'Jim Belushi' brow squiggle, and he mouths something risqué...

MOVING ANGLE: In languid animation, and in their isolation, the others follow suit with varying expressions, except for Sid and Rita, who are beside themselves with displeasure and exchanging uncomfortable glances.

QUICK INSERT OF AN ILLUSION: With an unsettling intensity in the mood and the tension palpable, a portrait of Rita in an eerie semblance of a demonic red-faced devil with steamy horns appears from fire-burning hell, and is absolutely livid...

Fx: Deafening visceral screams of anguish segues morbidly with death metal raging - grindingly...

CLOSE - SLOW MOTION: Giovanni's eyes gleam with unbridled ecstasy, and he mouths "Yeah, right..."

CONTRASTING ANGLES - VERY CLOSE: Rita and Giovanni's eyes lock and fasten with intense vehemence, and as the a clash of passion and betrayal collide, tears of bitterness wells in her eyes...

CLOSER: Rita, feeling utterly betrayed, and contorted with indignation her eyes glow with malevolence, and she irrupts with one fluid movement as though revisiting their last cantankerous falling-out...

RITA

(*absolutely livid...*)

What the hell are you doing here, Giggi!
It's over! It's been over ever since you
abandoned me... Now get the out of here
or I'll call the cops! ...

SPIDER

(*amorously...*)

Hey - Ease off, babe... He, like us, we
are here to celebrate ... Happy birthday
to you... Happy birth...

Sid, while idly watching on and his patients wearing thin, is poised to intervene, however, with the mood toxic with feudal kinship, he's reluctant to get involved and opts for some sadistic pleasure...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

SPIDER / STORMY

(narcotically; dissonantly...)

... day to you - Happy birthday - Happy
birthday - Happy birthday to y o u . . .

VARIOUS ANGLES: The *mise-en-scène* is carnivalesque, but not so for Rita who is really peeved off and gnashes and glares with malicious intent, however, Sid, rather intrigued and scrumptiously observing, is tempted to let the cockfight continue.

RITA

(seething...)

It's not my birthday - Now get out! ...
Come on get out... You're nothing but
a bunch of pathetic delinquents, and
it's past your bedtime, out...

FX: The faulty automatic sliding front doors rumble on "pathetic" and open erratically, as though about to break down or fall apart...

CLOSE: Rita turns with a gasp, and with her guise revealing furrowed lines of stress, and the feeling of her life about to implode, her lifeless eyes blink, thoughtfully, hoping all this will go away.

CLOSER - IN SLOW MOTION: A shadow of guilt crosses her haggard face, and empty of any expression, she drops her head and stares into the void of nothingness.

SLOW PAN - SURREALLY: Hushed by a clouded inscrutable mist, and awed with a surge of haze obfuscating their view, and muffling their senses, and daring them to breath.

FX: Abrupt deafening visceral screams of anguish segues morbidly with death metal raging...

MOVING ANGLE: Dominic, in school uniform, raincoat and backpack, is suddenly ushered in by a gust of blustering wind, and as he struts past the open-mouthed onlookers with shocked hypovolemic faces, attempts to lighten up the tense air of malaise and the shadow looming over them...

DOMINIC

(nonchalantly)

Hey! What's up doc? Having a party? Why
wasn't I invited... Here, give me a five...

(MORE)

Raises a 'high five' as he passes Rita, but she's not so indulgent and dismisses his frivolity with a backhand waving gesture...

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(aloof, and with cool
detachment...)

Yeah right, cool, man, I can dig that...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

Rita glares balefully at the recalcitrant brat, who scoffs at the cessation, and with rodomontade roguery, gives an apathetic shrug and sashays towards the back, menacingly...

FX: Innate juvenile murmurous ripples trail off...

CLOSE: Giovanni, with plush pouting moue, and summonsing a burning yearning of ethereal virtue, impulsively snaps back...

GIOVANNI

(with beguiling smile...)

So, that's...

SLOW: Striking a charismatic pose, and like his offspring, with rodomontade roguery, morphs into something slower and cagier, on "that's" and slides into an angelic smile...

ANOTHER ANGLE: In disbandment and almost en passant, the two low-life degenerates praise glumly...

ANOTHER ANGLE: Rita, flushed with anger and spoiling for a fight, suddenly lets loose with an incredulous gasp and is about to whack him one, but the others intervene...

FX: Piteous cries segueing with an ear-splitting rift...

QUICK DOLLY: Tetchy Rita however, cocks her head and whirls around abruptly, and after regaining her composure with a somewhat restraint and measured riposte, enlightens the heedful listeners...

RITA

(mordant and cutting;

mixed Anglo-Italian...)

In your dreams Giovanni Petrocelli...

(scowling darkly and

wheeling on him with

a sizzling look...)

That's not yours. You were too busy

serving time in prison when he was born..

Her hostile squinted eyes regarded him with noisome pity and distaste, and she was so intense, that Giovanni has to turn away, and then acting blithely innocent for his past contretemps, shies off a little, and Rita, palpably charged with a determined gate, hangs onto a pregnant pause...

The other two low-life degenerates, in mock alarm, bend their languishing expressions into looks of outraged disbelief, and then turn away with some opprobrious gesticulation...

Intrigued indeed, the ultra-cool passive-aggressive Giovanni smiles politely at her frigidity and with an air of expectancy, squints at her questioningly, and then raises a discerning eyebrow...

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

GIOVANNI

*(parodying, with a
snorting laughter...)*

Well, last time I checked we're still
married, but then again I'm hopelessly
unreliable...

*(he glances around
triumphantly and
gives a simpering
look...)*

However, he sure looks like me. Unless
my bro played up behind my back...

The other two dismayed low-life degenerates wrinkle their
brow, and with murmurs of objection, slowly synchronize
their nod with his, and then briefly holding a collective
breath of anticipation, suddenly rupture into hysterical
manic laughter...

Sid, glaring in monitorial reproach, wades in with a burst
of harsh derisive laughter and puts an abrupt halt to the
merriment, and the mood becomes somewhat still and
joyless...

SID

*(with incredulous
joy...)*

Wow! ... Ease off pal! ...

*(burlesquing; with
pontiff gesture...)*

Excuse me while I pretend to be amused...

Ha-ha-ha...

(MORE)

Ensuing the thinly disguised pretence, he swings his head
back and staggers a little as he laughs ironically, and
then abruptly ends the comic episode with a wicked pause...

SID (CONT'D)

*(really pissed-off; and
his eyes slide to...)*

André... Check them in, for one night
only, and...

(MORE)

Then in demanding countenance, and with his face taut and
seething, he's about to caution the low-life degenerates,
and after stalling for a moment, decides to redirect his
gaze to his deputy...

SID (CONT'D)

*(in sober and measured
tone...)*

... and you - the office - now...

He fixes his eyes on her with a long inscrutable look, and
avoiding his gaze, with her lips pursed and eyes narrowing,
she shrugs diffidently and retreats subserviently.

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

Then emphasising the order with a curt nod, he turns to walk away, and as he does so the vixen wildcat snarls at him, and with a gush of internal vitriol, grumbles some Italian obscenity...

However, in growing anticipation, the degenerates crowd her space, and Spider, who appears a little nervous, obscures his face with his hand and darts his eyes at Rita with a teasing glance...

SPIDER

(feigning frigidity...)

Long time between drinks, babe... Maybe share a joint or two, cool...?

CLOSE: Stormy, unwilling to purger herself, savours a seductive thought and manages a hesitant goofy smile, and then in her insatiable thirst for promiscuousness, places a flirtacious hand on Rita's shoulder and gives her a quick once-over...

CLOSER: The once longtime savvy mate lets loose an escaped giggle, and then whispers sadistically...

STORMY

(with erotic undertone...)

Yeah, babe, check you later, aye...?

WIDENING: As the overwrought and very serious looking Rita is about to walk away, the degenerates let loose snorts of amusement which triggers off a vehement reaction, and then whipping a seething wicked glare over her shoulder, she swears scurrilously under her breath before vanishing...

Spider manages to crack a mischievous feral grin as Stormy, like a spoilt teenager, pertly waves goodbye...

Giovanni, however, maintaining his charm offensive, and with a sense of euphoria and grand flourish, clears his throat, and smiles, a lazy, insolent smile...

GIOVANNI

(in suave uppity...)

See yu later m i s s e s Petrocelli...

DISSOLVE:

FX: Other worldly miscreant schizophrenic gremlin chatter overlaps the hilarity, and gradually trails off...

INSERT: A mug shot of Giovanni Petrocelli in a striped convict shirt, and with a candid and somewhat incisive mien...

SLATE: *(typed)* Giovanni Petrocelli, convicted for various stints of petty misdemeanours including embezzlement and fraud which he served a twelve year sentence, and is currently on parole with multiple restraining orders.

(CONT'D)

15 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER INSERT: A mug shot of Stormy in a 'pole dancing' outfit...

SLATE: (typed) Stormy, a long time mate of Rita's, also into petty crime, and unable to shake off a drug habit.

ANOTHER INSERT: A mug shot of Spider, in his scruffy customary look...

SLATE: (typed) Spider, a sleaze-bag pimp and a long time mate of Rita's, and a back-stabbing double-crosser with a history of dealing and possessing narcotics.

ANOTHER INSERT: A 2000 NEW YEAR PARTY SNAP OF RITA, GIGGI, STORMY AND SPIDER PASSING A 'JOINT' AND COMPLETELY WASTED.

SLATE: YESTERDAY IS JUST ANOTHER PASSING DREAM...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO RUMBLING THUNDER AND LIGHTNING...

CROSS-FADE:

16. I. CANVAS INTERLUDE - DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: Cowboys and Cowgirls in a western shootout at the O'K' Corral, with a sissy victory...

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 BANGS US into oblivion...

17. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

WIDENING: Sid turns off the 70's transistor radio as Rita closes the door...

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED:

SID

(vaguely...)

Excuse me for being overly-presumptuous,
but what the hell was going on back
there?...

(shaking his head...)

I thought...

(MORE)

VARIOUS ANGLES: As Rita is about to explain, the phone rings and Sid, trying to remain calm as the tension swirls, gives her a cursory glance, and then heedfully and strenuously lifts the receiver...

FX: Betty, in mid-sentence incoherency, is rambling on beseechingly... !!%#@^&%&*&#(^@#!!!! ...

Sid, gripped with solitary schizoid aloofness, throws the phone into the tin waste bin beside the desk, but muffled nauseating echoes persist, so he pulls out the phone cord from the wall.

FX: The brief faint muffled revivals of utterance, eventually expires...

Then rewarding himself with a contemptuous grin he flashes Rita a beguiling smile, and her brow, crinkling with suspicion, returns an incredulous look...

SID (CONT'D)

(smugly...)

Now... Where was I before that unwelcome intrusion? ... Oh-yes, that's right, your other half and those clowns pretending to be humans, suddenly appearing... ??? ... I thought you said Giggi died in some car accident...

CLOSING: She gives a slightly frantic nod, and distracted somewhat by her conscience and aroused with vague memories, her heart chokes in her throat as stricken stumbling words pile on stricken words, and her mouth works tremulously...

WIDENING: Sid glances idly at her, and rather enjoying the discomfiture in her avowed arches a brow, and with a teasing, cheeky sort of smile, struggles to contain his glee...

RITA

(with a frown of
apprehension...)

Yeah-well...

(listlessly...)

With Giggi going to prison and all, I
had to say something to Dom...

ABRUPT ANGLE: The door creaks and suddenly swings open as Dominic's name is mentioned, and he enters with a bodacious display of insolence...

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED:

DOMINIC

(with doughty spirit...)

Yes, I'm here... Enjoy yourselves... And
talking of which, can we have Pizza
tonight, mom. I'm - s t a r v i n g . . .

He rolls his indignant eyes with importunate demand, and
having exhausted his plea, pointedly averts his gaze and
catches Sid bemused look...

Rita looks around with affected surprise and scoffs at the
futile attempt to impress, and the brazen little brat screws
his face and furrows his brow, and then in mock profound
disappointment, recovers with a half strained smile.

FX: Blowing of the bugle for the cavalry to retreat...

CLOSE - WIDENING: Sid, eyes wide, sneers at the postulation,
and with a brassy bitch pout, flips *US* off as he turns away...

Putting aside the trivialities, she gives the annoying
nuisance a patronizing pat...

RITA

(with approving grin...)

Yeah-yeah, whatever, now go...

(with raking eyes...)

We've got some important business to
discuss...

Dominic, brimming with intellect, and with a surreptitious
glance over his shoulder, the leery-eyed juvenile regards
them conspicuously, and after strutting his way out, slowly
closes the creaking door, firmly shut.

Sid snorts laughingly as he leans back languidly, and with a
load of idle curiosity besetting him, an obtuse thought
suddenly flashes from within his mind-depository...

SID

(incuriously...)

What if the... Little one...

(with amiable nod...)

Finds out...

Wetting his lips, he gives her a cursory glance and motions
obliquely, and catching his drift she returns his earnest
stare with an immured feeling of illness...

Then refreshingly natural, and having invited an intriguing
symmetry, their eyes lock, and in conceptual agreement, the
co-conspirators nod in unison...

FX: The Speaker in the House of Representatives bangs the
gavel on the desk pad...

BLACK OUT:

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED:

FX: The Senate argues controversial amendments to a proposed parliamentary bill, and disorder and raucousness ensues...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO CAFETERIA MEALTIME AND CHATTER IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES...

FADE IN:

18. INT. KITCHEN / DINING AREA - EARLY EVENING

VARIOUS ANGLES: Several *INTERNATIONAL BACKPACKERS*, preparing, serving and eating *PIZZA*, with Dominic, Pablo and Bo feasting on a half a dozen splendiferous large pizzas.

JUMP-CUT:

INSERT: Girl's dorm with more pizza feasting and lots of alcohol-fueled girly chatter, some lounging around in their provocative, slinky, sexy nightwear, and others entertaining themselves with lewd tales...

FX: Loud distorted music coming from the quadraphonic sound system in the entertainment room is literally throbbing...

ANOTHER INSERT - MOVING ANGLE: A coupe of mean-looking scruffy leather-clad *BIKIES* have just check in, one with unzipped bodices and heaving bosoms, and the other a broad-shouldered, dark-browed, scared-faced miscreant, and as they casually wander into the recreation area discussing a covert business deal, their salacious gossipy murmuring attract André's troubled scrutiny.

VARIOUS ANGLES - CLOSE: Socializing amongst the guests are some familiar faces with inquisitive prying eyes and unflattering facial expressions aplenty...

PRELUDED CROSS-FADE TO A MUTED AMBIENCE: With the frame dripping in unquenchable desire, gratuitous suggestive gestures, and clandestine flirtation...

19. INT. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - EARLY EVENING

FX: Crystal Ball and strobe lighting illuminating the *mise-en-scène* festivities like a discotheque...

Moving through the throng of *INTERNATIONAL BACKPACKERS* posing as groovy pseudo and highbrow fashionistas, some are feasting on *PIZZA* while others are boogieing to a neoteric beat...

VARIOUS ANGLES: Stranded locals seeking shelter from the cyclonic storm start rolling in, some with a hefty dose of glitz and glamour and in stunning swish outfits, while others in swanky trash with scary makeup and weird hair creations, and the house is brimming with buzz...

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: Meanwhile, amongst some annoying lecherous party-animal flurry, with mischief ripe to the hilt, Giovanni, Stormy and Spider are schmoozing and overindulge on large bowls of *SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE*, drinking *BOOZE*, and passing round a '*ROACH*'...

INSERT: With the mood rife of sly innuendo, gossip and lies, the two bikies and a couple of sylph courtesan girlfriends convene in a corner and discuss some sleazy covert ruse...

ANOTHER INSERT: Sid walks by and politely greets the rugged company with a raised eyebrow and quick tilt of the head, and then with just the right degree of disdain, moves on...

CLOSE: While ambling away, he sneaks a drifting glance over his shoulder at something suspicious, and nods timorously...

JUMP-CUT:

20. INT. RECEPTION — EARLY EVENING

André and some pretty *ORIENTAL BACKPACKER*, share a *PIZZA* on the counter, and while reading a *LOONEY TUNE COMIC* out aloud, exchange frequent alluring glances...

FX: A lightning bolt flashes, and the house lights flicker erratically...

FX: Static noises segue with a loud crackling thunder, and an enormous thunderclap alerts *OUR* attention to the entrance...

SLOW PAN:

LIKE A B-GRADE BLACK AND WHITE MOVIE: IN THE OVER-SATURATED HAZE, THE FRONT SLIDING DOORS OPEN ERRATICALLY AND STOP MID-WAY, AND AS A TUMBLEWEED WEDGES IN-BETWEEN, THE WIND AND RAIN WHISTLES EERILY...

FX: Loud crackling thunder and lightning roars and lights up a vague shimmering imaging approaching...

SLOW FOCUS - IN EERIE SILENCE: Kim Lee, with grace obviously not a priority, wobbles ungainly in her high heels as she emerges from the cyclonic storm, and soaking in a shredded and tattered dress, staggers forward and struggles to separate the sliding glass doors.

CLOSING: With her knees beginning to buckle and about to give way, she makes a pathetic attempt to regain her balance, and an intoxicated spectacle begins to unfold...

CLOSER: Suddenly, looking straight at *US* with instinctive awareness as though sensing *OUR* presence, she pouts and gives her hot ruby lips a sexy moisturizing tongue wipe, and then brandishing her décolletage tits crying out for attention, she smiles seductively...

(CONT'D)

20 CONTINUED:

MOVING ANGLE: With her eyes sparkling despite red rims and bloodshot whites, she gasps and her head jerks up from the rush, and with her mind spinning dizzily, she begins to exhibit a disgusting synergy in a lavished visual feast of drooling, and gleefully flaunting her prowess, she wades forward maladroitly...

FX: A lightning bolt flashes...

JUMP CUT:

CLOSER: Kim Lee, now strangely subdued and sprawled on the floor, and with a tortured look in her eyes, is somehow enjoying her discomfiture and rolls onto her back...

CLOSER STILL: In her respite, she winces at the pain of an injudicious movement of her neck, and there is a sense of frivolity and vivacious vulgarity in her gaiety and lust...

VERY CLOSER: Wounded with abandonment and swooning with dizziness, she reaches out a pitiful and soul crushing pleading hand, which touches OUR heartstrings...

WIDENING: Helplessly inebriated, and desperately seeking to disenthral herself from her thralldom and throe, she morphs deliciously into self-transcendence ecstasy...

KIM LEE'S P.O.V.: Her vision blurs, seeming a little surreal and dreamlike...

FX: A huge lightning bolt flashes...

INSERT A BRIEF TIME-LAPSE OF THE ENTERTAINMENT AREA ACTIVITY: Where Kim Lee is playfully lounging and sharing a 'ROACH' with Giovanni, Stormy and Spider, who are all marvelously stoned, and with stray backpackers joining the mix, hugs and kisses are aplenty, and the *mise-en-scène* resembles a colourful dream-like Picasso pastiche...

CLOSE: Kim Lee, absolutely wasted, and delicately balanced with amazing equilibrium, moves as if her head was in danger of snapping off at the neck if she were to move suddenly or too fast, and while preening, her movements are unconsciously sylph and potentially erotic...

CLOSE: Giovanni raises a seductive eyebrow as he offers the 'ROACH', suggesting obligingly, and then flashes a gentle smile...

FX: Erupting nearby, Stormy and Spider laugh lewdly...

INSERT: A SPOOKY SPIDER LIGHTNING IGNITES THE NIGHT SKY...

FX: DISTANT RUMBLINGS BEGIN TO MANIFEST, AND IN A RAPIDLY ALTERING BACKGROUND, A LIGHTNING FLASH SILENCES AND STALLS OUR ASCENT, AND AFTER A MOMENTARY LULL, WE BEGIN TO DESCEND...

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

21. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - LATE EVENING

WIDENING: Sid and Rita are debating the finances and issues of the day, in a somewhat disputatious levity in their manner...

SID

(aggressively...)

... But you said you'd cover the cost of ongoing budget requirements...

RITA

(snit and lippy...)

Yes, I've done that! I've paid off all the outstanding bills! I've written off your debts! What more do you want, for me to pay for your ongoing gambling habits?! No way, Jose! ...

(MORE)

FX: A vague rumble breaks the quarrelsome malaise...

ABRUPT ANGLE: In silent alarm, they turn their attention to a mysterious glow in the waste bin...

FX: A faint and muffled revival of an echoic phonation pulsates briefly from within the bin...

Then with a sliding glance, redirect their puzzled stare to face one another, and dismissing the illusion as mere static in the air, Rita cranes her weary head while painfully revisiting a dreaded thought...

RITA (CONT'D)

(swallows hard...)

That's - not - going to happen... I had debts of my own to deal with, and there's Dominic's education to consider, and...

(frowning thoughtfully)

Those blood-sucking social workers on my back... And other things... To deal with... In any case, you can always rely...

Suddenly she turns and looks directly at US...

FX: Like a warped record, pulsating from within the abyss, Betty, in mid-sentence, reminisces youthful times at the Sunrise...

BETTY (V.O.)

(incoherently...)

... Your father would have rolled over in his grave if he heard what you were up to... I can remember a time when...

ANOTHER ANGLE: Sid, immersed in the quagmire of disturbing thoughts, and in the heat of despair, stares into the void, and induced by curiosity, turns abruptly and cringes in alarm...

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED:

CLOSE: The telephone cord detached from the wall-socket...

FX: The 'Twilight Zone' theme plays briefly...

SLOW MOTION SURREALISM: Gravitating and recoiling to the mysterious phonon...

SID
(mumbling in a hushed
apologetic tone...)
Mother...? ...
(MORE)

CLOSING: With melodramatic eye contact further souring the mood, a dawning realization wipes their face...

Helplessly captivated and bordering on obsession, there's ruthlessness in him unlike anything seen before, and he is angry indeed, very angry, so intense that Rita has to turn away.

SID (CONT'D)
(mouthing...)
God help me...?

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO THUNDER RUMBLING, AND LIGHTNING FLASHES US INTO DARKNESS...

INSERT: An outrageous pizza party rumpus, with lots of uproarious incivility and anarchic jocularity aplenty...

ANOTHER INSERT: Giovanni, with benign affability and in layback swagger, snakes around furniture and guests, and having lead Dominic to one side, has an intimate out of earshot conversation...

ANOTHER INSERT: A rapid time-lapse of distant rumblings manifesting, and in an altering background, a lightning flashes...

ANOTHER INSERT: One of the 'MALE DORMS' with the door ajar, has 'BONG SMOKE' streaming out into the hallway...

FX: Quick psychic blasts and a dark shadow smothers a mysterious simulacrum...

FX: A deafening roar suddenly fills the air and segues with an ear-piecing screech...

INSERT: A flash image of Sid, futilely clamping his ears with his hands, and steadying himself against a wall of fragility...

BLACK OUT:

FX: A blaring house fire alarm wales and segues with a ball rolling in a turning roulette wheel...

FADE IN:

22. J. CANVAS INTERLUDE - DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: A Casino Roulette Game in progress, with potential GAMBLERS placing bets...

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 ERUPTS WITH CHIPS, AND DISINTEGRATES...

FX: The melody abruptly cuts off...

EERIE SILENCE SETTLES...

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

23. EXT. THE SUNRISE HOSTEL - EARLY MORNING

DESCENDING AND CLOSING: The Sunrise facade is now battered and bruised by the overnight cyclonic storm...

FX: Cranking and winding noises surfacing...

MOVING ANGLE: Approaching the entrance, the laser sensitive-operated glass doors, appear to have frozen and struggle to go beyond half open...

FX: Cranking winding noises segue with Indistinct chatter in the background...

24. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - EARLY MORNING

FX: The 'JAWS' movie theme plays briefly as WE head towards the entertainment area...

(CONT'D)

24 CONTINUED:

MOVING ANGLE: André, in his flamboyant charm, is explaining to an AFRICAN BACKPACKER COUPLE what the Sunrise has to offer, and for no uncertain terms, in his uneasiness, notices OUR presence.

VARIOUS ANGLES: Weaving past the counter and beyond, WE notice interior and structural damage evident from the overnight cyclonic battering, and the former inhospitable ambience appearing to have revisited and checked in for another long-term stay.

INSERT: Kim Lee, staggering out of the boy's dorm, drags her lifeless body along the hallway, down the stairs, past the reception, and as she exits through the front entrance, she immediately protects her traumatised vampiric face from the glaring sunrise, and burns into the heat of the sun.

ANOTHER INSERT: Stormy, of the walking dead, staggers out of the boy's dorm and shuffles over to the girl's bathroom, and Spider, like-wise, staggers out of the boy's dorm, and follows her.

FX: Fake girlie screams and laughter, mixed with raucous scuffle...

Spider, after being ushered out by spraying water, soap, towels, toothbrushes and past, grudgingly wanders into the boy's bathroom.

Meanwhile, back at reception, André, oblivious to the backpackers having gone 'AWOL' is still rambling on with his over-rehearsed hostel pitch...

WHIP-PAN:

Sid, briefly silhouetted by the sun's glare and illuminating like Lucifer's resurrection, forces his way through the front entrance...

ANOTHER ANGLE: looking as though he's not slept for days, and nursing an excruciating migraine, notices the absurd one-way conversation at reception, and pitifully shakes his head before trudging off to investigate an upstairs disturbance...

FX: Raucous laughter swelling the airwaves adds to the distorted cacophony of chaos above...

CLOSE: Heavy eye contact heads straight towards US with murderous intent...

JUMP-CUT:

MOVING ANGLE: Sid walks past the noisy girl's bathroom to the Boy's dorm, and swinging the door open, sees sleepy Giovanni and a half a dozen mixed-gender backpackers' tangled bodies, and leftover spaghetti and pizza, strewn everywhere...

(CONT'D)

24 CONTINUED:

SID
(coiled anger...)
Right! The party's over! ...
(grumbles profanities...)
@#*&*)(*\$@!)*(^@#*&*)(*\$@!)*(^#!!!...
(MORE)

Kicks a dormant body or two to see if they're alive, and rousing from their slumber, in indolent reluctance, their scowling faces turn into frowns of nausea.

FX: Heavy purring and deep beastly respiration coming from an otherworldly dimension stirs awake the living dead...

SID (CONT'D)
(persistently...)
Come on, get up, checkout time is 10 AM,
sharp... Get up - get up - get up - come
on... We haven't got all day...
(over the shoulder...)
Pablo! Pablo!! ... Come clean this mess...
(MORE)

ABRUPT ANGLE: Sid, jolted by the sudden and somewhat fortuitous appearance of the guileful Spaniard standing in the doorway wearing his 'MESSI' number ten jumper, stiffens a little, and keeping his face expressionless, lifts a heavy eyebrow...

The retired footballer, however, seemingly very relaxed and tauntingly and nauseatingly cheerful, returns an impressive illuminating smile...

SID (CONT'D)
(impressed indeed...)
Oh-Oh - Spoiler alert! ... Hmm... Okay...
So, after removing the dead - humanoids...
Clean up the spaghetti - pizza - and
whatever...

FX: An irritating drone nauseatingly drums OUR ears...

Then after a brief uncomfortable pause of silent protest, the Spaniard nods compliantly, and sluggishly surveys the mess...

PABLO
(a little nonplussed...)
Sí señor...

Sid, faintly aloof, gives a corpse one final kick before leaving the dorm, and with brisk military strides, proudly ventures down the hallway...

FX: Grumbles of incoherent utterings segue with a triumphant lion's roar...

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

25. K. CANVAS INTERLUDE - DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: Sid the gladiator, standing heroic at the centre of a ruined Italian Coliseum, and barred doors open the surrounding dens and several lions come out and circle around, poised for attack...

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 ends with a gladiatorial victory...

FX: A stadium erupts with thunderous cheers and applause, and then trails off...

CROSS-FADE:

INSERT: André, unable to contain himself, is at reception indulging in one of his favourite preoccupation, flipping pages of one of his 'Looney Tunes' comics, and his juvenile merriment is rather infectious...

FADE TO BLACK:

FX: Boisterous cackles segue with an auditorium erupting with hysterical laughter...

FX: The incoherent hysterics segues with the broadcast of an exciting race commentary of the final moments past the finishing line, and then switches off abruptly...

CROSS-FADE:

FADE IN:

26. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - MORNING

WIDENING: As Sid turns off his transistor radio, the phone rings...

(CONT'D)

26 CONTINUED:

He picks up the receiver and Betty, in mid-sentence, is rambling on... &@\$\$%U*\$@!!! ...

He hangs up, and after a beat, lifts the receiver, but Betty is still rambling on and descending into a stream of unintelligible and incoherent ravings... &@\$\$%U*\$@!!! ...

CLOSING: Sid repeatedly lifts and slams the receiver up and down several times, but the rambling continuing, and savage with frustration, thrusts the phone into a lower desk draw and repeatedly opens and closes it in hope that it will expire.

FX: Muffled breaths trail off...

WIDENING: Rita enters, and with some heavy agitated breathing of her own, shoots a seething look at Sid...

RITA

(deliriously...)

Arrrrrrhhhh... Arrrrrrhhhh... Arrrrrrhhhh...
Wake me up, please... Arhhhhhhh... This
can't be happening, this has to be a
nightmare, surely...

(MORE)

CLOSE: She turns and faces US with murderous intent, and going by her expression, WE know this is a verboten discovery...

FX: A couple of beats of erratic ear-drumming heartbeats...

RITA (CONT'D)

(with childlike naivety...)

And it's all your fault! You should have
kicked them out when you had the chance...
(acrimoniously...)

Who knows what he said to...

FX: A brief helicopter whirl momentarily stifles the ramble...

CLOSE: Sid, with an excruciating migraine coming on, slams the Sunrise's accounting book down onto the desktop...

SID

(overlapping; and
hushing her...)

Enough! Zip it, sissy! ... You're giving
me a flaming headache. Just-just-just -
concentrate on the backpackers...

CLOSE: Rita, feeling like an eccentric misfit, and wounded by the flameout, obediently sinks into her discomfiture and sulks with deep simmering agitated breaths...

RITA

(avoiding eye-contact:
mixed Italian slang...)

Arrrrhhhh... Arrrrhhhh... Arrrrhhhh... ..

(CONT'D)

26 CONTINUED:

FX: Cavalry bugle sounds the retreat...

WIDENING: Sid, with his heavy perspiration betraying his anxiety, flips over pages of accounting while gathering a dozen or so non-winning 'TAB HORSE RACE TICKETS' and surreptitiously throws them into the bin.

Rita, with a seemingly naïve inability to respond, and in an unconscious emphasis, shakes her head timorously from side to side...

VARIOUS ANGLES: Stepping up and steadying her, he looks straight into her eyes with heroic errantry and it seems to have a momentary calming effect on both of them...

SID

(with much posturing...)

I will deal with your sleazebag Ex and those deadbeat mates of yours... You go and get some fresh air into you... Go on, get the shuttle van and go rustle up some stray backpackers loitering on the beach...

(MORE)

Rita, initially avoiding eye contact and craving for human intimacy, now seems to appear much more relaxed with a sort of subtle bonding taking place.

Sid, seemingly uncannily smitten, raises an eyebrow and pinches a smile, and with her ferocious hostility melting innocuously, she flashes him a beguiling smile...

SID (CONT'D)

(meeting her gaze...)

We've got bills to pay, now scram...

CLOSING ANGLES: Precariously, having developed a somewhat increased fraternal respect, he purses his lips and urges her with the 'go-on, get moving' head gesture, and that she does, vanishing angelically with a mystical gust of wind...

INSERT - ANIMATION: The 'SHUTTLE VAN' with 'THE SUNRISE' painted advertisement on its side, races out of the drive...

FX: 'VROOM-VROOM' acceleration introduces the theme song...

CROSS-FADE:

27. L. CANVAS INTERLUDE — DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: Rita drives along the beach, shooting randomly at passing pedestrians and dumping them into the van, and driving away...

(CONT'D)

27 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

The illusion ends with an overloaded van entering the sunrise driveway...

CROSS-FADE:

28. INT. THE SUNRISE RECEPTION - LATE MORNING

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

André, somewhat intrigued, is having difficulty in explaining to a broadly-built and androgynous-looking TRANSVESTITE backpacker with a five o'clock shadow, what the Sunrise has to offer...

ANDRE
(bemusedly...)
... we have a six-mixed-dorm available...
(MORE)

Unsure of how to proceed, he grimaces and nervously obscures his strained face...

ANDRE (CONT'D)
... Arh... Is that something you would
like - to - consider...

The effeminate Trani, however, posturing melodramatically in his-her calm femme fatale demeanour, shakes his-her head, and André, slightly confused, mimics him-her...

TRANI
(prissy; and with
not-so-dulcet voice...)
No, I'd like a girlie dorm please...

MOVING ANGLE: Sid, entering abruptly, interrupts the conspicuous and somewhat inscrutable discourse...

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

SID

André... Do you not remember. We only
have a six-male-dorm available...

ANOTHER ANGLE: André, in lieu of his dubiety, refers to the
computer screen, and in his impetuousness, gives his shadow
a fatalistic shrug...

ANDRE

(*confirming...*)

No-no, non monsieur... We have a six...

With the contemplative moment rapidly dissipating, lynx-
eyed Sid leans forward and aggressively asserts his
authority...

SID

(*overlapping in
a raspy voice...*)

Yes-yes-yes monsieur...

(*eyeing the trani;
pressingly...*)

You will find it quite satisfactory, I
can assure you m-m-m-m-m-madam...

MOVING ANGLE: As Rita leads Pablo out of the dining area,
directing maintenance instructions, she suddenly slows her
step, and with hesitant nervousness, heads towards
reception...

ANOTHER MOVING ANGLE: Giovanni, Stormy and Spider appear
and enter the fray like something out of the 'Walking Dead'
TV series...

Fx: An irritating bass drone coming from windswept dunes,
nauseatingly drums *OUR* ears...

CLOSE: The whimsy Trani, having done a double take, feigns
surprise, and with habituated compulsion, hams up his-her
femininity...

WIDENING: With Trani's candid eyes and languid look of
adoration disturbing Giovanni deeply, and saturated with
abject humiliation, he fixes him-her with a long and
penetrating stare...

"WUH OH - NO - NOT ANOTHER MEXICAN STANDOFF, SURELY...?"

VARIOUS ANGLES - IN SEPIA: YES, ANOTHER SERIES OF MISFIT
EYEBALLING AS THE FAMILIAR MOVIE THEME PLAYS...

FX: The scratchy and worn out 'GOOD BAD AND UGLY' THEME
playing, gets stuck in a groove, and repeats itself,
nauseatingly...

The *STANDOFF* is also scratchy and worn out, and the jumpy
vision synchronizes with the distorted scratchy
soundtrack...

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

FX: The record needle rips across the vinyl abruptly and pieces *OUR* eardrums...

FX: An animated '*MEMORY BUBBLE*' illusion appears over Trani's head, reminiscing...

INSERT - WIDENING: A THEATRICAL PRISON CELL, with a clothes line strung from wall to wall, and '*GIRLIE LINGERIE*' hanging to dry...

ANOTHER ANGLE - DESCENDING: On the upper bunk is *TRANI*, dressed in black stiped satin uniform, is filing his-her nails, and *GIGGI* in the lower bunk, also in black striped uniform, is working on a toothpick and could not be more prosaic while reading a *PHANTOM COMIC*...

FX: Neighbouring cellmates clanging their coffee mugs on the cell bars, and letting loose lots of risqué discourse while having incandescent fun...

CLOSE: Trani, lynx-eyed, and in a sleuthing, longing, lustful gaze, peers down from behind an oriental fan...

JUMP-CUT:

The '*mini-episode*' ends abruptly with his-her delightful recognition of...

TRANI

(*flashing an ecstatic
smile...*)

Spider...? Stormy...? And...? Yes...

WIDENING: The degenerates, shadowed with vagueness, and with a lingering fear numbing their expression, disengage to the abrupt intrusion of...

Rita, who, in cold primal Italian instinct for an unhealthy appetite of spiteful revenge, is tickled to death to learn more...

RITA

(*overlapping; with
murderous scrutiny...*)

Yes! - Yes! Do go on, mmmmmmadam...

Meanwhile, with the degenerates finding it perversely funny, Rita's mere spark of interest suddenly turns into a white-hot blaze, and with demanding countenance she clenches her teeth and her eyes slide feverishly to...

Giovanni, who is overly embarrassed by the fixed attention, immediately sobers to the silent but brusque censure and tries to disguise his laughter by simulating a coughing fit, and then turning away, catches the bemused look of...

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

Sid, having absorbed a cacophony of linguistic gymnastics, reflects mutely before proceeding and gestures for everyone to settle down, and then averting his smouldering gaze from the congestion, turns to his deputy...

SID
(off Rita's visage...)
Ease off, tiger, I've got this...
(shoves her aside; and
calls out over his
shoulder...)
Pablo! ... Pablo! ...
(MORE)

ABRUPT ANGLE: Pablo, appearing suddenly, shocks everyone, including US, and with him catching Sid off guard, his cheeky smile broadens and illuminates his guile clown-face.

SID (CONT'D)
(a little disorientated...)
Pablo...? Yes, right, so... ..
(MORE)

Momentarily losing his thought, he drops his voice to a sepulchral bass while searching for something to say...

SID (CONT'D)
Arrrrhhh... Get these ladiessss... And not
so gentle... Whatever... Get their luggage,
and see them out...

Pablo, innately disorientated, and with searching eyes, scans the *mise-en-scène* for the inconspicuous luggage...

PABLO
(utterly confused...)
Yes - arrrrhh - luggage...? Bags...?
Backpacks...? Arrhh... ? ? ? ? ?

But there's none to be seen...?

SID
(pointing to the front
entrance...)
Just see them out...
(MORE)

Pablo, with the direction lost in translation, starts heading towards the front exit to see...?

SID
(erupting...)
No - no - no - stupid! ... See - them -
Out! ... Oooooohhhhh - Arrrrrrrrhhhhhh...
(MORE)

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: Pablo, confused more than ever, and with head shaking and hand-gestures adrift, continues towards the front entrance, and the perversely amused degenerates finding it hilariously funny are in stitches, but not so with Sid and Rita who are in the least bit entertained by the absurdity and are pained with chronic apathy...

SID (CONT'D)
(*ripping his hair out...*)
No-no-no! Stupid! ... For God's sake!...
(MORE)

MOVING ANGLE: He slues the Spaniard convict a wide eyed look, grabs him by the scruff, and ushers him towards the front sliding doors, and then returns him to reception.

Pablo, somewhat perplexed, simulates Sid's nodding, and Sid abruptly alters the nod to a shake of the head and eyeballs him with a stricken goading look...

SID (CONT'D)
(*emphatically...*)
Right, so... So... So... Arrrhhhh...
(*deliriously...*)
Arrrrrrhhhhh...
(MORE)

However, with the demonstration again lost in translation, and Sid about to surrender to the surge of hopelessness, he and the bemused onlookers turn their attention to...

SLOW PAN:

Bo, who's looking rather senseless and robotic, casually walks past, and as he ventures outside his eyes become exceedingly bright, and a beam of light zaps him to nowhere land...

"Odd indeed" - However, with the distraction having been dismissed as a mere illusory intrusion...

SID (CONT'D)
(*gestures aimlessly...*)
Arrhh... Right, You, you and you... Out!
That includes you, missessssss - mmmmadam...
Whatever... Everyone out! ...

VARIOUS ANGLES: Amidst the groundswell of discontent, and with furtive, transitory and averting glances aplenty, everyone's bustling and bumping into each other while manoeuvring out - in - or whatever...

CLOSE: Trani, however, feeling giddy with excitement, does some bizarre tongue flicking and lots of girlie giggling, and making a feast of the confusion, savours every silky fabric body rubbing sensation...

BLACK OUT:

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

FX: "Ooh-Yeah-Arhhhh... Girlie giggles..." Oozing with gleeful frenzied ecstasy...

MOVING ANGLE: Whipping into the throng of the arrant roguish party animals 'YIPPI-YAH-HOOLING', the darkish *mise-en-scène* imbues with juvenile mischief...

FX: Police siren wails and segues with the Sunrise Melody...

FADE IN:

29. M. CANVAS INTERLUDE - DREAMSCAPE

PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: The KEYSTONE COPS do their chase and capture routine...

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 ends with the police van driving through the penitentiary gates...

INSERT: A BRIEF TIME-LAPSE OF THE COASTLINE HAVING ENDURED A MISERABLE MORNING AND IS FINALLY BRIGHTENING UP WITH A SUNNY DAY: ...

ANOTHER INSERT: The exterior of the Sunrise Hostel, battered and bruised by the overnight storm, is clearly in need of many repairs outside and in...

CROSS-FADE:

30. INT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

WIDENING: Kim Lee is nursing a hangover with a glass of water and a half a dozen tabs of something fizzy...

(CONT'D)

30 CONTINUED:

The mobile 'BUZZES' a little too loud for her excruciating migraine, and she throws it into the bin, but the 'BUZZING' continues and the vibration becomes even louder, and echoes nauseatingly...

FX: A pulsating throb pounds the eardrums, and a wretched wild creature screams in pain...

Amidst the nauseating drumming, she pours a jug of water into the bin, and the 'BUZZZZZZzzzz...' turns into a 'GURGLE' and drowns itself...

CROSS-FADE:

31. INT. THE SUNRISE OFFICE - TWILIGHT

WIDE - MUTE AND EERILY STILL: Sid, while staring out the window, pops a few unpalatable pills to ease his excruciating migraine...

CLOSING: With his face falling sullen and downcast, and with an inner searching look, stare blankly out into the distance, and noticing something weird, he leans forward to have a closer look...

SID'S POV: While looking out at a mysterious object, a huge blinding 'FLASH' of 'LIGHT' momentarily whitens the canvas...

ANIMATION INSERT: An obscure 'UFO' appears, and after hovering briefly over the coastline, suddenly zooms out into space... ? ? ? ...

CLOSING - SLOWLY: Paled-faced, tight-lipped, and squinting in the glare of the illuminating apparition, he runs a hand through his hair, questions his sanity, and slowly mouths "WHAT-THE-F-U-C-K" . . .

FX: Phone 'RINGS' a couple of times and stops, then after a brief pause, rings again...

WIDENING - IN SLOW MOTION: With the noisy and persistent ringing eventually prodding his dazed and confused mien, and with his usual habitual disposition resurfacing, he turns his attention to the phone momentarily, and as he picks up the receiver...

SID
(*mouthing...*)
F - a - r - o - u - t - m - a - n . . .
(*intoned...*)
You won't believe what I've just seen...

FX: An eerie space theme segues with his mother's unrelenting nagging...

(CONT'D)

31 CONTINUED:

BETTY (V.O.)

(incoherent rambling...)

That's exactly what your father said when
he saw you for the first time... You were
an ugly little thing, I must say... ..

... ..

ABRUPT ANGLE: Sid leans towards the window and bumps his head
into the glass as another 'FLASH' irradiates the *mise-en-
scène*...

FX: A large 'FLASH' whitens the office...

FADE IN:

32. INT. GRANNY FLAT - EVENING

WIDENING: Dominic is fast asleep in his bunk, and Rita is
sitting beside him, endearingly bonded and glowing in her
warmth...

RITA

(softly; caressingly...)

My dearest, I am not the best of mothers,
I know... And your father, well, some day,
you will...

*(bends and kisses
him sweetly on the
forehead...)*

Understand what was meant to be...

Ensuing the dolorous moment, she gets up and slowly walks out
of the room, and having left the door slightly ajar, dust
particles in the shaft of light leads *US* towards Dominic's
illuminated face...

CLOSING: Dominic's eyelids flicker, and slowly open and close,
and then he rolls his face into the pillow...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

33. INT. KITCHEN / DINING AREA - MIDNIGHT

DESCENDING: From a star-filled sky moving into a sublunary
haze, appearing and seemingly absorbing some sort of innate
telepathic energy radiating from a malefic beam above, Bo,
hand in hand with his invisible companion, enter through
the back entrance...

FX: An indistinct miscellany of anglo-alien dialogue...

(CONT'D)

33 CONTINUED:

MOVING ANGLE: The exotic intruders stroll leisurely towards a table full of backpacker's food which was previously collected from the kitchen...

HOVERING ANGLE: As 'THEY' sit, and WE watch, and some sort of jovial conversation takes place...

BO / ???
(lots of merriment...)
Yeah, that was great... / @%#!%\$^%!!...

CLOSING: A sudden lull settles and a glowing static image with a seraphic smile appears beside Bo, and the angelic aura surrounding them is aired with an audible alien humming...

FX: The THEME SONG sung with 'ALIEN LYRICS' segues with the celestial euphonic atmospherics and gradually amplifies...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

34. I. CANVAS INTERLUDE — DREAMSCAPE

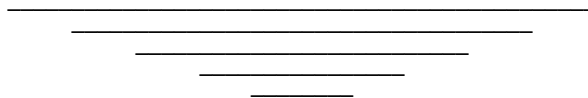
PENCIL ANIMATION DRAWN DURING A SEGMENT OF THE THEME PLAYED OVER A BRIEF INTERVAL: A UFO circles the Sunrise hostel, zaps a beam of light onto it, and then zooms out into deep space...

AN ANIMATED JOURNEY BEYOND THE STARS...

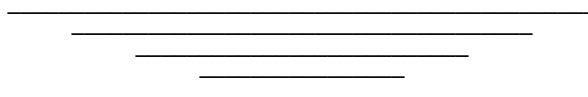
Passing by the Sun, then moving deep into omnipresent extragalactic space, witnessing the nebulous first and final perennial frontier being reborn...

Symphonically, in eerie distant 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...



*"In wonder at the intricate tapestry of life through time,
in the face of the numinous awesome grandeur
of the expanding universe..."*



Are we alone in this vastness of space...?

OR

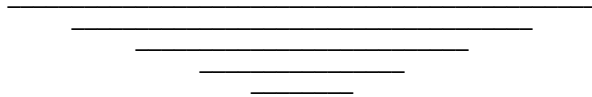
Just a fortuitous, prosaic entity, adrift...

OF

Misguided, manipulative, alienable commodities...

FOR

Zillions of plenteousness worlds...



(IN ALIEN)

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...

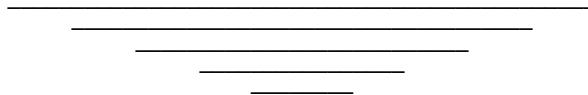
Sunset at Sunrise -
Living in a land of fantasy -
Sunset at Sunrise -
Wishing you were here spending time with me...

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 -



THE END