

## WIND & RAIN - EPISODE 5

### EXT. FAR ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT

Standing solemnly before a towering bonfire are CRUISE and his team of Pokémon, CLARENE, and her Shuckle, OONAKANI.

The light of the fire shimmers upon the ocean. The tears of CRUISE and his Pokémon evaporate into the night as they cry for their abducted friend, SOPHIA the Flygon.

CRUISE

This isn't a funeral. Right guys?

We're not saying goodbye.

We're just admitting that Sophia has been taken from us. And that we miss her.

And that we won't stop looking for her.

CRUISE looks to CLARENE.

CRUISE (CONT'D)

Does that make any sense?

CLARENE

All the sense in the world.

CRUISE's Pokémon launch Thundershock, Psybeam, Flamethrower, Bubblebeam, Energy Ball, and Shadow Ball into the air above the bonfire.

The attacks light up the night sky, whiting out the stars with their passionate radiance.

CROSSFADE TO:

### EXT. ARVERNA CITY STADIUM (NIGHT)

The night sky above Arverna City is rendered starless by fierce glare of stadium lights.

Arverna City Stadium is packed to capacity, with many in attendance holding lit candles and wearing Arverna Cyclones licensed clothing.

The field at the bottom of the stadium is dominated by a stage, erected for the occasion.

The stage is adorned with a titanic central video screen displaying a photo of a happy CRUISE ELROY. To each side of the main screen are three smaller screens, each displaying a photo one of CRUISE's missing Pokémon.

There is an AV pit off to the side of the stage in which soundboards, generators, antennas, speakers, broadcast equipment, and other machines sheltered by tents are being

operated by technicians. Several news vans are parked here as well.

Also present are numerous television cameras on dollies and cranes.

Also near the AV pit is a set of steps from which the stage can be accessed.

At the forefront of the stage is a podium with a microphone.

The field nearest the stage is packed with more people in rows of temporary folding chairs, something of a VIP section.

In the second row, the ARVERNA CYCLONES are seated here in their blue uniforms. In the rows behind them sit the members of other Pokémon sports teams, some in uniform, but many dressed more formally.

In the front row are seated dignitaries including Arverna City's mayor, MAYOR WEATHERWELL, the Munia League's Champion, Unova Gym Leader SKYLA, and several Munia Gym Leaders.

#### [PROFILE: Arverna City]

Arverna City is the central city of the District of East Unova.

It is transected by canal running from east to west, and is nestled between Undella Bay to the north, and the Atlantic Ocean to the south.

Streetcar tracks line the streets to the left and right of the canal, a light rail tramway sharing the road with cars, trucks, and pedestrians.

Apartment towers and condos populate much of the the south of the city and overlook the boardwalks and blocks of bungalows nearest the water.

A large sector of the city in the south-east section contains a swath of primeval forest interspersed with walkways.

A residential section of condos and cottages sits beside a elevated railway line built to resemble a Roman viaduct.

Strewn amidst it all are rows of shops, public buildings, supermarkets, parks, and other essentials.

The Stadium is north of the canal, and is nearly dwarfed by the Arverna City Pokémon Castle and its surrounding grounds, which are enclosed by a high wall.

This ancient castle is linked to the distinctly modern Stadium by an adjoining structure, a recent modification to the Castle's layout.

[ /PROFILE]

News helicopters hover in the air all over the city.

CUT TO:

### THE STADIUM'S ENTRANCE

News vans litter the parking lot, camera crews from various TV stations film as field reporters cover the event.

### POV - NEWS CAMERA

A REPORTER is holding a microphone, looking into the camera.

#### REPORTER

We're live in front of Arverna City Stadium where public memorial services for Pokémon Airball player Amos Cruz Elroy are to begin shortly.

More than 10,000 people have crammed inside the arena to pay their final respects to the sports superstar, officially presumed dead after having gone missing at sea -

CUT TO:

### INT. BAR (NIGHT)

The bar is narrow and dimly lit.

An old, mustached BARTENDER dries glasses behind the counter, occasionally glancing at the TV mounted above the counter, displaying the broadcast.

At the counter sit two well dressed men, SHAW BARNSTAPLE SHARAGA, and MASTER VIOLET RAY, each in their forties, though VIOLET appears the more youthful of the two.

SHAW glares at the TV with his arms folded, while VIOLET watches with his hands folded nearly upon the counter.

#### SHAW

Do we have to watch this crap?

#### VIOLET

Yeah.

It's on every channel.

CUT TO:

### EXT. STADIUM

Inside the Stadium, a CHORUS and their CONDUCTOR file onto the stage and assemble into formation.

ANNOUNCER  
(via PA system)  
Ladies and gentlemen. Please rise for the  
anthem of the Munia region.

The attendees stand as the CHORUS prepares to perform.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR

VIOLET  
The District of East Unova isn't even  
part of the Munia region.

SHAW  
It should be.

VIOLET  
From a historical standpoint, maybe.

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM

With all in attendance standing, the CHORUS begins to sing  
the anthem.

(sung to Sir Edward Elgar's  
rendition of Ave Verum Corpus)

[MUSIC: "Edward Elgar's version of Ave Verum Corpus"]

[<https://musopen.org/music/785/edward-elgar/ave-verum-corpus/>]

CHORUS  
(singing)  
Reaching out into the ocean, this long  
island we call home.  
  
Munia, imbued with freedom, may you live  
eternally.  
  
Long ago our homeland suffered under fear  
and tyranny,  
  
And together we rose up and won our  
region's liberty.  
  
Humans and creatures alike gave up their  
lives so gallantly,  
  
Fighting alongside as equals to depose  
the evil king.  
  
Now as brothers and as sisters we stand

all adversity,

Munia's children united by our love and  
unity.

And may we never forget our sacred vow to  
protect each other.

The audience applauds and cheers as the CHORUS exits the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR

On TV, the standing ovation within the Stadium continues.

SHAW

What a sappy song. I need another drink.

VIOLET

Quit whining.

It's the anthem.

SHAW

Not for long.

SHAW snaps his fingers.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Benny, hit me.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE -

- A man and a woman sit in their living room, a Herdier sitting at their feet as they watch the TV broadcast.
- A Trainer inside a tent pitched in a forest watches the memorial on a laptop computer with his Pokémon.
- A cluttered apartment full of young men decked out in Arverna Cyclones licensed clothing and memorabilia is crowded around a giant TV.
- A driver in the cab of a big rig truck traveling along Unova's Route 4 listens on the radio along with her Buizel, who is sitting in the passenger seat.
- Alone in his office, EINS FELIX watches attentively on several different monitors, each displaying a different channel.

CLOSE UP -

Of a smartphone streaming the television feed.

ZOOM OUT -

The phone is held in the hands of an Arverna Cyclones team member, a young woman named SPRING, presently seated amongst her teammates in the presence of the stage.

SPRING is fixated upon her phone with a subdued intensity.

HUNT, a male teammate with a NINETAILS sitting before him is seated beside SPRING, nudges her.

HUNT  
(whispering)  
Spring, what are you doing?

SPRING's gaze remains fixed on the smartphone screen.

SPRING  
(whispering)  
Playing defense.

HUNT  
(whispering)  
What? This is a funeral!

SPRING  
(whispering)  
No it isn't.

HUNT  
(whispering)  
Chase is about to get on stage!

SPRING  
(whispering)  
Exactly. I don't trust these people.

HUNT sighs.

Adjacent HUNT, another teammate, lanky and with long hair, SKIP, leans over.

SKIP  
(whispering)  
Let off it mate, she's a goalie, she's  
always on defense.

HUNT slumps back in his chair, sighs, and then sniffles a bit.

NINETAILS licks HUNT's knuckles and he strokes his head softly.

THE STAGE -

The crowd claps and cheers as CHASE approaches the podium.

Unlike the other CYCLONES, CHASE is wearing a blue suit

rather than the blue team uniform. His WINGULL sits faithfully upon his shoulder.

CHASE speaks, stifling the sustained accolades.

CHASE

You know.

I must have played in this stadium so many hundreds of times, with so many people watching, just like now.

But I've never really spoke before a crowd like this before.

If anything I suppose Cruise would be out here doing this, talking to you all right now.

CRUISE sucks in a deep breath.

CHASE (CONT'D)

But I guess that's why we're all here in the first place.

CLOSE UP OF,

The faces of the people in the stands. Many are crying.

CHASE

Cruise always told me he never wanted to have a funeral. So that's not what this is. Or at least I hope not.

Hopefully what happens here tonight is just something to let us all figure out how we feel about Cruise being gone, and figure out how we'll move forward.

I know this night is about Cruise, and how we miss him.

But me and the team decided that if Cruise were here to help us plan this, he would have wanted the welfare of the Pokémon of the region he loved to come first.

So in that spirit, I'd like to bring out a very special guest to make a brief statement regarding recent events before our program begins in earnest.

It's my honor to present to you, long time friend of the Arverna Cyclones and honorary team member, Shania Cary Williams, Champion of the Munia region's Pokémon League!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR

SHAW

For now.

VIOLET

(whispering)

Come on. We're in public.

SHAW

So what?

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM

A dark skinned woman with long dreadlocks around the age of CHASE and the other CYCLONES enters the stage.

At her side is a DRAGONAIR, small for its species, though still a sizable creature. The Dragonair's neck is wrapped in a green striped scarf, reminiscent to the coloring of a Flygon's tail.

SHANIA and CHASE share a brief, formal hug, and CHASE swiftly cedes the stage to her.

Standing at the podium, with her DRAGONAIR standing proudly, but tearfully at its Trainer's side, the Champion speaks.

SHANIA

I honestly didn't expect to be speaking here tonight at all. It was a last minute decision.

It's kind of emotional since Cruise was my friend and all, and our Pokémon were all friends too.

Close friends, in fact.

It's also kinda weird being introduced as the Champion at Cruise's own funeral of all places. Or memorial, or whatever it is.

I feel like if he had ever made a formal challenge to me, he very easily could have been the Champion today instead of me.

He certainly had the potential...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR



SHAW snorts.

SHAW

Cause they'll let anyone be champ of Munia these days.

Look at her strutting up there.

SHAW takes a swig of his drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM

SHANIA

But right now I'd like to take this opportunity to address the unfolding epidemic that's been effecting Pokémon in the Munia region, and I'd like to once again say how sorry I am to everyone whose lost a Pokémon in the course of this crisis.

While I can't spend time refuting every rumor thats cropped up about the Heartsnare disease, I'd like to specifically deny the most dangerous among them.

There have been claims going around that this disease is being spread or carried specifically by Pokémon species which originate from outside of Unova and Munia.

Suggestions that the spread of the Heartsnare can be magically halted by ordering Pokémon Centers to refuse treatment to so called "outlander" Pokémon are completely outrageous and are not based on any credible information.

Pokémon species originating from Kanto, Johto, Hoenn, Sinnoh, Kalos, and all around the world, have been a valuable part of Munia's ecosystem and culture for centuries.

No Pokémon Center in Munia will close its doors to any Pokémon in need for any reason as long as I'm Champion. If you don't like that, deal with it.

Its outrageous that a handful of closed minded people would leverage this opportunity to prey on people's fears and spread destructive mindsets during this time of crisis.

I'll be holding a press conference tomorrow morning at the Munia League Mansion regarding what specific steps the Pokémon League of Munia will be taking to contain and cure this disease.

No matter how difficult things seem, remember that we're Munia, we're strong, and there's nothing we can't do!

With that out the way, I'd like to give the stage back to Chase, so he can get the memorial of the life of our friend Cruise Elroy off to a proper start.

The audience cheers as CHASE and his WINGULL return to the podium and exchange a hug with SHANIA.

The Champion returns the Dragonair to its Pokéball, leaves the stage, and returns to her seat in the front row beside MAYOR WHETHERWELL.

CHASE

Excuse me, I'm getting a little choked up now that it's time to actually get this started...

WINGULL gentles CHASE's cheek with his beak.

CHASE

Thanks boy. You're the best.

As was Amos Cruz Elroy.

People called Cruise a warrior for his exceptional skill in the sport of Pokémon Airball.

But if he were watching right now, I think he'd rather us call him a warrior for his involvement in organizations and movements dedicated to protecting the lives and happiness of Pokémon and preserving the environments in which they live.

Of the various Pokémon welfare and environmentalist groups he's lent his time to, the nearest to his heart was the Munia Environmental Conservation Society.

So before I share my personal memories about Cruise in detail, I'd like to say a few words about MECS and the work they do all around the Munia region.

Cruise asked in his will that those

wishing to send flowers instead donate a small amount of money to the Munia Environmental Society by calling the number -

CUT TO:

#### MONTAGE - VIEWERS AT HOME

In homes across Unova and Munia, the TV and computer screens upon which people are watching the memorial abruptly cut to a static test pattern.

VIEWERS hastily attempt to change the channel, but the signal drop has effected every station covering the event.

CUT TO:

#### INT. BAR

SHAW and VIOLET watch the TV as the signal drops.

BARTENDER

Well whaddya know. Old clunker must be on the fritz.

The BARTENDER attempts to change the channel with a remote, to no effect.

SHAW and VIOLET smile in sardonic amusement.

SHAW

I guess someone must have tripped over a wire somewhere, eh?

VIOLET

And with impeccable timing.

Cheers.

SHAW and VIOLET toast.

CUT TO:

#### EXT. STADIUM

The memorial carries on without interruption.

The audience in the Stadium is unaware of the signal drop.

CHASE continues to speak about CRUISE's dedication environmental conservation and his request for donations to MECS in lieu of flowers.

#### CLOSE UP - SPRING'S SMARTPHONE SCREEN

The telecast feed freezes, replaced by a test pattern, as with all the other televisions and computers watching the

broadcast.

Spring clenches her fist around her smartphone.

SPRING  
(under her breath)  
Son of a -

I knew it!

HUNT  
(whispering)  
Wait. What?

SPRING  
(growls)  
Just stay here. I'll handle this.

HUNT  
(whispering)  
What? Where're you going?

SPRING rises from her chair and begins to jostle her way through the row of attendees as discretely as possible.

SKIP  
(whispering)  
Just let her go.

CUT TO:

#### EXT. STADIUM - AV PIT

SPRING grumbles ferociously as she storms through the confused encampment of tents, generators, and news vans adjacent the stage.

Many engineers and news crews are scrambling to recover their signal.

SPRING makes her way toward to a black, unmarked van.

Beside the van is a large satellite dish being powered by two EELEKTROSS. A cable is running from the dish to the interior of the van, who's rear door is cracked slightly.

SPRING throws the van door open and enters, slamming the door behind her.

#### INT. CONTROL VAN

Inside the van is a miniature broadcast control room, illuminated by the glow of computer monitors.

Standing in the van, casually twirling the end of the unplugged cable in his hand, is GRINGS KODAI.

Sitting at the control console operating computers is KODAI's

henchman, GOONE. At the far end of the van two SCIZOR sit on crates.

GOONE

What the?

SPRING

**Kodai!**

GOONE

That's Mister Kodai to you!

Scizor! Escort her out!

The two SCIZOR jump to their feet, snapping their pincers threateningly as each takes a step toward SPRING.

SPRING whips out a Pokéball from her belt and expands it to its full size.

SPRING

I have Pokémon too you know!

KODAI grins.

KODAI

Heavens. Why so aggressive?

SPRING

Cut the crap, Kodai!

SPRING approaches KODAI, shoving the smartphone with the frozen television feed in his face.

SPRING (CONT'D)

Explain this!

KODAI continues twirling the cable.

KODAI

It must be that old phone of yours.

He pushes the phone from his face.

KODAI (CONT'D)

You really should consider the C-Gear 4-S. The connection speeds are so much faster.

SPRING throws the phone across the van. It slams against the wall, erupting into a cascade of disassembled parts.

She points at Kodai's face, accusingly.

SPRING

How dare you sabotage my friend's funeral  
you lousy, rotten, son of a -

KODAI  
Firstly, girl -

KODAI grabs SPRING's wrist and twists it harshly.

KODAI (CONT'D)  
You are **not** going to threaten me on **my own property**.

KODAI releases SPRING, she takes a step back, gobstruck and fighting to avoid tears.

KODAI (CONT'D)  
Secondly, this isn't a funeral. Your man up there said it himself.

There's no body. You have no way of knowing whether Elroy is alive or not.

And supposing Elroy is alive, and he did show up some day, tomorrow, next week, or even a year from now...

Do you think he'd be happy to return to find that the Arverna Cyclones no longer exist? That this stadium has been demolished and that Arverna City is a ghost town?

I can make that happen. Because every brick and pane of glass in this arena is mine. Nearly every media outlet covering this event is also mine.

Cruise may not have told you this, but since the day he showed up in this town to get his Airball team started, I made it very clear to him that if he worked against the interests of me, or any of my friends, that I'd make him wish he didn't.

As for you, little girl...

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM - MEDIA PIT

KODAI's muffled shouting is heard from outside the van. Those working nearby begin to gather around the van to listen in.

This goes unnoticed by the spectators in the stadium, and the memorial continues uninterrupted, though SHANIA, sitting in her seat in the VIP section, notices the commotion.

SHANIA rises from her chair and begins squeezing her way through the row of seated dignitaries.

SHANIA  
(whispering)  
Excuse me. Excuse me. Pardon...

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL VAN

KODAI  
...and if you or any of your little  
friends ever defy me again I promise you,  
I will make the Arverna Cyclone's  
contract vanish faster than -

SHANIA opens the van door.

SHANIA  
You know Kodai,

SHANIA enters the van and closes the door behind her.

SHANIA stands beside SPRING and places a hand on her  
shoulder.

SHANIA (CONT'D)  
Speaking of contracts, your company's  
contract to run the Munia League's TV and  
radio stations expires next month.

And if you're going to treat my friends  
like this, I don't think that contract  
will be renewed so long as I'm Champion.

Spring, you look exhausted. Why don't you  
head back to your seat. I'll finish  
talking to Kodai.

SPRING  
Yeah. Thanks.

SHANIA gives SPRING reassuring hug.

SPRING retreats from the van, closing the door behind her.

KODAI  
What is it today with people coming into  
my van, on my property, and threatening  
me?

SHANIA  
I don't know what just went down in here,  
but I know for a fact that I haven't  
threatened you at all tonight Kodai, just  
your money. Not that you'd know the  
difference, would you?

KODAI

If you sell the contract to another company, I'll just buy that company out and get what I want anyway.

SHANIA

I'll shut down the League's media stations entirely before I let you control them.

Especially after all the crap your company's news channel's been making up about the Heartsnare epidemic. People are starting to become distrustful of certain Pokémon species for reasons that have no basis on fact.

KODAI

Hey now, don't blame me, I didn't make up anything. My news station merely reflects points of view which some people happen to disagree with.

Its not my fault my news outlets take a fair and balanced approach to -

SHANIA

**I'm not stupid Kodai!**

I'm not one of those morons hunkered down in their basement basement hoarding gold and canned soup watching your crap all day!

SHANIA approaches and shakes her finger in KODAI's face.  
KODAI doesn't budge.

GOONE stands.

GOONE

Sir, shall I -

SHANIA

(to GOONE)

**Shut up!**

(to KODAI)

**Anyway, not only am I not renewing your company's contract with the Munia League-**

SHANIA pauses, takes a deep breath, and lowers her finger.

SHANIA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

But if it comes to my attention that even a single Pokémon has been harmed in any way due to the fear-mongering propaganda your company has been passing off as news, the Munia League will hold you criminally responsible.



SHANIA and KODAI stare each other down.

KODAI chuckles and shrugs his shoulders, again casually twirling around the unplugged cable.

KODAI

(smiling)

Well. What could I possibly say to that?

Except to remind you that firstly, I live in Unova, and they wouldn't dare extradite me to Munia to face whatever baseless charges -

SHANIA snatches the cable from KODAI's hand and plugs it back into the console.

KODAI's is shocked. His smile falters.

SHANIA

Didn't see that coming, did you?

GOONE stands uselessly at the console.

SHANIA

Pull the plug again. I dare you.

I'll make more trouble for you than you can possibly imagine.

I'm the most powerful Pokémon Trainer in Munia and **I'm not afraid of you, Kodai!**

Tension builds.

The van door is opened by MAYOR WEATHERWELL, a well dressed, but unassuming older man.

MAYOR WEATHERWELL

Mr. Kodai, I've been informed of your behavior tonight, and would like to remind you that malicious interference with a public broadcast is punishable in this district by up to three months in jail, even if you happen to own the channels yourselves.

KODAI

Fine. Arrest me then Mayor. Have your people come and lock me up.

And when they give me my phone call, I'll contact my people and see to it that the Arverna Cyclones never darken the door of an Airball stadium again, including this one.

Won't that look great when you're up for

re-election?

Having to explain to your voters how you  
lost their city millions in revenue.

SHANIA

Let's go, Mr. Mayor. Drift is about to  
give his speech soon and you're scheduled  
to speak after him.

MAYOR WEATHERWELL

Right you are. Let's go Madam Champion.

We've far greater things to concern  
ourselves with.

SHANIA disembarks from the van and slams the door behind her.

Arm-in-arm, SHANIA and MAYOR WEATHERWELL defiantly return to  
the area before the stage where the VIPs are seated.

EXT. ARVERNA STADIUM - VIP SECTION

WEATHERWELL takes his empty seat of honor in the front row,  
while SHANIA sits in the second row beside HUNT, where SPRING  
was formerly seated.

The seat adjacent HUNT where SKIP was seated is now empty, as  
SKIP stands on stage delivering his eulogy.

HUNT's NINETAILS still sits obediently between his legs.

HUNT

(whispering)

What the hell just happened?

SHANIA

(whispering)

I think I just started a war with Grings  
Kodai.

HUNT

(whispering)

What?

SHANIA

(whispering)

I'll explain later.

Where's Spring?

HUNT

(whispering)

No idea.

CUT TO:

INT. ARVERNA STADIUM - RESTROOM

A spotless public lavatory is empty, but for the voice of someone sobbing inside a locked toilet stall.

THE STALL -

SPRING is crying.

A female FRILLISH is floating in the air before SPRING, gentling her bruised wrist with her tentacles.

SPRING

(sobbing)

Why didn't I just send you out and have you Hydro Pump that jerk to kingdom come?

Did I really rely on Cruise to stick up for me that much?

FRILLISH

Frillish...

SPRING

I can act all tough during an Airball match or a Pokémon Battle, but whenever something real happens I always blow it.

I'm sorry you have a wuss for a Trainer, Frillish.

FRILLISH hugs her human.

FRILLISH

*I don't think you're a wuss, Spring.*

SPRING hugs FRILLISH in return.

Door \*HINGES SQUEEL\* as someone enters the restroom.

SPRING

Who is it?

A man's voice answers.

M

Spring? Is that you in there?

SPRING

Mr. Mortar?

MORTAR

The one and only.

SPRING

But why are you in here?

MORTAR

I could ask you that missy.

This is the boy's bathroom.

SPRING

Oh my gosh! Sorry!

SPRING stands and unlocks the stall.

Standing there is MORTAR, a graying gentleman wearing overalls and holding a mop. By his side a WARTORTLE carries a bucket of soapy water.

At the threshold of the stall, SPRING stands with FRILLISH still wrapped lovingly around her torso.

Tears continue streaming down SPRING's face, but with the surprise arrival of MORTAR she looks more flustered than sad.

MORTAR

I heard you crying in here and wanted to check on you. Too emotional out there for you huh?

SPRING thinks for a moment.

SPRING

Yeah.

MORTAR

Same here. That's why I've been swabbing the place down with my better half here rather than sit around crying with the rest of em.

But I have to say, since Mr. Elroy went and vanished it's been emotional just keeping the place clean sometimes.

Whenever I'm about to sweep up a speck of dirt or something like that, I wonder if it might have been left by Mr. Elroy's shoe the last time he walked through these halls.

In fact, who knows how many times Mr. Elroy may have used that very toilet right there.

From now on every time I come in here I'll think of him sitting there, doing his business.

SPRING fails at suppressing a chuckle.

SPRING

Mr. Mortar, that's a weird thing to think about when someone dies.

MORTAR smiles.

MORTAR

Now that you mention it, I suppose you're right.

Do you think you'll be alright, missy?

SPRING

Yeah.

Me and Frillish are gonna go sit with the rest of the team out there.

SPRING and FRILLISH head toward the restroom door.

MORTAR tips his hat.

MORTAR

Stay strong missy. The team needs you now more than ever.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARVERNA STADIUM - VIP SECTION

DRIFT is on stage delivering his eulogy.

SPRING takes the empty seat beside HUNT.

FRILLISH is still hugged gently around SPRING as she sits in her human's lap, and SPRING holds an arm around FRILLISH.

HUNT

(whispering)

You alright?

SPRING

(whispering)

Sorta.

HUNT holds SPRING's hand.

As DRIFT speaks on stage, a photograph of CRUISE and SOPHIA napping beneath a tree is displayed upon the main screen.

The six smaller screens display archival video of CRUISE giving affection to each of his Pokémon.

DRIFT

...and I know there those PLASMA nutters west of here in Unova, picketing Pokémon Centers, saying that people and Pokémon aught to be separated.

Well to those people, I say that if you had had the privilege of spending just one day with this bloke here, and had the chance to to see for yourselves the way

this man lived with his Pokémon, worked  
with em, played with em...

SLOW ZOOM UPON THE MAIN SCREEN -

DRIFT's voice fades as the photograph displayed upon the  
screen comes do dominate the frame.

CROSS FADE:

The photograph morphs into a living image, the scene shifts  
to the moment the photograph was taken.

CUT TO:

(PAST)

EXT. ARVERNA POKÉMON CASTLE - GARDEN (DAY)

[PROSE]

On a day kissed by the warmth of the sun and caressed by the tender chill of the  
ocean breeze, Cruise and Sophia were napping beneath the tallest tree in the garden of  
Arverna City's Pokémon Castle.

All afternoon the wind tried to sneak under Sophia's wings, to stir her desire to  
take to the sky before the day came to an end.

But the grassy earth of the garden was where Sophia remained, her human laying  
against her so he could hear the beat of his Pokémon's heart while he slipped away into  
slumber.

The warmth of Cruise's body rose through Sophia's wing, which was draped across him  
like a blanket as the two creatures basked in comfort.

[/PROSE]

The \*CLICK\* of a camera rings out.

SOPHIA,

Opens a sleepy eye.

CAMERA PIVOTS TO REVEAL,

A smiling SHANIA, lowering a smartphone as she approaches CRUISE and SOPHIA.

SHANIA

(quietly)

Now how am I supposed to compete with you?

Huh, Sophie?

SOPHIA closes her eye, and carries on dozing.

CRUISE

(drowsily, with eyes shut)

You can't.

Not without wings and a longer neck.

Plus I never have to buy her shoes.

SHANIA

I thought you were asleep.

CRUISE

We were, Cary.

Till you came.

A low-flying helicopter buzzes by, its buzz-saw rotors severing the air and scaring Pidgeons from the treetops above.

CRUISE and SOPHIA are undisturbed, laying peacefully until the black helicopter vanishes on the horizon, leaving the garden in peace.

SOPHIA rubs her neck to ease a sudden pain, and goes back to laying lazily.

SHANIA

You two look like you're in heaven.

CRUISE opens his eyes and smiles.

CRUISE

Almost.

SLOW ZOOM UPON -

CRUISE's eye, until it dominates the frame.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP - CRUISE'S EYE

SLOW ZOOM OUT -

(PRESENT)

EXT. FAR ISLAND BEACH (NIGHT)

CRUISE is laying on the beach, staring at the stars.

The remains of the bonfire smolder.

At CRUISE's sides are EDGAR and BOUNCE.

The Espeon and Deerling each have one their Trainer's arms wrapped lovingly around them.

LAKEHURST lays in the sand just near CRUISE's head, her streamers draped around his shoulders.

CRUISE and three Pokémon watch the sky together.

There are more stars than any of them in a thousand lifetimes can hope to count.

The other Pokémon sleep nearby, with BLACKPOOL embracing FREEWAY, and STILLWELL snoozing inside a basket.

FREEWAY snores loudly, spewing embers from her snout onto the sand. Over the soothing sounds of the ocean, no one notices.

A meteor burns across the starscape.

CRUISE  
Make a wish, guys.

CRUISE and his Pokémon wait for their wishes to come true, wondering if they ever will.

END OF EPISODE 5 - "TO THE ATHLETE DYING YOUNG"

**NEXT TIME:**

**Cold storage.**

**The innocent will suffer.**

**ARE YOU PREPARED?**