

WIND & RAIN - EPISODE 8

INT. DRIFTVEIL COLD STORAGE - CONTAINER

BEDGOOD, CARMINE, DOC, and AUDINO watch as a distraught and tearful SEVIPER coils around the neck of the battered, emaciated SOPHIA.

CLOSE UP -

SEVIPER's tears fall upon SOPHIA's neck.

SEVIPER
(whispering)
I'm sorry.

SOPHIA
(weakly)
Don't be.

I'm ready.

SEVIPER plunges his venomous fangs into SOPHIA's neck with lethal finality.

SOPHIA rests peacefully in SEVIPER's coils.

SOPHIA
(fading)
I guess I just wasn't hungry enough.

SOPHIA becomes quiet and still.

SEVIPER releases the Flygon, leaving horrendous wounds where his fangs pierced her skin.

SEVIPER
What have I done?

DOC pats SEVIPER on the head.

DOC
Good boy Seviper. Sorry you had to do that.

SEVIPER
No! I murdered her!
I'm a monster!

SEVIPER wilts into DOC's chest, babbling inconsolably.

DOC returns SEVIPER to his Pokéball.

Un-noticed and in the background, AUDINO appears to be praying over SOPHIA's body.

BEDGOOD
That's it? She's dead?

DOC
Yep.

BEDGOOD sighs.

DOC fruitlessly examines SOPHIA for signs of life.

BEDGOOD
Well good riddance.

BEDGOOD becomes somewhat reinvigorated.

BEDGOOD (CONT'D)
Now to arrange for that J scammer to join her defective merchandise at the bottom of the sea.

Where is that chick, anyway?

CARMINE
When we were picking up you Flygon I overheard one of her goons talking about headin' over to the Sinnoh region.

BEDGOOD
Hmm... So J's in Sinnoh, is she?

Well.

I know just who to call in the part of the world.

Someone who just happens to owe me a favor.

CARMINE gasps.

CARMINE
Boss. You don't mean... him?

BEDGOOD smirks.

BEDGOOD
Yes, him.

BEDGOOD holds up his smartphone.

BEDGOOD
(to phone)
Siri.

SIRI
Listening.

BEDGOOD
Call -

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM ROCKET HQ - BOARDROOM

The windowless boardroom is dominated by a long, mahogany table.

At the head of the table sits GIOVANNI, sporting an orange business suit and petting the PERSIAN which sits loyally at his side.

Flanking the sides of the table are the EXECUTIVES of Team Rocket, ARCHER and ARIANA to the right, and PROTON and PETREL to the left.

The EXECUTIVES wear custom uniforms. The senior Executives, ARCHER and ARIANA, wear white, while the junior Executives, PROTON and PETREL, wear black.

Also present are DR. NAMBA, sitting at the end of the table, with his arms folded in pouty indigence as DR. ZAEGER delivers a presentation on a large video screen.

Displayed upon the screen is a satellite photo of the Unova region.

GIOVANNI and the EXECUTIVES watch DR. ZAEGER's presentation intently, save for PETREL, who is covertly playing a game on his smartphone.

DR. ZAEGER
And as this data confirms, securing the latent energy detected in Unova would not only allow us to swiftly take over the region, but to also locate and obtain the legendary dragon Pokémon, Zekrom and Reshiram.

Additionally -

NAMBA rises from his seat.

DR. NAMBA
I object!
Dr. Zaeger's proposal is dangerous and foolhardy!

ZAEGER snorts.

GIOVANNI grins.

GIOVANNI

Proceed, Doctor Namba.

DR. NAMBA

This man's nonsensical notion of taking over Unova would represent nothing but a reckless over-extension of our precious resources!

ARCHER

Really, Doctor? Have you any better ideas?

DR. NAMBA

The Sinnoh region is not only much closer to our headquarters in Kanto, but the legendary Pokémon there would be of much greater utility to our goal of world domination.

DR. ZAGER

Rubbish.

Attempting to take Sinnoh at this point would put us in direct conflict with Team Galactic.

Given the strain on our resources following the loss of our base in the Whirl Islands, an outright war with Galactic would be strategically imprudent.

PROTON

Since when has Team Rocket operated from a position of weakness?

ARIANA

I agree, Proton.

But Zager does have a point.

ARCHER

Yes.

And Doctor Namba, wasn't that base in the Whirl Islands under your command?

NAMBA blushes and grits his teeth.

GIOVANNI

Now now Archer, no need to place undue blame on the good Doctor here.

The Whirl Islands are known for their especially fearsome ten year olds.

GIOVANNI, ARCHER, ARIANA, and PROTON laugh.

NAMBA sits, utterly defeated as DR. ZEGAR, showing no emotion, watches him squirm.

PROTON notices PETREL playing on his smartphone and nudges him discretely.

PROTON
(whispering)
Are you crazy? Put that away!

PETREL
(whispering)
Pah. You're no fun.

PETREL places the phone on the table as the laughter dissipates, briefly sticking his tongue out at PROTON, who rolls his eyes and sighs.

GIOVANNI clears his throat, the levity ceases.

GIOVANNI
Let's take that to mean that Dr. Zager's proposal to invade Unova has been approved by myself and the Executive Board.

Doctors, you are dismissed for the duration of this meeting. Thank you both for your valuable input.

DR. ZAGER exits the room in glory.

NAMBA scuttles off in disgrace.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
Yes, but as Zager suggested, Unova is not only of key tactical and economic significance, but at the moment it also appears to be uncontested territory.

ARIANA raises an eyebrow.

ARIANA
Really, Boss?

There isn't a single rival organization operating in the Unova region? In the so called center of the world?

I find that hard to believe.

ARCHER
There is that Pokémon liberation group -

PETREL
(chuckles)
You mean PLASMA? What a joke.

PROTON

PLASMA?

PETREL

Yeah, PLASMA, People Loving and Saving
Magical Animals.

My contact in Unova told me about them.

They're hippies who picket Pokémon
Centers and beg for cash handouts to
"free the Pokémon".

They aren't even Trainers.

ARCHER

Regardless, I've looked into it, and
there've been a lot of a lot of
suspicious developments in Unova over the
last twenty years, nothing major, just
lots of little things.

PROTON

Like?

ARCHER

Tunnel digging equipment being stolen,
cement shipments going missing, building
materials vanishing from construction
sites, increased seismic activity...

ARIANA

What are you getting at, Archer?

ARCHER

I think someone's been building a massive
underground base in Unova in the vicinity
of its Pokémon League's headquarters.

GIOVANNI and the EXECUTIVES pause, considering the
implications.

ARCHER

Someone dangerously patient,

Someone with enough time on their hands
to wait nearly twenty years before making
their -

RINGTONE

**Ring ring ring! Ring ring ring!
Phone call! Phone call!**

**Ring ring ring! Ring ring ring!
Phone call! Phone call!**

GIOVANNI and the other EXECUTIVES glare at PETREL.

PETREL blushes, and shrinks with shame into his seat as his phone continues ringing.

GIOVANNI

Well, who is it this time Petrel?

For your sake this better be important.

PETREL sheepishly reaches for the still ringing smartphone and checks it.

He springs up in his seat again as he realizes who is calling.

PETREL

Sir, it's my contact in the Unova region.

Shall I answer it?

GIOVANNI

In that case, yes. Put it on speaker.

ARIANA

This intel could prove essential to our invasion of Unova.

PETREL presses a button on the phone and places it upon the table.

SPLIT SCREEN -

LEFT - BEDGOOD (INT. CONTAINER)

RIGHT - GIOVANNI & EXECUTIVES (INT. BOARDROOM)

In the background of the Container, DOC and CARMINE unshackle SOPHIA's body from the shackles.

PETREL

Umm... hi there Seth. I'm in a meeting.
What's up?

BEDGOOD

What's up? My blood pressure, that's what's up!

That dumb broad tricked me!

PETREL

Wait -

What?

BEDGOOD

Hunter J! She scammed me with a defective Pokémon and she won't give me my damn money back!

She's in your part of the world now and I want you to send some of your guys to knock some sense into her!

You know, put her in the ground!

You owe me this Petrel!

GIOVANNI drums his fingers on the table and is becoming increasingly cross.

PETREL glances between GIOVANNI and the phone, becoming increasingly nervous.

PETREL

Okay. Lemmie put you on hold a minute.

PETREL presses a button on his phone.

END SPLIT SCREEN - (BOARDROOM)

GIOVANNI

Who is this imbecile and why are you wasting my time with him?

PETREL

(nervously)

Seth Bedgood, Boss. He owns a Pokémon sports team, as well as all the ports and harbors in western Unova.

ARCHER

Hmm... Getting on his good side could prove beneficial.

ARIANA

With an ally like him, smuggling agents and weaponry into the region would be a breeze.

PROTON

Wait a sec, who's Hunter J?

GIOVANNI

J is a poacher for hire with a team of henchmen.

They say she even hunts legendary Pokémon, but unless she gets in our way she's of no concern to Team Rocket.

PETREL

Shall I keep talking to him, Sir?

GIOVANNI relaxes slightly.

GIOVANNI

He's potentially useful.

So I suppose.

PETREL presses a button on the phone.

SPLIT SCREEN -

LEFT - BEDGOOD

RIGHT - GIOVANNI & EXECUTIVES

PETREL

Hey, Seth? You still there?

BEDGOOD

Yeah I'm still here!

Now listen for a freaking second, that chick is in the Sinnoh region flouncing around like she owns the show, I want you to take her out for me and show her you don't mess with Boss Bedgood!

PETREL

Umm... Seth, we're pals and all, but Team Rocket doesn't even operate in Sinnoh and

-

BEDGOOD

Who cares? Just sent a handful of your boys up there and blow her ship out the sky.

Surely you can blow up one ship.

You guys sank the *Saint Anne* a while back, didn't you?

GIOVANNI growls and bangs his fist on the table.

GIOVANNI

Are you making fun of me, damnit?

The EXECUTIVES shirk into their seats.

BEDGOOD

Who's that voice?

PETREL

Hey! The *Saint Anne* wasn't even on purpose! I mean - okay - let's not discuss that now, alright?

In fact, lemmie put you on hold a sec.

BEDGOOD

Hey, wait -

PETREL presses a button on the phone.

END SPLIT SCREEN - BOARDROOM

GIOVANNI

That insolent little -

ARCHER

Boss, he is a valuable contact. Making this Bedgood fellow happy now could make invading Unova much easier later.

ARIANA

True, but we don't even have any agents in Sinnoh to carry out the mission for him.

GIOVANNI

Actually...

GIOVANNI hesitates.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Just an hour ago, those three called me from somewhere near Sandgem Town.

ARCHER buries his face in his palm as PETREL and PROTON groan in agony.

ARCHER

You've got to be kidding me.

PROTON

Those three? They're still alive?

ARIANA raises her eyebrows in bewilderment.

ARIANA

Who are we talking about again?

PROTON

Two D-Rank agents and their talking Meowth.

ARIANA

I didn't know we had a D-Rank.

ARCHER

It was created just for them, they're that useless.

They joined the Blimp Brigade a week before it disbanded, so they're the only agents left who wear the white Blimp Brigade uniforms.

PROTON

Now they fly around in a balloon, blowing

our cash on half-baked heists and
ridiculous robots.

An utter embarrassment.

PETREL

But I have to admit, they're quite
talented with disguises.

ARIANA

Why weren't they fired?

GIOVANNI folds his hands upon the table and closes his eyes,
sighing deeply.

GIOVANNI

It's complicated.

ARCHER

And personal.

GIOVANNI

Yes. Let's not get into it.

ARIANA

So what are we going to do?

Send them after her?

ARCHER

Bad idea.

PROTON

They'd fall flat on their faces.

PETREL

And if this J as bad to the bone as they
say she is, they'd probably get
themselves killed faster than -

GIOVANNI's eyes light up.

GIOVANNI

What was that, Petrel?

PETREL

I said if we sent those three after
Hunter J they'd get killed faster than -

GIOVANNI

(gleefully)

Excellent! Petrel, pass me that phone of
yours!

Bewildered, PETREL passes the phone to GIOVANNI, who holds it
to his ear.

SPLIT SCREEN -

LEFT - BEDGOOD

RIGHT - GIOVANNI

BEDGOOD

Petrel? You there?

I swear kid if you hung up on me -

GIOVANNI

Hello there. I heard you were in need of our assistance in taking care of a certain Pokémon Hunter in the Sinnoh region.

BEDGOOD

Yeah, but who the hell are you?

GIOVANNI

(unfazed)

I'm the supreme leader of Team Rocket, and I've arranged to send three of my top agents into Sinnoh to track down and destroy Pokémon Hunter J on your behalf.

BEDGOOD's jaw drops.

BEDGOOD

My - my goodness!

Mister Giovanni, I had no idea!

My utmost apologies to you and yours!

What an honor to -

GIOVANNI

Whatever. Consider Hunter J as good as gone.

In return, I ask only for certain privileges regarding the use of your seaports in western Unova.

BEDGOOD

Absolutely Mister Giovanni! Anything you say!

Any goods you have to send in, just call my people, we'll let it through, no fees, no inspections, no questions asked!

Anything else I can help you with, Sir?

GIOVANNI lowers the phone.

GIOVANNI

(quietly)

Anything else we can milk from this idiot?

ARIANA

Petrel did mention he owns a Pokémon sports team.

He could have access to powerful Pokémon...

ARCHER

And Namba has been begging us to supply him with dragons for his new project.

Ask if he has any.

GIOVANNI puts the phone to his face.

GIOVANNI

(into phone)

Listen, do you have any Dragon-types you can send us to sweeten the deal a bit?

BEDGOOD

Dragon-types? Oh absolutely.

In fact I've got this world-class Flygon in just a week ago -

In the background, DOC is abjectly horrified.

DOC

(background)

What?!

BEDGOOD

Yeah, the finest example of a well bred Flygon I've ever seen! The very picture of health!

DOC

(background)

You gotta be kidding me, freaking - she's dead!

GIOVANNI

Perfect. My assistant will call you later to arrange things.

I think this could be the start of a beautiful partnership Mister, umm...

BEDGOOD

Bedgood, sir, Seth Bedgood. Thanks for doing business with me Mr. Giovanni! I won't let you down!

GIOVANNI

Right. Don't call us, we'll call you.

GIOVANNI hangs up.

END SPLIT SCREEN - INT. CONTAINER

BEDGOOD hangs up and slaps DOC across the face.

BEDGOOD

Keep your mouth shut, numbskull! You almost just ruined a deal with the boss of Team Rocket!

DOC rubs his face.

DOC

You just promised the boss of Team Rocket a dead Flygon!

BEDGOOD

Not after you patch her up.

You've got Antidotes or something, don't you?

DOC

Antidotes don't cure dead, Boss!

This Flygon couldn't be more dead if we chopped her freaking head off!

BEDGOOD grabs DOC by the collar and slams him against the wall of the container.

The container echoes loudly with the impact, ice sickles fall and shatter.

BEDGOOD

If my Flygon doesn't have detectable life signs in ten freaking minutes I swear I'll lock you in this box with it and dump you both in the freaking ocean!

CARMINE

Yikes, Boss!

AUDINO

Audi! No!

BEDGOOD

You understand?

DOC

Yeah.

BEDGOOD releases DOC.

BEDGOOD

Then hop to it, doctor.

AUDINO hastily empties multiple syringes of Antidote into the lifeless Flygon's neck as DOC stands straddled above the dragon's torso, compressing her chest in a form of improvised CPR.

BEDGOOD draws a cigarette from his pocket, lights it, and takes a long drag as he makes for the exit, leaving CARMINE gawking uselessly at DOC and AUDINO's desperate effort to resuscitate the Flygon.

BEDGOOD

Look at this.

I'm surrounded by amateurs.

BEDGOOD leaves the container, slamming the gigantic door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM ROCKET HQ - BOARDROOM

GIOVANNI puts the phone on the table and slides it over to PETREL.

GIOVANNI

There, now Namba will finally get the dragon he's been begging for.

He'll will have one less thing to whine about while the rest of us prepare to invade Unova.

The EXECUTIVES chuckle.

ARCHER

At this point, I say if Namba's new project doesn't produce results, we transfer him to Tiksi Branch.

ARIANA, PETREL, PROTON

Agreed.

GIOVANNI

Now, to get those D-Rank dunderheads out of my hair for good.

GIOVANNI presses a button beneath the table.

GIOVANNI

Matori!

The screen at the far end of the room displays a video-call with MATORI, a young woman wearing a wearing prim, orange blouse.

MATORI

At your service, sir.

GIOVANNI

You may not believe what I'm about to ask of you, but I need you to call back those stooges in the Sinnoh region, and put them on the line.

MATORI

(surprised)

Are you certain, sir?

GIOVANNI

I can hardly believe it myself, but yes, patch me through to them immediately.

MATORI

Right away, sir.

NATORI's closes the call.

A Team Rocket emblem occupies the monitor.

ARIANA

Well, here it comes...

PROTON

This should be good.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' SECOND SUMMER COTTAGE - DINING ROOM (DAY)

JESSIE and JAMES, two Team Rocket agents wearing white uniforms sit at the table, with a MEOWTH.

THE TRIO is scarfing down a smorgasbord of delectable delicacies.

Also at the table gobbling down grub are a WOBBUFFET, and a MIME JU.

Waiting on them is JAMES' eternally smiling butler, MR. CHEEVES.

MR. CHEEVES

Master James, would you or your friends care for a third helping of second course?

JAMES

Yes! And bring a forth while you're at it!

MR. CHEEVES

Right away, Master James!

MR. CHEEVES leaves, smiling.

THE TRIO and the others continue to shovel down food as they speak.

JESSIE

This may be our last chance to stuff our stomachs before we stick it to Sinnoh!

MEOWTH

And conquerin' a region this big sure ain't gonna happen on an empty stomach!

WOBBUFFETT

Wobuffett!

MIME JU.

Mime mime mime!

An alert chime is heard throughout the house, distracting the diners.

JAMES

A phone call? Who could that be?

MEOWTH

Uh oh, it's probly dat nut, Jessiebell.

JAMES jumps to his feet.

JAMES

Eek! What if Meowth's right? Even just a phone call from her is too much for me to stomach!

Let's get sneak out while we can still sneak!

JESSIE grabs JAMES, yanking him back to his seat.

JESSIE

Not till we've finished feasting!

WOBBUFFETT

Wobba!

JESSIE

Even she won't stop us from chowing down!

MR. CHEEVES enters, smiling.

MR. CHEEVES

Master James, your friend is on the line!

JAMES

If it's Jessiebell tell her I'm busy

cowering in terror.

MR. CHEEVES
Actually Master James, it's your friend
from Kanto, Giovanni!

JESSIE, JAMES, and MEOWTH burst forth with bedazzled
exuberance.

JAMES, JESSIE, MEOWTH
(screaming)
Aaaaah!

MR. CHEEVES covers his ears, smiling.

JESSIE
The Boss, calling us?

JAMES
(worried)
What did we do now?

MEOWTH
I bet da Boss is so pleased with us for
plantin' da Team Rocket flag in Sinnoh
soil dat he's givin' us all a raise!

JESSIE
And a Team Rocket raise...

JAMES
Means happy days!

MEOWTH
So let's get paid!

WOBBUFFETT
Wobbuffet!

MIME JU.
Mime mime!

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' SECOND SUMMER COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM

Upon a big screen TV the Team Rocket Boardroom is displayed,
with GIOVANNI and the EXECUTIVES sitting around the table,
waiting.

THE TRIO spill into the room in a raucous ruckus, falling
into a pile on the living room floor.

The EXECUTIVES can barely stifle their snickers.

MEOWTH
Yikes! It ain't just da boss!

JAMES
It's the whole Executive Board!

JESSIE
(holding a mirror)
Ugh! I didn't even put on makeup!

MEOWTH
Get a grip you two!

The three untangle themselves and feign composure, standing at attention.

MIME JU. and WOBBUFFET sidle in beside their Trainers.

THE TRIO salute the TV.

JAMES, JESSIE & MEOWTH
Sir!

GIOVANNI
Since your squad is the first in Team Rocket history to successfully infiltrate the Sinnoh region, the Executive Board and I have chosen you to carry out a special mission.

JESSIE, JAMES, and MEOWTH's eyes widen.

JESSIE
What kind of mission?

GIOVANNI
An extra special secret mission, so listen closely.

A sworn enemy of Team Rocket known as Pokémon Hunter J has been hunting legendary Pokémon in the Sinnoh region.

Powerful Pokémon such as these must belong only to Team Rocket, therefore the three of you are to eliminate Hunter J by any means necessary.

JAMES
We're on it!

JESSIE
Count on us!

MEOWTH
We won't letcha down, Boss!

PROTON
Also,

JAMES, JESSIE, MEOWTH

General Proton!

THE TRIO salutes the TV.

PROTON

There's something else we need you to do for us.

JAMES, JESSIE & MEOWTH

Oh?

ARCHER

Investigate the secret organization known as Team Galactic.

Discover whatever you can about their plot to conquer Sinnoh and disrupt them in any way you can think of.

MEOWTH

Don't worry Cap'n Archer! Disruptin' other evildoer's plans is our specialty.

THE TRIO salutes the TV.

JESSIE

We accept your mission to eliminate Pokémon Hunter K.

JAMES

And to infiltrate and take down Team Galaxy.

MEOWTH

And to Pika-nap dat twerp's pesky Pikachu.

GIOVANNI

Whatever.

Now get to work, and don't you dare call me again until Hunter J is dead and Team Galactic is disbanded.

GIOVANNI ends the call, the TV displays the Team Rocket emblem.

THE TRIO and their Pokémon exult in elation.

MEOWTH

We sure hit it big this time!

JAMES

To think, the top brass selecting us for a secret mission!

JESSIE

The glorious dawn of a new Team Rocket

day!

MEOETH
And a new day means...

JAMES, JESSIE & MEOETH
A new destiny!

CUT TO:

INT. JESSIE, JAMES, AND MEOETH'S EGO

THE TRIO stands before a glorious starry backdrop of flashing lights and color.

JESSIE
Listen, is that a new motto I hear?

JAMES
It's coming to me loud and clear!

JESSIE
Floating on the wind!

JAMES
Past the stars!

MEOETH
In your ear!

JESSIE
Bringing chaos at a breakneck pace!

JAMES
Dashing all hope, putting fear in its place!

JESSIE
A rose by any other name's just as sweet!

JAMES
Once everything's worse, our work is complete!

JESSIE
Jessie!

JAMES
And it's James!

MEOETH
Meowth, now that's a name!

JESSIE
Putting the do-gooders in their place,

JAMES
We're Team Rocket!

JAMES, JESSIE & MEOWTH
And we're in your face!

WOBBUFFETT
Wobuffet!

MIME JU.
Mime mime mime!

THE TRIO and their Pokémon fade from the starry backdrop.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. FAR ISLAND BEACH

NIGHT SKY -

CRUISE AND EDGAR,

Stand at the beach's edge, the water washing over their feet
as the tide ebbs and flows.

CRUISE looks to the horizon before him.

EDGAR looks to the cosmos above him.

They have been standing for some time.

A Dragonair with a cracked horn breeches the moonlit water,
its scales shimmering in the dark before the great serpentine
dragon plunges back into the abyss.

CRUISE
Great.
Now I'll be thinking of her all night,
too.
Come on Edgar, my hip's killing me.

FROM THE SEA, LOOKING UPON THE BEACH -

CRUISE and EDGAR turn their backs on the endless ocean and
return to where their family sleeps restfully upon the beach,
around the inert remains of SOPHIA's bonfire.

END OF EPISODE 8 - "BEAUTIFLY EFFECT"

NEXT TIME:

A predator bears its fangs.

Screams pierce the night.

ARE YOU PREPARED?