

WIND & RAIN - EPISODE 9

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.

CRUISE & EDGAR -

Walk amongst the sleeping Pokémon.

LAKEHURST the Drifblim rests silently upon the sand.

BLACKPOOL the Flaaffy and FREEWAY the Quilava sleep, nestled together, and STILLWELL the little Wooper sleeps inside a basket.

CRUISE lowers himself onto a blanket and lays down.

EDGAR lays near his head, offering himself as a pillow for CRUISE to rest upon.

CRUISE instantly falls asleep, though EDGAR remains alert and upright, sitting sphinx-like.

BOUNCE the Deerling, who is curled up nearby, lifts her head from the sand and yawns.

The Pokémon speak quietly, out of weariness and of courtesy to those around them.

BOUNCE

Sorry Edgar. I didn't realize I'd fallen asleep.

EDGAR

You were tired. It's only natural.

You had your first battle in months today.

BOUNCE

You know,

I never thought of it that way.

Time really flies inside a Pokéball, huh?

EDGAR

I wouldn't know. I've never been inside one before.

BOUNCE's eyes widen in wonder.

BOUNCE

You haven't?

EDGAR

No. Never.

My human sister would have carved one for me some day if she had lived longer.

But she didn't.

A wind rustles the treetops.

BOUNCE

I'm sorry.

EDGAR

So am I.

But I shouldn't have troubled you by mentioning it.

BOUNCE

Don't worry about it, Edgar.

You should get some sleep. I'll stay up and keep watch for a while.

EDGAR

No. Please rest, Bounce. You did have a battle today.

BOUNCE

We'll both stay up, then.

Tell stories. Keep each other company.

EDGAR considers.

EDGAR

That seems fair.

EDGAR rests his head upon his paws, and wonderingly, but tiredly, gazes at the Pokéballs on the sleeping CRUISE's belt.

EDGAR

So Bounce,

BOUNCE

Yes?

EDGAR

What is it like to be kept inside a Pokéball?

BOUNCE

I don't know. I guess it's like...

I don't know. I never thought about it before.

I guess it's like...

BOUNCE -

The Deerling closes her eyes in concentration.

BOUNCE (CONT'D)

Well, when the beam hits you your whole body feels kind of warm and glowy for a split-second.

It feels nice actually, for the shortest instant you feel like you just wanna curl up and take a nap forever.

But before you can even shut your eyes you feel yourself join with the light and get pulled into the ball as it clamps shut.

After that it feels kind of like sleeping, but without being able to feel your body or have dreams.

It's nice being in my Ball when Cruise is nearby. I can feel his presence and know everything's okay.

Even when he's spending special time cuddling or playing with only one of us, the rest of us inside our Pokéballs can feel the love and the comfort nearby and it's like we're all there beside him.

Does that make any sense, Edgar?

BOUNCE opens her eyes.

BOUNCE (CONT'D)

Edgar?

EDGAR,

sleeps peacefully as CRUISE lays upon him as a pillow.

BOUNCE smiles.

BOUNCE

Good night, Edgar.

She sighs.

CUT TO:

An hour later.

BOUNCE,

Yawns mightily.

Though surrounded by her sleeping family, she feels lonely and weary as she watches over them.

BOUNCE rises to her hooves and slowly and quietly paces about the campsite, in-between the various sleeping Pokémon.

BOUNCE

(thinking)

I miss you so much Sophia.

*I miss you being able to tuck all of us
at once beneath your wings at night when
we all slept.*

*I miss us being able to sleep out in the
open without one of us needing to watch
for attackers.*

BOUNCE stands, looking out over the ocean.

The waves sweep gracefully over the shore. The sea breeze rustles the treetops.

A tear falls from BOUNCE's eye, but is absorbed by her fur before it can fall to the sand.

BOUNCE

(thinking)

*I wish I understood how perfect things
were back then.*

The Deerling stands and watches the ocean longingly.

A weak, vulnerable WHIMPERING emanates somewhere off screen.

With swift urgency, BOUNCE investigates.

CUT TO:

STILLWELL -

The little Wooper is laying in the basket, moaning in his sleep and stirring with obvious distress.

BOUNCE gently nudges him with her muzzle.

STILLWELL

(sleeping)

No! No! No!

BOUNCE jostles STILLWELL more forcefully.

The Wooper wakes in a panic, tumbling out of the basket in which he was sleeping

STILLWELL

No! Auntie Sophie! Nooo!

BOUNCE

Shh! Shh! It's okay! It's okay!
Don't cry Squirt, nothing's going to hurt
you!

BOUNCE cuddles the little Wooper, who throws himself into the warmth of the Deerling's fur, still sobbing and whimpering, but gradually calming down.

BOUNCE lays down beside STILLWELL and licks the tears from his face.

BOUNCE

What's the matter?

Bad dream?

STILLWELL

(sniffling)

Yep.

BOUNCE

Another monster trying to eat you?

STILLWELL

Nope.

BOUNCE

What was it this time?

STILLWELL

They killed Aunt Sophie.

They chased after her with a big saw and chopped her head off and there was blood and guts everywhere, and -

BOUNCE, visibly troubled, gathers herself and puts on a brave face.

BOUNCE

Stillwell, I'm very certain that they'd never kill Aunt Sophie -

STILLWELL

But that's what humans do to kidnapped Pokémon, don't they?

BOUNCE

Sometimes, Stillwell, but not all the time. The human who kidnapped Sophie didn't want to kill her. He wanted to...

Well he didn't to kill her. That's all that matters.

That's why Cruise and the rest of us are training and exercising. So we'll be strong enough to fight the ones who took Sophia and bring her home.

STILLWELL, longer weeping, sits upon BOUNCE's foreleg with his face pressed into her chest.

STILLWELL

So she's not dead?

BOUNCE

No. She's just waiting for us to rescue her.

Like that game Cruise plays on TV where the man with the red hat and the mustache has to save his friend from that evil Blastoise.

It'll be just like that, and we'll all pitch in to fight the bad guys when we find them.

How does that sound? Eh squirt?

STILLWELL

Okay.

But does that mean we're gonna keep falling into holes ?

BOUNCE succumbs to smiling, a chuckle surfaces in the form of

a suppressed snort.

BOUNCE
No. We won't fall into holes.

BOUNCE nuzzles STILLWELL's head. STILLWELL kisses BOUNCE's snout.

STILLWELL
I love you, Sis.

BOUNCE
I love you too, little guy.

BOUNCE sighs, still smiling.

BOUNCE (CONT'D)
Are you ready try to sleep again?

STILLWELL
I can't.

BOUNCE holds STILLWELL reassuringly.

BOUNCE
Don't worry. I'll be right here watching over -

STILLWELL
But my stomach hurts.

BOUNCE
Oh?

STILLWELL
I have to...

...go...

...bad.

BOUNCE's smile expires.

BOUNCE
I see...

She shifts uncomfortably and looks about her.

BOUNCE
Well hop on my back little guy, we'll find someplace private for you, okay?

STILLWELL
Okay, Sis.

STILLWELL clambers onto BOUNCE's back (an arduous task with no forelimbs) and the Deerling rises, passenger in tow.

BOUNCE quietly makes her way through campsite, coming upon FREEWAY the Quilava, who is sleeping closely beside BLACKPOOL the Flaaffy.

FREEWAY snores loudly, snorting sparks into the sand as she snoozes.

BOUNCE nudges FREEWAY with her hoof.

BOUNCE
(whispring)
Hey.

Hey, Freeway.

Psst.

FREEWAY
(sleep talking)
...But I don't wanna evolve...

BOUNCE
(quietly)
Hey.

Wake up.

BOUNCE prods FREEWAY impatiently.

FREEWAY
What? Huh?

FREEWAY lifts her head from the sand and slowly opens her eyes.

FREEWAY remains drowsy throughout.

FREEWAY (CONT'D)
What happened?

FREEWAY yawns as BOUNCE begins to speak.

BOUNCE
Hey, Freeway, the little guy needs to... err, relieve himself.

FREEWAY
Whatever. But I better not smell it I'll tell you that -

BOUNCE
Exactly, that's why I'm taking him into the woods. But you have to stand guard while I'm gone, okay?

FREEWAY
Why do I have to do it?

BOUNCE

Because you're the fiercest and the strongest out of all of us.

And I trust you.

FREEWAY

Yeah.

Good reason.

BOUNCE

So you'll stay awake till I'm back and make sure nothing happens, right?

FREEWAY's eyelids droop.

BOUNCE

Right?

FREEWAY

Yeah. I'm awake.

Don't worry. I got it.

BOUNCE

Good then. We'll be back soon.

Hang on, Squirt.

STILLWELL

Okay.

With STILLWELL riding upon her back, BOUNCE ambles into the forest.

EXT. FAR ISLAND FOREST (NIGHT)

The limited moonlight that reaches the ground through the canopy of rustling leaves gives the forest a monochromatic ambiance. It is possible to see, but it is still severely dark.

BOUNCE, now out of sight of the beach, carries STILLWELL on her back as she walks deeper into the forest.

STILLWELL

Hey Sis.

BOUNCE

Yes.

STILLWELL

What happens when we die?

BOUNCE

Stillwell, why would you ask me something like that?

STILLWELL

Cause I'm worried about Aunt Sophie.

BOUNCE

So am I, but like I said, we'll rescue her -

STILLWELL

I know Sis, I was jus wonderin.

BOUNCE

Maybe you should ask Lakehurst. She's a lot older and smarter than me and she is a Ghost-type.

STILLWELL

I asked Auntie Lakehurst. All she'd say is that nobody knows.

BOUNCE

Smart answer.

STILLWELL

But what about pair-of-dice?

The Deerling cranes her head around to look at the Wooper on her back.

BOUNCE

What?

STILLWELL

Pair-of-dice. Humans talk about going there when they die. Pokémon do too.

BOUNCE

Oh, that's paradise. And not all humans or Pokémon believe in it.

STILLWELL

What is it?

BOUNCE

They say it's a place where the sun's always shining and there's fruits and berries growing everywhere, and everyone's always happy.

STILLWELL

But Sis, we've been there already! We go there all the time!

BOUNCE

Where?

STILLWELL

The Castle garden! Back at home!

BOUNCE chuckles.

BOUNCE

The Castle isn't paradise. Just somewhere safe. Someplace we can meet up with friends and be comfortable.

STILLWELL

That sounds like paradise to me!

BOUNCE

(smiling)

Well, I guess you're right, little guy.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAR ISLAND BEACH - CAMPSITE (NIGHT)

FREEWAY -

The Quilava is asleep with her head resting upon the sand between her forepaws, snoring mightily.

CRUISE and all his Pokémon are asleep.

CAMERA PIVOTS TOWARD:

THE OCEAN -

Beyond far island.

CUT TO:

THE OCEAN -

Off the coast of Arverna City.

CAMERA PIVOTS TOWARD:

THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF ARVERNA CITY -

CUT TO:

EXT. ARVERNA STADIUM (NIGHT)

The Stadium is now empty, the news vans and TV cameras are gone, the thousands of fans and mourners now home, or on their way home.

Alone on the temporary stage set up upon the field at the bottom of the Stadium is MORTAR, the young-at-heart custodian sweeping away dust with a push-broom as he whistles the *Hymn of Munia*.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARVERNA POKÉMON CASTLE - GARDEN

Beneath the tallest tree in the garden are the Arverna Cyclone players CHASE, SPRING, and HUNT.

SPRING is sitting at the base of the tree, alert, but deeply exhausted, and with her FRILLISH hugged gently around her neck.

CHASE is sitting on a swing hanging from the tree's lowest limb. On the bough above, his YANMEGA sits, looking as glum and cross as his human.

HUNT reclines in the grass, looking out toward the nearby towering Castle, and the starry northern sky beyond. Laying alongside him is his NINETAILS, watching as the firefly Pokémon, Volbeat and Illumise flutter around a neighboring tree.

CHASE kicks the grass in irritation as he idles upon the swing.

CHASE

Where the hell is Cary? All I wanna do is go to bed.

I shoulda went up to the castle with Skip an hour ago and -

SPRING

We really should cut Shania a break, Chase. She's dealing with a lot right now.

CHASE

Like we aren't dealing with a lot of crap ourselves?

HUNT

Chase, cool it.

You're so pissed all of a sudden -

CHASE

I'm always pissed. I'm just better at hiding it when they're cameras on me.

Our friend's just vanished out of thin air and you expect me to just act like everything's -

HUNT

Hey!

Cary was Cruise's friend too! If she wasn't busy being Champion she'd probably be on our team!

CHASE

You think I don't know that?

HUNT

She's dealing with losing Cruise and
people blaming her for their Pokémon
dying from that stupid disease.

CHASE sighs, and becomes much calmer.

CHASE

Yeah, I know. I'm just mad because I feel
kinda powerless lately.

HUNT

Well, how do you think Shania feels? Huh?

The silence hangs.

HUNT

And then we invite her to speak at
Cruise's funeral, and she just gets even
more entangled in this mess with Kodai
and his people.

SPRING pets FRILLISH's tentacle.

SPRING

I know. It's really my fault. I shouldn't
have told off Kodai like that.

Things'll only get harder for her now.

SHANIA

(off screen)

Oh, don't blame yourself.

Things were gonna get harder for me
anyway.

SPRING, HUNT, and CHASE, and their Pokémon all turn and look.

SHANIA approaches the tree, her DRAGONAIR slithering along
beside her, still wearing the green striped scarf.

SPRING

Hi, Shania.

CHASE rises from the swing.

CHASE

Aw crap, Cary, I hope you didn't hear me
being impatient.

SHANIA

Nope, all I heard was Spring saying
things would get harder for me.

SPRING

Sorry to be negative.

SHANIA

It's not negative. It's the truth.

HUNT sits up in the grass beside his NINETAILS.

HUNT

So, how'd it go?

SHANIA chuckles, smiling.

SHANIA

Well, the Elite Four were a bit peeved that I called them at two in the morning.

But once I explained what happened tonight, they agreed to let Kodai's contract to run the Munia League's TV and radio stations expire.

Well, Joel didn't agree, since he'd rather I be picking cotton, but the others outvoted him as always.

CHASE

At least that's some good news, now we just -

An *EPIC, ROARING, DRONING NOISE* consumes the air and makes the ground shake beneath everyone's feet.

The Trainers and their Pokémon look to the sky.

A titanic seaplane with eight great, diesel engines blots out the moon as it makes its way east, casting its shadow over Arverna City and the Castle Garden within.

The wind displaced up by the plane whips up a breeze down below, scaring birds out of trees.

The plane passes overhead, the aircraft so loud that all in the garden must shout in order to be heard.

SHANIA

There goes Kodai now. Heading for Riverhead City to try to undo what I just did, I bet.

SPRING

Yeah, good luck to him. He'll have a hard time making that happen while you're Champion.

SHANIA frowns as the plane storms away.

SHANIA

(quietly)

Yeah. However long that lasts.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAR ISLAND FOREST - NIGHT

BOUNCE stands a dozen feet away from where STILLWELL, hidden in the foliage, does his business.

The Deerling stands with her back respectfully turned away from STILLWELL.

(STILLWELL remains off-screen)

STILLWELL

Siiis! It hurts!

BOUNCE paws at the ground, ill at ease, her gaze fixed directly forward.

BOUNCE

There's nothing I can do, Stillwell.

STILLWELL

But Sis!

I need help!

BOUNCE grimaces, and blushes.

BOUNCE

I can't help you, Stillwell.

You're just gonna have to deal with it.

STILLWELL

But, Sis.

I got a problem...

BOUNCE

Ugh.

What?

STILLWELL

I think it got stuck up there.

BOUNCE's eyes widen, then droop in weary frustration.

She takes a deep breath to ease her discomfort.

BOUNCE

Stillwell... dare I ask what exactly got stuck up there?

STILLWELL

...the cork.

(STILLWELL remains out of sight)

far in the background)

BOUNCE's jaw drops.

BOUNCE

What?

STILLWELL

I swallowed a cork that Cruise was playing with earlier. I didn't think it would -

BOUNCE

Stillwell! Why would you do something like that?

STILLWELL

(sobbing)

I don't know...

It hurts, Sis....

BOUNCE

I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do.

If you don't want that doctor to have to feed you really nasty medicine tomorrow, you're going to have to stop talking to me and try to take care of it yourself, alright?

STILLWELL

But Sis...

BOUNCE

Stillwell. Stop talking to me.

This is very uncomfortable for me too, and talking to me doesn't help.

Stop talking, block out everything around you out, and focus your attention entirely on what you're doing.

Ignore me.

You know that special ability of yours? Unaware?

STILLWELL

Yep.

BOUNCE

Well, try using it.

STILLWELL

But Sis...

BOUNCE

Use it.

I'll be right here.

STILLWELL

But Bounce -

BOUNCE

The only advice I can give you is to focus entirely on, err, going, until you're done, okay? Try singing to yourself or something if you have to.

STILLWELL

(singing sadly)

*All around the Bluck berry bush,
the Mankey chased Buizel...*

SILLWELL continues signing.

BOUNCE sighs, but smiles warmly.

BOUNCE

I love that kid, but sometimes sure can make a mess of -

A tremendous fireball strikes BOUNCE, blasting her out of the frame, she yelps painfully.

Out of sight in the bushes, STILLWELL obviously sings to himself as a devilishly smirking HOUNDOOM saunters across the frame.

BOUNCE,

Is on her side, badly burned and in a stupor of shock and agony.

A paw presses down upon BOUNCE's chest, the HOUNDOOM, fangs bared, is snarling in the Deerling's face, fit to tear it from her skull.

BOUNCE, with eyes wide and legs flailing, struggles desperately for her life. She is pinned to the ground by the gigantic devil-hound's crushing weight.

HOUNDOOM

Struggling, now? You practically fed yourself to me, little fawn. I've been stalking you for the longest.

Your herd must not have liked you much, since they aren't here to rescue you.

So I'm really doing them a favor.

The Deerling lifts her head up to face the Houndoom's, and fires and fires her strongest Energy Ball attack directly in the ravenous predator's face.

The attack does nothing.

HOUNDOOM
Well, looks like someone doesn't know
when to quit.

HOUNDOOM shifts his weight, viciously crushing BOUNCE's tiny body.

The Deerling writhes in silent agony as her ribs begin to crack.

CUT TO:

STILLWELL'S FACE -

Eyes shut with painful effort, STILLWELL continues to sing to himself, unaware of the nearby struggle for survival.

CUT TO:

BOUNCE,

Is at the mercy of HOUNDOOM.

HOUNDOOM
What was that? An Energy Ball?
Cute. But I'm still gonna eat you.

HOUNDOOM cuffs BOUNCE's face with his paw, the Deerling snapping at his wrist as he smacks her.

BOUNCE's snout bears deep claw marks, already pooling with blood, but in a feeble triumph, she yanked out a tuft of the HOUNDOOM's fur, which is now clamped between her teeth.

HOUNDOOM
Did I taste good, fawn?
Because I know you will.

HOUNDOOM slowly descends upon the Deerling till his nose is nearly touching the nose of his catch.

BOUNCE
Stillwell! Someone help me!

HOUNDOOM closes his eyes and shoves his muzzle into SPRING's fur, taking a long, relishing, whiff of his prey.

The predator lifts his head, his mouth watering.

HOUNDOOM

You smell so delicious.

BOUNCE
Please! Help me!

In a flash of fangs HOUNDOOM clamps his muzzle around BOUNCE's, silencing her, and crushes her again beneath his weight before letting go.

HOUNDOOM
Please be quiet.

*If my pack finds us here, I'll have to
share you with them, and there's not
enough meat on you for all of us.*

Twisting and squirming with all her might, the Deerling thrashes about with all the fight left in her.

Her efforts prove fruitless.

HOUNDOOM laps the flower growing from the Deerling's head.

HOUNDOOM
*I shouldn't start with dessert, but these
flowers really are the tastiest part.*

A petal is torn from the Deerling's head-flower with a horrendous sound of tearing flesh.

HOUNDOOM chomps down the floral appendage in two great bites and licks his jowls, savoringly.

A sticky, bloody sap oozes from the remains of the flower, which HOUNDOOM slurps voraciously.

The little Deerling's resistance falters.

BOUNCE's face is a torrent of tears as she quivers in dread and agony.

She closes her eyes.

BOUNCE
(weakly)
No...

She shuts her eyes tight.

BOUNCE
Help me!

A puff of pollen shoots from BOUNCE's flower directly into the HOUNDOOM's face.

The wild dog's nose wriggles, and he begins sneezing rapidly and violently as he looms over BOUNCE.

The Deerling gasps for air, wheezing painfully as the HOUNDOOM continues sneezing.

She kicks HOUNDOOM square in the chin, slamming his fangs down upon his own tongue.

As HOUNDOOM groans and curses, reeling from the hoof to the face, BOUNCE, still rigid with fear and sluggish with the pain burning across her body, drags herself from under him.

BOUNCE twists over, managing to stand, and with all the will and spirit left in her, sprints swiftly away.

Fangs clamp around the hock of the Deerling's hind leg as HOUNDOOM grabs her, roaring angrily, his blowtorch breath searing her leg as he whips her entire body brutally into the trunk of a tree, where she falls to the ground like a broken toy.

CUT AWAY -

A FURRET falls from the tree and scampers away

CLOSE UP -

HOUNDOOM looms over BOUNCE.

HOUNDOOM

I prefer my meat rare, but if you're gonna act like that I'll just have to have you well done!

HOUNDOOM crushes BOUNCE's beneath his full weight, constricting her chest and hopelessly immobilizing her.

BOUNCE

(weakly, wheezing)

No...

HOUNDOOM

Ready to find out what happens when you die?

BOUNCE

(sobbing)

Please...

HOUNDOOM inhales deeply, an awesome ball of fire amassing heat and vibrance within his jaws like a miniature sun.

CLOSE UP -

BOUNCE shuts her eyes, bracing for the end.

CUT TO:

ABOVE THE TREETOPS, AT A DISTANCE -

A **blinding eruption of light** issues forth, illuminating the surrounding forest.

The Deerling's scream pierces the heavens.

STILLWELL
(off screen)
No! Siis!

END OF EPISODE 9 - "BOUNCE THE DEERLING GOES"

NEXT TIME:

A search for family.

A volcano explodes.

ARE YOU PREPARED?