

Tasmanian Angels

By

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TASMANIAN ANGELS BY AMANDA O'CONNOR

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FADE IN

1 EXT. CAMPFIRE - EARLY TASMANIAN PIONEER CAMP 1815 - NIGHT

Blazing campfire, two hot dogs on sticks crackling over the fire, a SILHOUETTE OF BACK-LIT RED EARS of the Tasmanian Devil, they look like devil horns, a flash of white teeth, smacking lips, An unaware happy couple look at each other and roast their hot-dogs. SILHOUETTE OF RED EARS, like devil horns, the couple see the red ears scream, we see a blur of movement, empty sticks wave in the air by the fire, The hot dogs are stolen, The silhouette with red ears and white flashing teeth chuckles, TASMANIAN DEVIL SILHOUETTE SHADOWS ON THE STONE A STONE WALL, and then steps into the light and is visible as two Tasmanian Devils.

TASMANIAN DEVIL AUDIO - HISSING AND SCREAMING

LIGHTNING

SUPERTITLE: TASMANIAN ANGELS

FADE TO BLACK

2 EXT. BUILDING: MENZIES INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA - NIGHT

Bauhaus's Bella Lugosi's Dead plays

Shot of a University industrial complex

SUPERTITLE: Menzies Institute for Medical Research at the University of Tasmania

A group of scientists, lanky, sallow skinned, cerebral types, in white lab coats of various sex, races and creeds march out of the lab, each carrying a tube-shaped cage and marching into a fleet of white vans. They take off down the road. Pan back to scenic view of Tasmanian countryside. Along the ride a few nocturnal animals peek out from the bush. There is a Tasmanian Devil Crossing sign on the side of the road. They go up a hill, past some stone homes, over a bridge, through trees, and arrive at the edge of the bushland in Mount Dromedary National Park.

(CONTINUED)

SUPERTITLE: Mount Dromedary Forest Reserve

The vans idle with their headlight illuminating a field before a vast stretch of wild bushland. The scientists file out and in formation and form a line, placing the tubes on the ground by their side. One head scientist stands at the head of the line, holding a clipboard, and makes a brief speech.

HEAD SCIENTIST:

Colleagues, today marks an important point in the quest to save the Tasmanian Devil from extinction. You should be proud of the time and effort you have put into this noble cause. Now, (holding his hand in the air) without any further ado, on my call RELEASE THE TASMANIAN DEVILS! (he lowers his arm in a broad sweeping gesture) There they go!

The 19 Tasmanian devils scatter and run swiftly in different directions into the bush, disappearing into the shadows. The music grows as the animals seem to run to the music. Cut to a Tasmanian Devil, lingering behind slightly, one devil needs to be coaxed out of his cage, A a close-up on one Tasmanian Devil, our protagonist Bruno.

SUPERTITLE: Bruno

There's a #19 on the tag of a collar around his neck. He reluctantly scampers off into the wilderness, looking back, just once.

He looks up at the trees which loom overhead ominously. A Tasmanian Devil runs up beside him in a jog. The music fades, but still plays as the dialog is heard on the forefront.

DEVIL #3:

Glad to be out of there!

BRUNO # 19:

Yeah, mate. Now we're here.

DEVIL #3:

Good point. Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:
Outside, in the wild.

DEVIL # 3:
Ah, yes. Why am I so terrified?

BRUNO:
Because there was a change.

DEVIL #3:
I was terrified when I first was
captured and put in a cage and
prodded with needles at the
University Lab... but then I became
used to it.

BRUNO:
Same thing here, only in reverse.

DEVIL #3
Then why am I running?

BRUNO:
To get away.

DEVIL # 3:
Well, I'm stopping.

BRUNO:
What?

DEVIL #3:
Well, no one is chasing us.

They both stop and look at one another.

They see a fellow Tasmanian Devil (#2) run by in a whizzing
blur.

BRUNO:
I see your point. One place is as
good as any, if you make it your
home.

Devil #3 nods and stands proudly in an elevated position on
a small hill, assessing the land.

DEVIL #3:
There's water and food nearby. I
see no need to wander.

BRUNO:

I'm sure you are very sensible.

DEVIL #3

We could be neighbors. I'd see you around?

BRUNO:

I'm going to Hobart. I have memories there.

DEVIL #3:

Well they must be good ones. Memories alone are not much of a draw.

BRUNO:

I see potential there.

DEVIL #3

Perhaps you have a destiny?

BRUNO:

I don't believe in destiny.

DEVIL #3

Me either, and if I do, destiny can find me here. (he climbs under a pile of nearby boulders. Only the whites of his animated eyes visible) Good luck mate!

Bruno runs off in a haste. Camera holds the frame. Enter three more Tasmanian Devils.

DEVIL #8:

Hey, why are we running?

They pause and sniff the air. SURVEY THE AREA AS IF THEY MAY SETTLE

CROSS DISSOLVE

The music is still playing as we see more Tasmanian countryside in a montage of shots that show him traveling in the direction of Hobart. (Introduce the traits, speed and endurance, and can climb trees and swim across rivers.) Bruno runs, as if to the music, through the bush, through trees, swims over a river, past some stone homes, up to the top of a hill where he sees the skyline of Hobart, Tasmania. The music fades out

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:
I've made it.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. THE HOBART BAY PIER

POV DRONE CONTINUES

they both dive into the water and swim vigorously across the bay, jump out on the opposite shore and shake off

4 EXT. HOBART, TASMANIA WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

SUPERTITLE: HOBART, TASMANIA

Bruno continues to descend the hill. City sounds in AUDIO.

He approaches a desolate nighttime corridor of stone warehouses with faint iron-worked light-posts, with shadows hitting the cobblestone roads. He weaves in and out of the shadows, HIS SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE WALL, and approaches a sausage market where he spies a female Tasmanian devil, Scarlet, patiently waiting at the back alley,

He hides behind a crate and watches her.

Backdoor to a restaurant kitchen opens and a woman cook sniffs at the air, looks around and puts out the trash. meanwhile Scarlet seeks in the kitchen, and steals a link of sausages and runs past Bruno's crate into the shadows. looks around, smells the air, like there is a stench. She gives a sweeping gaze at the alleyway, huff and slams the door behind her.

Bruno approaches the Tasmanian Devil.

Their eyes meet.

SCARLET:
It's you

Scarlet lets out a blood-curdling shriek.

SUPERTITLE: SCARLET

lightning strikes

Fade to black

5 EXT. SAMANCA MARKET - NIGHT

Samanca Market sign. Harry Edwards from his album "Only The World Remains" Gypsy Swing music plays from an outside stage for the bustling crowd.

Bruno and Scarlet stroll side by side in the moonlight down the narrow corridor of stone warehouses. Gypsy swing music plays softly in the background.

Scarlett sings (Tasmanian devil audio) a soft high-pitched tune out of sync with the music, with no words, but Bruno seemed to understand the meaning, as they were in love. He pauses by the roadside to pick a small DAISY that had grown through a crack in the pavement and thoughtfully places it behind her ear. He gazed at the effect, black and whites, and her glistening black eyes.

BRUNO:

"A beauty for my beauty," (he says in a deep reverberating accent that sounds Australian, but with a slight Romanian tone)

SCARLET:

Why have you killed the beautiful
flower? (her voice is deep and
reverberating for a female)

Bruno stands still and gleaming, letting the love flow between them with a moment of repose and then playfully nipped him on the ear.

BRUNO:

We are creatures of the night, let's walk by the river.

SCARLET:

If it pleases you.

They walk side by side underneath an arch between two rows of old warehouses A SIGN that reads: Samanca Market. A lone shop-keep is closing up his BBQ Octopus STAND from the Saturday street market. A few BAR-B-Q OCTOPUS TENTACLES fall to the ground and twitch in their path as they approach.

BRUNO:

Score!

Bruno rushes forward with haste and drags them off the path under a BENCH.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:

Scarlet! Come here and share.

Scarlet trots under the BENCH in the shadows and loud munching sounds ensue. Pause --they both walk out licking their chops. They continue their walk and go along a cement pathway that curves through the center of a marina of boats, Sullivan's Cove. They walk as a pair down a long stony corridor towards the camera.

A DRONE controlled by a man with a remote stands at the shore of the bay.

POV shot of drone as it flys over the marketplace and follows our characters in a montage across the Hobart tourist district.

The city lights an exquisite aurora borealis reflect on the water and they are surrounded by colored lights. Gypsy Swing music plays lightly in the background from a nearby outdoor wine bar. (Local Band: Django's Tiger) They pause and gaze into each other's eyes. The rainbow lights dance across their faces. The music grows more dynamic and song lyrics ensue.

A MONTAGE OF THEIR WALK TO VARIOUS SITES AROUND THE SAMANCA MARKET.:

Song Lyrics:

Tasmanian Devil

you're an Angel in Disguise

Walkabout the wilderness

Evermore the wise

Heaven is on Earth

And Hell is above

No one can get by

Without a bit of love

No one can get your goat

Or bind you in a cage,

Crush your hopes

Or face your righteous rage

(CONTINUED)

You're an Angel in Disguise
 Oh yes you are
 Evermore the wise
 Underneath the rainbow skies...

POV DRONE CONTINUES

6 EXT. KANGAROO BLUFF - NIGHT

POV Drone continues and then crashes into a cannon at Kangaroo Bluff and lands in the dust, sputters, and dies. The music fades out and turns to live audio of Tasmanian night sounds)

The Tasmanian devils stand at the ocean cliff side at KANGAROO BLUFF and sniff the air. A wisp of white animated air drifts into the woodland where the nocturnal woodland creatures in the bush sniff the air and alert the area that the Tasmanian Devils are approaching.

WIDE ANGLE POV SHOT OF KANGAROO BLUFF.

The loud sounds of wildlife (crickets, owls, howling dingos etc) Cacophonous sound, Bruno and Scarlet screech into the night). Bruno is recognized as a fierce predator. He coughs. The night noise is followed by abrupt silence from the bush.

BRUNO:

This is Kangaroo Bluff, a most beautiful place at night.

(Bruno coughs again awkwardly in the silence.)
 (pause) This way my dear.

SCARLET:

You seem so sure.

BRUNO:

I am taking you from yourself, so I should be sure.

SCARLET:

I, Scarlet, will continue to be myself no matter what.

BRUNO:

The magic of being with another, it creates its own universe, I think.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:

A sense of belonging isn't necessarily unique.

BRUNO:

But do you ever notice how when you meet someone, you bring your perspectives together and all of the sudden there is a new reality?

SCARLET:

I think I know what you mean. Mostly it's weird.

BRUNO:

Yeah. You can forget yourself completely.

SCARLET:

Sounds like a nightmare.

BRUNO:

Uh, it doesn't have to be.

SCARLET:

Like with us?

BRUNO:

I pride myself on my good taste.

SCARLET:

I like us too.

BRUNO:

Yes. There isn't a thing in my reality that you don't enhance my dear.

SCARLET:

Who would you say YOU are by yourself?

BRUNO:

Oh, I just make my way by my wits with a voracious appetite for life, like most Tasmanian Devils.

SCARLET:

And what would you say WE are?

BRUNO:

I'd say we are taking a stand together.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:
A stand for the future.

BRUNO:
and for love.

abrupt interruption Audio Crash

Crawling out of the cannon disruptive BUNNY MALONE (a gray rabbit) with Brooklyn accent and gleam in its eye. His face comes up close to theirs in the frame.

The pair stop and look at each other, then at the rabbit. They can practically breathe on each other.

MALONE:
WHAT'S UP? (pause) Devil?

SCARLET:
What's it look like? (with attitude) We are on a walk.

MALONE:
Name's Malone, may I join you?

SCARLET:
Ah...

MALONE:
I always enjoy a romantic night under the stars, walking with my favorite friends.

BRUNO:
Friend, but we've just met.

MALONE:
We are sharing the world together, and that makes us friends.

BRUNO:
That is true enough

MALONE:
That's me, a friend of the world!

BRUNO:
Now if you don't mind FRIEND, why don't you go give the world a big hug over there. (he nudges him one way, while he and Scarlet walk in the opposite direction) to that tree.

MALONE:

MmMMwah. (hugging a tree) I do love a good Eucalyptus Are you guys tree huggers? (yelling louder as they walk further away)

(to the audience) Say, you think they were trying to get rid of me?

The distance between the Tasmanian Devils and the rabbit hugging a tree grows larger each step.

MALONE:

Hey!(in echo/reverb audio voice) Wait for meeeeeeeeeee!

The Tasmanian Devil reluctantly oblige, and stop walking waiting for the rabbit to hop and catch up.

BRUNO:

Well, we waited for you, now what?

MALONE:

Have a carrot? (places it in Bruno's mouth)

BRUNO:

No my friend, (carrot in mouth mumble) my kind prefer... Rabbit!

suspenseful gypsy swing music instigates, a silhouette of Bruno's large teeth against the stone wall

MALONE:

Rabbit?!

BRUNO:

Especially rabbit! (drool visible in his jowls)

Bruno lunges forward, but gets the carrot caught in his mouth so he makes indecipherable, silly sounding, growling noises.

BRUNO:

RMwahhaororwwlllllssrrrr

(AUDIO of real Tasmanian devil growl)

He stumbles on DRONE, the faulty wiring is reconnected and starts full-force, KICKING UP A HUGE AMOUNT OF DUST AT HIS FEET causing him to look like a whirling tornado.

Film speed 3x

(CONTINUED)

Bruno walks from ricochets across the terrain of KANGAROO BLUFF, over cannons, in ditches, over bluffs, walls to tree to rock to tree to rock IN A CLOUD OF DUST over the landscape like the looney tunes character. At last he busts into a gate, making a huge dent, the sputtering, smoking, broken drone caught in the bars.

CLOSE UP BRUNO, MUSSED FUR

BRUNO:

I take that back, definitely NOT rabbit!

music fades

FADE TO BLACK

7

EXT. HOBART, FESTIVAL

[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Ã}INTOPREAMBLE][PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDER
NIGHT MEET-CUTE

Close up of Scarlet's face

SCARLET:

You know, I've seen you around Hobart before.

CROSS-DISSOLVE

FLASHBACK WITH VOICE-OVERS

Night scene by the river with animals feasting on a carcass in the moonlight. Bruno and Scarlett lock stares, sniff the air, interact, howl, eat.

BRUNO:

Certainly, and I've spied you as well. You've lived by the market for some time. I believe you have some sisters, some friends in the area?

SCARLET:

Yes.

BRUNO:

A group of us Devils were feasting on a wombat, howling at the moon. Good times.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:
I admit you caught my eye.

CROSS-DISSOLVE

Two Tasmanian Devils climb on the metal sculpture of a cement mixing truck by Wim Delvoye. Jump cuts, so they are always apart, standing in various places around the statue in quick sequence.

BRUNO:

And there was the time at the Museum of Old and New Art.

SCARLET:
I believe we shared a moment by the sculpture of a cement mixing truck by Wim Delvoye?

BRUNO:
That is a place that we should return to and explore again.

SCARLET:
How charming, a fellow art lover!

FADE TO BLACK

8 EXT. BLUDSTONE ARENA

Arrive at Blundstone Arena climb up the stadium walls, the stadium lights are bright, they pass the crowd seated socially distanced with masks, vendors distribute hand sanitizer, plastic sneeze guards divide the rows, they grab a unguarded hotdog from a vendor, and eat hidden underneath the rafters, seconds later they come out licking their chops, then continue to climb up even higher so they are atop the awning shade, watching a cricket game, Aurora Borealis glistening in the background. A silhouette and Scarlett's head rests on his shoulder.

SCARLET:
I'm enjoying our time together, I'm usually such a loner.

BRUNO:
We're all loners Scarlet, we're Tasmanian Devils. It's our nature.

SCARLET:
Yes, I figure since I'd be miserable either way, I'd rather strive with you.

(CONTINUED)

They lean into each other in an upright snuggle.

Fireworks shoot off above the arena and the crowd cheers.

BRUNO:

Oh! It's almost sunrise. We should find our way to shelter.

SCARLET:

I think I know of an abandoned wombat burrow nearby... It's dry, warm, surrounded by eucalyptus trees. Quite nice.

BRUNO:

Lovely.

They begin their descent in silence from atop the arena.

9 EXT. GRASSY FIELD, OUTSIDE BLUDSTONE ARENA - NIGHT

The pair walk across a grassy field towards a forest. Autumn leaves are turning.

MUSIC: THIS TIME HAS COME BY ALISTAIR GAILBRAITH

The Tasmanian devils walk and come upon what appears to be a pack of Tasmanian devils feasting on an animal, a glimpse of deer antlers, snarling eating sounds audible, getting closer with their approach the faces of the Tasmanian devils are apparent, illuminated in moonlight, glistening with fresh blood, tumors on their faces, seen in succession, faces float in the shadows with flashes of light. Bruno and Scarlett are sighted by the pack.

GNARLY TASMANIAN DEVIL #1:

Who goes there?

BRUNO:

We're just passing through. How do you do, Mate?

GNARLY TASMANIAN DEVIL #2:

I suggest you keep moving, mate. It's a freak show 'round here with our nobby mugs. Not much time left before it takes over and we're not inclined to share in one of our last meals in the meantime. Guilda here can't open her mouth, can you love?

(CONTINUED)

A devil, presumably Guilda, standing on the sidelines makes a muffled noise and whimpers. A third devil emerges from the party and give a snarl, lunging in the direction of Scarlett and Bruno. Bruno takes a step back, but holds his ground.

BRUNO:

We don't want any trouble.

GNARLY TASMANIAN DEVIL #2

Snobs!

The diseased Tasmanian devil huffs and turns away, going back to his meal. The pair back away slowly from the pack and continue on their way.

The music continues to play as a TIME LAPSE photography shows they eat the animal whole, leaving NO TRACE, and depart in different directions Bruno and Scarlett walk into the bush. The music fades. Night sounds with flowing lake water. The moon reflect on the surface of the water.

They talk and walk.

BRUNO:

The cancer. You saw those guys, do you want our young to end up like that?

As scarlet talks the words she says form images in the reflection of the water to illustrate the story.

SCARLET:

I know, it's horrid. As I understand it, about 17 years ago, three generations ago for us, we began noting the rapid spread of cancer among our species, infesting the land. The disease causes large tumors on the face that can lock their jaws, making it impossible for the animals to eat or mate. The cancer shortens our life span that should be for six or seven years. I've lost very many friends, and been so isolated. I think it's transferred through bites and bad meat... you've survived.

She splashes the water and the images dissipate.

BRUNO:

Bites and sharing meat. Remarkably I've survived, the humans came up
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO: (cont'd)
with something called a vaccine recently, I was given a shot by a human wildlife management group. I've been lucky. They said it was one of the only known examples of such transmissible cancers in nature.

SCARLET:

Why do you think we've survived?

BRUNO:

Maybe we evolved? We simply don't bite our fellow Tasmanian Devils like most. (he nudges her gently with his nose) We know. Most don't. We don't bite, most do. 90% of our kind are gone because of this one simple trait.

SCARLET:

I don't believe in evolution (she pauses a moment to think) What trait?

BRUNO:

We're spiteful devils full of vinegar and hate.

SCARLET:

You think there's hope in the mountains?

BRUNO:

here's a forest on an island with very few people where we could thrive.

SCARLET:

That's a very nice dream.

BRUNO:

It's more than a dream.

SCARLET:

A dream that becomes a reality?

BRUNO:

I've been traveling, back here, to you.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:

To me? But why?

Silent pause. The sun is fully up and they are squinting.

BRUNO:

You are very much a female to me. I like the idea and reality of you.

SCARLET:

You haven't met my sisters, I'm one of many.

BRUNO:

If they are as lovely as you, I'm very intrigued.

SCARLET:

Maybe you'll get a chance to meet them?

BRUNO:

I'm in for the chance.

SCARLET:

The sun is rising dear, follow me.

FADE TO BLACK

10

EXT. WOMBAT BURROW

[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Å}INTOPREAMBLE][PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDER
MORNING

The Tasmanian devils stand stand on the brink of the bush land and sniff the air. A wisp of white animated air drifts into the woodland where the nocturnal woodland creatures sniff the air and alert the area that the Tasmanian Devils are approaching.

Film speed 3x

The animals in the bush run and hid at the approach of the Tasmanian Devils. Individual shots of woodpeckers sending out warning tap-code, beavers hitting logs with their tales, wombats burying themselves deep into their burrow, deer, quoll, squirrels, owls all stampede in a land run-across the glen to escape the Devils.

The two are standing side by side at the entrance of a well-dug burrow underneath a canopy of trees.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:
Well, here we are.

the wombat burrow is a large, dry, cozy, well-dug tunnel with a large space at the end to occupy. A few random materials, taken from humans, like blankets and pillows make for soft bedding.

BRUNO:

Just in time for some daytime rest.

He nestles in the soft human-made cushions.

FADE TO DARKNESS.

11 EXT. SUNRISE TO SUNSET

sunrise to sunset time lapse photography of the horizon line of the Tasmanian landscape. Show a day has passed and it is night again.

12 EXT. BURROW - NIGHT

Gypsy swing music plays. The shadow of a Tasmanian Devil passes over a forest of trees. A new character, a scrawny Tasmanian devil trots into the frame sniffing the air. He stops to discover our protagonists' burrow entrance. He peaks inside, rear in the air.

NOYNTER:
Hello there love!

(*Noynter means pest in Australian slang.)

The scrawny clownish Tasmanian Devil with spiky fur is peaking his face inside the burrow. Now, on the other side, his face is in the burrow and Bruno and Scarlet are surprised.

SCARLET:
What? Oh My!

NOYNTER:
Looks like someone is in need of a rescue.

SCARLET:
Who?

(CONTINUED)

NOYNTER:

Why don't you shake this guy and
come with me? Wink, wink, you know
what I mean?

There is a bit of a scuffle as he tries to enter the burrow.

SCARLET:

I'm afraid my dance card is full,
although I am flattered.

BRUNO:

Beat it, Noynter!

NOYNTER:

Aw, don't be like that. I'll be
your knight in shining... Ouch!
Hey! Watch it!

Bruno snarls.

BRUNO:

I said beat it!

Snarling and scuffle sounds in the darkness, dust and leaves
fly out of the burrow entrance, then a loud yelp and
whimper. Noynter exits the burrow with a limp and his head
hung low.

NOYNTER:

I didn't mean any harm. No need to
be such a greedy brute. Share and
share alike, I say.

BRUNO:

Keep walking Noynter!

Noynter walks off into the distance. Music fades.

SCARLET:

My hero!

BRUNO:

My lady! I will fight for you till
the end.

MONTAGE OF NIGHTTIME VISTAS, MOONS, TREES, LAKES, NATIVE
ANIMALS. MUSIC: "THE GATE" BY NIGHT TONGUE

SUPERTITLE: Three weeks later

Tasmanian Devils emerge from the burrow. Gypsy swing music
plays. Tasmanian baby sounds squeak from Scarlett's pouch.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:
How are you feeling?

SCARLET:

Good. Weird. I've four imps in my pouch and they'll be there for a hundred days. How are you?

BRUNO:

Lucky brutes. (he chuckles)

a shadow of a Tasmanian Devil appears on the wall. Then a female voice.

VIOLET:
Hello!

SCARLET:
Hello! Bruno this is my sister Violet.

BRUNO:
Charmed. I'm very happy to meet you Violet.

VIOLET:
Hmmpmph.

SCARLET:
Notice anything different Violet?

VIOLET:
Your coat is a bit mussed up...
(she sniffs and taking a long look)
and what have we here? You're a mum!

A Tasmanian Devil, Jade, one of the sisters peaks into the burrow.

JADE:
Who's a mum?

VIOLET:
Hello Jade. Why Scarlet is a mum!

JADE:
No way!

SCARLET:
It's true!

(CONTINUED)

JADE:
And is this bloke the father?

BRUNO:
Bruno's the name, pleased to meet
you.

JADE:
I'm sure. (she looks him up and
down) hmmmmmph.

SCARLET:
Now, Jade.

JADE:
You did always like males.

VIOLET:
We can fight him off for you if you
like.

JADE:
He's nothing but a bully-rotter
just like all the rest.

VIOLET:
She's right. You don't NEED him.

both sisters turn on them and growl, Bruno and Scarlet
slowly back away.

SCARLET:
Well, you did want to meet my
sisters.

BRUNO:
I'm making plans for us Scarlet.

SCARLET:
I'm with you.

BRUNO:
Come along my dear.

They exit the burrow, leaving the sisters behind.

JADE:
You'll be back!

FADE TO BLACK

13 EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

Bruno and Scarlet walk across field near Gordon's Hill Nature Recreation Area. Night noises fill the air, and soft gypsy swing music plays as they walk side by side in the moonlight.

Walking Across a grassy field in the moonlight.

SCARLET:

Bruno! I'm TIRED! I'm HUNGRY! We've got to stop!

BRUNO:

The night is young, we can't just stay in!

SCARLET:

Young night, old night, who cares?
I can't go on. I'm pregnant!

She throws herself on the ground and sulks. Baby sounds squeak from her pouch, squirming movements. Bruno nudges her with his nose.

BRUNO:

Aw, come on. When they emerge you will be seriously grounded. No?

Pause, he listens to the night and hears a faint whirring and cheering sounds.

BRUNO:

Dear, there is a special place I want to show you, we'll have a good time and maybe even some hot dogs.

SCARLET:

You go. I'll stay here... zzzzzz.

BRUNO:

Wake up! It isn't much further, love, get on your feet.

He sniffs the air

SCARLET:

Hmm. What?

BRUNO:

We need to keep moving. You never know when...

(CONTINUED)

KONK! Suddenly there is a swift blurring movement and snarling sounds. Bruno is being attacked by a wild red fox. Scarlett is suddenly awake and on her feet watching the mayhem. Bruno is face to face, eye to eye with his natural predator/enemy the Red Fox. They wrestle, their Silhouette SHADOW OF FOX AND TASMANIAN DEVIL play against a background of billowing grassland, it's impossible to see who will win. Fierce snarling sounds ensue. Finally Bruno pins the Fox to the ground.

REGINALD:

You shouldn't have entered my territory.

BRUNO:

YOUR territory?

REGINALD:

I smell little imps, I especially like to eat imps.

SCARLET:

Barbarian!

Reginald lunges towards Scarlett with a snap. Bruno bites onto his back haunch with his teeth and holds on dragging him away from Scarlett. Reginald runs off with an audio of a real red fox "yelp, yelp, yelp" fading into the night.

BRUNO:

Are you alright dear?

SCARLET:

I was lying down.

BRUNO:

He'll think twice about doing that again.

SCARLET:

Imagine if it were a habit?

BRUNO:

It's possible, he might be back for the imps.

SCARLET:

I abhor creatures that prey on the most vulnerable.

BRUNO:

It takes all kinds.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:
Your teeth certainly gave him a
fright.

BRUNO:
I only bit him once and he went
wailing off. (chuckles)

SCARLET:
He should know who he's dealing
with.

BRUNO:
Strongest jaws of any living
mammal, still, I'd rather he just
stay out of danger.

SCARLET:
Let's keep moving.

BRUNO:
Yes, more adventures on the way.

SCARLET:
You don't feel hurt at all?

BRUNO:
Nah, not even a scratch.

SCARLET:
Good. I'm quite awake now.

They walk in silence towards a light that gets brighter and
brighter with a cacophonous sound that grows louder with
their approach. THEIR SILHOUETTE SHADOWS GROW ON THE
SMOOTH-PAVED WALL OF THE STADIUM, FULL FRAME :the Basketball
Raceway.

14 EXT. BASKERVILLE RACEWAY - NIGHT

BRUNO:
Night racing! The drivers are
practicing for the big race
tomorrow. Let's explore.

They walk along the racetrack unseen. Floodlights fill the
arena. Racers on the sideline are staring around, looking at
the engine, inspecting the tires, and various parts of their
cars. Bruno and Scarlett walk into the bleachers and find
some discarded hotdogs and potato chips. They go into the
shadows unseen and eat loudly and then emerge licking their
chops. They watch the races from the bleachers, they shout
as spectators, eventually Scarlet is falling asleep again.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:

Follow me.

Scarlet follows. They come across an open window of an abandoned race car and crawl inside and lay down in the back on the floorboard under a blanket.

BRUNO:

Goodnight sweet Scarlet.

SCARLET:

Goodnight my darling.

Sunrise. The crowd is already filling in the stadium. The barker welcomes the crowd and announces the first race.

SCARLET:

Where am I? Oh yes, I remember...

She hears the revving of an engine. A racer is at the wheel of the car they are about to be in a race.

SCARLET:

Bruno! Wake up!

BRUNO:

GRRRRRRRR.... What??!!

SCARLET:

The car, it's moving!

BRUNO:

Stay where you are! I'm thinking.

SCARLET:

I can't move, G-forces holding..
me.. in place...

BRUNO:

(Whispers) Best to sit it out. You don't want to get thrown around in this thing.

The arena is filled with spectators, socially distanced with masks on. A line of race cars rev at the starting line. The checkered flags wave the signal. A shot is fired and the cars take off.

DRIVER:

Whahoo!

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER:

"It's lights out and away we go!"

BRUNO:

(Whispers) Hold on Scarlett. I'm waiting for the right moment... when he goes to the pit stop. Then I'll make my move.

ANNOUNCER:

It's a long run to the first corner. "Go! Go! Go!"

DRIVER:

Push mate! Pushpushpushpush
pusshhhh! Whooo!

SCARLET:

I've never been in a car before!

BRUNO:

This isn't just a car it's a
RACECAR!

Audio: Roooooar of the revving engine

ANNOUNCER:

The engine notes rise and so does
the excitement

ANNOUNCER:

Clayton's in the lead! The car is
at the front of the race.

The Tasmanian Devils are in the back of the car on the floorboards with gravity holding them in place. They are jostled side to side a bit.

SCARLET:

Eeeeeeeeeee!

Scarlet makes an incredible screeching sound. The driver sees the Tasmanian Devils out of the corner of his eye and swerves the car a bit before regaining control.

ANNOUNCER:

Clayton had a moment there!

There's an audible screech as the car slows and pulls out of the race to the side into the pit stop.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER:
Hey little bunji.

BRUNO:
Scarlett! Try to escape while I
create a distraction.

ANNOUNCER:
Clayton is making an unscheduled
stop. Incredible! He forfeited his
lead. What could be the reason?

Clayton emerges from the racer holding Bruno in his hands.
He holds him up, playing to the crowd. Bruno is tame in his
arms.

ANNOUNCER:
It appears Clayton had a stowaway
passenger in his racing car! It
looks like a Tasmanian devil!

The crowd cheers. Scarlet crawls unseen out of the racer and
scampers away, then climbs and crawls into a stack of rubber
tires. Bruno sees that she is safe and makes his move
suddenly twisting out of the Driver's grasp. A chase begins
with all the attendants circling around Bruno, he runs
around the inner median, weaving between the legs of the
men, causing falls, collisions and general confusion. One
man steps into a BUCKET of grease, another is goosed with an
AIR-HOSE, the air- hose blows off a few mechanics' caps, a
mechanic trips over a PIT BOX and rolls into two other
mechanics knocking them down, a mechanic lunges at Bruno
with a MALLET grazing past him and hitting the ground with a
dusty thump, a mechanic goes into grab Bruno and he bites
his finger, he yelps and puts out his lower lip. Various
slapstick gags. A man comes towards Bruno with a pet caddy,
another man approaches with a big BLANKET. Everything goes
dark...

FADE TO BLACK

15 EXT. AUTO MECHANIC'S GARAGE - MIDDAY

Hazy look in the air as see the back of an auto mechanic on
the phone in a garage. Bruno is in a pet caddy atop a work
table strewn with TOOLS. Its dark except light coming in
from the window. Dusty air.

MECHANIC:
Yes, (speaking into a SMARTPHONE
DEVICE, pacing back and forth) a
Tasmanian Devil. It was in a race
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MECHANIC: (cont'd)

car. (laughs) The little devil caused quite a ruckus. He's having a good lie down at the moment... Yeah, uhuh, uhuh How soon can you pick 'em up? Uh, huh.

Scarlett is seen peaking in from the window outside. HER SHADOW MOVES ACROSS THE WALL and catches Bruno's eye. Bruno rustles in his cage coming to terms with his surroundings.

MECHANIC:

Oh, he's fit all right. No signs of lumps on his mug.

Like I said, this larrikin gave us a run for our money. Scarlett walks along the floorboards of the garage.

MECHANIC:

How soon can you get here? Uh, huh.

Scarlet gains ground. She appears before Bruno face to face, looking at him through the grill of the cage.

SCARLET:

Now it is my turn to create a distraction, while you break out!

MECHANIC:

Yes, I've been to Bono to see the animals. That's

why I thought of you. Maybe give the critter a home, and keep him out of trouble. Uh, huh.

Bruno, using his incredibly strong mandibles and teeth begins to chew through the metal and plastic of the CAGE making snarling sounds and rattling about. The mechanic turns his head towards the sound and sees that Bruno is attempting to escape. He takes a step in his direction, and stumbles over Scarlett who is underfoot, he falls head first into the backseat of a CONVERTIBLE, work-boots flailing in the air.

Bruno continues to tear away at his entrapment. The mechanic shifts himself upright and takes a look around. A HOOK on a chain swings in his direction. He ducks, then smiles with relief that it missed him, then BAM! The chain hits him on the back-swing, he makes a funny cross-eyed face.

(CONTINUED)

He recovers, hops out of the car. A MOP BUCKET and mop on wheels rolls into his path and collides with him throwing him off balance. Bruno breaks free and hops out. The mechanic lunges towards the open cage. Bruno and Scarlet scamper off, out the open garage, across a field and into the bush. The mechanic stands there dumbfounded for a moment and then returns to the phone.

MECHANIC:

Hello!? Hello? It seems we have a bit of a problem.

The devil escaped, and he has a friend...

FADE TO BLACK

16 EXT. IN THE BUSH OUTSIDE THE BASKERVILLE RACETRACK

they make haste across the Tasmanian terrain.

BRUNO:

It is another lovely evening.

SCARLET:

Yes.

BRUNO:

We could walk by the nearby river, and find some food.

SCARLET:

Yes.

BRUNO:

Or better yet... let's stow away in that apple truck. Get away from here and into the deep country. Follow me.

Bruno snakes across the ground towards the truck, climbing over a road, up a FENCE and down again, across a patch of grass and into the back of the truck. Bruno and Scarlet make their way across a country road and climb into the back of an APPLE TRUCK parked at a local saloon, silhouettes of the locals inside, music and bar room ruckus sounds AUDIO from the small building with lit windows, under the moonlight.

17

EXT. THE BACK OF THE APPLE TRUCK - NIGHT

DARKNESS WITH ONLY EYES AND TEETH VISIBLE, ANIMATED

SCARLET:

Bruno, I'm cold and hungry and
thirsty.

BRUNO:

Eat an apple

SCARLET:

EW. I don't like apples.

BRUNO:

Have you ever even tried an apple?

SCARLET:

I'm fairly certain I won't like it.
She reluctantly takes a bite.
Chomping sounds.

BRUNO:

Well?

SCARLET:

I'd much prefer some wombat right
now.

In the background the pub door opens and the ruckus from the bar grows louder. Music by The Clean plays. (Franz Kafka at the Zoo) A stumbling man walks out and bids goodbye to his mates inside with a sloppy wave of the hand. He walks to the apple truck, climbs inside and starts the ignition. Before taking off, he tosses a BOTTLE OF GIN into the back of the truck.

BRUNO:

Hello! What's this? Here love, take
a nip of this for your thirst.

He takes a swig and nudges it to Scarlet who also take a swig.

FADE TO WHITE:

18

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE

Gypsy swing music plays. Scarlet and Bruno are floating up in the air above the CLOUDS. they make a swimming motion and fly through the air doing loop de loops, spin, and then dive bomb a pack of kangaroos in the wilderness. The AURORA

(CONTINUED)

BORIALIS glistens in the background. They melt and turn into PUDDLES on the sidewalk of the Samanca Market walkway. They laugh. They fly some more changing colors, growing transparent and turn to MIST and fly through a BRICK WALL of a warehouse, they burst through a few clouds and are pursued by the GIANT HEAD OF A RED FOX, they spin and dance wearing glistening GOLD PANTSUITS with wide collars, they march down the streets of Hobart in a sort of cavalcade followed by their four imps, which split off into pairs and are followed by their four multicolored imps and split off again multiplying into generations, they stop in the city square and do a choreographed dance (resembles an ensemble from Michael Jackson's BAD video mixed with West Side Story mixed with the Luck Be a Lady Tonight). Scarlet hiccups. Bubbles fly out of her mouth.

WAVY BLUR:

They wake up, blearry eyed in the back of the apple truck. It's stopped at an orchard.

19 EXT. APPLE ORCHARD WITH HOLLOW LOG FOR BURROW HOME - DAY

Bruno and Scarlet climb out of the truck unseen.

Bruno and Scarlet wander into the bush in the harsh sunlight. They arrived at an apple orchard, climb out of the truck unnoticed and wander through shady trees, they found a hollow long, by a stream where where they pause and recompose themselves.

Bruno and Scarlet run across a field into the wilderness where they come across a fallen HOLLOW LOG. They look at each other and at the log. Birds twitter. Scarlet climbs into the log and Bruno joins her by her side. The log appears to be an ideal habitat. Their SILHOUETTE shadow stretches out before them.

BRUNO:

My dear, this is our new territory.

SCARLET:

Now you're talking.

the pair climb into the hollow log on the ground and disappear into the darkness.

BRUNO:

Now shut your eyes, love, and get some rest.

(CONTINUED)

Time lapse photography shows the landscape shifting from day to night. Gypsy swing music plays.

SCARLET:

I used to track ten miles in the night without a second thought. (her eyes turn INTO ANIMATED white deep within the log) Now I won't eat, sleep or walk around for the longest time.

BRUNO:

And I'll no longer wander. I'll be here watching you.

SCARLET:

It's like I don't remember a time before this.

BRUNO:

This is our time to nurture life into being and return to nature.

SCARLET:

Four little ones. Three boys and a girl.

BRUNO:

You know already?

SCARLET:

Don't get too relaxed. Imps keep you busy.

BRUNO:

I'll teach them everything I know.

TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY/MONTAGE

Gypsy swing music plays. Day and night for several weeks. Bruno is seen going back and forth from their home, while Scarlet peaks her head out occasionally. Sunbathing on log. Nipping at each other. Digging in the dirt. Various cute stances together and apart. Standing in various places and positions around their newfound home. The four imps crawl out of Scarlet's pouch and playfully cling to her back and neck.

20

EXT. GLENN WITH HOLLOW LOG BY STREAM - EVENING

Introduce the imps arrive three identical boys and a girl in the litter. The boys like to play and scuff around, the Maude has more white marking than the boys, she is flighty and wanders into trouble.

Glistening sunlight on the lake water, beneath a few trout swim by. Camera pans back to show panorama of lake, hollow log and the apple orchard by the water.

The Tasmanian Devil Family climb out of the log, starting their evening, stretching and sniffing around. Bruno wanders to the edge of the pond.

BRUNO:

Look here, trout! (He leans over the edge of the stream, ready to pounce) Watch me little ones, you can learn to swim!

Bruno holds very still, intently watching the water, suddenly he jumps and splashes into the water, and swims swiftly in a dog-paddle.

The imps walk up excitedly to the edge watching Bruno.

SCARLET:

Be careful. (She runs up) They can barely swim!

BRUNO:

Oh, their instincts will pull them through. Besides, it's shallow.

SCARLET:

Hmmmpfh.

BRUNO:

Watch out ya imps. (Bruno gets out of the water and jumps in again making a big splash)

All four of the imps are hit by the splash. They look at one another and jump in, they are splashing around in the water, keeping their heads above the water, nipping at passing fish.

BRUNO:

Keep your head up!

Mario lunges at a fish, diving deep into the water and resurfacing in a dog paddle, no fish.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:

Good try.

IMP:

How's this dad?

BRUNO:

Yes, you have to paddle with your paws. Head up!

SCARLET:

Jean-Paul. Good job. (he swims in a circle) Oh, and Simone, nice form!

ALBERT:

Thanks Mom! (he splashes in the water) This is fun!

FOOTAGE of natural action with Tasmanian Devils swimming around in the water.

SCARLET:

Way to go guys!

BRUNO:

Ah, this is the life.

SCARLET:

This is such a delightful little spot we've found here, together.

BRUNO:

I think I'll always remember it this way.

SCARLET:

Remember?

BRUNO:

The little ones won't stay this way for long.

SCARLET:

Do you think they'll be like us?

BRUNO:

The imps have great instincts.

SCARLET:
And sense of adventure.

BRUNO:
And the thrill of the hunt.

SCARLET:
And natural grace.

BRUNO:
My dear... I must go. Soon they
will go too.

SCARLET:
What? It feels so sudden.

BRUNO:
Really? I feel it is natural.

SCARLET:
I think I've forgotten myself.

BRUNO:
You'll cherish the reunion, my
dear. I'll be nearby.

He pecks her on the cheek and disappears into the night shadows.

SCARLET:
Ok, my little imps. That's enough fun. Time to head in.
The imps shake of the water and then stand in a haphazard line looking at their mum.

SCARLET:
Follow me to the burrow. They walk across the glen to their burrow and file in.
Sunrise.

FADE TO BLACK

21 EXT. APPLE ORCHARD WITH HOLLOW LOG - SUNRISE
Sunrise
A white van pulls into the frame and stops.

22 INT. BONO WILDLIFE PRESERVE VAN - SUNRISE

Ominous gypsy swing music plays. A team of three men in khaki jumpsuits with a Bono Wildlife Preserve emblem and night vision goggles sit in van, awaiting moment to launch their plan.

HANK:

We had a report by the owner of this apple orchard that there were some Tasmanian Devils in need of a rescue.

WALT:

He thinks they are in that log over yonder.

JOE:

It seems rather rude of us to disturb them.

HANK:

Better us than an angry farmer with a shotgun.

JOE:

True. Our animal rescue service keeps a certain amount of peace between man and animal.

23 RETURN: EXT APPLE ORCHARD WITH HOLLOW LOG - SUNRISE

The three men emerge from a VAN parked at the edge of the desolate highway. They cross the terrain holding nets. Soon they arrive at the hollow log, with only Scarlet and the imps inside.

SCARLET:

Oh dear! Nobody's home!(she shouts to the men, then turning to the imps) You stay here, I'll try to distract them.

They pounce with their NETS. Scarlet runs underfoot out into the wilderness. They give chase, outstretched nets in hand. The men look around and side to side, then they spy her at the bottom of a hill. The hill is covered in fallen APPLES. A man steps forward and slips on the apples and rolls down the hill. She disappears again in a blur of motion. The men regain their footing and look around. This time, Scarlet is spotted back at the log. All four imps and Scarlet are outside the log. She give them a nod and they give the log a push.

(CONTINUED)

The men the walk towards the Tasmanian Devils in a line, the log is lodged out of position and rolls towards them swiftly knocking them down. Scarlet giggles and runs off towards a small stream which she leaps into, and swims across to the other side. The men are forced to wade in knee-deep water to cross the stream. In the meantime the imps climb up a nearby tree. Apples start to fall on the men, as they dodge out of the way, the slippery MUD of the bank underfoot causes them to slip and fall.

They are knocking into one another, rolling in the mud and getting caught in their own nets. Scarlet chuckles again. While she is laughing a man comes up from behind and snags her in the net.

In moments, they are all captured, and they are jaunting back to the VAN. Scarlet is seen through a plastic mesh door of a cylinder shaped, and clearly Tasmanian Devil proof CAGE, sitting in the back of the van, an all-white tube with a round hard-plastic door and a latch offering no place for her powerful jaws and teeth to clamp on to and bite through. The Bono team piles into the van with congratulatory accolades beaming back and forth with pats on the back, high fives and exclamations

FREEZE FRAME ON EACH CHARACTER WITH DISPLAY OF NAME.

Hank: Way to go! (Close up typically handsome with strong chin, 20's)

SUPERTITLE: HANK

Joe: We did it! (friendly, boyish face 20's, aborigine)

SUPERTITLE: JOE

Walt: Mission accomplished. (heavy dark eyebrows, slightly older 30ish).

SUPERTITLE: WALT

She screeches wildly and the sound echoes through the night. We see Bruno, by the water, pause and perk up his ears before breaking into a run back to the homestead, but it is too late. The log is askew, empty and abandoned. Bruno screeches, loudly into the night.

24

EXT./EXT IN THE VAN

A conversation between the men in the van ensues. Walt, Joe, Hank. Name tags on matching jumpsuits. Similar short haircuts.

WALT:

Well this little lass certainly gave us a run for our money!

JOE:

A run for the laundry is more like it. My wife is going to kill me! Do you think this stuff comes out?

WALT:

You mean mud? It's just dirt Joe. No worries.

HANK:

Did you see her climb that tree? It was really something!

WALT:

Surprising little imp!

Bruno hears the van engine starting in the distance and runs toward the sound and gives chase.

JOE:

Imp? I thought they were Joeys? She has a pouch.

HANK:

No, they're called pups.

Walt stops the van and turns around to face Eli in the back seat to make his point.

WALT:

There is no way you could call one of those things a pup. Why dogs are the sweetest, most loyal creatures on God's green earth. Ever try to get a Tasmanian to fetch a stick? Well don't bother. It certainly won't. They're anti social creatures and there's no way no how anyone is calling a baby Tasmanian Devil a pup.

(CONTINUED)

Bruno uses the moment to hop on the back and climb the back ladder and nestles himself in the equipment packed on top of the vehicle.

JOE:

Me mum called 'em pups, Beelzebub's
Pups. There was a batch of them
born in a back shed near our
cottage. They were a playful lot...
if you stayed away from those jaws.

Walt lurched the car forward a bit on the break. Bruno loses his footing, but holds on tight.

HANK:

I like the name imps. It fits the
little devils.

JOE:

Now that's not even fair. Who says
they're devils? Why not Angels?

WALT:

That's a riot! Tasmanian Angels!
Tell that to your wife as she
cleans the mud out of your jumper.

Walt is laughing so hard he's red in the face. Hank joins in with a chuckle, Joe is silently trying to form an argument. The van continues on the road into the darkness of the night. Gypsy swing music plays.

JOE:

Well, no doubt about it, they have
spirit. That must count for
something in this world.

FADE TO BLACK:

25

EXT. SUPERTITLE: BONO WILDLIFE PRESERVE, THE NEXT MORNING.

The VAN is parked outside and Bruno's tail is visible amongst the equipment packed on top. A FLYING BIRD'S SHADOW SOARS OVER THE GROUND He shakes off some visibly cloudy dust. Birds are chirping. The Australian landscape is visibly stunning and the sunlight is soft. Bruno peaks over the edge looking for a way down, he spies a branch from an overhanging tree, leaps, grasps hold and climbs his way down to the ground. He walks the perimeter of the FENCE line of the outside grounds of a modern wildlife preserve facility. Sniffing the air he's on the lookout for his accosted love, Scarlet. A bird swoops overhead nearly missing him, it's a

(CONTINUED)

swift parrot (A FAST-TALKING BIRD). Bruno ducks and bites at the air.

SWIFT PARROT:
Good day stranger! What brings you here?

BRUNO:

What? (surprised) My mate Scarlet and our pups were taken here.

The swift parrot lands on a nearby tree branch and clears his throat before speaking again.

SWIFT PARROT:
Don't worry lad, they're alright here, for humans. They consider themselves on our side.

BRUNO:
I've had run-ins with the humans before,

SWIFT PARROT:
(laughs) silly humans are inclined to give her a name and dress her up in party hats and take her picture to amuse themselves.

BRUNO:
Strewth.

SWIFT PARROT:
I myself stayed there a bit with a broken wing. They called me Clementine. I was attacked by a voracious sugar-glider with some attitude out in the wild. He blindsided me and I plummeted to the ground, my wing would barely flutter, I couldn't fly and was separated from my flock. Some kind-hearted soul saw me walking around in that state and called them up for some help. Wouldn't know what I'd do without them. I might not have made it.

BRUNO:
Survival often requires assistance, coming from the strangest of places sometimes. Who knows?

(CONTINUED)

SWIFT PARROT:

The world is a strange place, the humans are mucking it up, and then we need them for the solutions to our problems.

BRUNO:

Drongos, you can say that again

SWIFT PARROT:

They just look you up and down and compassionately take care of your needs. I'd never seen a wombat or a kangaroo go out of their way to help another animal, but they've not caused the degree of problems either.

BRUNO:

Tell me about it.

SWIFT PARROT:

You know, I've seen your kind at Robbert's Island. It's a nice dry climate full of forests and costals woods.

BRUNO:

Oh how I long for the days wandering in the quiet, shady woods.

SWIFT PARROT:

Ah, well mate. You can actually WALK to the island when the tide is low in the spring. You should take the family up there.

BRUNO:

No one would bother us up there, you think?

SWIFT PARROT:

It's a quiet place, it might do quite nicely for you.

BRUNO:

Well, something to dream about. (pause) I'm glad you're on the mend. Hoping for the best, mate.

(CONTINUED)

SWIFT PARROT:
Righto, good day!

OVERHEAD MOTION/DRONE SHOT

And with that, the bird flys off into the sky, Bruno watches him glide over the wildlife preserve. We see a birds-eye-view of his perspective of the preserve. Gypsy swing music plays. The kangaroos roam freely in the open yard, koalas cling in the eucalyptus trees, wombats digging around in their pins, the humans going about their duties on the grounds in kaki jumpsuits, the medical lab for veterinary care is clearly labeled "Bono Wildlife Preserve: Lab" with animals being cared for in view through the window. He flys around overhead looking at different areas of the preserve until the audience gets a basic overview of the site and then he rises up high, caws loudly, flys into the air and heads towards a mountain vista and out of sight.

FADE TO WHITE

26 INT. THE LAB AT BONO WILDLIFE PRESERVE - DAY

A chipper blond, fresh looking with pony-tail, in a white lab coat, goggles and gloves with a name tag reading "Vicki" is prodding Scarlet in her cage.

The Joeys peak out shyly. One crawls out and wanders around a bit. Scarlet is still out cold and non-responsive. Vicki gives one a pellet of food which it nibbles from her hand. The lab room door opens and in walks in Walt, Joe and Hank.

WALT:
I see our new patient is out cold.

He reaches over and tickles Scarlet's unmoving paw.

VICKI:
Her joeys are scampering about over there.

HANK:
I told you they were called joeys.

WALT:
This little devil was climbing that tree and running circles around us.

VICKI:
Where are your jumpsuits?

(CONTINUED)

WALT:

It's a long story.

VICKI:

Well, Hannah is due to arrive here around ten o'clock and we need everything to be ship-shape. That's the sort of thing she'll take off points for.

WALT:

Points?

VICKI:

She has a clipboard. It has a checklist of things to look for.

WALT:

Things? I don't like the way this is going. Why do we have to listen to her again? It's not like she does anything to help around here, and all her ideas are completely at odds with what we do do.

HANK:

(laughs) do do. That's part of the job around here for sure.

WALT:

In more ways than one. That bird Hannah may not clean it up, but she sure knows how to shovel it.

VICKI:

Watch your attitude.

WALT:

The more we try to please that clipboard and present a "face" that meets her mall-rat expectations, the worse it is for the animals. Remember when she wanted to place the Tasmanian Devils with the Dingos? Or wanted to have a petting zoo during the day with nocturnal animals? I've just about had it with her helpful suggestions.

VICKI:

Please, just let me know your issues and we can work around it eventually. Half of her ideas she

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICKI: (cont'd)
forgets by the time she hops into
her jeep and takes off.

HANK:
This little devil had us running
about by the river and they're
covered in mud.

VICKI:
Oh, (giggles) she had you running
in circles did she?

JOE:
Let's get the lady into her new
quarters before she wakes up.

WALT:
Aw , we'll sus it out alright.

FADE OUT. INT/EXT - HANNA'S JEEP - DAY

A cloud of dust, a jeep speeding down a dirt road kicking up
dirt in it's wake. Animals jumping to the wayside. She
passes a yellow TASMANIAN DEVIL CROSSING SIGN (street sign).
She's driving with one hand putting on LIPSTICK with the
other. She swerves nearly missing a lizard.

HANNAH:
Bloody Oath!

Her lipstick has fallen to the floorboard. She smears her
lips with her finger, looking in the rearview mirror. The
car screeches to a jerky halt. She's arrived. She steps out,
her high-heeled OPEN TOED SANDALS touch the rocky parking
lot. She Straightens her sunhat and grabs her CLIPBOARD,
SUNHAT and PURSE from the passenger seat.

HANNAH:
Hello? Anybody there? (sing-songy
voice) It's me Hannah!

FADE TO BLACK

27 EXT. BONO WILDLIFE PRESERVE - MORNING

Hannah approaches the entry gate of the Bono Wildlife
preserve. She slaps her hand fiercely on her neck as if to
kill a mosquito, but visibly missing her target. She looks
at her hand disappointed. She walks into the open courtyard
of the preserve. The kangaroos visibly scatter. Birds caw
and fly out of sight. She approaches Joe who is feeding a

(CONTINUED)

quoll in its quarters. The quoll playfully climbs on his shoulder. Joe turns to see Hannah very close behind him. He gives a start and jumps with surprise.

JOE:

Hello miss! Good day to you!

HANNAH:

Hello! Good day!

Hannah straightens her posture and glances at her clip board.

HANNAH:

I see you are feeding the animals and seem to be on schedule.

JOE:

Ah, yes miss. This here's a tiger quoll or spotted tail quoll (*Dasyurus maculatus*), lives in south-eastern Australia. Its diet is dominated by mammals such as brushtail possums, rabbits and hares. I'm giving him a bit of rabbit today. Would you care to feed him yourself, miss?

He extends a rubber gloved hand towards Hannah holding a bloody slice of raw rabbit meat from a bucket. She recoils in disgust.

HANNAH:

Ah, no thanks. You are doing a fine job of it.

JOE:

Thank you miss. It's a good way to make friends with the animals. We have a petting program where visitors can pay a fee and have some one on one time with them. They can give them a bit of meat, let them crawl about a bit on your shoulder. Its all good fun.

The quoll nibbles on some meat which is gruesomely hanging from its jaws. It seems to smile and makes some chattering noises, then leaps from Joe's shoulder onto Hannah's hat and runs about the brim. Hannah reacts by spinning and swinging her arms about in big motions swatting herself on the head.

HANNAH:
Ooooooh! Get off!

The quoll is visibly dizzy, standing on one paw, dazed trying to regain its balance. Joe grabs towards the quoll and misses, awkwardly grabbing and crushing Hannah's hat. Joe looks at his hands, he's holding the hat, he looks at Hannah, her hair is comically frizzy and out of place, he quickly places the hat back on her head, he looks at her face, she is bemused but trying to maintain her dignity, the quoll is on the ground, he looks dizzy and out of balance, recovers, looks at Joe, and crawls up his leg and returns to his shoulder. Joe looks at the quoll, shrugs, hands him a slice of rabbit.

JOE:
You all right miss? These animals really keep you on your toes.

HANNAH:
Hmm-mph

JOE:
Here, this is a little thing I came up with. (He hands her an orange) There are some jerky treats inside. The Tasmanian Devils like to play around with their food and it looks a bit nicer than the raw rabbit.

HANNAH:
Do I just toss it in? (before she gets a reply, with an awkward girl throw, she aims at the imps and lets go) Hey little devils!

JOE:
Watch 'em dig in!

HANNAH:
That's more like it.

JOE:
Yes. They're a bit wild alright. Ah, have you seen Vicki? I bet she can bring you up to speed about the goings on here. Let me give her a call.

He reaches for a walkie talkie on his tool belt and speaks into the mike.

(CONTINUED)

JOE:
Breaker Breaker Code ballbreaker I
repeat code ballbreaker

HANNAH:
What was that you said?

JOE:
Ah, nothing miss. I believe Vicky
will be with you shortly.

Joe swings back and forth and cracks his knuckles, whistles softly and looks to the sky. Hannah regains her composure and turns her attention to the quoll's pen.

HANNAH:
These quarters are fairly
bare-bones. I don't see any of the
required updates I recommended in
my email. For instance, the ground
cover is just dirt, and that pile
of rocks in the corner is
unsightly. We want all the animals
to have miniature aboriginal wood
shacks, it will be adorable. The
visitors will love it.

JOE:
But miss, quolls tend to prefer
rock dens more than dens made out
of wood.

HANNAH:
Well, they'll just have to adapt.

Joe shrugs and shakes his head. He points to the pen next door to the quoll's.

JOE:
There is a wood shack here like the
one you want. I make it myself,
classic Australian architecture.

Scarlet is still out cold, lying on her back with her feet comically in the air underneath a thatched roof held up by three sticks. Hannah peers into the pen and then marks something on her clipboard. She leans over the edge to get a closer look.

HANNAH:
Uh, I hate to be the one to tell
you this, but I think your
Tasmanian Devil is dead.

JOE:

What? No! Oh, miss, that's just a Tasmanian Devil we picked up last night. The anesthesia hasn't worn off. She'll be right. A healthy one that is. She can run and climb like a true sport.

Scarlet TWITCHES and moves in a disoriented state as she wakes up from the anesthesia. She looks about and runs to the hut out of sight. Joe steps in with his bucket of bloody rabbit and extends his hand into the hut with a slice of meat. Scarlet emerges and Joe pets her on the head.

JOE:

This one is fit. She has some joeys too. She'll be here for a spell I think.

HANNAH:

Joeys? I'll have to let the University know. That is exciting.

She makes some notes on her clipboard. Vicki approaches in the distance pacing across the grounds. She's slightly out of breath.

VICKI:

Hello! You're early! So glad to see you! Would you like a cup of coffee?

HANNAH:

Hello Vicki. Yes, I had something come up this afternoon, so I thought I'd make some good time and get things here over with. Unfortunately, it seems that you really are falling short of our expectations. (sigh) I don't even know where to start.

VICKI:

Fair Dinkum? (Handing her a cup of coffee) We are actually exceeding our expectations lately, keeping on a schedule and making gains with the animals... We've been having a fair go of it.

HANNAH:

From what I've seen so far, your idea of exceeding expectations is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH: (cont'd)
fairly lackluster. Your drugged up
Tasmanian Devil for example. She's
an absolute mess. Imagine if
children were here seeing this
animal, I thought she was dead.

A bleary eyed scarlet looks up.

POV shot of blurr Scarlet vision.

uncomprehendingly, as the center of attention. She wobbles a
bit, standing on one leg for balance. Her imps begin
crawling from her pouch onto her back. She turns her back on
the humans, kicks up some dust in their direction and walks
back into the shade of her "aboriginal hut" unseen.

JOE:
(chuckles) She's a feisty one that.
We'll pamper her a bit and she'll
be a main attraction I bet. No
worries, miss.

VICKI:
Let's continue with our tour.

We are in the petting zoo section.
If you look up you can see several
Tawny Frogmouth birds up in the
trees. They camouflage very well
with the branches if they turn
around. See that one, he's facing
towards us. He's round and those
large beaks look like he's
eternally smiling.

They look up at the branches. The birds caw lazily from the
branches.

VICKY:
Would you care to pet one? They're
very friendly. Just offer them a
bit of seed and they'll hop around
in your hand.

Vicki retrieves a bird and demonstrates the feeding.

VICKY:
For about forty extra dollars on
the tour, visitors cans spend
quality time with one of theses
birds.

(CONTINUED)

She gestures to hand the bird to Hannah who jolts, scaring the bird, which flies back into the tree and nuzzles his face away from their view into a tree.

VICKI:

Oh my, I guess he's feeling shy.
Perhaps we should move on to the
sugar glider?

They walk along to the next pen

VICKI:

This little guy has the most
adorable eyes. He's nocturnal, eats
mostly fruit, and can "fly" from
tree to tree using flaps of skin
that work like hang-gliding wings,
much like a flying squirrel. Here,
feed it some fruit.

She hands Hannah a kiwi fruit slice and then passes the glider on to Hannah, who reluctantly feeds the glider, holding it in her hand.

HANNAH:

They do have lovely eyes. They'd
look great in promotion.

He's tickling my hand...

Hannah looks down at her hands and frowns

HANNAH:

It's, it's pee!

Hannah frantically drops the sugar glider that falls to the ground with a thud. He lies still on the soft ground for a moment stunned. Then he runs off through the preserve grounds out of sight.

HANNAH:

I'm taking over this operation due
to your incompetence.

VICKY:

What more could we be doing? The
animals are fed, sheltered and
cared for, better than many humans
here on this preserve, why this is
the easy life for these animals. We
do the best we can and its a joyful
place because of that.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH:
This place is a joke.

VICKI:
Is this the final decision?

HANNAH:
Signed, sealed and delivered from my lips.

VICKI:
Shouldn't there be a hearing, or some line of communication to express our grievances?

HANNAH:
Oh, you'll be hearing from people.

VICKI:
We've met every expectation you've given us and beyond. I realize sometimes there's been a little friction, but that is natural with any collaboration of people.

HANNAH:
You've barely kept up with your basic duties.

VICKI:
Compulsory schemes are not all it takes to plan a functional wildlife park.

HANNAH:
Watch your tone with me.

VICKI:
I'm just saying that an organic approach is sometimes best.

HANNAH:
You say a lot.

VICKI:
We live in tenuous times, where these animals depend on our research and service to simply survive.

HANNAH:
This operation could be a treasure-trove of tourism with the right presentation.

VICKI:

but...

HANNAH:

You have no vision, and the animals are shabby mongrels with no appeal to our market base.

VICKI:

Market base?

HANNAH:

We need to restructure the entire operation. We're re-decorating.

Close up on Hannah's determined face

28 EXT. BONO WILDLIFE PRESERVE - NIGHT

Bruno and a quoll named Rocky stand side by side outside a wall with a LIT SIGN saying "BONO WILDLIFE PRESERVE"

ROCKY QUOLL:

Now let me get this straight, you left her, but then you're chasing after her? You need to get inside the gate?

BRUNO:

Its complicated. I'm a Tasmanian Devil, it's what we do. It was time to go on my own, but I want to make sure she's alright.

ROCKY QUOLL:

I understand mate, we quolls are the same way. We need our space. It's better that way. I need in, to see my Lucy Bell.

BRUNO:

How are we going to sneak in undetected?

ROCKY QUOLL:

I think I know a way. (looking up at the building) Let's go one at a time. Follow my lead.

(CONTINUED)

They cross the yard commando-style one at a time on their bellies. 2x speed for comic effect, darting behind rocks, trash cans, trees and items in the scape. Motion floodlights turn off and on, but they go undetected in the shadows. The pair climb up a rain-pipe and onto the roof of the Lab.

ROCKY QUOLL:

I didn't know those owls aren't real. (looks eye to eye with plastic owl) My life is a lie!!!

BRUNO:

Well, what do you know? (He nods politely at the owl) Clever, and perfectly terrifying for those down below.

ROCKY QUOLL:

Righto mate.

BRUNO:

There must be a way into this place.

ROCKY QUOLL:

Yes, I can squeeze in almost anywhere. I'm not sure about a big brute such as yourself. Let's look at that glass. (they approach a skylight, lit from the room below)

BRUNO:

Look down here! (he peers through a skylight) Scarlet! (he bumps his nose on the glass) Scarlet!

View of his shouting her name with muffled sound from opposite side of the glass below.

ROCKY QUOLL:

Ah, you've found your sweetheart!

Gypsy swing music ensues as Bruno looks down on Scarlet in her artificial den. She is lost in thought, then looks up in Bruno's direction. Their eyes meet.

Bruno leans deeper on the skylight glass. They gaze at one another for a moment longer. His weight pops the glass out in one piece, the glass falls through and he follows into her den on soft dirt and straw on the ground below. He is stunned for a moment. He stands to his feet and goes toward Scarlet.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:

I made it! We are reunited my love!

SCARLET:

Even though you left, I'm glad we're reunited.

BRUNO:

I thought you would stay at the log and we would share territory.

SCARLET:

I couldn't wait another moment. I'm so glad you are here.

BRUNO:

We want to be careful.

SCARLET:

I'm not sure what you mean by that.

BRUNO:

I mean, I care what happens to us.

ROCKY QUOLL:

Hello! (peering in from the skylight hole in the rooftop)
Hello down there!

The Tasmanian Devils look up at Rocky Quoll. Rocky makes his way into the room like a gymnast. He jumps from the ceiling to a dangling track light.

ROCKY QUOLL:

Hot! Hot! Hot!

Rocky jumps from the HOT TRACK LIGHT, to an OVERSTUFFED CHAIR, to a sink where he cools his paws.

BRUNO:

Hello friend! (to Scarlet) Let me introduce Rocky Quoll.

ROCKY:

How do you do?

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:

Pleased to meet you.

Rocky scampers in the direction of the Tasmanian Devils, across counters and floors with wet paws scattering items in his wake.

ROCKY QUOLL:

I'm here on a similar quest. I'm looking for my Lucy Bell.

SCARLET:

Lucy Bell? I think she's out in the yard, near the kangaroos. There's a petting zoo...

ROCKY QUOLL:

Righto. (he scampers off in one direction leaving destruction in his wake) Thanks!

FADE TO BLACK

29

INT. THE LAB - NEXT MORNING

Gypsy swing music plays. A panorama morning scene, pausing on items in succession: The door, the desk, the lab table, the broken skylight, Scarlet and Bruno asleep. A sunbeam across Bruno's face makes him wake up.

VICKI:

Well look who's here?

Vicki leans over and pets the sleeping Tasmanian devils on the head.

their eyes blink open

Hannah peers over Vicki's shoulder.

HANNAH:

I see star quality here.

VICKI:

What?

HANNAH:

Who's the little Romeo? Why didn't I see him yesterday? This is a fabulous pair with their cute little ankle biters.

(CONTINUED)

She starts taking photographs of the simi-awakened Tasmanian Devils. Stills of them with various expressions.

VICKI:
Is this part of the restructuring?

HANNAH:

If you had any vision, this sort of thing wouldn't pass you by.

Bruno wakes up and shifts his weight around before jaunting around the den. He frolics with one of the imps on the ground and then in sped-up Time-lapse the family awakens and plays around the den. Gypsy swing music plays.

FADE TO WHITE

30 THOUGHT VERSES REALITY

VICKI:
What's this on your desk?

HANK:

I wanted to get a Toyota for my birthday. A friend gave me this. What a riot.

VICKI:
You know, in some situations all
you need is a TOY YODA.

Continues to converse with toy Yoda on Hank's desk, holding the miniature in her hand, moving it from side to side.

VICKI:

Yoda, we need your help!

VICKI (AS YODA):

Stay and help you, I will

VICKI:
I need your wisdom to guide me on
my quest

VICKI (AS YODA)

pull you through, I will. the force, I use
Hank laughs

(CONTINUED)

HANK:

Yeah, that's all I need. Thanks!

VICKI (AS YODA):
May the Force Be With You.

HANK:
Hey Vicki, you're real good at
doing voices.

VICKI:
Thanks!

HANK:
It's funny, how these characters
from a kid's meal or random gift
ends up on my desk and there's a
little personality that wasn't
there before.

Vicki picks up a Tasmanian Devil action figure from his desk
and lunges it towards bugs bunny

VICKI:
Beware of the TASMANIAN DEVIL a
vicious ravenous brute with
powerful jaws like a steel trap.

HANK:
(Chuckles) That's hilarious!

Vicki shrugs off the complement.

(possible awkward improvisation dialog with other toys on
desk)

HANK:
I never see you watch the telly
you're always working at the
refuge.

VICKI:
Ah, my exciting night life that
you've never seen.

HANK:

I imagine it involves more than just watching the telly,
that would be a crime. All that imagination...

(CONTINUED)

VICKI:
I'm a dreamer and a schemer, that's
about it. Day and night.

HANK:
Then we should dream and scheme
big.

Joe walks in the room with an empty feed bucket and a
ring-tailed quoll on his shoulder. It's Rocky Quoll.

JOE:
Goodday mates!

HANK:
You seem in good spirits.

JOE:
Just doin' the rounds. (he hands Rocky a peanut) Lot's to
look after, with the animals getting rearranged about the
grounds.

lab is packed with a variety of animals in stacked square
cages against one wall. Cacophony of animal sounds.

VICKI:
Don't worry, it's only temporary.

JOE:
Temporary insanity. That's how I
like it.

VICKI:
Who's this little guy?

JOE:
Why, this guy's Rocky. He's all
over the grounds. He's here
visiting Lucy Bell.

VICKI:
Our Lucy Bell? (she gestures
towards a cage) She's so shy, you'd
never know she had a beau.

JOE:
He's been crawling in the air duct.

VICKI:
Really? That shows determination.
(reaching for Rocky)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICKI: (cont'd)
Perhaps he could use a medical
examination?

JOE:
If you must. (hands Rocky to Vicki)
You must.

VICKI:
We can't have him fraternizing with
the other animals without his
shots.

JOE:
Of course.

VICKI:
Which reminds me of our Tasmanian
Devil friend as well.

Camera pans to their ground-level wire pen with dirt/brush
flooring in the lab. Bruno is sleeping peacefully with the
family.

JOE:
He came in through the skylight.
(looking up) That'll have to be
repaired.

VICKI:
Oh wow!

JOE:
He has a chip on him. He's been
through the system. His collar says
#19, he's from the University, I
wonder what that is about.

VICKI:
It might be important, I'll give
them a call.

JOE:
I've been thinking his name should
be Bruno. It suits him don't you
think?

VICKI:
Bruno, it sounds great!

JOE:
It just came to me. You think he's
alright?

VICKI:
I'll take his blood.

Close up of Bruno and Scarlet face to face in profile, lying down.

BRUNO:
Scarlet, (lips barely moving)
are you awake?

SCARLET:
Yes (eyes still closed) are you
listening to the humans?

BRUNO:
Yes.

SCARLET:
What do you make of all their silly
talk?

BRUNO:
The sooner we get out of here the
better.

SCARLET:
Oh, I think the imps need more
time.

BRUNO:
I just want to stand with you at
the top of Mount St. Clair and
scream in the wind.

SCARLET:
So different from here.

BRUNO:
Let's break free.

SCARLET:
Let's form a plan.

BRUNO:
Let's break a window.

SCARLET:
Let's have breakfast first.

BRUNO:
What's on the menu?

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:
Fresh rabbit.

BRUNO:
Nice, and how about a stroll around
the grounds afterward?

SCARLET:
No stroll. This small space is it.

Bruno opens his eyes and looks around.

BRUNO:
Which reminds me, we must get out
of this place.

SCARLET:
You really have a one track mind.

BRUNO:
You know it. (he kisses her and
they wrestle around) Anywhere is
fine, as long as I'm with you.

(The imps join in crawling on the
adults' shoulders and nipping) and
these guys!

SCARLET:
Oh no, I'm outnumbered.

They continue to wrestle and run around the pen. There are
toys like balls, sticks and beanbags which they crawl around
on and bite.

JOE:
Look whose awake (holding out
rabbit in a gloved hand) Who's
hungry?

The devils sit at attention up on their haunches and look up
in Joe's direction

JOE:
That's more like it. (dropping the
meat) here you go

BRUNO:
At least this establishment has
room service.

SCARLET:
It's fresh and boneless.

BRUNO:
Delicious.

JOE:
Goodday Mate.

BRUNO:
(screeches)

Joe feeds the other Tasmanian devils in the nearby area and returns to Bruno.

JOE:
Now look here. We've got to get you in for some blood-work, or out you go. Our hospitality requires that we look after your health before sending you back out into the wild.

Bruno screeches and backs into the corner of the pen. Joe grabs Bruno by the tail and holds him upside down, suspended in the air.

JOE:
Now here's a little laughing gas to put you out. (he places a gas mask on Bruno's face) There.

BLUR

31 INT. BRUNO'S MIND

Pink-walled room - Bruno is the sole creature in the room. His interior voice echoes in a monologue. Hand-held camera movements around the subject, psychedelic lights. Gypsy swing music plays with an operatic chorus: Oooooooo
Oooooooo Oooooo

BRUNO:

What is the meaning of life? (question marks float into scene)...Why are we here?... What strife, to what end?... (close up of Bruno's eyes) Does knowledge evolve from experience of the mind?... (a mind within a mind infinitely mirrored) Must I make meaning in a meaningless world?... (long shot of Bruno from a distance) Am I responsible for giving meaning to my life?... (multiple shots of Bruno from different camera angles, deadpan expression) Can I live sincerely? (a tear drips from Bruno's eye) Is nature

(CONTINUED)

unknowable?... (his tear falls into a stream of running water, that becomes a larger river) Is nothing to be discovered? At any point in time, (Clock with second hand ticking) anything can happen!... (lightning/crash sound) Values change, responsibilities change... (sound of heartbeat) I only have myself. (Bruno stands up, medium shot, portrait, surreal empty landscape behind him, tumble weeds drift by)

HYPNOTIC SPIRAL

32 INT. LAB

Scarlet's face CLOSE UP

SCARLET:
Bruno, are you alright?

Bruno's Face CLOSE UP

BRUNO:
I'm waking up from an
existentialist nightmare!

SCARLET:
No wonder you look blitz.

BRUNO:
I think I came to terms with
something that's been bothering me.

SCARLET:
Life's meaning?

BRUNO:
Exactly.

SCARLET:
I'm glad you've got that sorted.

BRUNO:
Yeah, it feels good.

SCARLET:
Mind if I ask what you discovered?

BRUNO:
Well, it's difficult to put into
words. (he nudges her
affectionately) but, let's just say
I can enjoy the absurdity.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:
Forget I asked.

Hannah enters the room.

HANNAH:
It's showtime!

Hannah leans over the edge of the pen.

HANNAH:
You are coming with me on tour!

In walks a guy with a camera, one with a microphone and another with a lights, and a walkie-talkie.

HANNAH:
Come on guys. Let's get this recorded.

Cameras and lights are suddenly inches from the Tasmanian Devils, invading their "comfort zone"

disoriented hand-held camera

The Tasmanian devils are the center of attention, stand as a group while they are observed.

Scarlet and Bruno dialog through the side of their mouths while holding physically still in place.

BRUNO:

They are taking our picture.

SCARLET:
We're surrounded.

BRUNO:
Remember to stand tall and smile.

Scarlet smiles, but her fearsome teeth look menacing.

BRUNO:
Better yet, stand tall and give them a soulful look from your eyes.

Scarlet Stands straight as the flash bulbs and lights waver around her, three cameras moving close and far, camera men hovering and circulating around her. Gypsy swing music plays. POV Shots. Wide angle of room.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH:

That's it, get them from different angles, and in close up. (points around, frames shot with thumbs)
This will look great on youtube!
Let's take them on a walk around the grounds.

FADE TO WHITE

33 EXT. BONO WILDLIFE PRESERVE KANGAROO GROUNDS - DAY

Scarlet and Bruno walk the kangaroo grounds, with Hannah and her team following them like the paparazzi. Fellini-type entourage.

Montage of a variety of shots of them on a stroll

Music by "The Clean" plays "Anything Can Happen"

Suddenly Bruno and Scarlet are on a boat riding along the Tasmanian coast, sunglasses on, spraybottle mist, and filmed by large crew.

Sunglasses riding on MOTOR SCOOTER.

In SUNGLASSES sharing a DRINK with STRAWS at a TABLE by the water with sunset in background.

Walking side by side on a cliff-side edge, by a lake, on a path in a park, by a nighttime fire.

The pair are in a PROP CONVERTIBLE CAR car Bruno driving, behind them is a GREEN SCREEN showing them venturing on a variety of roadways in succession.

Montage ends with them in a film studio

Behind set Bruno jumping for a treat, then climbing in the arms of Hannah, half-closed eyes, relaxed. Hannah scratches his ear.

FADE TO BLACK WITH HOLE

34 INT: THE TASMANIAN DEVIL LUXURY DEN - NIGHT

HOLE OPENS TO SCENE

Bruno and Scarlet are together in their new digs lying on velvet cushions, beaded curtains, aboriginal artwork, faux thatched roof pergola, fountains, colored lights, lava lamps, the works.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:
Ah, this is the life!

SCARLET:
Bruno, I think you're getting
carried away.

BRUNO:
These humans do all the work for
us, we're in the lap of luxury!

SCARLET:
What about your precious freedom?

BRUNO:
We have adventure AND room service.
I wonder what Hannah has planned
for us tomorrow? Maybe scuba
diving!

SCARLET:
Bruno, you've changed.

BRUNO:
Or maybe we could get her to take
us on an airplane!

SCARLET:
An airplane? That'd be cool.

BRUNO:
Or a Rocket!

SCARLET:
I really don't know what's happened
to you Bruno. (sighs) You're
shallow and enthusiastic.

BRUNO:
I'm just accepting the present
reality, baby.

SCARLET:
My, my

The aboriginal artwork parts ways on the back wall to open
up to a window with a crowd of people standing on the other
side viewing them like a zoo exhibit.

SCARLET:
It looks like we are the center of
attention.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:
What's not to like? We're stars!

SCARLET:
I wonder what these people want
from us?

BRUNO:
Why, we're gorgeous! Its completely
understandable.

SCARLET:
So we just go about our lives being
admired?

BRUNO:
Yes.

SCARLET:
And live in luxury forever?

BRUNO:
Nothing lasts forever, my dear,
except the fact that we make our
own reality.

SCARLET:
Change is eternal

BRUNO:
And truth is mere circumspect.

SCARLET:
I want shady woods and hollow log!

BRUNO:
All in due time. (he does a spin
and takes a bow for the spectators)
For now, let's just relax and enjoy
the attention.

Scarlet casually bats a ball on the floor with her paw. She looks at the crowd through the glass, a little girl catches her eye and smiles. Scarlet bats the ball to the girl. The girl presses her nose against the glass and looks down. An imp crawls on the ball. The crowd oohs and aws.

SCARLET:
There's something sweet about these
humans, the way they admire simple
interactions.

BRUNO:

They love to see life in action.
It's like they can only express it
if they see it first.

SCARLET:

I think I know what you mean.

Two of the imps are now crawling on the ball, one falls off
clumsily. The crowd laughs.

SCARLET:

What's so funny?

BRUNO:

That little stumble was surprising
and real. That's also humanity.
Check it.

Bruno shakes his butt at the crowd and gets a laugh. He does
a little dance, and then does a few more tricks in
succession. The crowd goes wild. Scarlet hiss-laughes.

Cheerful gypsy swing music plays.

FADE TO BLACK

35 EXT. BONO WILDLIFE PRESERVE MERCH TABLE

Giftshop full of Tasmanian Devil merch featuring a logo with
Scarlet and Bruno's face portraits on a table with mylar
balloons tied to the end; T-shirts, pennants, coffee mugs,
buttons and posters are on display. Previous scene plays on
a large screen HD mounted on the wall. Hank is at the
cashier desk wearing a top hat with a Tasmanian Devil logo
on the top circular area.

HANK:

Oh, Crap!

HANNAH:

What's wrong.

HANK:

Oh, hi Hannah. Nothing.

HANNAH:

Well, wipe that frown off your
face. We need to move all of this
new merchandise.

(CONTINUED)

HANK:

I'm not sure this is in my job description. I'm more of an animal caretaker than a, uh...

HANNAH:

You are a Bono Wildlife Preserve representative and all of our guests exit through the gift shop. Just smile and be on hand. The rest should take care of itself.

HANK:

Uh, OK.

Hank musters a smile briefly, but then returns to a dead-pan expression. He plays musingly with a Tasmanian devil action figure on the counter.

A visitor walks up to the counter.

VISITOR:

Hello, I'd like a Bono coffee mug and face-mask please.

HANK:

Let me see. Here you go. (He places the mug on the counter and suddenly remembers to smile)
That'll be ten dollars.

VISITOR:

Here you go. Do you gift wrap?

HANK:

I don't think so.

he places the mug in a gift bag and gently pushes it toward the visitor) Have a nice day.

VISITOR:

Thank you.

HANK:

Your very welcome.

Hank looks up and sees Vicki walking in the doorway, for the first time we see him smile sincerely

VICKI:

Hank! I'm sorry that you're working in the gift shop.

(CONTINUED)

He takes a bow, showing the logo atop his hat. Vicki giggles.

HANK:

Could I interest you in one of our many items? This cute little Tasmanian Devil perhaps?

VICKI:

Will you hate me if I am interested?

HANK:

Not at all. In that case, I'll put it on my desk. You can come by and continue the entertainment.

VICKI:

Well, supposedly all of this stuff will help bring in revenue for the park.

HANK:

More revenue for the park that is falling apart because the staff is selling crap instead of tending the park.

VICKI:

Uh.

HANK:

Nevermind.

VICKI:

That reminds me, I do need to tend to things. (she gives him a big smile) Thanks for holding down the fort here.

Vicki runs out the door. Hank looks disappointed and then he grins, placing the Tasmanian devil action figure in his pocket. He dusts off his immediate area with a new enthusiasm.

36

EXT. PROMOTION FAIR - DAY

The camera pans back to first show the merch counter among other display tables at the fair: Photo booth, Safety, Wildlife Preservation, Volunteering, Dunk Tank, Darts, etc. Pan back more to show entire grounds of the park set up for a carnival there are a few rides, a stage, a dining

(CONTINUED)

area. Hannah walks to the foreground looking pleased. She walks through the fair to a large gate with a long line of visitors waiting to get inside.

HANNAH:

Ok, this is it. (talking to herself) The beginning of a new chapter of the Bono Wildlife Preserve.

Hannah nervously adjusts her SUNHAT. She stands at the GATE with her hands on the lock.

HANNAH:

Hello! Welcome to the Bono Wildlife Preserve! Enjoy!

The people in the line are restless and pushing into one another. Close up of a variety of visitor/vacationer types.

an awkward high school BRASS BAND plays in the distance.

At the gate two scientists in white lab coats, holding a metal suitcase file in past Hannah.

Behind the scientist stands the apple truck driver that drove Scarlet and Bruno to to orchard, behind him is the race-car driver and two mechanics, then a mixed crowd.

SCIENTIST #1:

Hello, I believe you have specimen #19 on the premises?

VICKI:

Um, Oh! you mean our Tasmanian Devil, Bruno?

SCIENTIST #1:

Correct. We'd like to do a check-up, right away.

VICKI:

Uh, we're in the middle of our Promotion Festival. Can it wait?

Silence, pause.

Scientist #1:

We located him here with our GPS microchip locator. He is part of some valuable research on a disease that is wiping out his species.

(CONTINUED)

VICKI:
(cough) Right this way.

Vicki directs them through a sparkly curtain to a small auditorium with Hannah directing Bruno (wearing a Hawaiian shirt like Spuds McKenzie) through a series of tricks on a stage. There's a drummer to the side of the stage playing a suspenseful drum roll. Bruno jumps through a hoop of fire, climbs a ladder to a diving board and jumps into a pool of water. The crowd claps. The scientists (standing at the back) also clap.

Sign goes up: Come back in 30 minutes for the next show.

Race Car driver emerges from the audience and approaches Hannah and Bruno. Hannah is drying off Bruno by the side of the pool and giving him a dog-biscuit type treat.

Race Car Driver:
Hello Mam. I believe I know your friend here?

HANNAH:
Why Hello!

RACE CAR DRIVER:
May I? (he gestures toward Bruno tentatively) I'd like to say hi.

HANNAH:
Oh, sure!

RACE CAR DRIVER:

Hello there! (he scratches Bruno behind the ear) Hello! I see you waste no time.

HANNAH:

I'm sorry, you know each other?

RACE CAR DRIVER:

This illustrious fellow and his girlfriend hitched a ride in the back of my racecar. I had to forfeit the race to get this guy to safety.

HANNAH:
That's incredible.

RACE CAR DRIVER:
You're telling me.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH:

He loves playing to an audience. We just set up this routine and he went for it.

RACE CAR DRIVER:

He stole the show at the races too. The crowd was expecting me to be injured, or some mishap, but instead I come out of the car with this guy in my arms.

HANNAH:

Incredible.

RACE CAR DRIVER:

Yes, good to see him carrying on. (another scratch behind the ear) I'd like to buy a T-Shirt.

HANNAH:

The T-Shirts! Aren't they delightful?

RACE CAR DRIVER:

I honestly saw it on a friend that passed through here, and I had to check it out for myself. (pause, looking at Hannah with a smile) I'm glad I did.

HANNAH:

That was my idea! (beaming, she points) The gift shop is over there.

SCIENTIST #2:

Are you in charge of this specimen?

HANNAH:

You mean Bruno? His next show is in 30 minutes.

SCIENTIST #2:

We are not here for the show. We are scientists from the University.

HANNAH:

Pleased to meet you. I'm Hannah.

SCIENTIST #1:

How do you do? We need to do a few tests on this Tasmanian Devil.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH:

Right now? He has to rest before his next show.

SCIENTIST #2:

Cancel the "show" there are more important things.

HANNAH:

This is a serious disruption...

While the humans are arguing, in the BACKGROUND, Bruno crawls up the stage curtain, yawns, curls up to sleep in the awning of the theater.

SCIENTIST #2:

This dog and pony show is hardly serious.

HANNAH:

I've been given the task of promoting this wildlife refuge so that the visitors will come and pay good money to enrich it. How is that not serious?

A child walks by in giant over-sized glasses and a Bono top hat blowing a loud plastic Didgeridoo.

SCIENTIST #1:

Well, if money is the issue, I believe the University contributes to the funding of this refuge?

HANNAH:

So we should be working together.

SCIENTIST #1:

How about you just do what we say?

HANNAH:

How about YOU tell the assembling crowd to beat it?

SCIENTIST #2:

I do believe your star is missing.

HANNAH:

Excuse me. (She stands center stage and shouts into the air.) Vicki!

SCIENTIST #2:

You know, (digging in his heels)
this Tasmanian Devil is part of a
catch and release program. He
should be released into the WILD,
not this circus!

HANNA:

Vicki! (shouting in the air as if
speaking to GOD) I need your help!
(looking around frantically from
one spot). Vicki!

She turns shouting, finds herself face to face with Vicki.

She gives her a desperate hug.

HANNAH:

I can't find Bruno!

VICKI:

Don't panic. He must have wandered
off.

HANNAH:

The scientists want to perform
tests on him, I just need him to
perform on stage, (looking at the
time) in twenty minutes!

VICKI:

Scientists?

SCIENTIST #2:

Yes mam, I'm locating the missing
Tasmanian Devil on my GPS right
now. (using device in hand to
locate Bruno) He's right here?

They all look at the empty space around them.

SCIENTIST #1:

(pointing up) He's there!

The scientists spy Bruno sleeping in the awning and gently
coaxing him down with arm gestures. Shaking/fluttering the
curtain

SCIENTIST #1:

Here boy!

Scientist #2 is quickly constructs a SNARE POLE. He gets
into position to snare Bruno.

(CONTINUED)

Bruno sleeps through the hubub initially, then jumps to a start. Looks around. and runs across the top curtain railing like a tightrope. The drummer sees the action and starts playing a drum-roll.

The curtain collapses under the weight and catapults Bruno, he swings through the air, landing in the pool.

The curtain falls on Vicki, Hannah, the two scientists and the drummer who plays a muffled rim-shot. Da-duh-Dum

Bruno climbs out of the pool and leaves a trail of water out the door.

Vicki, Hannah, and the two scientists push their way out from under the curtain, are in pursuit, snare pole in hand.

They head towards the exit, and slip on the puddle slipping into one another and clumsily falling in a slow-motion mass on the floor.

Scientist #1 snares Scientist #2. They are stunned for a moment, awkwardly collect themselves and then fast-walk towards the door.

HANNAH:

Someone! (To the air as if speaking to GOD) Mop up this mess!

Her pink dress is wet from falling in the puddle with dark and light abstract patches.

The assembling audience gives a generous clap. Hannah bows and exits.

Bruno is in the outside grounds of the park. There is a festive atmosphere. Many people in casual attire milling around. The brass band plays "Tequila" and the crowd sings along with the few words.

Bruno catches his breath. He looks around and aseses his situation. PAN OF THE LANDSCAPE He's in the exact same place that he and Rocky Quoll met on his first night. BRIEF FLASHBACK TO NIGHT-TIME SETTING FROM PREVIOUS SCENE. Bruno visibly smiles flashing his teeth, and follows the same route that he knows, past the owl, across the roof, to the skylight above Scarlet and the imps. He throws himself on the newly repaired (with duct tape) glass and pops it out instantly so it floats down, catching the wind like a leaf, to the ground. He is reunited with his family, which greet him with warm nods of the head.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET:

I'm glad you returned, Dear.

ALBERT:

Nice of you to drop in.

BRUNO:

Quite.

IMP:

Should we be expecting more company?

BRUNO:

Most definitely. (Bruno stands at attention) They'll be coming by here sooner or later.

SIMONE:

Nice shirt, Dad!

BRUNO:

Why thank you my dear, it is rather festive.

ALBERT:

Shall we hide you under the straw.

BRUNO:

I'm growing tired of it here.

SCARLET:

Perhaps we should start thinking about an escape?

They bury Bruno under the straw.

BRUNO:

It's daytime, I just want to sleep.

SCARLET:

I thought you were enjoying jumping through hoops of fire.

BRUNO:

(muffled under the straw, replies) Well, who wouldn't?

SCARLET:

Ok, my little imps. Play it cool.

The imps play it cool and yawn, showing their big teeth.

(CONTINUED)

The door bursts open with a parade of characters barging in looking for Bruno.

Vicki gives them a knowing look.

Hannah is red faced, not sure who to yell at next.

The scientists check their device for Bruno's coordinates.

SCIENTIST #1:

Ah, Ha! He's here.

She stalks toward the Tasmanian Devil living area. He leans down slowly.

The Scientist #1 jabbs at the straw with his SNARE POLE. Bruno grabs at it. The Scientists pulls back a brutally gnarled, like a work of modern art, bent, mangled snare pole.

SCIENTIST #1:

(Terrified. Throwing the wreckage across the room.)
Aaaaaahaag.

Growling from under the straw. Only red-horn-like ears showing.

The four imps assemble themselves
in front of their growling father,
and begin growling as well.

VICKI:

This is no good. They're all riled up and that's no way to interact with caged animals. If you back them into a corner they're terrified.

HANNAH:

(in sing-song voice to the animals) There's nothing to be afraid of.

Fierce growling from the animals.

VICKI:

I mean, they could bite your arm off.

Hannah takes a step back

Walt comes in from behind with laughing gas and fills the frame with smoke.

37 INT. OH NO, NOT AGAIN, BRUNO'S MIND IN B&W +PINK

Audio: Echo Chamber with theramin and Bruno's voice

Pink Room

Bruno's head moves in a circle like his nose is following an object. He stops.

BRUNO:

If one reality is as good as another, why can I not sleep forever!!!???

ZOOM AWAY FROM CLOSE-UP TO WIDE-ANGLE

Bruno appears as a small black speck in a pink void

BRUNO:

If nobody sees me, do I exist in the same way?

BRUNO:

Why does anything exist in this crazy world? Why do I exist?

The room starts spinning out of control

BRUNO:

I see we are going to have to leave it up to fate... Our days are numbered in this world... fussing and sorrow.

Bruno sits at the top of a mountain. The view is stunning. The only sound is wind.

38 INT. THE LAB - DAY

Bruno awakens on a cold metal table under the care of Scientist #1 and Scientist #2. He opens his eyes, but doesn't move. His ears twitch, He's listening.

SCIENTIST #1:

Well, he seems to be fit. The blood tests reveal an accurate number of antibodies to the predicted outcome.

SCIENTIST #2:

He is in the same condition, if not slightly better, than his compatriots #1-18.

(CONTINUED)

SCIENTIST #1:
That's all fine and good, but none of them are part of some animal entertainment industry.

SCIENTIST #2:
We can not interfere with the natural course of things.

SCIENTIST #1:
But other people can? This is not a natural course.

SCIENTIST #2:
I just don't think we should take them away from here. I mean, they made t-shirts. Bruno here is the star of the show.

SCIENTIST #1:
Some star. Did you see the disaster area he created today?

SCIENTIST #2:
True, true, it all happened so fast.

SCIENTIST #1:
These animals are fast. They move fast and they live fast.

SCIENTIST #2:
True, they live a lifetime in six years, there is no "some day" only the here and now.

SCIENTIST #1:
Shouldn't that lifetime be spent in nature? Isn't that why we released them?

SCIENTIST #2:
We released them so that they could experience freedom. Perhaps that is a little different from what we imagined?

SCIENTIST #1:
I think we should release them, again.

Scientist #2 nods and looks at Bruno, who lays his head down in resignation.

FADE TO BLACK

39 INT. ESCAPE - NIGHT

Bauhaus "Bella Lugosi is Dead" instrumental intro plays, again. Scientist #1 and #2 stand at attention near two round cages.

Also standing at attention in their laundered khaki jumpsuits stand Walt, Hank, Joe, Vicki. Hannah is standing by in a pink business suit with a white tissue in her hand to wipe away intermittent tears, she snuffles.

SCIENTIST #1

We are gathered here today to release these Tasmanian Devils into the wild, their natural habitat, so they may remain free. (lowers arm in releasing gesture) Release The Tasmanian Devils!

Walt and Hank open the gates. The animals saunter out at a slow pace and look around. The imps aimlessly wander the yard. Music fades out.

JOE:

Should we shout or shoot a gun in the air to scare them away?

HANK:

No, Joe. I think we just open the gates and go away, they'll get the idea.

JOE:

(scratches head) It seems an odd sort of send-off.

HANK:

I think they'd run like hell if they didn't enjoy their stay here, Joe, so consider it a compliment.

The Tasmanian Devil family is at Joe's feet

JOE:

Hello! (looks down and pets Bruno on the head) I'll miss you guys. You kept us on our toes!

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO:

We will miss you too Joe,
especially those exquisite servings
of rabbit!

Double take: Bruno repeats the dialog, only to

Joe's ear this time what sound like series of wines and
yelps. AUDIO: Tasmanian Devil noises.

Joe pulls at his ear.

HANK:

Are you alright mate?

JOE:

I'm alright, just thought I heard
something. (he takes a long hard
look at Bruno) Nah, (shakes head)
just some wishful thinking. I'm
letting my emotions get the best of
me.

HANK:

It's hard to say goodbye.

JOE:

It is.

HANK:

Well, we have other animals to care
for.

JOE:

Thanks Hank.

BRUNO:

Thank you Joe.

Joe pulls at his ear and walks away. Bruno walks over to
Scarlet and the four imps.

BRUNO:

Shall we?

SCARLET:

Yes Bruno, we shall.

40

EXT. JOURNEY MONTAGE- NIGHT

for five minutes, a cinematic experience through beautiful vistas of Tasmania with Scarlet and Bruno and the whole family.

"Songline through Tasmania" by

An original orchestra with a mix of musicians utilizing songline structure of Aboriginal tribes of Australia/Tasmania where they outline a journey, with tribal drumbeats, a symbiotic philosophy.

The song would recount the journey in the story and then continue on through the wilderness as the camera follows Scarlet and Bruno with a passive stance like a nature show. The animals no longer talk and act much more "natural", the animals move from place to place on their journey along some visually stunning natural landscapes. Tasmanian Devils are scavengers driven by the sights and smells of the night. Moonlight reflecting on water. Starry skies, Aurora Borealis, illuminated provincial towns, slanted low-level trees, roads, They end playing in the snow atop Mt. Sain't Clair, howling at the moon.