

"THE REWILDERS"

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THE REWILDERS

FADE IN:

INT. UNDEFINED RESIDENCE - NIGHT (DUSK)

We begin in a quaint but tiny, cluttered one-room domicile.

A sunset peeks through branches that wave outside a solitary window. Orange sprinkles dance softly throughout the room.

Muted, unrecognizable grunts, coos and bird songs emanate from beyond the sill. But the sounds are serene, not scary.

With no electricity, the only competition for the dim window light is the flicker of candles burning here and there.

Before us, what modernity exists is dusty and inoperative: A dead T.V. braces a dozen frayed school textbooks, two Smartphones on a table act as coasters for glasses of milk, a water basin warms opposite a smouldering fireplace, four wooden stools at a table, and colorful but worn carpets.

Tattered tourist posters for several great cities of the world hang on one wall. They depict elusive destinations that those who live here can only dream of ever visiting.

Lastly are a pair of beds. A candle flickers on a table between them, and on the wall above is a home-made calendar. A few days in the month are ticked off, but there's no year.

A blanket is suspended from the ceiling to separate the beds from the rest of the room, but it's pulled back to reveal three residents: On one bed sits a MOM, 25, in a threadbare kimono. She faces a BOY, 7, and GIRL, 5, who snuggle together on the bed opposite, under worn but warm blankets.

This is in fact the future, so we'll ID the trio as such:

FUTURE MOM
Aren't you tired yet, my children?

FUTURE GIRL
No, tell us more.

FUTURE BOY
Of how the New World came to be.

FUTURE MOM

All right. Snuggle up then, and let's go back to a Summer day, all those years ago...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE/LIVINGROOM - DAY

This is another quaint living area, but one in which its contemporary modern conveniences are operational: A stew simmers on a gas stove, and electrical lights beam brightly.

Photos of family or prints of famous paintings occupy walls. It's cramped, and far from posh, but it's comfy and neat.

The storytelling Mom and her kids punctuate the rest of our story, which apparently occurs a long time before their own:

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)

We start in a lovely, warm July. It was twenty-three years after the coalitions of Environmental Parties won elections here, there, and in most other places all around the world. Everyone seemed happy that nature, and especially the beasts of the Earth, were going to receive the attention they justly deserved.

On a couch that has doilies across the arms and on the back behind their heads, two quaint oldsters passively watch T.V.

FUTURE MOM (V.O. CONT'D)

The conservation departments became the most important in government. But, due to all the changes they made, ordinary people had a hard time getting used to things.

EVEY MACGILLVRAY, 65, and husband HARRY, 70, represent these "ordinary people", the silent majority, the powerless, who accept with a shrug all that government can toss at them.

Harry groans and lifts his feet up to the coffee table, while Evey sighs and jabs the remote control at the T.V.

FUTURE MOM (V.O. CONT'D)

But even in this difficult time, my children, people would still go to work, take vacations, fall in love, and grow old. In fact, you wouldn't know anything terribly unusual at all was about to happen.

INSERT - THE MACGILLVRAY'S TELEVISION

The channel flips to a NEWSREADER who makes an announcement. Behind him is a sign: "Environment Action Today!"

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 ... with his full support, the
 Minister sees a great future for
 "The Rewilding Act".

EVEY (O.S.)
 Oh, not again.

The T.V. screen flashes, becomes a pinpoint, then goes dark.

RETURN TO SCENE

Evey sighs and pulls up some knitting. She tsks when Harry takes the remote from her and clicks the set "on" again.

INSERT - THE TELEVISION SCREEN

Channels flip by. Every program is environmental in theme: A zoo, or a pet is fed, or a lion chases a zebra, or someone plants something, or a windy and rainy storm scene.

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
 Did he say re...rewoo...wilding?

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 "Rewilding." To help poor, nearly-
 extinct animals return to where
 they once lived all over the world.

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
 Ohhh.

Last up comes an interview by a REPORTER of a moustachioed GUEST, 60, a bureaucrat whom we will meet formally soon:

GUEST (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 Despite opposition from knuckle-
 dragging modernists, the government
 program to shut down those wasteful
 power plants continues.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 So, are the people who are being
 thrown out-of-work complaining?

GUEST (V.O.)
 They better not! They're still
 working - closing down the plants.

The video cuts to a scene, reminiscent of paintings of the pyramids being built: Long lines of workers in green decontamination suits drag dollies of bricks up ramps, as they encase a big power plant under guards' watchful eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET/GLASGOW - DAY

We glide along a boulevard in Scotland's largest city.

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 Your Great Great Great, oh how many
 greats Grandma, Rachel Wallington,
 worked with the government. So she
 was there at the beginning.

Life seems normal, but there are subtle new realities: The streets are full of walking citizens, but bicycles and one-person electric cars have replaced most motorized traffic.

And everything stops when a lorry, marked "Animal Alliance", which holds ten funnily-uniformed Eco-Cops, trundles through an intersection: It's muffled siren goes WURP-WURP-WEEEEEE.

EXT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

Before us is a neat, two-storey building with a large sign:

"Central Rewilding and Agricultural
 Program" (Glasgow Branch)"

FUTURE MOM (V.O. CONT'D)
 Rachel was an ecologist in the
 Rewilding Program, the likes of
 which were being put in place, all
 over the world, to help all of the
 poor animals.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

The main, open public area is a hive of activity: Ordinary citizens loiter at a counter and at racks of pamphlets.

Ceiling lights are off, to save power, but lots of mirrors on the walls magnify light from windows. Some visitors hold up tiny hand mirrors to spotlight things they're looking at.

At a fountain, only a small stream of water spurts up to a child, one of several in a queue for a drink. Caged animals and birds are everywhere - singing, scratching, chirping.

Behind the counter are uniformed C.R.A.P. staff - a woman and three men - who work on computers or answer phones.

But pretty, bespectacled RACHEL WALLINGTON, 27, with a name badge at her heart, works out with the public. She stands at a rack of recycled brochures to cheerfully assist folks.

CLOSE-UP - BROCHURE RACK - RACHEL'S AND OTHERS' HANDS

Titles include:

"Who needs heat? Wear a sweater!"

"Wind Power for Nincompoops"

"Replace your toilets with
Pee & Poo baggies"

[Note: Many of the conservation initiatives depicted in this tale are dead-serious real.]

ANGLE ON Rachel, as she cradles a squirrel in her arms for a drink of formula from a baby bottle, and kids gather round.

LATER

At the door, Rachel waves as the last member of the public exits, wherein she makes her way over to a corner office.

Its door has a sign: "Professor Ally Gruberstein".

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

Rachel joins her full Rewilding Team: WALLY, 30, American, their driver and a technician; with plump ROGER, 35, and skinny YABBY, 30, both Games Keepers who're cockney British.

Everyone's boss, PROFESSOR ALLY GRUBERSTEIN, 55, sits at a desk and computer workstation. She has a mild German accent and is a sunny, nice-looking woman. Her graying hair sticks straight out to either side of her head into two points.

A slightly familiar male voice emanates from her computer.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered over speaker)
Just for a quick bite to eat, Ally.
Tomorrow. Next week! Puh-leeese.

ALLY
 Oh, here's Rachel. We're all here
 now, Minister. Carry on.

A videoconference is underway with the senior government
 official at the Ministry of Conservation. We've met him...

INT. OFFICE/DEPARTMENT OF RE-INTRODUCTION - DAY (SAME TIME)

Moustachioed MINISTER PROCTOR, 60, was in the earlier T.V.
 interview at the MacGillivray household. It seems that he
 has a crush on Ally - going by her framed, smiling portrait
 that sits beside his computer, out-of-view of his webcam.

Ally is on his screen with the others behind her. While she
 is cheerful with Proctor, as she will be with everyone, Ally
 is uninterested in him even though he coos at her often.

ALLY (V.O.)
 (filtered over speaker)
 So, Minister Proctor, what are we
 releasing to the world next?

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

As Ally goes through the list, Yabby makes noises to imitate
 each creature - otherwise he doesn't say much in this story!

ALLY
 The Red Kite? The Glanville
 Fritillary? The Great Bustard?
 (refers to paper list)
 Here's one: The Corncrake.

WALLY
 All birds? How bloody boring.

ROGER
 Yeah, I wish we was doing the
 American megafauna, right Wally?

WALLY
 President Pretzel really knows how
 to do rewilding big-time.

RACHEL
 Ah yes, the Pleistocene Rewilding:
 Elephants and cheetahs and --

Again, with each, Yabby imitates the animal's natural call!

WALLY
 Can we rewild an extinct worm or
 something, so Yabby shuts up?

Yabby frowns, tilts his head, and rolls his eyes - stuck.

RACHEL
Worms don't make any noise.

ROGER
No, they just eat a lot of dirt and
"blatt" it out their bass ends.

Yabby gestures as if he eats an apple - with crunchy sound effects, swallows hard, followed by a blatty fart sound!

PROCTOR (V.O.)
All right, do the Blue Butterfly
continuation outside Greenock then.

WALLY
Aw, all we get to let loose are
chirpers and butterflies.

ALLY
Butterflies are very important!

Yabby initiates a wing-flapping imitation: Pip-pip-pip-pip.

RACHEL
Yes guys, you know what they say
about a butterfly that flutters its
wings on one side of the world...

YABBY
(like Scooby Doo)
Huh?

EXT. STREETS/GLASGOW - DAY

A green pickup truck, labelled "Compost-Powered", putters noisily through Glasgow's scrubbed city streets. Roger and Yabby sit in the open back, with a small cage between them.

The truck passes happy, though poor-looking, pedestrians.

[Note: Whenever out-of-doors in this story, we often see people picking up garbage, and signs and posters on walls that scold wastefulness or exhort extreme conservation.]

INT. PICKUP TRUCK/CAB - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Wally is at the wheel, Rachel sits at the other window, Ally is crammed between, with Roger and Yabby at the rear window.

And everyone smiles: These folks must love their work!

EXT. LANEWAY/RAVINE - DAY

The pickup turns onto a pretty lot, with a brook and trees. Birds sing, crickets chirr, and kids laugh from somewhere.

EXT. RAVINE/CLEARING - DAY

For the rewilding ceremony, viewing stands are set up with a speaker's area roped off. It's sparsely-attended, though - maybe ten children and senior citizens are seated, waiting.

Rachel and her team are dressed in Blue Butterfly t-shirts, and she hands out more to the kids in the crowd. Ally steps onto a podium, as Wally backs up the truck to a glade.

[All the creatures in this story are nearly extinct and have already been, or could be, the subject of actual rewildings]

ALLY

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls? Today we will reinstate the beautiful, Large Blue Butterfly. Phengaris arion, also known as Maculinea arion or Glaucopsyche arion!

(a boy nearby yawns)

Declared extinct in our United Kingdom decades ago, we in the Central Rewilding and Agricultural Program are very happy to preside over the Blue's recovery today.

At the tailgate of the truck, Roger and Yabby swivel up the cage, decorated with colorful illustrations of butterflies.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Very rare indeed, the Large Blue lives in sand dunes and hillsides.

As Ally narrates, to the side Rachel works a flipchart of colorful posters to illustrate the butterfly's life cycle.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Just after it is born as a caterpillar, Blue feeds on marjoram or wild thyme flowers. Then it gets cozy with its special friends.

CHILD IN CROWD

The bug has friends?

ALLY

Yes, it does! The red ant, of the species *Myrmica sabuleti*.

Rachel flips to a poster of a caterpillar being carried away by a horde of red ants up to and down into their ant nest.

And like magic, her posters morph into animation of the rest of the journey, to follow along with Ally's description...

INT. ANT CHAMBER (ANIMATION) - DAY

The scurrying ants carry the caterpillar down, down, down.

ALLY (V.O.)
 The red ants take the blue caterpillar back to their nest. Then guess what: The ants let the caterpillar hibernate right there. Not only that, she can eat some of the spare ant eggs and larvae!

Coos come from the kids o.s., in the audience.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 Isn't that strange and wonderful? It's what's called a symbiotic relationship. Anyway, you have to be good friends to let that happen.

Suspended on the ceiling, the caterpillar becomes a cocoon.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 Well, the caterpillar builds a chrysalis, a cocoon, around itself. Then it goes to sleep, to turn into a large Blue Butterfly.

EXT. ANTHILL (ANIMATION) - DAY

Red ants swarm outside the chamber as a robin pecks nearby.

ALLY (V.O.)
 During this time, the red ants even defend the Blue from predators, till the Blue is ready to fly away. My, thank you Mr. and Mrs. Red Ant.

EXT. RAVINE/CLEARING - DAY

In the audience, sleepy young kids suck their thumbs, others yawn, and an older fellow bobs his head as he snores.

INT. ANT CHAMBER (ANIMATION) - DAY

The chrysalis bursts open and a soggy butterfly drops down.

EXT. ANTHILL (ANIMATION) - DAY

Ants carry out the butterfly, and it flutters away.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)

So the beautiful butterfly flutters and flutters away, looking gentle and lovely and bothering no one at all. Much later, she lays eggs on the buds of marjoram. After her caterpillar babies are born, they eat the flower till they find some red ant friends, and then the whole process starts up all over again.

The animation continues of a beautiful butterfly eating a leaf, laying eggs, and tiny caterpillars being born. Down below the Marjoram plant, the red ants scurry and assemble.

EXT. RAVINE/CLEARING - DAY

RACHEL

Professor, isn't it true that as the caterpillar lives with the red ants, they stroke the caterpillar with their antenna so it produces drops of honeydew the ants can eat?

Some of the children go alert, and are very amazed!

CHILD IN CROWD

But the caterpillar is so much bigger than the ants, and how do they know they're even friendly?

ALLY

How do they get along so well? Sometimes they don't. If too many caterpillars are brought down to the ant nest, sometimes they have to eat one of them. "Try again next year," they say. And now...

She leads the eyes of the spectators to the truck...

Roger stands back as Yabby struggles to open the cage, but it sticks. He pulls harder, and snaps his fingers.

YABBY

Ouch! Hoot-hoot-hoot.

ROGER
Here, let me.

Roger tugs, and when the cage jerks open his elbow flies back to rap Yabby in the nose! Kids in the crowd giggle.

And out fly several beautiful Large Blue Butterflies! From the crowd comes gentle applause, whistles, and some yawns.

ALLY
There they go. Lovely, lovely.
Oh, I love you, little butterflies.

RACHEL
Live Long and prosper, Blues!

CLOSE-UP - A HAPPY BUTTERFLY BEATS ITS WINGS FEROCIOUSLY

EXT. C.R.A.P. BUILDING - DAY

The pickup pulls into its parking spot. When the motor shuts off, the compost fuel makes it run on and on and on.

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

Proctor is on-screen, as the Team stands around Ally's desk.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
(filtered over speaker)
Did the Blue Butterfly go okay?

ALLY
Yes yes.

RACHEL
But the team wants to do something more prominent, Minister.

WALLY
Bigger! Eh, Rog?

ROGER
Something with teeth. That growls!

Wherein Gabby lets loose a roar worthy of an African lion.

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY

Proctor sifts through some files on the desk before him.

PROCTOR
Well, um, we're doing a wild boar
re-introduction up north tomorrow.
Do you want to go too, and observe?

ALLY (V.O.)
(filtered over speaker)
Oh, excellent! Sus scrofa. Of the
order Artiodactyla.

PROCTOR
(leans back, satisfied)
But for this you owe me a bovril at
the pub, Ally.

ALLY (V.O.)
Someday, Minister. Some...day.

PROCTOR
Oh, I'll wear you down eventually,
my lovely.

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

On the screen, Proctor snorts and giggles boyishly.

As Ally clicks a mouse button to terminate the call, Rachel
rolls her eyes, and Wally, Roger and Yabby do headshakes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE/LIVINGROOM - DAY

Harry and Evey, our everyday-persons in this Brave New
World, sit on the couch to read: He a newspaper, she a mag.

Just as another conservation interview plays on their T.V.:

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(filtered over T.V.)
... desertification in California
should proceed, the report says.
If nature wants it to be a desert,
let it be! Who says Mankind can --

ANGLE ON Evey, staring blankly as she changes the channel.

MARKET REPORTER (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 Butt-Action Inc. earned fifteen
 billion pounds for its I.P.O. on
 the exchange today.

EVEY
 Harry, look! Weren't you going to
 buy shares in that?

Harry peeks over his newspaper.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

The video shows a veritable mountain of cigarette butts
 outside a warehouse. It dissolves to scenes of fireproof
 insulation, teddy bear stuffing, and a queen-sized mattress.

EVEY (O.S.)
 They were the ones that take the
 trillions of butts that enter the
 environment every year and recycles
 them into spongy household items.

HARRY (O.S.)
 Uh-huh. Bought fifty quid worth.

A gorgeous female bikini model spreads out on the mattress,
 but wears a facemask evidently to blunt the nicotine stink!

EXT. FARMHOUSE/WOODLANDS - DAY

On another Rewilding we go!

This time, it's a pasture with a tiny, perfect house and its
 vegetable and flower farm on one side, roped off from a
 pathway, beside a field of tall grass and woodlands beyond.

Our rewilding gang is dressed in cute piggy t-shirts. They
 mingle in a crowd of spectators, while a different rewilding
 group readies the ceremony from a large flatbed truck.

Beside the truck is a huge cage managed by Games Keepers. A
 picture of an ugly wild boar decorates the side of the cage.

Alongside the tiny farmhouse, portable stands have been set
 up for the audience - of perhaps 35 people this time around.

A farm owner, CHARLIE RATH, 30, leans his elbows on a fence.

Very close by, Rachel hands out the last of her t-shirts to kids in the crowd. She does a double-take at the handsome farmer, as he grimly watches the preparations before him.

She grabs some pamphlets, snags another t-shirt from Ally, and with her eyelashes fluttering sidles up to Charlie.

RACHEL
Hello, I'm Rachel Wallington, with
the Central Rewilding and
Agricultural Program. Isn't this
exciting, today?

No response, until reluctantly he offers a weak handshake.

CHARLIE
Charlie Rath.

At a lectern atop the flatbed, the other group's rewilding leader, gruff-voiced BRADWICH, 55, pokes at the microphone.

BRADWICH (V.O.)
(filtered over mike)
Testing. Testing.

The audience snaps to attention.

His face has deep lines, and he doesn't appear at all as cheerful about the job as Ally or any on her team does! He begins a dry, sour edict over the public address system.

BRADWICH (V.O. CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen?
(waves to the big cage)
I give you, the Wild Boar. Stand
your guard and inhale its awful
fragrance at your peril. One of
nature's ugliest creatures, it's
not something you'd wish to meet in
any nightmare, no matter your age.

The cage bounces, and loud grunts come from inside. The crowd goes wall-eyed, and falls silent and still.

BRADWICH (V.O. CONT'D)
Dirty and foul, and reckless as
they are, this relative to the
common farm pig interbreeds freely
with them. No wonder they were
driven to extinction by hunters.

Nearby, Ally scowls, Roger's and Yabby's jaws drop, and Wally checks an agenda in his hand for some sort of error.

TO THE FARMHOUSE

Rachel, beside Charlie, has frozen up - and lost her cheer.

CHARLIE
You work with these people?

RACHEL
Uh, nnno, we normally release birds
and butterflies. We're just here
to, er, observe, and help the kids.

TO THE PODIUM/CROWD AREA

BRADWICH
However, in its wisdom, the
Department of Re-Introduction
believes we need more of these
putrid creatures to destroy our
vegetation and homesteads --

A child in its mother's arms starts to cry.

BRADWICH (CONT'D)
(glares at the crier)
And make off to its lair with our
children!

MOTHER
Oh, my God!

She covers her child's ears with her hands.

TO THE FARMHOUSE

To shift the mood, Rachel offers Charlie a piggy t-shirt.

CHARLIE
I don't like this idea of a boar
being released on public property.
Even this guy talking seems to --

She retracts the shirt, and hides it behind her back.

RACHEL
Oh, rest assured, the Department of
Re-Introduction has everything
under control. These animals...

But Charlie ignores her. As Bradwich drones on indistinctly
over yonder, Rachel changes the subject to distract Charlie:
She nods to the quaint flower beds before them.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 My compliments on your absolutely
 lovely little farm, Mr. Rath. Your
 wife does such a wonderful job --

CHARLIE
 Widowed. Last year.

Rachel's eyes flicker at her gaucheness - and her good luck!
 She smiles, then loses it, then recovers, but stammers.

RACHEL
 Oh, I mean, well, you - you've done
 such a - the flowers are beautiful.

CHARLIE
 She set it all up. I just water
 them and till the soil now.

RACHEL
 But the vegetable garden, too?

CHARLIE
 Mmm. Sell 'em at the local market.

RACHEL
 You must do very well.

TO THE PODIUM/CROWD AREA

The crowd perches at the edge of their seats:

BRADWICH (V.O.)
 Quickly, now. Release the awful
 creature. Quickly, quickly, before
 we reverse ourselves and instead
 insert the vehicle exhaust hose
 into the thing's cage!

Ally scowls and shakes her head in disbelief, as Bradwich
 gestures dramatically to the cage and his Games Keepers.

A mumble comes from the crowd, as the cage bounces harshly.

Then the animal inside goes motionless and quiet while the
 Games Keepers wiggle the bolts and slowly raise the door...

BRADWICH (V.O. CONT'D)
 Release it. Release the thing!

From the darkness inside the cage, the wild boar bursts out!
 It knocks the Games Keepers off their feet, and coughs and
 honks ferociously as it darts to or fro with speed and fury.

Spectators scream, leap from their chairs and flee all over.

Ally and Wally help people to elude the raging beast, amidst the rising clouds of dust and screeches and oinks-from-hell.

TO THE FARMHOUSE

Charlie goes alert, but Rachel freezes in fear. He hadn't yet really looked at Rachel, but in this instant he yanks her back as the beast races past, a mere two yards away.

BRADWICH (V.O. CONT'D)
Shoot the thing. Shoot it!

The beast barges through and over Charlie's pretty picket fence and tramples the garden and flowers. It chases Rachel and Charlie, till he tugs her behind a water-filled barrel.

Roger and Yabby grab tranquillizer crossbows in their pickup and engage the pursuit, joined by the other Games Keepers.

The boar tears into the house through an open door! Charlie abandons Rachel and pursues it, followed by the others.

As Rachel sobs and quavers, Ally arrives to console her.

They watch and listen as terrific smashes and bangs emanate from inside Charlie's house. The beast crashes out through a patio door, and gallops off into the grassy field.

BRADWICH (V.O. CONT'D)
Chase the thing. Chase it!
The horror. The horror!

Charlie emerges from inside with a shot gun, but Bradwich's Games Keepers hold him up and peer back into the house.

GAMES KEEPER #1
What's that I see? This man has a plastic water bottle at the sink!

GAMES KEEPER #2
And tungsten light bulbs? Why you... those are banned.

Bradwich joins them, and goes right up in Charlie's face.

BRADWICH
Where are your energy efficient fluorescents, sir?!

Rachel rushes over, and tugs at the men around Charlie.

CHARLIE
 What about my property? It's
 ruined! I won't even be able to
 sell it, now that this beast roams
 free in the neighborhood.

Bradwich turns away, and starts a phone call.

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY

Proctor relaxes with a tea at his desk, as the phone rings.

PROCTOR
 (into phone)
 Yesss?

BRADWICH (V.O.)
 (filtered over phone)
 Minister, it's a Code Red!

PROCTOR
 What the dickens?!

EXT. FARMHOUSE/WOODLANDS - DAY

The horrid oinks of the boar echo in the distance. Ally and Rachel grab Bradwich's phone from him and shout into it.

ALLY/RACHEL
 The wild boar got loose! It
 wrecked everything. Help!

BRADWICH
 (yanks phone back)
 Yes? Yes. Minister?

Proctor's response is loud enough for everyone to hear.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 (filtered over phone)
 Fired! Your whole team! Oh, good
 God, the Sufferer's Compensation
 Award we'll have to pay for this.
 (Bradwich slouches)
 Is Ally there? Professor.
 Professor Gruberstein?

Surrounded by scowling Games Keepers, Charlie sits onto his doorstep as the last of his fence falls in a cloud of dust.

ALLY
 (takes phone)
 Yes, Minister. I'm here.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 Take over, Ally. Get back to your
 office. I'll have a list for you
 there. You've got work to do!

LATER

Ally and Wally - but Rachel most eagerly - pick up around
 Charlie's property. He still sits, moping, on his doorstep.

Roger and Yabby peek inside the now-empty wild boar cage.

ROGER
 Well, that was a royal bugger-up.

At which, the storytelling Future Mom interjects:

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
 Bugger-up? What's tha --

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 Never mind it, dear.

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
 But mother: Poor Charlie.

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
 Yeah, it's so sad.

Charlie glares, as Yabby skittishly removes the piggy
 t-shirt he wears - the others had already removed theirs.

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 Well, we haven't heard the last of
 Charlie, have we. But this is how
 Rachel, and Ally and Wally, and
 Roger and funny Yabby, became so
 important in the Rewilding Program.

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
 They got to do all the re...
 rewoo... rewildings?

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
 Yes, silly.

From the nearby forest, the other, now-jobless, rewilding
 team shouts indistinctly as it chases the boar. Otherwise,
 the place is desolate as all spectators have fled the scene.

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 Mm-hmm. Now they'll work with the
 biggest and rarest animals, just
 like Wally and Roger wanted to.
 Yet, while the one they did next
 wasn't very large, it turned out to
 be the most important of all.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

The C.R.A.P. staff all slouch over the counter - no members
 of the public are visiting today. Rachel stares blankly, as
 she lovingly cradles a hamster, and Roger saunters over.

RACHEL
 That poor, poor man, Charlie Rath.

ROGER
 Who? Oh, was that the farmer?
 Well, he'll get a check. There's
 no future in horticulture anyway.
 Being banned soon, I heard. All
 that soil erosion and chemicals.

They react to a squawk on Ally's phone, from her office.

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

The Team sits around the computer. Proctor is on-screen.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 (filtered over video)
 The Department of Re-Introduction,
 my good people, is today gracing
 the world with the European Beaver,
 a short ways from Loch Lomond.

WALLY
 That's more like it!

Yabby imitates the beaver with a plaintive whine, and
 nibbles playfully on the binding of a book.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 Hop up there and take care of it,
 will you? We need a big success
 after that issue with the boar.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

As Evey cooks, Harry leans over the pot. The T.V. is on.

HARRY
What's for dinner tonight, Evey?

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Asian Carp. This predatory fish is
two or three feet long and can
weigh over thirty pounds --

EVEY
Hash. Speaking of carp, I got some
fresh, at the market yesterday.

HARRY
Mm-hmm.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
These carp were imported to America
to clear parasites from ponds in
Arkansas --

EVEY
Your favorite, eh? At least they
haven't banned it yet.

HARRY
(shakes head)
The day we can't eat the fish from
the sea, Evey. That'll be the day.

INSERT - THE TELEVISION SCREEN

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
But flooding allowed the carp to
enter the Mississippi River, and
now they've moved all the way up to
Lake Michigan to cause terrible --

EXT. WETLANDS/BOG - DAY

Today our smiling Rewilders are dressed in beaver t-shirts!

There's a seated crowd in the stands of about 50 parents,
kids and dignitaries. Among them, Rachel hands out Tees and
brochures, and answers questions from the children.

CLOSE-UP - KIDS' HANDS RECEIVE PAMPHLETS - TITLES INCLUDE:

"Don't swat Wasps. Eat them!"

"Solar Power for Idiots"

"Don't Redo. Renew!"

RETURN TO SCENE

CHILD AGED 8
Is the beaver a meat eater?

RACHEL
Oh, no, beavers are gentle,
hard-working animals who help the
environment.

CHILD AGED 6
Are they fast runners?

RACHEL
Uh, well...

CHILD AGED 4
Can they jump up and bite my nose?

We move to where Wally pokes his head out the pickup window as he backs the pickup up to a pond. Roger and Yabby, in the open rear of the truck, swivel a box to the tailgate.

Pleasant pictures of busy beavers cover the side of the box.

Ally brings a loudspeaker to her mouth, as she walks to and fro before the spectators:

ALLY (V.O.)
(filtered over speaker)
Ladies and gentlemen, boys and
girls, visiting dignitaries of the
Department of Re-Introduction,
Mayor, and everyone else: I take
great pleasure today in reinstating
the lovely European Beaver to our
Scottish soil!

We hear our first sounds from the caged beavers. Similar to Yabby's imitation, they're cute cries like HOOT-HOOT-HOOOOT, repeated: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QOkOjyQmOz0>

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
Of the family castoridae, of the
species castor fiber, the beaver is
a mostly nocturnal, semi-aquatic
animal. It is the second-largest
rodent in the world, after the
Capybara.

Yabby does a bark sound while he holds up a poster of a Capybara, which looks like a big but tailless beaver.

As Ally continues her narration, video worthy of a National Geographic documentary shows the beaver at work and play:

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 Beaver colonies build magnificent dams to provide quiet, deep water to protect their families against predators. You know, the beaver population in North America used to be over eighty million, and that doesn't count how many there were here, and on the Continent.

Old drawings and pictographs show hunters and fur traders, and more recent photos illustrate beaver dams and lakes.

RETURN TO SCENE

The whines from the cage continue, and heighten.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 Well, I don't know if we need eighty million here in Scotland, but after centuries of hunting, and because their dams interfered with human land uses, beavers nearly died out! Yet, their habitats actually encourage water conservation and prevent erosion. For that, and because beavers are so cute, return they shall, today!

Roger and Yabby pull up on either side of the gate on the box, now on the ground, but we see only blackness inside.

However, the whines do finally cease.

We PAN the spectators' expectant faces. We end at Rachel's, as she crosses her fingers and bites her lower lip.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 Rewilding ahoy. Rewilding ahoy!

Roger shakes his head, and peeks into the dark cage. His head jerks back as a chubby beaver emerges with a hoot. It has a light spot in the fur in the middle of his forehead.

Audible sighs and coos emerge from the crowd.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 We shall call you "King Beaver"!

The critter pauses, looks around, farts, then restarts its whines as it waddles out and heads for the pond.

A gentle applause rises from the crowd.

ALLY (V.O.)
 Go and prosper, my little friend.
 (beaver farts again)
 Build the beaver dams and beaver
 lodges of your beaver dreams!

More applause greets four smaller beavers that poke their noses out and sniff the air. They follow "King Beaver" off, and waddle through the mud, and splash out into the pond.

The Future Mom's story to her kids interjects, as the gentle creatures wade out into deeper water before they disappear.

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 And so the King Beaver swam out
 into the great pond, my children.

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
 King Beaver?

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 It was a very special beaver.
 Somehow, he was to become smart.

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
 A smart beaver?

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 Well, "smart", along with their
 work ethic, so this one beaver
 became the leader of all the
 others. But more about King Beaver
 later, because all the rewilding by
 Rachel and her Team has just begun!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PICKUP TRUCK/CAB - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Wally drives, with Rachel at the window, and Ally between. Ally's pointy hair almost jabs the others. Roger and Yabby poke their heads through a sliding window from the back.

RACHEL
 So is this is what you've been
 asking for, Wally?

WALLY
Yeah, we're going international!

ALLY
To do the Pleistocene Rewilding!

EXT. PARKING LOT/GLASGOW PRESTWICK AIRPORT - DAY

The C.R.A.P. pickup navigates the lot, to look for a spot:
There's one! No, taken. There's another! No. Try again.

EXT. RUNWAY/AIRPLANE - DAY

The Team members mount an escalator into a prop plane. The jets are parked to the side. Some are being disassembled by workers on cranes, others jets have been covered by tarps.

Our narrator, the future Mom, helps her kids to understand:

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
Pleistocene Rewilding, kids?

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
Plish... Plice... Plasticine...

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
The big animals.

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
Pleistocene. That's right!

MONTAGE - PLEISTOCENE REWILDING WITH PROXIES (N. AMERICA)

Before ever-increasing crowds, our Team releases animals into the wild where their giant ancestors lived eons ago:

A) In the American prairies, they release an African Elephant as a proxy for the extinct American Mastodon.

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
These are my favorite kind!

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
Yes honey, as it was Wally's.
Pleistocene rewilding is when they brought in live animals that were a lot like the giant, extinct ones from a very long, long time ago.

B) In a semi-desert valley in Nevada, where a nearby road sign points to "Las Vegas", the Team releases a modern Dromedary camel as a proxy for the extinct Camelops.

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
Like the giant ground sloths?

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
And woolly mammoth elephants?

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
Right. Except there weren't any
giant sloths or mammoths any more,
so instead they let out animals
from today that are like them.

EXT. REWILDING STAGING GROUNDS/MONTANA - DAY

A caravan of animal poster-decorated trucks pulls up, with the Rocky Mountains behind them. Stands have been set up beside a podium, and spectators are already assembled.

LATER

Lots of happy kids surround Rachel, as she hands out Tees and pamphlets. Roger and Yabby move cages around on a big trailer, while Ally and Wally go over notes at the podium.

ALLY
Later today, it's the lion,
mountain goat and llama.

ROGER
Who's first up, Professor?

ALLY
Oh wait, the wild ass!

LATER

Ally addresses an overflowing crowd:

ALLY
Also called a big-headed Onager, or
equus hemionus, today the wild ass
is being re-introduced as a proxy
for the extinct horse that used to
roam these parts.

Roger and Yabby open the cage: To enthusiastic applause and whistles, out trots an awkwardly-cute, large-headed, donkey-like creature: <https://alchetron.com/Onager>

ALLY (CONT'D)
 I release this ass into the wild.
 Oh, and a lovely ass it is!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE/LIVINGROOM - DAY

As usual, Evey and Harry are ensconced in front of the T.V.

INSERT - T.V. REPORT ON THE REWILDERS

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 The new Rewilding Team from the
 Department of Re-Introduction is
 making a big name for itself.

On videotape, Rachel and the rest of the Team wave from a podium as spectators applaud appreciatively.

ANNOUNCER (V.O. CONT'D)
 Led by Professor Gruberstein and
 assisted by Miss Rachel Wallington,
 they're doing successful
 re-introductions everywhere.

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY (SAME TIME)

Proctor sits at his computer as the same program plays. He nods approvingly, and fingers Ally's portrait on his desk.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 And they're teaching children about
 the need to bring back to the world
 all of the extinct animals.

EXT. RUNWAY/AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The prop plane bounces to a landing at Glasgow Prestwick.

RACHEL (V.O.)
 I'm so glad to be home for a while.

ALLY (V.O.)
 Don't get too ensconced, Rachel.
 We're off to the tropics next week.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

Roger steps up behind Rachel, as she works at her computer.

ROGER
What are you doing for the next few
days, Rache. Rachel?

With a kitten on her lap, she's distracted on the computer.
Yabby arrives, meows, and the kitty crawls up into his arms.

RACHEL
Um, I have a special project to do.

ROGER
Oh?

Roger reads over her shoulder as she types a name...

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN: DEPARTMENT OF RE-INTRODUCTION SITE

A list of "Sufferer's Compensation Claims" and associated
recipients. The cursor highlights "Charles A. D. Rath".

ROGER (O.S. CONT'D)
I remember him. Poor devil.

ANGLE ON Rachel, as she signs something, grabs an envelope,
turns off her monitor, and spins around with a big smile.

RACHEL
His compensation check came in.
I thought I'd ride it over to him.

ROGER
Huh? Leave it for Proctor's
people.

RACHEL
No, that was terrible - that wild
boar. I want to hand-deliver it.

The guys watch curiously, as she grabs a coat and runs off.

EXT. STREET/GLASGOW - DAY

Rachel pedals her bike through Glasgow.

She squeezes off the road when a peaceful protest of fifty
people marches by, with placards and banners:

"Don't ban cars. We need the jobs!"

"Green, schmeen. Give us food to eat!"

Shrill whistles sound out, and uniformed Eco-Cops wade into the protesters and drag them away amid shouts and scuffles.

Rachel stands at her bike with her hand to her face, aghast.

EXT. STREET/HAMLET - DAY

Rachel pedals through a hamlet, with huge squeaky wind power turbines that lumber over tiny traditional houses and flats.

She passes a playground, where a dozen children play amid appropriated artillery guns and lorries. They run through huge missile tubes all brightly painted with Green messages.

As she pedals past a receiving area, Rachel sees technicians pull apart nuclear rockets and remove tracks from old tanks.

RACHEL
(mutters)
Swords into ploughshares...

EXT. CHARLIE'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Rachel arrives at Charlie's broken, unrepaired farmhouse.

There's no answer to her knock at the door.

CLOSE-UP - RACHEL'S HAND, AND THE COMPENSATION CHECK

The name on the Sufferer's Compensation Award check is "Charles A. D. Rath", for the paltry amount of 100 pounds.

RACHEL (O.S.)
It's certainly not very much.

ANGLE ON Rachel, as she inserts it into the envelope, licks it closed, and drops the envelope in his mailbox.

Wherein, up she goes onto her bike which she pedals away.

Simultaneously, Charlie saunters up from the opposite direction. From his p.o.v., he sees Rachel toddle off.

At his mailbox, he opens the check and rubs his brow.

CHARLIE
C. R. A. P.

With a scowl, he rips up the check. His eyes move to his broken fence, shattered windows, knocked over planters, mashed-up garden, and the big boar hoof prints all around.

He shakes his head and looks to Rachel - as her bike wobbles in a rut on the road, before she disappears over a hilltop.

EXT. RUNWAY/AIRPLANE - DAY

The Team mounts a new prop plane - a bit bigger and fancier.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Ally leans back and lets second-in-command, Rachel, describe the upcoming assignment to the Team. The guys crowd around Rachel and her laptop.

WALLY
So what're we doing on this expedition, Rache?

Her narration is over natural scenes of various antelope species that are being released back into the wild:

RACHEL (V.O.)
Well, we're going to re-introduce several types of ungulates, like the Dibatag, Nile Lechwe, Eland, and the Bongo.

To each, Yabby utters various clicks, honks and soft moans. [Links to images and info provided here, for reference only]

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dibatag>
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nile_Lechwe
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Giant_Eland
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bongo_\(antelope\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bongo_(antelope))

RETURN TO SCENE

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Oh, and the Greater Kudu!

ROGER
Where's that?

RACHEL
It's not a place, Roger. The Greater Kudu: Another antelope.

ALLY (O.S.)
Oh, lovely lovely!

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Greater_Kudu

INT. HOTEL ROOM/ALLY AND RACHEL - NIGHT

Ally folds up her reading glasses, and plops back into bed.

ALLY
That's it for me. Night, Rache.

Rachel sits at a desk and her laptop, alongside another bed.

RACHEL
Good night, Professor.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN: SEARCH "CHARLIE RATH LOCH LOMOND"

A list of hits scrolls down the screen.

ANGLE ON Rachel, as she inhales softly from a pleasant surprise. She moves her nose forward and smiles.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN: IMAGES OF CHARLIE

Various photos of handsome Charlie show up. The pointer hovers over one, and then clicks. Rachel sighs.

It's a news item with a photo that shows a heroic Charlie as a volunteer fire fighter. He holds a young child that he "rescued from a burning flat", according to the caption.

Charlie's face is smudged with soot, but he's particularly rugged and handsome here. As he supports the tot in his arms, he's congratulated by the parents and other townfolk.

The print dialog box comes up, and the mouse clicks "OK".

EXT. AIRPLANE IN SKY/THROUGH CLOUDS - DAY (TRAVELLING)

As they fly off to somewhere, Rachel peeks at the other team members, all inattentive in their seats. Then she smiles dreamily at her photo of Charlie in the open bag on her lap.

EXT. LUSH VALLEY/CLEARING - DAY

Rachel's rewilders prepare for more rewilding!

SUPERIMPOSE - "Outside Belo Horizonte, South America"

As usual, Rachel is surrounded by dozens of kids. Roger and Yabby jiggle the gate of a big cage. Ally perches at a podium in front of a large crowd of happy onlookers.

ALLY
And now, the collared peccary,
pecari tajacu!

Two pig-like critters peek from the opened cage, before they gallop off: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Collared_peccary

Wally can't stop laughing, as he stands beside a roped-off corridor that guides the creature into the forest.

WALLY
What advanced ugliness!

Chuckles are audible among the applause and whistles.

ROGER
Ugly or what.

WALLY
Professor, maybe there was a reason
they're nearly extinct!

RACHEL
Aw, their so cute.

WALLY
They'd look cute as a big fat steak
on my dinner plate.

ALLY/RACHEL
Awww!

As the peccaries waddle off to their destinies, the derisive chuckles are overcome by cheers and applause from the crowd.

MONTAGE - MORE REWILDING OF RARE CREATURES (SOUTH AMERICA)

A) At a riverbank, Yabby and Roger lurch away from an open cage as a 17-foot Green Anaconda slithers out.

ROGER
They don't have enough snakes here
in the Amazon?

RACHEL
Not like this one, Rog!

B) A crowd of observers cheers as a rare Red-Legged Seriema races from the open cage and dashes toward the coastline:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Red-legged_Seriema

WALLY
 Lift off! Go. Fly. Fly away!

ROGER
 She's having trouble getting airborne, Rachel.

RACHEL
 It'll fly when it's good and ready, guys. Look at how fast she runs, though.

C) In a clearing by a dense forest, Brown Spider Monkeys trot and jump and bounce out of their big open cage:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brown_Spider_Monkey

ALLY
 Oh, my favorite Ateles hybridus!

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (TRAVELLING)

As Ally and the boys catch some shut-eye, Rachel again leans adoringly over the open bag in her lap and coos a sigh.

INSERT - RACHEL'S FINGERS ON CHARLIE'S FIREFIGHTER PHOTO

INT. HOTEL ROOM/RACHEL - NIGHT

Rachel turns away from her computer, and punches buttons on a phone. At the sound of a recorded voice, she tenses up.

CHARLIE'S VOICE (V.O.)
 (filtered over phone)
 Leave me a message, thanks.

Rachel slumps in her chair, and awaits the beep... BEEP.

RACHEL
 (into phone)
 Hello?
 (clears throat)
 Hello, Mr. Rath. This is Rachel Wallington with the Central Rewilding and Agricultural Program? I notice you haven't cashed your Sufferer's Compensation Award yet. If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to call me.

She presses the phone button to disconnect, and sighs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Please call me.

MONTAGE - MORE REWILDING OF RARE CREATURES (AUSTRALIA)

Rewilding in the grasslands and forests Down Under:

A) A cage opens, to unleash a Dwarf Cassowary:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dwarf_Cassowary

ALLY
The Dwarf Cassowary, casuaris
bennetti!

B) A cage opens, and a two-foot long rodent-like creature bolts out: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tasmanian_Devil

ALLY (CONT'D)
A-ha! Sarcophilus harrisii, a.k.a.
the Tasmanian Devil.

C) A cage opens and another rat-like beast trots to freedom:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Southern_Hairy-nosed_Wombat

ALLY (CONT'D)
And, of course, lasiorhinus
latifrons: The Southern
Hairy-Nosed Wombat.

ROGER
Hey! Wally called me that,
yesterday.

INT. SUV - DAY (TRAVELLING)

With a dusty plain visible through the windows, the Team is crowded into an SUV operated by a turbaned DRIVER.

SUPERIMPOSE: "India"

RACHEL
We've got a Peafowl to re-introduce
tomorrow and, oh, a Malayan Tapir,
tapirus indicus.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peafowl>
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Malayan_Tapir

WALLY
A tapir. Why do we do so many
pig-like creatures, Professor?

ALLY
We can do gavialis gangeticus if
you like. A Gavial.

Yabby, unable to translate or imitate, frowns.

YABBY
Huh?

ROGER
That sounds cute. What's a Gavial?

DRIVER
(laughs)
A Gavial is a crocodile, sir!

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gavial>

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY

The Peafowl flutters from the cage as it's opened, to cheers from the audience and smiles from Roger, Yabby and Wally.

At the podium, smiley Ally glances over at Rachel, but loses said smile when she notices Rachel seems sad and distracted.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

As Proctor dialogues indistinctly with Ally on her laptop screen behind them, the male rewilding team members come alongside Rachel. She sits contemplative, and by herself.

ROGER
What's wrong, dearie?

No response. Yabby squeaks the plaintive beaver cry. She looks up and giggles, and the boys all lean down to hug her.

WALLY
It's good to be going home, guys.

RACHEL
Yeah.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GENERAL STORE/GLASGOW - DAY

As they walk to the exit, a STORE OWNER in a smock pats Charlie on the shoulder.

STORE OWNER
Sorry, mate. Wish I could use you.
Try the grocer across the way. He
was hiring last month.

Charlie slumps, and shakes the man's hand.

EXT. CHARLIE'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Charlie arrives to find a cube van backed up to his door, while several men remove furniture from the house.

CHARLIE
Hey!

A man approaches with a paper for Charlie. Behind them, a large "Repossessed" sticker is applied to his front door.

LATER

Charlie emerges from the front door with only a suitcase, and a long coat over his arm. He steps aside as two moving men bustle out with another cartful of stuff to take away.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL (GLASGOW PRESTWICK AIRPORT) - DAY

The Team shuffles under a sign for "Arrivals", and is greeted by a mob of reporters and flashing cameras.

Rachel and her Team are celebrities!

EXT. CHARLIE'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

On her bike, Rachel comes to a stop at the curb side: She observes the state of disrepair and the sticker on the door.

She moves close to peek in the front window, and toes a few fragments of paper on the doorstep. She leans over to see that it's his first compensation award check torn to pieces.

LATER

Charlie, hands in his pockets, saunters up to his house and stops out front. He looks both ways, as he tries the door knob. Locked. Discouraged, he plops down on the doorstep.

Till he reacts to an envelope sticking out of his mailbox.

CLOSE-UP - HIS HANDS OPEN THE ENVELOPE

It's a replacement check, and a handwritten note from Rachel. His hands carefully unfold the paper to read:

"Here's your substitute check,
Mr. Rath. Again, we're so very,
very sorry for the awful
inconvenience we have caused you.

Rachel Wallington"

ANGLE ON Charlie. He sighs and looks out to the street.

CHARLIE
Those damned C.R.A.P. people.

But he shakes his head, and stares back down to the note.

INSERT - RACHEL'S FRIENDLY, FLOWING SIGNATURE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE/LIVINGROOM - DAY

Harry drops onto the couch beside Evey. His weight nearly causes her to slop tea from the cup she holds.

EVEY
Oops.

HARRY
Sorry, honey. So, what's on?

INSERT - T.V. SCREEN, ANOTHER NEWS REPORT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
... concerns about introducing
natural plants alongside
genetically modified plants, and
problems as they cross pollinate --

ANGLE ON the seniors as they stare numbly at the T.V.

EVEY
I don't want to think about
asparagus that tastes like
pineapple.

HARRY
Plants? I thought this "wilding"
stuff was only for animals that are
on the verge of extinction.

EVEY
"Re-wilding." No, apparently it's
bugs and plants and everything.

HARRY
Oh, why don't they just let the
blasted things die out in peace.

He aims the remote control, and pushes a button.

INSERT - T.V. - ANOTHER NEWS REPORT ON THE ENVIRONMENT

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... rewilding could cause mutations
and the re-appearance of huge
mammals from bygone eras, or even
dinosaurs! Could we get "reverse
evolution"? With the story --

The video flips to a scene of a dino skeleton at a museum.

HARRY (O.S.)
Now that's the best news I've heard
in ages. Think of all the steaks a
Stegosaurus could give us.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

As Rachel feeds a caged canary near a window, she reacts to something outside: From her p.o.v., eco-activists spray-paint graffiti on a Computer Shop window across the street:

"The solution to E-waste?
Stop making computers!"

She watches the storeowner emerge and chase the vandals off.

With a head-shake, Rachel looks away. Through the open door to Ally's office, she sees Wally, Roger and Yabby sit down for another video meeting with Proctor. Yabby waves her in.

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

Rachel joins the boys. On the computer screen, first comes the emblem of the "Department of Re-Introduction", to be replaced by Proctor: He smiles and twirls his moustache.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
(filtered over T.V.)
Where's my Sweet Ally, today?

RACHEL
The Professor is doing a B.B.C.
interview, Minister Proctor.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Ah yes, you and your team have
become quite the celebrities.
Well, there's plenty more work for
you all to do. A quota to fill!
Zoos and laboratories are pumping
out these creatures faster than you
can re-introduce them, dear.

RACHEL
Yes, Minister.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
By the way, were any of you
scheduled for the U.K. Rewilding
Conference in October?

RACHEL
I was, and looking forward --

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Didn't you hear? It's been moved
to next May.

RACHEL
How come?

PROCTOR (V.O.)
The one in October is for the
Un-Rewilding folks now. The
De-Re-Introduction folks.

Wally, Roger and Yabby exchange scowls.

RACHEL
Pardon me, sir?

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Well, you can't expect to have all
the fun.

RACHEL
 You have teams going around to
 remove the animals we let loose?!

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 (taken aback)
 Wha... Well, no, your
 reinstatements are going all right,
 but not everyone's so efficient.
 Um, sometimes, there are goof ups,
 so to speak.

Rachel stiffens, and announces a serious observation.

RACHEL
 Minister, I think we need to slow
 down the re-introduction program a
 bit.

Proctor's eyes widen and his jaw drops.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 Why, it's going so well? And don't
 you enjoy the renown from it all?

RACHEL
 My concern is solely for the
 environment, Minister.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 Well, is it a raise you want? Ally
 talks about the terrific job you've
 done, dear.

RACHEL
 Minister! Professor Gruberstein
 agrees. We need to take a break
 and let the ecosystems catch up to
 all the changes we've introduced.

The three guys, around Rachel, pat her on the shoulder.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 Well, I'll discuss it here with the
 other Ministers in-charge and get
 back to you.

RACHEL
 When, Minister. Tomorrow?

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 What? No! Earth Day, of course.
 National holiday. Office closed.

RACHEL
How about --

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Then followed by Soy Day, followed
by Wind Energy Day, followed by
Save the Whales Day, followed by
International Hemp Day, followed
by, let's see, National Day for
Radon Action, followed by Earth
Night, World Day, Globe Day, Planet
Day...

Rachel and the others exchange glances of incredulity.

PROCTOR (V.O. CONT'D)
Oh, and then I start vacation on
the eighteenth --

RACHEL
Oh, never mind!

Proctor jerks his head back, from her remark.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Well, uh, but say hi to Ally for
me, will you? That lovely gal
needs a good man, and I'm just the
one for her!

Rachel slumps as the video disconnects. Wally leans in with
a National Geographic magazine, and reveals a page:

INSERT - A PHOTO OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A CLEAR-CUT FOREST

RACHEL (O.S.)
Clear-cutting?

WALLY (O.S.)
No, it's not clear-cut by Man.

ANGLE ON the entire group, crowded around to look closer.

ROGER
They released giraffe and elephants
and antelope, and it's the animals
that clear-"ate" the place!

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

Rachel peers lazily out the window. This time, in her arms
is a wee pet rodent that suckles a baby bottle of formula.

She reacts at spotting something: From her p.o.v., Charlie - unshaven, unemployed, and bedraggled - is in a bread line.

RACHEL

Ooo!

She hands off the pet to Wally, grabs a jacket and bolts for the door. Roger dodges her as she flies out. From their p.o.v., at the window, the guys watch her cross the street.

EXT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Rachel approaches Charlie on tip-toes. He's about two-thirds along a line of maybe 50 people, mostly men, all in ragged overcoats, ripped trousers, and hole-filled shoes.

When she's near, Charlie turns his head - but so do others.

MAN #1

There's one of 'em, right there!

MAN #2

Yeah.

WOMAN #1

She's one. What she doing here?

RACHEL

No, I --

Some step out of line to Rachel, nose-to-nose. One of them shoves her. Another rips the C.R.A.P. badge from her lapel.

MAN #3

(laughs derisively)

You want in line? Go to the end!

Rachel peers over their shoulders, to where Charlie was.

WOMAN #2

My kids are hungry, 'cause of you!

MAN #4

She ain't the problem. Leave her alone.

MAN #5

G'wan. Get outta here!

WOMAN #3

Stop. Stop this now!

MAN #6

Gimme that warm coat, for my wife!

They grab at Rachel. She squeals and struggles. People shout indistinctly all around. Police whistles sound out.

Rachel tumbles to the ground. Her glasses fly off.

A scuffle breaks out between two, three, four of the men.

A hand reaches in and grabs Rachel's arm.

It's Charlie! He pulls her free, amid the swinging fists.

The food line deteriorates into a mob, at first fighting each other, then vandalizing the soup tables up front.

A brick goes through a window. Whistling, green-uniformed Eco-Cops arrive on bikes. A green paddy wagon roars in.

As the sad, violent scene plays out, the Future Children and their storytelling Future Mother resume their commentary.

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)

That's so sad, mother.

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)

Charlie was hungry, and when Rachel tried to help, the other people stopped her.

Amidst the anarchy, Charlie escorts Rachel to safety at a corner, before he returns to the mob scene for... something.

EXT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY (SAME TIME)

Wally, Roger and Yabby fly out the door toward Rachel, where she sits on her haunches across the road, sobbing bitterly.

But Charlie arrives just ahead of them, to hand Rachel her glasses! Tears streak her pretty face as she looks up:

From her p.o.v., Charlie is blurry. She pulls up her glasses, and he comes into focus. He kneels over her, with a hand to her shoulder, and gazes down compassionately.

Everything about them freezes and goes silent. They float in each other's eyes, but it doesn't seem he recognizes her. We know she does him, but she's in too much shock to speak.

CHARLIE
Miss. Are you okay?

Just then, Wally, Roger and Yabby arrive to "save" Rachel!

Wally shoves Charlie, and Roger flails at him but misses.
Yabby growls his most fierce, realistic tiger snarl.

RACHEL
Nnno!

Wally wrests her from Charlie's arms. She tries to hold on,
before Roger and Yabby chase her misunderstood rescuer away.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Stop. Stop!

LATER

Wally, Roger and Yabby hover over Rachel, who sits on the
curb, now with a blanket around her shoulders.

Across a littered nearly-vacant street, police take written
statements or haul scruffy men into the green paddy wagon.

WALLY
The poor devil. Sorry, Rache.

ROGER
Yeah, we're so stupid.

Ally scurries across the street from the office.

ALLY
Rachel! Are you all right, honey?
(hugs Rachel)
Oh, my poor baby. I hope they
catch him!

All as one, they help Rachel to her feet.

WALLY
Aw, no, she was saved by that
fellow, Rath, from the farm.

ROGER
We just didn't recognize him.

ALLY

Wasn't he the fellow... with the sufferer's check? He was!
 (figures it out)
 Rachel! Have you... fallen in love, dear? Oh, you're so lucky. All I have chasing me is that dreadful Minister Proctor.

Everyone laughs, and Rachel grins, and she gets more hugs.

INT. UNDEFINED FUTURE RESIDENCE - NIGHT (DUSK)

Back to the storytelling Future Mom and her kids, who lie quietly in bed with eyes wide, as they listen to the story.

FUTURE BOY

That's too bad about Charlie, mother.

Mom uses the blanket to dab a tear from her daughter's eye.

FUTURE MOM

Yes, my dear little ones. See, it wasn't good for the animals when we had all the power to do whatever we wanted. But now that some people who said they supported animals had all the power, some innocent people like Charlie began to get hurt.

INT. GLASGOW GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

Rachel again hovers at the window. This time, she cuddles a bunny in her arms. She stares at the breadline across the street in a continuous but fruitless search for Charlie.

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)

But it wasn't Gramma Rachel's fault, was it?

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)

No no, but she still felt very sad for Charlie, and knew something had to be done about it, somehow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Charlie steps under an awning, to avoid a cold drizzle.

From his p.o.v., he sees long food lines on every corner, and beggars, and peaceful protesters pushed away by police on horseback, and guys in green uniforms trailing the horses to shovel droppings, and rich folks driving big green SUVs.

He saunters across the street to a storefront, plastered with conservation signs that hector us all about waste.

A T.V. sits in the window. Inside, channels flip past:

MONTAGE - CHANNELS ON TELEVISION

A) In a classroom, a matronly female teacher lectures students about the sins of "mass-production farming", as scribbled on the chalkboard:

TEACHER (V.O.)
(filtered over T.V.)
See? Industrial farms gave us lots
of food, but also mad cow disease.

ALL THE STUDENTS (V.O.)
And mad sheep, mad crow, mad pig --

TEACHER (V.O.)
So we stopped those terrible
practices, and replaced them with
soybean and palm oil production.

THIN GIRL STUDENT (V.O.)
(whispers to pal)
But I'm so hungry.

B) The channel changes to a news report:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
... closing down mines world-wide
to prevent landscape destruction.
There's no need for new minerals
when we can reuse, recycle, reduce
and, um, er, oh right: Recover!

C) The channel changes to what looks like a game show:

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Who gets the award for the largest
compost pile? Why, it's Betty!

Charlie scowls, and looks to a store window next door:
It's a survivalist army surplus shop, with hunting
equipment, knives, and bows and arrows on display.

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - DAY

Charlie stands forlornly at the counter, strumming fingers.

STORE OWNER
See anything you like?

He reacts to Charlie's worn coat and shoes. Charlie catches the suspicious look, so he slaps his compensation check onto the counter, and begins to point to and fro.

CHARLIE
One of those. How about that. And
I need some of them.

Charlie waits as the Store Owner collects items and stacks them on the counter. He spots something else, and squints.

From his p.o.v., up on a community billboard among flyers and advertisements, is an ad for an old used motorcycle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

Our everyday citizens, Evey and Harry, play Scrabble at the table. The T.V. is on, over their shoulders.

CLOSE-UP - HIS HAND PUTS "E" TO THE LEFT OF A VERTICAL "T"

EVEY (O.S.)
What the heck's that, Harry?

HARRY (O.S.)
Et. Et!

RETURN TO SCENE

EVEY
(chuckles)
G'wan. That's no word.

Harry rubs his brow from the painful intellectual exercise.

INTERCUT between the COUPLE and the T.V. SCREEN

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 ...complications of rewilding where
 Mankind is too close to nature. It
 disrupts natural sociology, and
 causes some of the creatures to
 become man-eaters, wherein we lose
 our top-of-the-food-chain status.

HARRY
 (still brow-rubbing)
 Et!

EVEY
 No good.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 Meanwhile, an un-rewilding is being
 planned to take on the Beaver in
 the Bogs of Scotland, or more
 precisely, what has become known as
 "Castor Mortis" - given its
 predilection for chewing the wood
 foundations of neighborhood homes
 to cause some of them to collapse.

EVEY
 See, I give you a hard time all
 'cause you didn't let me get away
 with "fraternity".

HARRY
 No, you put down "frat".

EVEY
 That was the short-form.

HARRY
 No short forms allowed. I told
 you, you should have just changed
 it to "f", "a", "r", "t": I would
 have accepted that.

EVEY
 Oh yes, you're an expert in that
 field, Harry.

Harry puts out more tiles to make a legitimate word.

HARRY
 There.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 Meanwhile, Central Zoological
 Services is still looking for a
 cheetah, missing from captivity.

Evey looks quickly over to the T.V., then back to her tiles.

EVEY
 Cheetah? Hmm...

NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 Also worrying would be would be an
 unintended insect re-introduction,
 let's say to the Southwest, where
 the larvae jump onto ships and
 spread to the breadbaskets of the
 world. It could turn these areas
 into veritable deserts.

END INTERCUT

EVEY
 There! C. H. E. E. T. A. H.
 Seven letters.
 (Harry groans)
 A hundred forty-two points. I win.

She rises, and pats him on the head as he sulks.

EVEY (CONT'D)
 I'll make you a tea and you'll feel
 better.

As she passes the window, Evey catches something outside.

EVEY (CONT'D)
 Harry... some animal's chewing on
 the tires of the car!

Harry scrambles up from his chair and limps over.

EVEY (CONT'D)
 It's a beaver! Get the animal
 control on the line.

He's already at the phone, dialling.

HARRY
 It's busy.

EVEY
 Try again. Hurry!

EXT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT

As before, a T.V. plays in the window. Channels continue to flip by, this time as a shadowy man in a long overcoat sits on a motorbike at the curb to watch in stony silence:

MONTAGE - CHANNELS ON TELEVISION

A) Below crawling titles "Sentencing in the Barbar case", a chained orange-suited man stands slouched before a judge.

JUDGE (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 For the flagrant use of a gasoline-
 powered recreational boating
 vehicle, ten years!

The prisoner is dragged away by two burly guards.

JUDGE (V.O. CONT'D)
 Next?

COURT CLERK (V.O.)
 Your Honour, it's the factory owner
 who distributed toilet tissue made
 from old growth forests.

JUDGE (V.O.)
 My God! Is it ever going to stop?

B) The channel changes. Kids in school, again, taught by the same stern female teacher:

TEACHER (V.O.)
 ...the Industrial Revolution nearly
 destroyed our planet. Yes?

BOY STUDENT (V.O.)
 (stands up from desk)
 And when we eliminated the farm
 plough, we saved the world from
 serious soil erosion, Ma'am!

The other kids applaud, and the boy resumes his seat.

THIN GIRL STUDENT (V.O.)
 (whispers to pal)
 But I'm still so hungry.

The unknown person in the long coat, observing the T.V., shakes his head, revs his bike motor, and screeches away.

C) But the channel changes, and Rachel's on T.V.! There's a sadness to her face, but her sweetness and earnestness could sway anyone, as a reporter holds a mike before her:

RACHEL
 (filtered over T.V.)
 Sure. But the environment is sooo precious. What can we do to lower our carbon footprint? You know, here's how to do it...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLEARING NEAR FOREST - DAY

Our Team is not quite as smiley and happy-looking as before, while they set up a multi-species release north of London.

A TECHNICIAN from another C.R.A.P. office is assisting, before a big crowd of over 100 spectators in the stands.

For this event, even T.V. cameras are here to capture it.

As usual, the audience area is off to the side and the truck and cages point toward a release target - in this case a beaten path that leads to a field and, beyond, a forest.

Fifty yards behind the rows of seats are quaint townhouses. A half-dozen giant white wind power turbines, that revolve full tilt, tower over the townhouses from their back yards.

Back at the rear of their flatbed truck, Wally shoves three containers - small, big and huge - as Roger and Yabby remove straps. These contain the animal subjects to be released.

Rachel comes alongside.

ROGER
 Hey Rachel, this is awfully big for...

He leads her eyes to a poster of an Aardvark on the huge box. From different angles, Yabby peeks through its gate. He coos at whatever might be inside, but receives no reply.

RACHEL
 Well, the paperwork checks out.

She mumbles as she checks the contents of a clipboard.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 But... what're we doing with an
 aardvark here in London, anyway?

Wally uses the electronic trailer lift to lower the mid-sized cage to the ground. Roger and Yabby go along for the ride.

Ally takes to a raised podium. Seated alongside her is an OLD FELLOW in regal garb who serves as a ceremonial sponsor.

She helps the Old Fellow to his feet where, to applause and whistles from the crowd, he cuts a ribbon.

Down below, Rachel joins a group of children who are in school uniforms. There's a table with more funny pamphlets:

CLOSE-UP - PAMPHLETS ON TABLETOP - HANDS GRAB AT THEM

"How to live without your car"

"The evils of modern living:
 Say 'No' to electricity!"

"To 'ell with farmland!
 Reforestation for All!"

"Body Heat your House!"

ANGLE ON Roger and Yabby, as they work to open the mid-sized box. Ally sorts speaking notes at the podium, then begins:

ALLY (V.O.)
 (into microphone)
 Good morning, ladies and gentlemen
 and boys and girls! Welcome first
 to the reinstatement of a...
 (frowns at notes)
 Young musk ox. Ovibos moschatus?

She exchanges a scowl with Rachel, and their eyes move to the box where a musk ox is illustrated on the poster.

Everyone in the crowd smiles, and applause and whoops start up. Ally shrugs, and nods toward the cage.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 All right. Release away, boys!

The boys use a winding mechanism to do up the gate: Nothing happens. It's all dark inside. The crowd goes quiet. Yabby taps the outside. Roger pokes his head in.

The audience still applauds, but mixed in come a few jeers.

ROGER
Come on, baby. Let's... let's...

With a great rowrl, what is definitely not a musk ox peels out of the cage at terrific speed, right past Roger's face.

It's the missing cheetah, acinonyx jubatus!

The crowd goes numb and silent, as the fastest living creature on Earth aims toward the forest.

Till some kids wail, to startle the cat, which now darts left to right, at sharp angles, going 65 m.p.h. ROWRL!

The audience in the front row screams and leaps from their seats as the cat floats past, leaping its massive strides.

Women faint and children cry, as Wally, Roger and Yabby chase after the snarling animal as it zips to and fro.

ALLY (V.O.)
Everyone, remain calm! Don't make
it panic! Ohhh...

The brochure table overturns, and now the Row Two audience flees. The Old Fellow, who's in his seat on the podium, sits utterly motionless as he watches the mayhem.

ROWRL! The sleek cat scales the other cages at the truck, and leaps back down, and dodges Wally and Roger who try to snag it with snare poles - lassoes on the ends of sticks.

Wally fumbles with a tranquillizer rifle in the truck.

CLOSE-UP - THE CHEETAH HALTS AND CROUCHES, READY TO POUNCE

A tranquillizer dart pops into its hindquarters. ROWRLLL.

ANGLE ON Rachel, with a tranquillizer pistol in-hand! She hovers over the cheetah, as it plops into a sleepy heap.

WALLY
Good shot, Rachel!

Wally and the Technician drags the snoring beast back to its cage. It's like a sloppy bag of water. Very hard to carry!

The spectators mumble indistinctly, as they courageously and nervously return to their seats. Ally retakes the microphone, and her other Team members resume their places.

ALLY (V.O.)
 Everyone? Are we all okay? Oh,
 my. Well, that was exciting! Does
 everyone want to try again?

Feeble claps mixed with grumbles emanate from the crowd.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 Oh, my my my...

She gazes over to wide-eyed Roger and Yabby, who stand at
 the smallest cage, with a poster of a bird on the side.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 Well, next up we're supposed to
 have a Western Capercaillie, or
 Wood Grouse. Boys?

Very slowly, this time, Roger and Yabby wind up the gate.

ROGER
 You can stick your head in this
 time, Yabby.

YABBY
 Huh?

Again, nothing but blackness and silence from inside.

Yabby imitates a call of a grouse. Feeble applause and
 whistles from the crowd try to get things going. Still
 nothing. Finally, Roger goes down and reaches inside.

Only his rear end sticks out, as he jerks and twitches and
 struggles with what's inside. The audience goes quiet...

As Roger wiggles back out, Yabby, Wally, Ally and Rachel
 have fingers crossed. The audience has apprehensive faces.

Finally, Roger emerges with a young Eurasian Black Vulture
 in his arms, obviously nothing like the picture on the cage.

ROGER
 Well, at least this got wings like
 it's supposed to.

The vulture is ugly, but the crowd coos and applauds anyway.

Rachel frowns and steps up to Ally, who cups the microphone.

RACHEL
 What's going on, Professor?

ALLY

Those guys at the Department - or
the zoos they're coming from.
I mean, how can they confuse a
moschatus with a jubatus?

Ally returns to the microphone. She peeks at the Old Fellow seated here in his uniform. He peers straight ahead through inch-thick spectacles, and smiles as if nothing's happened.

ALLY (V.O.)

Well, let her go, Roger.

Roger does just that, and the vulture bounces, hops, and gradually takes flight toward the forest - to nice applause.

Ally and Rachel now peer at the third cage - an enormous box bigger than anything we've seen. On its side is a poster of a small animal, the aardvark:

INSERT - THE CAGE - ILLUSTRATION OF AN AARDVARK

ANGLE ON Ally, as she checks her paperwork and mutters.

ALLY (CONT'D)

A European Badger. Says here.

Roger and Yabby each go to one knee, close up to the poster.

YABBY

Huh?

ROGER

Ain't no badger. Weighs a ton.

WALLY

My paperwork says Armadillo.

RACHEL

Even so, why release an armadillo,
badger, or aardvark in these parts?

ROGER

What a bugger up. They sent us the
wrong shipment!

VOICES FROM CROWD (O.S.)

G'wan! Let's get going. Let the
critter go! Yeah, we wanna see it!
(to laughs)
Let's see what it is this time.

Ally shrugs and moves up to the microphone. The boys slowly crank up the gate on the huge cage.

ALLY (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen. A ba... uh,
an Arma... well, let's see what it
is before we announce it, okay?

With the gate only half raised, an animal skitters out, but it's NOT what's on the poster.

WALLY
That's not a badger!

It's an aardvark!

ALLY (V.O.)
(squints)
Uh, ladies and gentlemen, we
present to you... an aardvark!
That's it. Yes! Orycteropus afer.
Well, that wasn't so bad, was it?

Relieved sighs and chuckles come from the crowd, followed by gentle applause and whistles as the odd little anteater darts in a straight line for the trees. It seems... scared.

ROGER
Gee, Professor, I didn't know those
things could move that fas --

There's an enormous clunk from inside the cage. It bounces a few inches into the air. Roger and Yabby get thrown back.

And with a throbbing HONK, an adult rhinoceros charges out!

Spectators shriek and scatter. Rachel helps Ally from the podium. Screams. Shouts. Honks. Chairs fly. Tables topple. Women faint. Kids cry. People trip each other.

The horned beast makes for the now unoccupied seats, and bashes them about. It wheels around, still honking its loud honks, and rams its cage, and tosses the other cages about.

Wally scrambles into the cab and lobs tranquillizer rifles and crossbows out to Roger, Yabby and the Technician.

Rachel and Ally try to contain the crowds that run every which way, and guide them along a road away from the scene.

The rhino bashes the truck and spins it around. It raises its head triumphantly, honks, and aims for the podium, still occupied by the Old Fellow - who just sits there, smiling!

Roger and Yabby run in front of the raging beast to guide it away from the podium and toward the forest.

For a moment, it works, till the rhino sees the road that leads away from the place, where the people fleeing meet up with cyclists and uniformed kids leaving a nearby school.

But now a man in full helmet and facemask, in an overcoat billowing from the breeze, roars in on a noisy motorcycle!

He whoops and shouts, and intercepts the rhino and directs it toward the forest, like a cowboy who rounds up cattle.

It's Charlie Rath, disguised as some sort of mystery man!

As Rachel helps people flee, she glares quizzically back at the rescuer - but she can't possibly recognize who it is.

Wally tosses a phone to Ally, and she punches buttons.

ALLY
(into phone)
Minister? Minister Proctor!

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY (SAME TIME)

Proctor leans up close to his computer: It depicts the very chaos, being televised, that is going on north of London!

PROCTOR
(into phone)
I see it, Ally. Help is coming.
I've called in an airstrike.

EXT. CLEARING NEAR FOREST - DAY

ALLY
Wha... an air...?! Minister!

PROCTOR (V.O.)
(filtered over phone)
No, that's what we'll do.

EXT. SKIES OVER LONDON - DAY

A green-camouflaged Harrier Jump Jet, with under-wing pods loaded with weapons, careens into a steep dive.

EXT. CLEARING NEAR FOREST - DAY

Ally cowers with the phone, beside the truck. Her hand is to her ear, to cloak it from the din and shrieks all around.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
(filtered over phone)
These compensation awards are getting too costly. We'll just take out all of the animals.

ALLY
(into phone)
Nooo!

PROCTOR (V.O.)
And start all over again.

Rachel arrives, and hunkers down beside Rachel.

ALLY
But, Minister! Arrgh.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE CLEARING AND FAR AWAY - DAY

From 5, 4, 3 miles off, the Harrier afterburners to the site of the rewilding-gone-awry. It's up ahead, in the distance.

EXT. CLEARING NEAR FOREST - DAY

Ally and Rachel race over to Wally. People still flee every which way. The rhino still rampages and honks behind them.

ALLY
Proctor's called in the air force!

WALLY
What?! Is he cra --

RACHEL
Everyone! Run. Fast as you can!

The assisting TECHNICIAN mounts the trailer, and aims a scope with a radar beam toward the rampaging rhino.

EXT. CLEARING/RHINO RAMPAGING - DAY (SCOPE MATTE)

Through the scope, the Technician tries to follow the huge rhino with a red laser dot, as it jumps and lurches about. Nearby, the strange masked hero keeps pace on his bike.

INT. HARRIER COCKPIT - DAY (TRAVELLING)

A buzz sounds from the instrument panel before the PILOT.

PILOT
Got a lock. Fire one and two.

EXT. HARRIER UNDERCARRIAGE - DAY (SAME TIME)

Two sleek, finned smart bombs drop away with a whine.

EXT. ABOARD THE TRAILER - DAY

The Technician slaps the side of his face - mosquito! His hand on the scope slips awry and the tripod dips and tips...

EXT. CLEARING - DAY (SCOPE MATTE)

The red laser dot moves off the rhino and darts wildly at the trees, then to the audience stands (now empty), and even as far as the townhouses over yonder, and then back again.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE CLEARING/SMART BOMBS - DAY

The bombs scream to and fro, up and down, accelerate and decelerate, as they try to acquire the moving laser target.

EXT. ABOARD THE TRAILER/TECHNICIAN TARGETER - DAY

The Technician rubs his fingers together as he analyzes the bug he squashed. Before him, the scope still swings about.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE CLEARING/SMART BOMBS - DAY

Bomb One levels off and aims at the townhouses and wind power towers, while Bomb Two continues an erratic spiral.

EXT. CLEARING NEAR FOREST - DAY

Everyone who's still here, turns and watches: The brave T.V. cameraman swivels his camera and acquires the missile:

There is a smoke trail down toward the first giant spinning wind turbine behind a townhouse - then a mighty explosion.

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE/LIVINGROOM - DAY (SAME TIME)

Evey and Harry watch the events calmly on T.V. They must obviously live in one of the townhouses, because they bounce on their couch, and their whole home rattles and dust rises!

EXT. CLEARING NEAR FOREST - DAY

Everyone watches, eyes wide, jaws dropped, as the windmill teeters, topples, crunches and smashes down to just miss a townhouse. Debris rolls all the way to the spectator seats.

Some of the debris washes the podium down into the clearing. The Old Fellow still sits oblivious, with a silly grin on his face, as his chair surfs to rest, upright, 25 feet away.

Behind everyone, led by the mystery man on the motorcycle, the rhino rumbles off into an orchard, away from the forest.

EXT. ABOARD THE TRAILER/TECHNICIAN TARGETER - DAY

The Technician's jaw drops, and his elbow bumps the scope...

EXT. FOREST/TARGETING LASER DOT - DAY (SCOPE MATTE)

The laser dot jiggles, spirals and settles amongst treetops.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE CLEARING/SMART BOMB - DAY

Bomb #2 spins and wobbles, before it lurches downward.

EXT. FOREST/CLEARING - DAY

Everyone here, the T.V. cameraman included, freezes and stares blankly at the turn of events...

As the trail from Bomb #2 streaks into the forest. After a mighty explosion, fires burst out everywhere. Many great old trees topple and spread the flames further.

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY (SAME TIME)

Proctor, watching, cups his jaw and sinks into his chair.

EXT. CLEARING NEAR FOREST - DAY

Moans and groans sound out. Most spectators escaped, but a few lie on the ground and nurses tend to minor injuries.

This, as our Rewilding Team members stand side-by-side, in stunned awe and silence, at all the carnage and destruction.

INT. HARRIER COCKPIT - DAY (TRAVELLING)

The Pilot leans to his right and looks out his window.

PILOT
(into microphone)
Crikey. That didn't go too good.
Shall we try again, Minister?

PROCTOR (V.O.)
(filtered over radio)
No no, save what you've got left.
We have to take care of that other
situation, in Sussex.

The pilot shakes his helmeted head, and steers port side.

PILOT
(mutters)
More? Oh, for the love of...

EXT. CLEARING NEAR FOREST - DAY (SAME TIME)

Our Rewilders still stare and slouch, till Rachel points.

In the distant orchard, the honking rhino disappears amongst the tall grasses, along with the mysterious masked hero.

RACHEL
Who was that masked man?

The immediate area is now completely vacant, except for the Technician, who sits on the back of the trailer with his feet hanging over the edge and his head sunk low.

Till everyone turns to where a second wind turbine, cracked at mid-point, topples into the next, knocks it over, knocks over the next, and so the next, till all five remaining turbines have collapsed to the ground behind the townhouses.

And it isn't over yet! Ally's phone chirps a ring.

ALLY
 (weakly, into phone)
 Yes?

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 (filtered over phone)
 Ally? Are you okay?

Ally can only gurgle choked tears. Rachel takes the phone.

RACHEL
 Minister? We lost the animals!

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY (SAME TIME)

PROCTOR
 Well, never mind that now. We need
 you back here to consult on the
 developments in Central Scotland.

INTERCUT between RACHEL and PROCTOR

Rachel holds the phone so everyone in her team can hear.

RACHEL
 Scotland? But Minister, what about
 the situation here?

PROCTOR
 No no, never mind it. There's a
 swarm of beavers attacking property
 outside the bog they were released
 to. We need you there, to consult
 with the British Army.

RACHEL
 The Army!?

PROCTOR
 Yes yes, they're already calling it
 the Great Beaver War. Shouldn't be
 much of a contest, really.

RACHEL
 But sir!

PROCTOR
 Have to go. Conserving power. For
 the environment. We only run the
 communications network four hours
 per day now. Tootle dee!

END INTERCUT.

RACHEL
But Min --

Before he clicks off, Proctor mutters, audible to all here:

PROCTOR (V.O.)
(filtered over phone)
We'll win that Conservation Award
this month, if it's the last thing
I do.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE - DAY

Evey makes dinner in the kitchen, as the T.V. plays.

INSERT - T.V. NEWS REPORT

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
(filtered over T.V.)
Good news, Glasgows! The missing
rhinoceros was located and is being
returned safely to captivity as we
speak.

EVEY (O.S.)
Oh, bloody good news, that.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Also today, news of the government
coalition of anti-war anarchists,
environmentalists and peaceniks
falling apart. The Prime Minister
says we may expect clashes in the
street as regular environmentalists
take on the militant wings.

CUT TO videotape, to a pitched battle between green, gray
and blue t-shirted people fighting with slingshots, clubs,
sticks and placards - while regular citizens flee for cover.

Accompanied next by a loud, long toilet flush sound...

ANGLE ON Harry, as he emerges from the bathroom, opposite
Evey in the kitchen. He limps over and plops on the couch.

HARRY
Any word of this "Cadwraeth" yet?

EVEY
No, hon.

INSERT - T.V. NEWS REPORT

Minister Proctor now appears beside the News Reporter:

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 Minister, then there's the problem
 of this "Cadwraeth" individual --

HARRY (O.S.)
 A-ha!

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
 That masked Lone Ranger,
 anti-rewilding character.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 Cadwraeth. Obviously just some
 terrorist, now with his gang of
 followers, marauding around the
 countryside trapping animals and
 government representatives, and
 locking them up in cages.

ANGLE ON Harry, who goes wide-eyed with applause!

HARRY
 Locking them up, too? About time!

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
 Cadwraeth: Such a malevolent-
 sounding name, Minister.

INSERT - T.V. NEWS REPORTER INTERVIEWS MINISTER PROCTOR

Proctor twirls his moustache and glares into the camera.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 Yes. Cadwraeth. No one's yet
 figured out what it means, or why
 he chose that pseudonym.

[Note: Ironically, in Welsh "Cadwraeth" means conservation.
 We'll learn that it refers to something else, in this case.]

More videotape plays. Workers use rollers and green paint
 to cover up colorful graffiti that smothers a brick wall:

"Cadwraeth, save us!"

"Three Cheers for Cadwraeth!"

ANGLE ON Evey, as she arrives and takes wearily to the couch beside Harry.

HARRY
What's for supper, Evey?

EVEY
Hash. Again. Hey, it's four o'clock, our show's on.

INSERT - T.V. SCREEN

It's a rerun of an old black & white show from a far simpler era: A kindly male DOCTOR stands over a PREGNANT PATIENT.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
(filtered over T.V.)
And what's wrong with you, today?

PREGNANT PATIENT (V.O.)
Oh, doctor, I can't explain it.
Nothing I do seems to help.

A swell of soft music accompanies the Doctor's gentle smile.

EXT. STREET/TOWN #1 - DAY

The Team's compost-powered pickup burps its way through a small town. Roger and Yabby are piled into the open back.

They pass Charlie's now-dilapidated, graffiti-covered home.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK/CAB - DAY (TRAVELLING)

As before, Roger and Yabby poke their faces in through the rear window, as Wally drives, Ally is crunched in the middle, and Rachel leans her head against her window.

But she sneaks a sad peek at Charlie's house, as they go by.

EXT. STREET/TOWN #2 - DAY

The pickup passes a chain gang as it digs a trench, women in a food line, and men in another queue as they look for jobs.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Look at those poor people.

Overlying the scene are thumps of far-off artillery battles.

EXT. STREET/GLASGOW - DAY

The pickup parks in its spot, outside the C.R.A.P. building.

The streets are quiet, and very few people walk about. The deep thumps from a distant battle are a little louder here.

ALLY (V.O.)
Everyone? I've made a decision.

RACHEL/WALLY/ROGER (V.O.)
What, Professor?

INT. PICKUP TRUCK/CAB - DAY (PARKED)

ALLY
Human beings have a right to live
on this planet, too.

RACHEL/WALLY/ROGER
Right. Absolutely. Of course.

To express his agreement, Yabby chatters his teeth.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

No staff are in the outer office. No citizens are visiting to view conservation brochures. Only the canary chirps from its cage, to the thump of artillery far, far away.

We glide toward Ally's office, to where a T.V. plays.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
(filtered over speaker)
What else, Professor?

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY (SAME TIME)

Rachel, Wally, Roger and Yabby watch grimly, as Ally is interviewed on the T.V.:

ALLY (V.O.)
(filtered over speaker)
The animal kingdom isn't some evil,
malevolent force here.

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE - DAY (SAME TIME)

To the sound of the artillery battle outside, Evey and Harry sit on their couch and watch the very same interview on T.V.

INSERT - T.V. INTERVIEW

Ally sits opposite the Interviewer in a news studio.

ALLY (V.O.)
 (filtered over speaker)
 It's very complicated. Look, one plant can be introduced that merges with a genetically-modified plant, to create a more widespread food source for herbivores that we've rewilded, which then means more food for carnivores, which ravage the delicate ecosystem or spread to where they weren't before.

EVEY (O.S.)
 Well, I'm lost Harry. Plants breeding more meat eaters?

HARRY (O.S.)
 It's all those damned activists.

The T.V. Interviewer glares straight into the camera and points a finger - as though he heard Harry's at-home remark!

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
 "Enthusiasts", not "activists"!

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

We rejoin Rachel, Wally, Roger and Yabby. Rachel lifts a puppy into her arms and pats it as they watch the interview.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
 But Professor, the Minister says everything will always work out in the end.

INSERT - T.V. INTERVIEW CONTINUES

ALLY (V.O.)
 (filtered over T.V.)
 I'm worried that one particular re-introduction could tip the balance. If it were a predator, and its food runs out, it might start to hunt domestic animals and pets. Or an algae, or a disease in some exotic species, eaten by an indigenous species, might bring a new virus into the natural cycle.

ANGLE ON the whole team, which has moved together into a big group hug.

ALLY (V.O. CONT'D)
 And there are complications, where
 Mankind now lives too close to
 nature. It could disrupt natural
 biology and cause some of the
 herbivores to become omnivores.

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY (SAME TIME)

Yes, Proctor is watching the very same interview on a T.V.!

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
 Those eat both plants and meat?

Proctor fingers something from a brown paper lunch bag, its veggie contents spread out orderly on his desk before him.

ALLY (V.O.)
 Or become carnivorous only, or the
 carnivores that normally eat only
 other animals now include humanity
 in their menu. We'll lose our role
 at the top of the food chain.

PROCTOR
 (shakes head)
 Oh, Ally. What a worrywart.

He arches his head, and even closes one eye, as he tries to get his mouth around an overflowing sandwich, with lettuce and tomato that sticks out. Bits of it drop onto his lap.

INSERT - PROCTOR'S T.V. - THE INTERVIEW

It's a CLOSE-UP of Ally: Her expression is very solemn, in spite of her silly hair that points out to the sides.

INT. UNDEFINED FUTURE RESIDENCE - NIGHT (DUSK)

Back to the storytelling Mom and her children. The girl is sucking her thumb, and their candle has burned down a bit.

FUTURE BOY
 So what happened next, mother?

FUTURE MOM
 Well, remember the beaver. The one
 I called "King Beaver"?

FUTURE BOY

Mm-hmm.

FUTURE MOM

See, the government tried to control where King Beaver and his friends could live, but the beavers began to think differently.

FUTURE GIRL

(removes thumb)

What?

FUTURE MOM

So there began a great battle, and the beaver led his many, many thousands of friends against a big army of man soldiers.

The kids go saucer-eyed and snuggle up together.

EXT. GLASGOW STREET CORNER - DAY

We're at the storefront where the window T.V. plays. Every few seconds, the picture goes to static, before it resumes.

INSERT - T.V. REPORT - GRIM NEWSCASTER

A NEWSCASTER delivers an anxious report, from the war front.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The beaver hordes are moving west... whelming the Fifth Squadron on the outskirts of Edinburgh... looks like... British troops will mak... Mankind's last stand in Northumberland... at week's end --

The T.V. goes blank. Kaput. No more electricity!

The distant artillery thumps of battle ratchet up ever more.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOG - DAY

Let's jump right into the Great Beaver War!

Under an incessant roar of explosions, ricochets and animal exhortations, amidst misty bog, soggy moors, pine thickets and bull rushes as tall as people, the battle is underway!

Beavers, lynx, foxes, elk, muskoxen, mice, and boar, all led by King Beaver, with the spot in the middle of his forehead, swarm the knolls and ford the streams. Overhead, thousands of geese, hawks and crows dart through a late afternoon sky.

British Army battalions are positioned before them to the south, equipped with jeeps and APCs, H.Q. tents and portable loos. Snipers and artillery pieces and mortars blast away.

The trails of bombs that arc across the dusk sky resemble towering, gray paint-strokes on a canvas. They sparkle from the late-day Sun and from flashes of ground detonations.

The noise is sensational! From one side? Honks, squeals, barks, growls. The other? Yelps and indistinct human shouts intersperse with mortar booms and artillery thumps.

EXT. BOG/SKY OVERHEAD - DAY

A squadron of Typhoon jets arc across the treetops. Where smoke from recent artillery explosions mark the enemy targets, the jets initiate synchronized napalm releases.

EXT. BOG/BELOW - DAY

As the trees and brush light up above them, ten thousand critters dive to safety into streams, puddles and muck.

The mighty combustion above envelops the horizon and powers into the air. More artillery lands, but only one in three detonates. Many shells plop into mud and merely disappear.

CLOSE-UP - KING BEAVER STANDS ERECT ON REAR WEBBED FEET

He waves his paws, orchestrating, to inspire and direct his forces onward. He unleashes the familiar HOOT-HOOT-HOOOOT, as his thousands of brethren creatures surge up the rear.

EXT. THE BRITISH FRONT LINE - DAY

As artillery and mortars launch all around, a SERGEANT races over to a shaky CAPTAIN, who has binoculars to his face.

EXT. THE HORIZON/NORTH - DAY (MATTE SCOPE)

Creatures large and small stream toward them over hills, through valleys, across ponds, and through the air.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Good God!

EXT. THE BRITISH FRONT LINE - DAY

SERGEANT
 Captain, we got civilians coming up
 the rear!

CAPTAIN
 What's this?

He spins around. Raises binoculars. His jaw drops...

EXT. THE HORIZON/SOUTH - DAY (MATTE SCOPE)

Protesters rush in from a road, right up to the line. They swarm the jeeps and equipment and scuffle with the soldiers.

Some picketers stretch a big banner across the road:

"The Voluntary Human Extinction
 Movement" - <http://www.vhemt.org>

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
 Love o' the Almighty!

Other protesters chant indistinctly, and wave smaller signs:

"Moratorium on Human Breeding"

"Humans = Parasites"

And an image of a man in a circle,
 with a slash through the center

EXT. THE BRITISH FRONT LINE - DAY

Fifty yards from the front, a thousand beavers chew through trees, which topple all around fleeing shrieking soldiers, to entangle their vehicles and tip over artillery pieces.

EXT. BOG/STREAM - DAY

A hundred beavers chew through a vast beaver dam they'd constructed: It breaks, and releases a veritable tsunami.

EXT. THE BRITISH FRONT LINE - DAY

The waist-deep deluge shoves aside military equipment and tents. The water is full of beavers, rats and waterfowl who surf along for the ride into enemy lines now washed away.

EXT. THE BRITISH REAR LINE - DAY

Retreating troops push through the protesters. The leading edge of the flood reaches their ankles. Chants start up:

PROTESTERS
 Only by peacefully dying out will
 Mankind relieve the Earth of its
 ecological destruction!

This as many of them nibble cello-wrapped goodies, drink pop from plastic bottles, and take selfies with smart phones.

EXT. BOG/OVERHEAD/BEAVER REAR LINES - DAY (DUSK)

But Humanity launches a counter-attack!

Occasionally pecked at by fowl in mid-air, 100 Paratroopers float down behind the rear-most, beaver-led animal army.

Large boxes come down under separate parachutes. On the ground, the troops open the boxes, unravel equipment from satchels, and converge behind the encircled enemy creatures.

Huge nets are thrown over hundreds of beasts. The troopers drag their quarries into lorries and drive them away.

EXT. THE NEW BRITISH FRONT LINE - DAY (DUSK)

The Sergeant stands atop a troop carrier, to watch the counter-attack through his binoculars.

SERGEANT
 The beaver line's been broken,
 Captain!

CAPTAIN
 We're getting the better of the
 little rascals.

SERGEANT
 Retreating on all fronts. See?
 Good old man-made technology beats
 'em every time, sir.

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

As usual, the MacGillvray's are glued to the T.V. to watch.

INSERT - T.V. REPORT ON THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE

REPORTER (V.O.)
 (breathlessly)
 Well, the Great Beaver War seems
 to have been won.

With a rising wave of cheers behind him, the Reporter swats a bug on his face as he's handed a press release.

REPORTER (V.O. CONT'D)
 And the Minister just spoke on it.
 Here's what he said:
 (reads)
 "The menace of the castor mortis
 has been turned back. Once again,
 the fiend is relegated to the
 Scottish Bog from whence it came."

The Reporter directs his cameraperson to the explosive flashes and cacophony of the battle on the horizon.

As the future storytelling Mom and Kids take over:

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
 But the war wasn't over, was it,
 Mother?

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 No dear, it wasn't.

The T.V. goes into static. Then goes dark and dead. If we squint hard, we can see Evey's and Harry's reflection in it!

INT. POWER PLANT/GLASGOW - NIGHT (DUSK)

Workers flip huge switches to shut off power generators, while others punch their time clocks to leave for the day.

WORKER #1
 Night, Leo.

WORKER #2
 Same time tomorrow, Nate.

EXT. THE NEW BRITISH FRONT LINE - NIGHT (DUSK)

... The electricity to feed the war machines dissipates!

Every light in the camp goes out. The hum of the electrical fences that surround dozens of captured animals goes quiet. Crackling conversations from radios fade to silence.

On come flashlights, one after another, accompanied by indistinct human grumbles and complaining moans. The Captain and Sergeant, from before, are joined by a PRIVATE.

SERGEANT

Oh blimey, it's nineteen hundred hours!

P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Conserve! Conserve! Lights out!

CAPTAIN

We know that, already! Somebody get me H.Q.

PRIVATE

Sorry sir, our remote units don't have any power. Everything's gone dead.

CAPTAIN

The blinking devils. Anybody got a satellite phone that works?

SERGEANT

Here you go, Captain.

The Captain receives a handset, and punches buttons.

PROCTOR (V.O.)

(filtered over radio)

Yesss?

CAPTAIN

Darn it, Minister, what's going --

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - NIGHT (DUSK)

Proctor shovels papers into a briefcase, readying to leave.

PROCTOR

(into phone)

Power Conservation Edict
Number Forty-Nine "C". You know
the rules, soldier.

EXT. THE NEW BRITISH FRONT LINE - NIGHT (DUSK)

Subtly, the sweet calls of incoming beavers get louder and louder, and are joined by honks, barks, hoots and growls from all the other animals - as a big counterattack begins.

CAPTAIN
But Minister, the electrical --

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Use your solar arrays.

CAPTAIN
Minister. It's night time!

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - NIGHT (DUSK)

Proctor checks his watch. Slams briefcase shut.

PROCTOR
I'm sorry, Captain. Can we pick
this up in the a.m.?

EXT. THE NEW BRITISH FRONT LINE - NIGHT (DUSK)

The radio clicks to silence. The Sergeant and Captain slump. The stupefied Private slaps his forehead.

PRIVATE
Damn! Beaten by an outsized rat.

They turn and run. All around them, dozens of soldiers' voices, high or deep, squeal or groan their frantic cries:

VOICES (O.S.)
Retreat! Run while you can. Each
to himself! That's all she wrote!

Vehicle engines crank all about, but refuse to turn over.

VOICES (O.S. CONT'D)
Stalled out. It's the darn soy
gasoline. Withdraw! Run for your
almighty beaver-kickin' lives!

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - THE NEW WORLD (GREAT BRITAIN)

Nature's conquest of Civilization proceeds tout de suite:

A) Abandoned cars litter expressways. Schools, libraries and offices are shuttered. Racoons, deer and panthers rummage and nibble as they saunter through the avenues.

SUPERIMPOSE - "Six Months Later"

- B) In stores, shelves are empty and only a few tins litter the floors. Mice abound, and scavenge what they can.

On a T.V. somewhere, static is replaced by human voices as a male INTERVIEWER interviews Proctor:

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
Minister, can you comment on the situation in the United Kingdom?

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Here? The continent, too. World wide! The re-introduction of near-extinct, threatened, and at-risk animal, insect and plant species has been a huge success!

- C) A WHOOP WHOOP WHOOOOP alarm goes silent, as a mother eagle stuffs straw for a nest right inside a big public address speaker atop a building.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
But what about Humanity, Minister?

PROCTOR (V.O.)
The birds in the air. The animals on the land. The bugs under the Earth. Rejoice, my good man!

- D) People in an apartment building peek out windows down to a canal that's now filled with crocodiles and herons.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
But Minister!

- E) Subway platforms and city streets are empty, except for a wolf pack that cowers before an elephant herd, while a dozen zebras gallop happily around a track in a stadium.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
The causes of natural animal depopulation - extinction if you will - and of habitat loss by climate change, pollution, hunting and natural phenomenon, all of these have been reversed. Oh ho!

- F) At an intersection, a green "Conserve" sign on the ground is stomped on by a huge hoofed animal that meanders past.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
Yes, for the animals sir, but --

- G) From churches, synagogues, temples and mosques come indistinct prayers. And everywhere is destruction: But by Man, not from animals - graffiti, fires and vandalism.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Everything is going according to plan, my boy.

- H) A solitary animal control vehicle creeps through garbage-strewn streets among curious bison and prowling hyenas.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
But what about us?

- I) In a police station lot, a baboon sits at the wheel of an abandoned patrol car and pokes playfully at the controls.

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Earlier challenges to specific ecosystems and habitats, such as clear cutting of forests, and overfishing in our oceans, and resource depletion --

- J) At a power station, a gauge reads nine percent. Cobwebs cover computer keyboards and mice skitter out of holes.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
But Minister?!

PROCTOR (V.O.)
Have all been eliminated. Joy joy!

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
But do you not have anything to say to reassure the citizens?

PROCTOR (V.O.)
The noble citizens? Who love our environment and sacrifice to conserve it? Who follow the laws?

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
Minister!

PROCTOR (V.O.)
We are nations of laws, and they must be followed, my good fellow. Otherwise, well, chaos would reign! We wouldn't wish that, would you? The law states, and I remind --

K) Static takes Proctor off the air. In an empty office, somewhere, newspapers lie scattered about:

"God must love beasts more than us"

"Nature 1, Man 0. Game Set Match"

"London has fallen. But remember:
Conservation is still important!"

All of this is amongst posters that flutter on the wall from a light breeze that comes in through broken windows:

"Save the Frogs! Save the Weasel!"

"Ban the mouse trap! There's a kinder way to trap mice."

"Animals: Property of Humankind,
or Citizens of the Planet?"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE - DAY

At last, we see the outside of the quaint MacGillvray house: Remnants of a fallen wind turbine fills a nearby alley.

EVEY (V.O.)

When is the government going to come and help us, Harry?

HARRY (V.O.)

I dunno, Evey.

EVEY (V.O.)

Ulp. Where are you going now?

HARRY (V.O.)

Just taking out the garbage, Evey.

Harry emerges from the house with a refuse bag: He wears a bulky cricket uniform, with mask, shin and arm pads, and wields a cricket bat - as howls and snarls sound all about!

INT. UNDEFINED FUTURE RESIDENCE - NIGHT (DUSK)

Their candle is lower still, as the kids snuggle in a tight embrace under the blankets, and Mom does a big stretch.

FUTURE GIRL

Mother?

FUTURE BOY
But what about Great Great, uh,
great great, um, Gramma Rachel?

FUTURE MOM
I'm coming to that, children.

FUTURE GIRL
I hope she was all right.

FUTURE MOM
Rachel was safe with Professor
Gruberstein and their friends.

The kids muster great sighs of relief.

FUTURE MOM (CONT'D)
But they were all very sad at the
way things had turned out.

INT. GLASGOW GOVERNMENT OFFICE/C.R.A.P. - DAY

The Team of Five stands alone at their empty counter.

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
What did they do, mother?

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
Well, here's what happened next...

From outside come all manner of wild animal sounds: Hisses,
brays, coos, bleats, snorts, chirps, snarls and barks.

Then one really long, spooky bellow - almost like Godzilla.

ROGER
Yabby, will you shut up?

RACHEL
That wasn't Yabby.

Their eyes grow wide, as they wonder what on earth it was!

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY

As Proctor leisurely packs his desk, through his open door
we see movers in the outer office. They unplug computers,
drag away furniture, and take down and roll up wall posters.

Office workers run around, and get in each others' way. One
male STAFFER stops at Proctor's door, and shouts to the sky.

STAFFER
We're doomed. We're doomed!

Proctor grins, scoffs sarcastically and shakes his head.

PROCTOR
Worrywart.

An ASSISTANT's head comes to the door alongside the Staffer.

ASSISTANT
Minister, we have to lift the prohibitions against shooting dangerous predators.

PROCTOR
No. We must only trap them.

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

As the others observe her, Ally dials a number on the phone.

ALLY
So now they're securing whatever animals they capture into big temporary zoos, behind moats.

WALLY
Not even fenced?

RACHEL
No, so when the moats dry up, the animals will only escape again.

The five of them - even Yabby - groan in unison.

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY (SAME TIME)

Proctor's Assistant stands alone at his boss's doorway.

PROCTOR
Absolutely no animals must be harmed, do you understand?

ASSISTANT
Yes, Minister.

He slouches, turns, and disappears into the outer office.

PROCTOR
 (mutters)
 It's all the fault of that
 terrorist, Cadwraeth, and his
 like-minded comrades.

Proctor now carries on to himself, as he packs, and gets more and more agitated as he does.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
 You see, ten thousand fresh water
 shrimps support a thousand bleak
 fish, which in turn sustain a
 hundred perch, followed by ten
 pikes, and finally one osprey!

Heads pop around the corner of his door to see, curious.

There comes a buzz at his desk phone.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
 Er, hmm, ah, the phone's still
 working? Who could be calling.
 (into phone)
 Yesss? Ally, my dearest! Ally!

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

Ally's team crowds close, as she activates the speakerphone.

ALLY
 I didn't expect you to still be
 around, Minister. You should --

INTERCUT between ALLY at her office and PROCTOR at his.

PROCTOR
 (into phone)
 Oh, Ally! I thought of how to fix
 things. Wait till you hear this:
 We just find a natural predator for
 those darn beavers. They started
 it all. What about foxes?

ALLY
 Well, we have lots of foxes around
 now, too. But when they run out of
 food, they'll turn on domestic
 livestock. Then maybe on us.

PROCTOR
 Ha ha, well, we'll release their
 predators, then. Coyotes and
 wolves, then lions and tigers!

ALLY
Minister. Not here in Scotland!

PROCTOR
(insane chuckle)
Do it.

ALLY
And what predator will we release
when the lions and tigers
overpopulate, Minister?

PROCTOR
We're the apex of apex predators!

ALLY
We were.

PROCTOR
Well, we'll worry about that when
the time comes. We can just ship
in more food for them - zebras and
wildebeests or something.

ALLY
(slowly rises from chair)
But Minister, they don't belong
here! They're in Africa, and
tropical. And when they come here,
they'll eat vegetation that'll
destroy other ecosystems. Then
we'll have to fix that, Minister.
And then we'll have to fix the fix.

PROCTOR
Oh, I don't care. Do something,
Ally. I'm just the bureaucrat.
You're the experts.

ALLY
But Minister!

PROCTOR
(has an epiphany)
Ally. Wait. I've got it. I've
finally got it!

Everyone in both rooms freeze - those surrounding Ally, and
the faces of staff that watch from outside Proctor's door:

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
What we need, to fix all of this...
is an un-ex-de-re-wilding program!

END INTERCUT.

The line at Ally's office goes dead: The speaker dial tone buzzes. Rachel and the whole team stands here, frozen.

INT. OFFICE/MINISTER PROCTOR - DAY (SAME TIME)

Proctor doesn't realize the connection has terminated.

PROCTOR
 (into phone)
 Ally? Ally! I want you to be in
 charge Ally. Because... I know you
 can do it, and... because...

Everyone who careens at his doorway holds their breath...

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
 Ally, I love you. I love you!

He wails and thrashes and cries and laughs. Those at the door glare at him with bug-eyes, realizing he's gone insane.

INT. OFFICE/ALLY GRUBERSTEIN - DAY

Ally disconnects the buzzing speakerphone: Silence.

Crashes and neighs and growls resume, outside, and increase.

RACHEL
 It's time to go, everyone. Let's
 see who we can help, out there.

She looks away, to a table, to lead the others' eyes over:

On it are a crossbow tranquillizer, several pistol and rifle tranquillizer guns, lots of boxes of darts, and large nets.

EXT. STREET/GLASGOW - DAY

Rachel and her pals dodge through the people-less streets.

At a dumpster, a bear rummages. Wolves fight over a leg of lamb at a trashed butcher shop. A hawk swoops down to a telephone wire, to join several other birds of prey there.

Our narrators, the future Mom and her kids, interject:

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
 So they ran away somewhere that was
 protected?

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
Did they get to safety, Mother?

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
Well, a short distance away, they
came across some parents and their
children - children just like you.

Oddly, amidst all of this predatory danger, a fearless kiwi
waddles down the middle of the street in front of the Team.

RACHEL
Listen...

First she, and then everyone else, reacts to the sound of
human cries, mixed in with the caws, growls and barks.

ALLY
It's coming from Argyle Street.

WALLY
Let's go. Rog? Yabby?

YABBY
Woo woo woo!

EXT. ALLEY/EXIT TO ARGYLE - DAY

Tranquillizer weapons in-hand, Rachel and her Team emerge
from an alley into a much more active city street.

A sharp snarl somewhere triggers a stampede of wildebeests
and elephants. The team looks up to see a tiger, perched,
that watches from atop a department store across the street.

As the stampede peters out, Rachel points in the other
direction, and everyone else looks:

In a courtyard a block away, a caravan of human refugees is
stranded - five adults and 30 kids, on foot, on bicycles, or
in wheelchairs and rickshaws.

EXT. COURTYARD/STREET - DAY

The Team creeps through the remnants of the stampede to the
refugees, whose faces light up at the sight of rescuers.

Rachel corrals the kids, as Ally motions the rest to follow.
Wally, Roger and Yabby trot ahead of everyone, and poke at
the last few wildebeests and elephants to steer them away.

Ahead, a herd of zebras blocks an intersection. Yabby moves up and roars his best lion growl, to scare them off.

As everyone skulks through the intersection, they react to a sharp snarl: It's a real lion. It peers down from atop a supermarket - perhaps annoyed at losing out on a zebra meal!

EXT. ANOTHER STREET/PARK - DAY

Rachel and her troupe emerge from an alley, and race over to and across a park. Crocodiles snap at them from a fountain.

A boy falls behind, and Rachel and Yabby turn back to help.

EXT. ABANDONED ZOO PROPERTY/ENTRANCE - DAY

The refugee group - minus Rachel and Yabby - reaches a large gated property. It's empty, run-down and overgrown. At the gate is an ancient tipped sign: "Glasgow Zoo - Closed 2003"

ADULT #1
What's this?

ROGER
It's what's left of the zoo.

From their p.o.v. of the inside, only a few animals loiter about and graze: Swans, gazelles, and a family of badgers.

WALLY
It was shut down by zoo-protesters many years ago.

ALLY
That's right! All the poor animals were shipped away or euthanized.

ADULT #2
Let's hide here for a while.

Everyone skitters inside the gate. Unfortunately, this attracts the attention of animals outside, who follow them in: A family of elk, a giraffe, bobcats and lots more.

EXT. ZOO/CAGED AREA - DAY

Wally directs everyone into a cage and slams the rusty bars shut, to close themselves in. The pursuing animals surround the cage, and gaze in curiously at the humans inside!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Left behind, Rachel, Yabby and the boy are pinned down, as dozens of galloping African buffalos flee a pair of tigers.

Wedged against a wall, Yabby utters his first English words:

YABBY
Aw, crikey. We've had it, Rachel.

RACHEL
No Yabby, we can make it!

She leads them forward, but a buffalo bumps a light standard that creaks, tips and falls across their escape route. They cower at the wall, while the stampeding animals cut close.

A tiger pauses to ponder a human delicacy: The boy is stoic but Yabby bawls! Rachel has a stick and waves the tiger on.

The sound of buffalo groans, tiger snarls and stomping hoofs is deafening. Yabby puts his hands over the boy's ears. The dust chokes. Rachel surrounds them both with her arms.

Till amidst the wild din, Charlie, aka Cadwraeth in his full helmet and billowing overcoat, swoops in on his noisy motorcycle! And he leads five others on motorbikes!

As Charlie hoots and hollers like a cowboy, to divert the buffalos, his comrades move in front of the snarling tigers to deflect their attention down the street.

Charlie wheels over to Rachel and sweeps her onto his bike behind him. Yabby jumps on another bike, with the boy.

And off they zoom, at a great clip!

EXT. ABANDONED ZOO PROPERTY/ENTRANCE - DAY

The motorcyclists rev their engines as they round the corner into the old zoo. It scares away the animals at the gate.

EXT. ZOO/CAGED AREA - DAY

Dozens of passive beasts surround the cage full of refugees. The kids inside cower in the adults' protective hugs. A bobcat paws at the unlocked gate, but it's not very scary.

Still on the move, Charlie blasts a flare pistol into the air to send all of the creatures scattering.

Inside the cage, Ally, Wally and Roger move forward with the children they hold - yet some of the other adults hold back.

ADULT #1
It's... Cadwraeth. The Terrorist!

ADULT #2
Run for your lives!

ADULT #3
Use your crossbow. Shoot him!

Charlie grinds his bike to a stop, and swings the gate open. Rachel hangs on tightly, perched on the seat right behind, and only now does Charlie shed his helmet.

ALLY
It's that fellow, Charles Rath!

Rachel goes wide-eyed. She loosens her grip on Charlie and peeks over his shoulder: Her face is right at his cheek.

And Charlie turns, to meet Rachel's beaming face. Her eyes are full of love, and she wraps her arms around him.

RACHEL
This is the fourth time you've rescued me, Mister Rath!

EXT. ZOO - DAY

Charlie and his "terrorist" motorcyclists lead the band of refugees away on bikes, rickshaws, wheelchairs and crutches. A child with a leg cast sits behind him, on his motorbike.

Coming up next, on foot, Rachel and her Team carry the smaller kids piggy-back, or in their arms.

They emerge from a forest, teeter down a hill, pass through a broken fence that surrounds the zoo, and out to a quiet laneway inhabited only by a family of waddling Mallards.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT (DUSK)

The survivors sit around campfires. Songs of nature envelop them. Ahead, rural country. Behind, remnants of Glasgow.

Rachel, Charlie and the others pass out little sandwiches to the children, and hug them to console them from their fears.

In the flickering glow, Rachel and Charlie exchange peeks.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY (DAWN)

Charlie, on his motorbike, and the kids alongside, face Ally and the other rewilders as they prepare to go separate ways.

But Rachel stands apart from her teammates.

ALLY
Well everyone, let's go off to
fight the good fight.

WALLY/ROGER
"To rewild humanity."

YABBY
Huh?

ALLY
And you'll take the children to
safety, to try to preserve what's
left of human civilization. Isn't
that right... Cadwraeth?

CHARLIE
We'll go to the South of England,
or maybe to France.

RACHEL
Not so many predators were released
there, so we've heard.

Charlie gazes at the kind woman he saved, Rachel, who swoons back at him. Ally detects the silent language between them.

ALLY
Rache? I think you're supposed to
go with him, aren't you?

CHARLIE
We can use all the help we can get,
Miss. Rache.
(reacts, squints)
Wait a min... Rachel?

RACHEL
(offers her hand)
Rachel Wallington.

CHARLIE
(jaw drops)
You...? You're Rachel Wallington?
All those notes. In my mailbox?!

RACHEL
You got them?! I didn't --

CHARLIE
I sure did... Rachel!

All this time, Charlie didn't know, or remember, who Rachel was! Now, they take each other's hands, and then embrace.

LATER

The Team offers hugs and kisses to Rachel, who now sits up behind Charlie on his motorcycle.

The kids are already walking up ahead, down the avenue, escorted by their parents and other adults in a neat queue.

Tearfully, Rachel's rewilding team steps back as Charlie revs the motor and the bike lurches forward a bit.

ALLY
Say, Mister Rath, why did they call you Cadwraeth?

CHARLIE
Pardon?

A light comes to Rachel's face and she hugs Charlie tightly.

RACHEL
It came from his name somehow:
"Charles Andrew Darwin Rath!"

The bike pulls away. Rachel waves frantically, and her old teammates return the waves and blow kisses by the dozen.

ALLY/ROGER/WALLY
Goodbye! All the best. Keep safe!

YABBY
(sad beaver imitation)
Hoot-hoot-hoot.

RACHEL/CHARLIE
Bye-bye, and good luck everybody!

Wherein Ally, Wally, Roger and Yabby turn and march off to try to save or recover humanity somehow, while Charlie and Rachel and a few dozen children and their parents go off in the opposite direction, possibly as humanity's last stand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE - DAY

Bright sunshine peeks through shuttered windows. On table tops, candles burn low. And the T.V. doesn't come on, even as Harry presses the remote repeatedly. He tosses it away.

Evey saunters in and swings open one of the window shutters.

EVEY
Need some air.

She leans out for a breath, before she lurches back in...

A male lion growls a mighty ROAR right at the open window!

EVEY (CONT'D)
Oh, go away!

With a frying pan at-the-ready on the sill, she clangs the cat on the nose. Not too hard. He retreats with a meow.

She shakes her head, and shuffles over to the couch to plop down beside Harry. He puts his arm around her shoulder.

EVEY (CONT'D)
It's definitely time to move,
Harry.

They hug a nice big hug.

Till Harry reacts at something, back at the window.

CLOSE-UP - WINDOW, AND A BLUE BUTTERFLY JUST OUTSIDE

A Large Blue Butterfly flutters up and down and sideways.

HARRY (O.S.)
Look, Evey!

EVEY (O.S.)
Oh, Harry. It's so lovely!

The storytellers from the future resume their narration:

FUTURE GIRL (V.O.)
A butterfly?

FUTURE BOY (V.O.)
The Blue Butterfly!

FUTURE MOM (V.O.)
 Yes, my sweet peas. It was one of
 the many, many offspring of the
 original, beautiful Blue Butterfly
 that the Rewilders released the
 year before.

EXT. MACGILLVRAY HOUSE/YARD - DAY

As if bouncing on air, the butterfly floats up, above the
 trees, then around and around against a gorgeous blue sky.

Then it flutters up and away, and all we see is the sky.

EXT. SOME RECOGNIZABLE CITY SKYLINE - DAY

The beautiful Blue Butterfly, or an identical butterfly,
 reappears in what seems the same brilliant blue sky...

But as it dances in the air, down and around and all about,
 it descends into a whole new environment:

It's a skyline of a great city, perhaps New York or Sydney
 or Jerusalem (somewhere instantly recognizable), to indicate
 the spread of the Blue since its release back into the wild.

Up, up, it flutters, to the pinnacle of some great building.
 Settled there, it buffets its fragile wings fiercely, till
 the sound increases to that of a storm - a hurricane, even.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNDEFINED FUTURE RESIDENCE - NIGHT (DUSK)

The storytelling Mom tucks in her drowsy children and blows
 out what's left of their candle, which isn't much by now.

FUTURE MOM
 And so, children, that is how the
 New World came to be, and how your
 Great Great Great Great
 Grandparents, Rachel and Charlie,
 were a part of it all.

Even as the kids smile, they blink to fight off the sleep to
 come. They sigh, roll, and face each other in the tiny bed.

FUTURE MOM (CONT'D)
 Good night and sweet dreams, my
 dears.

FUTURE BOY/FUTURE GIRL
We love you, mother.

FUTURE MOM
I love you, too, for always more.

MONTAGE - REVEAL THE NEW WORLD - NIGHT (DUSK)

A) We pull back from the family, and move right out their tiny window into and through the tree branches outside.

B) We then look back at whence we came: The house is a quaint shack built up in a great tree, amongst singing birds and a beautiful sunset exploding to the West.

C) Down the huge tree we glide, to a vast plain populated by amazing creatures that busily occupy themselves:

Critters from the Pleistocene Era (about 2 million years ago), like a huge armadillo (Glyptodon), monstrous moose (Irish Elk), sabre-toothed tiger, a giant cave bear, and an elephant with great down-pointing tusks (Dinotherium).

D) Lastly, nibbling at low branches on the great tree is a huge ground sloth (Megatherium), that resembles King Beaver, having a spot in the middle of its forehead.

It is reverse evolution in progress, and what happened when all of the creatures of the world were left to be.

E) And on the wider horizon, Nature is seen to rule a domain of decaying office towers, sagging electrical lines, and overgrown Man-made wonders of a past civilization that has been utterly and completely overcome.

Yet, strangely, the sense is of all-encompassing harmony and tranquility among the Earth's diverse inhabitants.

FADE OUT.

THE END