

THE GUESTBOOK

(An Animation)

ver. 2

Written by

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Episode I

EXT. SYDNEY MUSEUM - AFTERNOON, 'YEAR 872'

A concrete tower has grown above the original sandstone structure. A small crowd mills around the steps and entrance doors. Banners hang between the pillars.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

An impromptu bay of seats has been assembled among the tangle of artefacts in the gloomy space. Audience members are only shadows and fuzzy voices as they find their places. All focus should be on a blank stage - empty, save for another banner. Its image is of a jutting mountain. Its title: 'The Guestbook'.

ANNOUNCER

Well, it's been 10 years, ladies and gentlemen...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN-SCAPE - EARLY AFTERNOON, 'YEAR 862'

In the foreground, a quaint cabin on a mountainside. Prayer flags flutter along the awnings. There's brush forest and extraordinary escarpments beyond. That same jutting peak.

A man totters towards the door at the cabin's rear. Finds a key-card in his pocket, holds it against a sensor, enters the building.

INT. FEDERATION COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's small. There's a desk, kitchenette, television. The bed's unmade, suggesting the man has already spent several nights here. By common judgement, he's about 60. He's got grey hair and worn features. Average height. He's to be our PROTAGONIST.

He's turned on the flat-screen TV and sits at the end of the bed. Swigs a tiny container of milk, then almost retches. A decadent cooking show is first on the screen. He changes the channel - now it's a dating show. A heavily-botoxed couple are recruiting a 'third' from a line of candidates. The man clutches a rose, whispers in his wife's ear.

Another change...and here's a news report. There's footage of a middle-aged man speaking at a lectern. A sign's got: 'REJUVENATION - HOROWITZ FOR PRESIDENT'.

REPORTER - KATHY (V.O.)

*...whose appearances have thus far been
engaging, inquiring and - it must be said -
cantankerous. Reportedly, rival apparatchiks*

are struggling to dig up anything about Mr Horowitz - good or bad. Time is on their side, however, with this general election still two years away. Mick.

The broadcast returns to a studio. A severe anchor has been looking on, as well.

ANCHOR

Thanks, Kathy. Returning to our top story now, and authorities have admitted they're no closer to finding the whereabouts of Tristan Makepeace, despite the overnight detention of his bodyguard. Lee Grover has our full report.

Footage of a police superintendent addressing a press conference. The Protagonist steps closer to the TV screen.

REPORTER - LEE (V.O)

Warwick Jurgensen has been subjected to three days of police questioning, and yet the former mercenary and film stunt-man remains tight-lipped on Makepeace's whereabouts. Today the Police Commissioner appealed to anybody who might have information to help the recovery of the 65-year-old icon, as millions of people across the...

The TV is suddenly ripped from the wall, thrown to the floor. The Protagonist stands over the broken set and it's unclear if he regrets his meltdown. In a set of drawers, he finds some flyers advertising food delivery. Beneath these, a box of pills ('*The Wild Peaks*') and a folder ('*How to use the TV*'). At the very bottom of the pile, there's a black leather book.

In gold lettering, on its cover: 'Federation Cottage'.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN DECK - 10 MINS LATER

Afternoon shadows wash across the mountains. Thousands of bugs hum in the grass around the cabin.

The Protagonist sits on a cheap plastic chair, tucked into a matching table. He leans forward to read from that black guestbook. Its sheets gently stir.

CLOSE to reveal such writing as:

'Many thanks for an incredible stay, the scenery is just SPECTACULAR!'

^What they said! It's GLORIOUS down here!'

All pre-existing comments are condensed onto the first page. The remainder of the book is empty. The Protagonist glances briefly to the mountains. Then lifts a stubby pencil, turns to the second page of the book, and...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Very few would understand how unbearably valuable everything feels, right now.

CLOSE on the sharp mountain peak, as the narrator continues.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

These escarpments, it's as if they're mountains of gold. These trees, noble dignitaries. This breeze and its bird songs, the breath of stars. And yet what seem to be worth most are the worlds I keep inside my head, separate mewling episodes that I won't carry much longer. So I'll get them down.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT CAR-PARK - MORNING, 'YEAR 815'

A family 'hover-van' (no tyres) is being tightly packed. There's a dining table strapped to the roof and an overstuffed trailer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was a few days after my voice broke that Mum said we were moving from Perth.

The young Protagonist (12-13 years old, by appearance) waits on a garden strip beside BROTHER (slightly younger). The Protagonist holds a multi-coloured goldfish in a plastic bag filled with water. MUM (40-45) shuffles past with a cardboard box.

MUM

(to Protagonist)

Quinlan, I've told you. I need a fresh start. I've already made sculptures of all the space-rock trillionaires in this city.

PROTAGONIST

Aren't there other important people in Perth?

MUM

You wouldn't think so!

A bottle of pills falls from the box that Mum had been carrying. '*Seducing the Secretary General*'. Unnoticed, The Protagonist smuggles it into his pocket.

PROTAGONIST

Can I still drop off the picture?

MUM

Yes, okay. But you'll have to be quick.

Soon: Their hover-van is departing.

EXT. HOUSING UNITS - 20 MINS LATER

These drab units are detached and face a hectic stretch of road. The Protagonist has rushed from the van towards the narrow entrance of one. He's clutching a large drawing page. The artwork is obviously a representation of his pet goldfish, created with orange pencils of various shades. It's excellent, for a child The Protagonist's size. His signature's been included: Quinlan Jack.

He folds the paper carefully and tucks it beneath the nominated unit's doormat. He lingers, but doesn't do anything more. For no good reason, he's carried his goldfish in its plastic bag throughout the drop-off, as well. And within the unit, only house-bound pets have reacted. A white capuchin and a cat watch quietly at the windowpane beside the door.

INT. HOVER-CAR - CONTINUOUS

Back at the kerb, the van's still running. Mum's anxious, and she moves them on as soon as The Protagonist has reset his seatbelt.

MUM

Hope you didn't press the doorbell!

A cardboard box sits shotgun. The Protagonist and Brother are in the back-seat. The goldfish now rests on its owner's lap.

For the upcoming drive, Brother's reading '*Ted Bergin: Presidential Diaries (Volume CDII)*'. He glances up from a page, gives The Protagonist an awkward smile.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hover-van floats above the road surface. Clearly, it travels far slower than the other traffic. In neighbouring vehicles, passengers relax as if they're inside floating living rooms, whereas Mum sits at the front of the van, gripping a steering wheel.

Several 'lounging' commuters peer at the van when briefly beside it. One calls the family...

HOON

Fucking Luddites!

...as he zooms past.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mum was the slowest driver in the world. In saying that, she seemed to be one of the only drivers. She didn't trust the automated technology, given its occasional lapses and high speeds. She preferred having her own handle on things.

Soon, there's a police siren, and the van gets intercepted.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER, 3 MINS LATER

Mum's finishing a brief conversation with a suave police-officer. She twirls strands of her hair.

OFFICER

You're quite the curiosity.

MUM

That's very flattering, but you must have better things to do. My boys and I need to keep moving.

OFFICER

Don't block up the traffic too badly, then.

MUM

If they're at all clever, they'll be able to get around us.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The family are moving again. The van passes city buildings and the warehouse-type hulk of 'Middlemass Space Centre'. There are advertising boards for contraceptive and 'sleeping/dreaming' drugs.

All the traffic suddenly slows because of a severe accident. Crumpled vehicles are blocking a lane.

MUM

(to no one in particular)

Geezus. I don't know what possesses people to travel like that.

The Protagonist notes paramedics attending the accident. They seem relaxed – a few are smoking cigarettes.

Mum adjusts the radio song to something mellow, vacant. Inside the van, burger wrappers and thick-shake cups accumulate over time.

EXT. REGIONAL HIGHWAY - TIME-LAPSE

The highway follows ocean cliffs. Next, the vast, treeless Nullabor Plain.

Between swathes of desert scrub, there are lonely roadhouses and contrived tourist attractions - 'The Enormous Broccoli', 'The Big Quoll', 'The Actual Excavator'. Mostly, it's just the open road, rare overtaking traffic, and that little van lugging its trailer. At one stage, The Protagonist notices Mum glancing back to him in her rear-view.

EXT. TOLL-GATE, MID-AFTERNOON

The van's arrived at an enormous border wall. In huge lettering, close to the toll-gate - 'BEWARE: SAVAGES'.

An overweight woman attending the booth seems half-asleep.

ATTENDANT

Fancy leaving WA...

MUM

We're taking a day trip, mate. Three people.

The attendant squints at the furniture and passengers, unnerving The Protagonist. She delays until another vehicle, containing the same number of people, is admitted in the opposite direction.

ATTENDANT

(points onward)

Alright. Good luck to youse.

As the van moves into new territory, a taunting message on the other side of that border wall becomes visible – 'WELCOME TO WANKERSTAN'.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*It took us almost a whole day to reach
Adelaide.*

EXT. DESERT CAR-PARK - EARLY EVENING

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Of course, that was probably double how long
it took everyone else.*

The van has pulled-over. A nearby sign reads, '20,000-Year-Old Cave!'. By this time, Brother has fallen asleep.

MUM

I'm just going to stretch my legs, Q.

So The Protagonist follows her. He leaves his goldfish. And suddenly there's a heavy rumble that's fanned from the distance. It briefly shakes the ground beneath them.

PROTAGONIST

What was that?

MUM

Just miners. An explosion.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Via a metal staircase, Mum and The Protagonist have walked to an enormous hollow in the earth. They stand beside an information board at the mouth. They're the only people around.

PROTAGONIST

(tremulous adolescent voice)

How old do you think this place actually is?

Mum's slow to respond.

PROTAGONIST

Mum?

MUM

Sorry, I'm still getting used to that voice.

PROTAGONIST

You don't want me to talk?

MUM

No. But the way you're changing, growing...it's difficult to make sense of. You have to remember people won't understand.

For a moment, they're both pensive. Mum touches a green spiral-shaped pendant at her neck.

PROTAGONIST

How old do think this place is, though? How much less than 20,000 years?

MUM

It's older.

PROTAGONIST

Older?

MUM

It's as old as the world. No, the universe. We're all as old as the universe.

PROTAGONIST

14 billion years, then?

MUM

(nods)

And counting.

Silence, as they both move slightly into the cave. Slender maroon figures were long ago painted across its walls.

PROTAGONIST

And the actual cave-people who lived here...what happened to them?

MUM

They're not around here anymore.

PROTAGONIST

They're nomadic?

MUM

Yeah. Like us, maybe.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT CAR-PARK - 5 MINS LATER

Returning to the van, The Protagonist finds Brother has fallen across the goldfish's water-bag. It's now lying in a puddle on the car-seat. Not moving.

PROTAGONIST

What the hell?!

Brother rouses, then notes the mess he's caused.

MUM

He was asleep. He didn't mean it.

PROTAGONIST

Is Fernando breathing? How do I know if he's breathing?

BROTHER

(nervously)

It's not such a big deal.

The Protagonist clutches his fish by its tail.

PROTAGONIST

This isn't a big deal? Fernando-o-o? Can you hear me?

MUM

We can get him fixed. Let him rest.

CUT TO:

INT. HOVER-VAN - SUNSET

They're suddenly in downtown Adelaide. Brother and The Protagonist wait in the quiet parking-lot of a vet hospital.

BROTHER

Just so you know, in Adelaide, I'm going with 'Brock'.

The Protagonist ignores him at first, still annoyed about the fish.

BROTHER

I think it fits.

PROTAGONIST

Why do we need new names? Why can't I stick with 'Quinlan'?

BROTHER

It's the rules.

PROTAGONIST

Whose rules?

Brother looks uneasy. He peers over his shoulder.

BROTHER

Mum's coming.

Mum has Fernando in a refilled bag. He's moving/breathing again, and he's passed back to The Protagonist.

PROTAGONIST

How do I know it's actually the same fish?

MUM

You don't. You'll just have to trust me.

CLOSE on the fish's bulging eyes. Perhaps they're ahead of a brain that's vacant. Or perhaps it's whirring, complex, cataloguing.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fernando has been afforded a small fish-tank. The new bedroom, shared between Brother and The Protagonist, is in an early stage of development. Brother's tacking football posters to the walls.

There are several suitcases and, inexplicably, a crossbow spread on the carpeted floor. Sitting at the same desk that keeps the fish-tank, The Protagonist has a notebook open. He's drawing similar figures to those he'd seen in the cave.

PROTAGONIST

If they're losing their memory every few seconds, do they always wonder where they are? Or is there not even time for that?

BROTHER

No time.

PROTAGONIST

How do we know their memories are so bad, anyway? What sort of tests can you give a goldfish?

There's a large jar of 'sleeping/dreaming' pills on a bedside table. Brother's suddenly rattling these around.

BROTHER

Hey, I think I found an 'Underwater Odyssey'.

EXT. OCEAN - DREAM SEQUENCE

The Protagonist free-dives among colourful schools and coral reefs. He easily holds his breath. In the distance, there's an enlarged Fernando, pointed out by a DREAM WOMAN in a wetsuit. She swims to the surface and The Protagonist follows. Once they've removed snorkels:

DREAM WOMAN

(short of breath)

They can grow huge in the wild, when they get enough food.

A diving boat rests nearby. It is, in fact, a hovercraft, lying dormant. There's limitless ocean all around. A horizon, wherever The Protagonist looks. And 'Dream Woman' is very beautiful.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

An overhead view of The Protagonist as he wakes. He opens eyes, then turns and buries his face in the bedsheets. He's disappointed to leave wherever he'd been.

INT. BEDROOM - 10 MINUTES LATER

He gets dressed in a traditional school uniform. And he slides especially thick soles into his school shoes.

Simultaneously, Brother completes shirtless push-ups.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In Adelaide, as usual, Brock and I shared a bedroom. Mum decided we'd start going to different schools, however. And I had to put 'lifts' in my black shoes.

EXT. MAIN SCHOOLHOUSE - MORNING

It's a traditional school building. Mum and The Protagonist are walking towards the entrance. The scene buzzes with wild student activity: kids charging down corridors, swinging bags, slamming lockers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mum's new name was 'Eddie'. And yours truly was going by...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - 5 MINS LATER

The Protagonist is anxious beside Mum. A PRINCIPAL reads from a folder that attests to dramatically low academic performance.

PRINCIPAL #1

Rowan Barnabas Kelly. Sounds a bit uptight. The sort of name that probably adds to all these 'difficulties'.

MUM

Rowan was in an accident a few years ago. He lost a lot of his memory. He's still regaining the basics - you know, the things most people take for granted.

She gives her son a sympathetic smile.

PRINCIPAL

Okay. Well, this is really nothing major. There are aides here that can help him.

INT. SMALL CLASSROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

The Protagonist sits with an old man. WARWICK is daydreaming. He could be 80 years old, at first glance. There's drool escaping a corner of his mouth.

The Protagonist offers him a tissue. Warwick refuses.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mum said it wasn't my fault I was 'slow' or anything. And she didn't get angry when she heard I spent most of my classes drawing pictures, or interviewing my helpers.

The Protagonist's drawing into his notebook, again. The rough picture might be of the woman from his recent dream.

PROTAGONIST

So what were you before a teacher, Warwick?

WARWICK

I was a stuntman.

PROTAGONIST

And before that?

WARWICK

I was a gun for hire.

PROTAGONIST

A mercenary? Actually?

WARWICK

(brightens from The Protagonist's interest)

Yes. But that was a very long time ago. In another life, it seems...

EXT. STAIRCASE SUMMIT - LUNCH BREAK, 5 MINS LATER

During a lunch break, The Protagonist has been roped into an 'initiation' practice. He stands inside an empty green wheelie bin, breathing heavily. There's a concrete staircase ahead, maybe seven metres tall. Two boys - CAMERON and TOMMO - are ready to push him over.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Although I really did try, I found it hard to make friends at the new school.

Below, a large crowd of students and teachers are eagerly watching.

TOMMO

Too late to back out now, Kelly.

CAMERON

(low voice)

He's dim. He's probably just processing

everything.

TEACHER

C'mon, lunch is almost over! Start a
countdown, some of you.

MANY STUDENTS

10 - 9 - 8 -

Suddenly, Warwick steps to the front of the crowd.

WARWICK

Oi! You two boys best leave him alone!

At first, Cameron and Tommo ignore the interjection.

WARWICK

Get out of there, Rowan!

The Protagonist starts to scramble, trying to lift himself clear, yet Cameron and Tommo keep pushing the bin towards the edge.

TEACHER

Warwick, it's not such a big deal. We've seen
these before.

WARWICK

(unconvinced)

I mean it, boys! If you tip him, I'll cut off both
your fucking noses! Just like I used to do for
poachers in the Congo!

Tommo immediately backs away. Cameron does the same.

And the bin wobbles precariously as The Protagonist clammers out.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - EVENING

The Protagonist watches a football show on TV. The entire program is devoted to tracking the betting odds for an upcoming round of matches.

It's boring, so he changes the channel to a soap drama – '*Sunny Beach*'.

On the adjacent couch, Brother's back to reading '*Ted Bergin: Presidential Diaries*'.

And the TV has an out-of-control plane looping towards an attractive couple on their wedding day.

TV GROOM

N-o-o-o!

TV BRIDE

Kiss me, Mustafa!

They're hit, along with all their wedding guests. A fireball erupts from the building.

BROTHER

Bloody hell! Get this off, Rowan!

Brother's leapt out of his chair, snatched the remote. He gets the TV back onto the 'football' show.

BROTHER

You know we're not allowed to watch 'Sunny Beach'.

PROTAGONIST

How come, though?

Brother shakes his head - like it's obvious - and goes back to reading his book. Mum's in the next room, weaving a tapestry. It seems, as an artist, she's versatile.

MUM

(calling out)

Hey, if someone comes across a weird bottle of pills, let me know.

INT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DREAM SEQUENCE

In the packed assembly hall, most are naked and partaking in an orgy. Animal sounds. The typical logo of the U.N. is here human continents in a complicated sex position.

The Protagonist waits at the edge of the room. He's clothed and unsure. 'Dream Woman' is having wild sex with an unidentified man. The Protagonist starts tapping the side of his head, hoping that he'll quickly wake.

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT

He lurches up in bed. Reaches beneath his mattress for that strange bottle of 'sleeping/dreaming' pills he'd filched. '*Seducing the Secretary General*'.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The year I began high school was also when I really started to get suspicious.

In another corner of the room, Brother's completing a set of sit-ups. Seemingly, he hasn't noticed The Protagonist's distress.

INT. SMALL CLASSROOM - MORNING

The Protagonist stares out of a window, still a little perturbed by that last dream. Warwick natters beside him, showing black-white pictures on a small tablet.

PROTAGONIST

Why are they in black and white?

WARWICK

Oh, that's only an effect. Makes them more nostalgic.

There are several jungle scenes. In most images, Warwick has a younger body, looks buff. He pauses on one.

WARWICK

Now, this was shortly before I went back to the movies...

PROTAGONIST

Were they boring? Given you'd been in actual wars?

WARWICK

No, the opposite. In the *Mission Improbable* series, I was involved in some of the most intense hand-to-hand combat in human history. You wouldn't believe the momentum swings, Ro.

Warwick keeps scrolling. The Protagonist stops him on a picture of a couple. The man and woman look as withered as Warwick is now.

PROTAGONIST

Who are they?

WARWICK

My parents. But it doesn't do well to think about them, any more.

He flicks to other pictures. The Protagonist intervenes with his own finger, taking them back to the couple.

PROTAGONIST

What happened?

WARWICK

They were two of the unlucky ones. They missed it by thirty years or so.

PROTAGONIST

Huh?

WARWICK

They carked it.

PROTAGONIST

Carked it?

WARWICK

They kicked the bucket, they met their -

Warwick sees that The Protagonist isn't following, so he changes tack.

WARWICK

We should move on to...see, I forget what
you're even s'posed to be doing.

(reads from a textbook)

Thermodynamics. That's it.

EXT. SCHOOL-YARD - LUNCH BREAK

A boy runs across the school-yard, waving his pants above his head. Another boy's eating scraps out of a rubbish bin.

The Protagonist sits alone on a bench. In his drawing-book, he sketches a picture that isn't yet discernible.

A popular clique strut past. Tommo and Cameron, in their number. LUCY is the quasi-leader.

PROTAGONIST

There's nothing easier I could do?

He looks across to that staircase he'd almost plummeted down.

LUCY

Not really, sorry.

PROTAGONIST

What happens from here, then?

CAMERON

We'll mostly give you a wide berth and mutter about how strange and reprehensible you are, as if you could be somehow different and aren't captive to particular circumstances. It's only really because we don't want anyone to ever say the same stuff about us. We all just want to feel normal.

LUCY

Nicely put, Cameron.

CAMERON

Thanks.

Tommo breaks away from the main group.

CAMERON

Oh - and a few of our pugilistic members might treat you as their occasional punching bag.

Lucy and the others drift away. Tommo gets close enough to punch The Protagonist's face. The pencil and drawing-book spill onto the asphalt.

With the book splayed, it's clear the latest sketch had been of those two parents in Warwick's photos.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - EVENING

Again, The Protagonist watches a football show. This time, an actual match is in progress (three teams are competing simultaneously), but half of the screen remains devoted to live betting odds.

There's a bruise developing under one of his eyes. And Brother's still reading '*Presidential Diaries (Volume CDII)*'.

PROTAGONIST

Did President Bergin really write that? How would he have the time?

BROTHER

(flashes the cover)

It's 'in his own words'.

PROTAGONIST

Aren't there always ghosts writers, though?

Brother ignores him, keeps focused on the book.

PROTAGONIST

Brock, what happened to Dad?

BROTHER

He's gone.

PROTAGONIST

Do you mean, like, he's carked it?

BROTHER

(suddenly perturbed)

Geez, no. He just left. Abandoned us. You already know that.

PROTAGONIST

But where does he live now?

BROTHER

I - whoah, shit!

He's pointing to the bruise on The Protagonist's face.

PROTAGONIST

What's up?

BROTHER

Your eye, Ro. You've been whacked. Tell me who it was.

PROTAGONIST

What are you gonna do to them? You're in primary school, remember?

BROTHER

Still, I'm your brother.

PROTAGONIST

How's about I tell you the kid if you tell me where Dad lives?

BROTHER

I can't do that. Sorry.

MUM

(calling out from her art room)

Brock, come here!

The Protagonist remains on the couch, stewing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I knew Mum wouldn't be much help with my new line of inquiry.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

He's shirtless, inspecting meagre underarm sprouts in the mirror.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I was only going to find out about Dad through Brock. Those core strength routines of his would make things hard, however.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Protagonist lies in bed, tilted at a huge football poster of muscular 'Roy Wallace'.

On the carpet, Brother strains during a 'planking' exercise.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And yet while Brock had a morning and

evening regimen of push-ups, sit-ups and whatever's on his side, it seemed there was a more powerful, mysterious process working on mine.

EXT. PARKLAND - TIME-LAPSE

In a park outside their apartment building, trees twitch throughout the high-speed passage of many months. Twice over, they grow and shed broad leaves.

And when we eventually pause, we've landed at a dawn sometime in autumn. Brown/orange flurries lie amidst the grass. Approximately two years have elapsed.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY-BREAK

The Protagonist's bare feet extend beyond his doona and the end of his bed-frame. He's grown significantly. And he's asleep.

For Brother, all that's increased is the pile of autobiographies on a bedside table. Fernando rests in the private fish tank.

INT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Again, The Protagonist stands at the side-line of a raucous orgy. An improbably attractive cohort of U.N. ambassadors.

A naked STUD MUFFIN is passing.

PROTAGONIST

Excuse me, when you're...and you get close to the end, how do you know you won't piss?

STUD MUFFIN

You don't. You just hope.

This time around, The Protagonist is noticed by the naked 'Dream Woman'. She's suddenly walking towards him. She's unselfconscious.

PASSER-BY

Man, she puts the 'ass' in General Assembly.

The Protagonist doesn't move. Before 'Dream Woman' even reaches him -

BACK to the bedroom

He wakes. He's had a wet dream. His face shows confusion when he peers beneath the doona.

Brother's already up - is now doing core exercises on the bedroom floor.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CLASSROOM - MORNING

The Protagonist is in the process of quizzing Warwick. He takes notes, as they go.

PROTAGONIST

So I'm pressing tight on his back?

WARWICK

It's all in my book. But yes. Right here.

Warwick points to the middle of The Protagonist's spine.

PROTAGONIST

And that'll give him a burst of pain?

WARWICK

By Jove, it will.

PROTAGONIST

It's not dangerous, though?

WARWICK

Not if you keep it under two minutes.

PROTAGONIST

And when you're interrogating someone, what's the best tone to use? Calm or angry?

WARWICK

Well, normally you'd have two people there...

EXT. SCHOOL-YARD - LUNCH BREAK

The Protagonist sits alone, reading. His posture is slouched. His book is: '*Make Me a Mercenary*' by Warwick Jurgensen.

Autumn leaves crowd the asphalt. Lucy's gang passes.

LUCY

(shouting)

Watch out, everybody! Rowan's learning karate!

TOMMO

That stuff's all bullshit, anyway.

PROTAGONIST

What makes you think I'd use it on you guys?

LUCY

Well, just the fact you've endured nearly two years of -

Tommo's wound-up to punch. With sharp reflexes, The Protagonist stands and dodges. He twists Tommo's arm until the shoulder cracks, then pushes the boy to the ground.

Despite his pain, Tommo's glaring at The Protagonist. Incredulous.

TOMMO

You're bigger. You never used to be so tall.

PROTAGONIST

Or is it just that you're smaller, relatively speaking?

And The Protagonist takes an intimidating step forward. Tommo and the gang rush away. Others in the playground take notice.

INT. APARTMENT DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

At the dining table, Mum reads a message from the school on her laptop. Brother and The Protagonist are picking at a meal. There's an empty chair.

MUM

He said you'd grown, Rowan. So much for slouching, like I told you.

PROTAGONIST

How was I supposed to slouch all the time?

Mum continues reading.

MUM

Right. Well, you've been suspended from that school for a few days. You might as well not go back.

PROTAGONIST

Why?

MUM

We're moving to Melbourne. For my work.

PROTAGONIST

What? When?

MUM

In a few days. I only just found out.

She closes the computer, leaves the table.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

The Protagonist sits on his bed, deep in thought. Brother's re-packing objects from their room into boxes - including that bizarre full-size crossbow.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so we took to the road again. In truth, the only thing I'd miss about Adelaide was Warwick.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING #2 - MORNING

The hover-van is again being loaded. The Protagonist stands on the street curb, merely watching. This time, 'Fernando the Fish' is travelling in a reinforced box.

PROTAGONIST

We're really moving because of me, aren't we?

No response from Mum or Brother.

INT. HOVER-VAN - MORNING

Another tepid radio song as their human-piloted vehicle moves along a highway, travelling far slower than other traffic.

Given his growth, The Protagonist cuts a more awkward figure in the back seats. His gaze is out the window. Fernando rests on his lap. Brother's new novel is '*Roy Wallace: My Football Career (So Far) - As Told to Reg Baum*'.

EXT. REGIONAL HIGHWAY #2 - TIME-LAPSE

Scenes of an observatory, a winding river system, temperate bushland. There's another huge border wall - 'VICTORRHOEA'. And a few of those daggy tourist attractions. 'Huge Spider', 'Jumbo Cow'.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To say I was feeling restless that day would be one hell of an understatement.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - AFTERNOON

The hover-van has been parked near a small block of public toilets. Across the road, Mum waits for coffee at a country bakery.

Brother exits the public toilets, wipes hands on his shorts. The Protagonist steps out from a hiding place. He grabs Brother and pins him to the ground.

BROTHER

Geez. I guess we're finally here. You're stronger.

As The Protagonist talks, his voice fluctuates between 'angry' and 'calm'.

PROTAGONIST

Alright, where's Dad? WHERE DID HE ACTUALLY GO?

BROTHER

Not this again.

PROTAGONIST

Would you shut up, Brock? CAN'T YOU SEE THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE TORTURE?

BROTHER

I'm called Cyrus, now. And you've got me in a grip, but it's hardly torture.

So The Protagonist presses harder. There aren't spectators.

BROTHER

Shit. Okay. He seriously just abandoned us. Like I've told you.

PROTAGONIST

But WHEN did he leave?

BROTHER

Straight after you were born.

(groans)

C'mon. Too much. I'm about to pass out.

PROTAGONIST

WHAT ABOUT ALL THIS 'MOVING'? It is because of me, isn't it?

BROTHER

(wheezing)

Obviously. Look, I'll tell you more, but not here. And Mum can't find out.

PROTAGONIST

What sort of stuff? WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME NOW?

Brother's eyes close. The Protagonist gets off his back. Turns him over. He slaps the

blank face a few times.

PROTAGONIST

Brock? Brock? Cyrus? Whatever-your-name-is? Did I actually hurt you?

An eye opens. The 'victim' has been faking. Before The Protagonist can again restrain him, Brother bolts to the bakery.

CUT TO:

EXT. MELBOURNE SCHOOLHOUSE - MORNING

It's an old building on a grassy hill. Large apartment towers provide a backdrop.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In Melbourne, the first time around, I got called 'Sebastian Lucas'. And Mum didn't worry about any helpers for me at the school.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A teacher is struggling to get interest in a diagram of rocket science.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

If I just made it through the year, I'd get a certificate.

TEACHER #2

So we've entered the gravitational field of 'Goldilocks'. Now, someone tell me how we get this craft down.

The Protagonist sits alone in the middle of the classroom, doodling absent-mindedly. His picture is the face of 'Dream Woman', with space on the page for the rest of her body.

Two girls nearby are talking about him. CANDEECE and APRIL.

APRIL

He's so creative. I'm allowed to like him, Candeece.

CANDEECE

You'd be taking advantage. He's obviously slow.

APRIL

He's just different. You can be very ableist when you want to be.

The Protagonist doesn't look around, even though he can certainly hear them.

TEACHER #2

(unseen, frustrated)

Okay, I'll go then. First, we'd determine the appropriate angle of descent...

EXT. APARTMENT TOWER - NIGHT

Their new building (approx. 30 storeys tall) is across from a giant news screen.

INT. BEDROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

It's tense. The Protagonist and Brother are both sitting up in their beds. That neighbouring news screen declares: 'Rival Surf Gangs Clash on *Sunny Beach*'.

Brother caves and extracts a sheet of paper.

BROTHER

Alright, this is one of Dad's letters. He writes to me sometimes.

PROTAGONIST

Can you read it?

BROTHER

I'll tell you the main points. He recently got a job with TV news.

PROTAGONIST

So we'll be able to watch him?

He points to the massive screen outside. Its headline, now: 'New Potentium Mine Approved at Broken Ridge'.

BROTHER

No, it's only broadcast in his city.

PROTAGONIST

Where does he live?

BROTHER

Sydney. He's got a new family. 'Debbie' and two boys.

PROTAGONIST

Are they his kids?

The Protagonist snatches the letter. It's handwritten. There's an attached photo of the family (Dad, Debbie, two rascal boys) standing ahead of an enormous rock in the

desert.

BROTHER

(shakes his head)

Just Debbie's. You're not allowed kids anymore, Seb. That's why you're a secret.

PROTAGONIST

I wasn't allowed to be born?

BROTHER

Ahuh. You were 'born in sin', legally speaking.

The Protagonist's eyes widen from an epiphany.

PROTAGONIST

So there's nothing actually wrong with my brain?

BROTHER

Correct. The reason you can't remember things is because -

PROTAGONIST

I wasn't alive anyway?

BROTHER

Yes. You've only been around for 16 years or something. Not whatever bullshit Mum says.

PROTAGONIST

But why did she have me, if it was banned?

BROTHER

Only one person knows the answer to that.

The Protagonist lifts his doona, intending to confront Mum immediately.

BROTHER

No, stop. She'll just panic. You need to wait a while. I'll keep explaining stuff, in the meantime.

INT. UNITED NATIONS - DREAM SEQUENCE

Still, The Protagonist is the only clothed person in the room. He's talking to the naked projection of 'Dream Woman'. They're on a bench.

PROTAGONIST

(gestures around the room)

Why can't this all get shown on TV? Like,

what's the actual reason?

DREAM WOMAN

Mainly, it's bad for the minds of children.

PROTAGONIST

Did you get a new tattoo?

DREAM WOMAN

Yes. And new boobs.

PROTAGONIST

I thought they were real?

DREAM WOMAN

Im not even real, Q.

PROTAGONIST

Can you not call me that?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY

The Protagonist, on his space aeronautics exam paper, is content to draw a picture of a phallic rocket-ship. At the end of the session, he's nonchalant.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No-one seemed to give a damn about their grade 12 certificates.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - EVENING

A large audience has gathered for a graduation ceremony. Students amble onto the stage. Several certificates - made into paper-planes - are launched into the crowd.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mine was a big deal for my mum and brother, at least.

PRINCIPAL #2

...Sebastian Lucas.

The Protagonist gets a special - and slightly patronising - cheer from his 'peers' when he's announced. Mum and Brother are crying as they applaud.

Later: the gowned principal makes a speech.

PRINCIPAL #2

As ever, we're so proud of this graduating class for their efforts and determination. We know

they'd be perfect for the big wide world. In the meantime, however, we're excited to have them back to do it all again.

EXT. BACKYARD PARTY SCENE - LATE NIGHT

The Protagonist shuffles at the fringe of a dance-floor. In the background, a group of boys are getting mortally drunk.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The party afterwards was cool, but I didn't really know what to do.

The Protagonist bumps into Candeece.

PROTAGONIST

(referring to his dancing)

How do I look? Am I doing it right?

CANDEECE

You're fine, mate. Give me some space.

PROTAGONIST

Are people laughing at me?

CANDEECE

Just have fun. Nobody cares about you as much as you think.

And yet, when The Protagonist glances around the floor, it's obvious that April is watching him.

INT. BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

The Protagonist staggers into the room. He collapses on his bed, stares wistfully at the ceiling.

Brother had been reading '*Maudie Middlemass, A Life (Pt. LX)*', which he now drops on a dresser.

BROTHER

Tell me about it.

PROTAGONIST

Huh?

BROTHER

I only get invited to paintball and kart-racing. Tell me about the party.

PROTAGONIST

What do you want to know?

BROTHER

If you did anything.

PROTAGONIST

I just danced, is that enough?

BROTHER

That's not what I mean. I'm cool. You can talk to me.

PROTAGONIST

Can I just go to sleep?

BROTHER

Fine. Remember, though, I might look smaller than you, but I'm the one who's 800 years old, for fuck's sake.

Brother switches off his bedside light. There'd be full darkness if it weren't for the glow of Fernando's fish-tank. Extended silence, then -

BROTHER

It'll get bigger, too. That's one of the good things about your situation.

PROTAGONIST

What are you talking about?

BROTHER

Doesn't matter. Good night.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MONTHS LATER

Post-shower, The Protagonist is cautiously shaving. He pulls faces at himself in the mirror.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

School came around again pretty fast. Nothing really changed, although I had some extra height and hair to conceal.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

The same teacher struggles to get any interest in a lesson based on black hole physics.

Across the room, April smiles shyly at The Protagonist.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Up late, The Protagonist reads one of Dad's letters by the glow of the TV. He clutches that Uluru photo, again. And on screen, there's a surreptitious episode of '*Sunny Beach*'.

At a stunning beach, a father, daughter and son laugh throughout a game of 'three-person soccer'. The tide retreats very suddenly, creating a massive plain of exposed sand.

TV DAUGHTER

Look at that, Dad!

TV FATHER

Kids, run!

On the TV horizon, a frightful tidal wave is already bearing down. Crowds near the beach are screaming. The Protagonist refocuses on the Uluru picture.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At home, Mum decided to introduce a new boyfriend.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was clearly a bit of a dickhead.

The boyfriend, KEN, is bronzed, muscular and sits at the table's usually empty place. He seems younger than Mum.

BROTHER

I need to go to the bathroom.

PROTAGONIST

(looking between Mum and Ken)

How long have you two been seeing each other?

MUM

About three months.

PROTAGONIST

What do you do, Ken?

KEN

I'm a firefighter.

He smiles towards Mum. She's dressed elegantly, seems happy. Her spiral pendant is obvious, sitting at her neck.

PROTAGONIST

Do ever you get scared?

KEN

Of course not.

PROTAGONIST

And do you have children of your own?

KEN

Yes.

PROTAGONIST

Why did you leave their mother?

KEN

Ah -

MUM

(to The Protagonist)

Tell us about your girlfriend, Seb.

KEN

It's alright, Fran.

BROTHER

I don't think he has one.

Brother's re-entered the room. He drops a bottle of 'sleeping/dreaming' pills on the dining table. *'Seducing the Secretary General'*.

BROTHER

Mum, this is weird timing, but I found your missing pills.

Mum nearly chokes on her food. Ken laughs emphatically.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - EVENING

Again, 'graduating' students gather on-stage. Their families are in the audience. Mum, Ken, and Brother are sitting together.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Cyrus and I did our best to let Ken know he'd been called-out somewhere he wasn't wanted. Still, he made it to the end of the year and celebrated like a massive fuckwit.

PRINCIPAL #2

...Sebastian Lucas.

There's mostly polite clapping. Ken, however, sticks fingers in his mouth to whistle. Brother scowls.

Later: the principal struggles through his annual spiel.

PRINCIPAL #2

(sounding lacklustre)

We're just so amazed by what these kids have achieved. One day, you can be sure they'll -

He gives up. Folds the page he's reading from.

PRINCIPAL #2

Look, I think I captured the sentiment better 12 months ago.

INT. FUNCTION CENTRE - NIGHT

At the end-of-year party, The Protagonist bumbles several ambitious dance-moves. He's still on the fringe of the floor. Sees Candeece and a boy kissing intensely. He looks away, sips from a beer.

April is suddenly beside him.

APRIL

Hi.

PROTAGONIST

Are you talking to me?

APRIL

Um, hardly.

And she initiates a long kiss, as well. The Protagonist is confused, then amenable. She soon pulls away.

APRIL

That's a lot of tongue.

PROTAGONIST

Too much?

APRIL

Nah, I sort of like it.

They kiss again.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT, 12 MONTHS INTO THE FUTURE

Still kissing, The Protagonist and April have different hairstyles, wear new outfits. The Protagonist is significantly taller, yet nobody has noticed.

They eventually come apart, leaning on a retaining wall at the edge of the party.

APRIL

We should do something a bit more, this year.

PROTAGONIST

As in - ?

APRIL

Yeah.

PROTAGONIST

(scanning, apprehensive)

But where?

APRIL

My parents aren't home.

INT. APRIL'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

She leads him into the room by the hand. Shuts the door. The Protagonist sits on April's double bed while she finds her television remote.

APRIL

Let's have some music.

Later: a music clip's rolling in the background. A man and a buxom woman make-out on a moving hover-bike.

The Protagonist and April are lying on the bed.

APRIL

(whispers)

I've kinda been waiting for this.

PROTAGONIST

For how long?

He isn't sure where to put his hands.

APRIL

Well, not as long as you. It's like you're a virgin or something.

PROTAGONIST

What makes you say that?

She realises herself.

APRIL

I'm sorry. I understand, now. You forget.

PROTAGONIST

How do I -

APRIL

I'll help, don't worry.

Later again: they're naked. April's body is on top.

PROTAGONIST

Is it supposed to hurt?

APRIL

Not really. Tell me if it gets worse.

PROTAGONIST

What else do you want me to do?

APRIL

Just stop talking, if you can.

On the TV screen, the opening titles of a singing talent show - 'The Face'.

Later again: they're curled beside each other, under the sheets.

APRIL

That was really -

PROTAGONIST

Not great?

APRIL

No, it was nice.

She rolls against him. Then she's suddenly agitated by the TV.

APRIL

Ugh. I've seen this.

And bizarrely, on the performing stage for 'The Face', it's 'Dream Woman'. Trapped inside April's TV, she's wearing boots and a leather jacket. She seems nervous.

PROTAGONIST

When was it first shown?

APRIL

Last week.

PROTAGONIST

(shocked)
Can you turn it up?

APRIL
It's 'The Face', Tristan. You don't hear them sing unless a judge takes off the headphones. They're noise-cancelling.

PROTAGONIST
Well, why's no one taking theirs off for her?

APRIL
I wondered the same thing. It was a shame.

PROTAGONIST
She's...stunning...isn't she?

APRIL
Sure, but the judges can't be superficial. Or else they'll end up mentoring some babe who sounds like a stray cat for the whole season.

PROTAGONIST
Then it's just luck, right? What's the point of this dumb show?

APRIL
Channel 6 changed an old format. They had to. We're low on talent that hasn't already been 'discovered'.

April turns off the TV. The room's suddenly dark. She's crawling over The Protagonist, kissing his body. He looks up to glow-in-the-dark stars on her ceiling. She slides to lie beside him.

APRIL
They're from when I was smaller.

PROTAGONIST
You've always slept in this room?

APRIL
Yep.

PROTAGONIST
You've lived in Melbourne for your whole life?

APRIL
Well, not everyone gets to move around. I'll show you something cool, though.

And she retracts the roof to show 'real' stars in the sky above the building. The

Protagonist is transfixed.

APRIL

Sometimes I just lie here and think about what about it's going to be like when we're living up there.

PROTAGONIST

How far away do you think that'll be?

APRIL

I'm not sure. They say maybe 200 years.

PROTAGONIST

200 years?

APRIL

Well, no one's dying any more. It's not like we can't wait that long.

PROTAGONIST

No one's - ?

APRIL

You're just going to have to be patient.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

My third graduation night was when I properly lost my innocence. One moment, the whole world was intact. The next, it collapsed on top of me. And I sensed, even then, that nobody could be any help in digging me out.

The Protagonist is still staring at the night sky. Stunned. Then he reaches across and clings to April's body. She turns on her bedside lamp.

APRIL

You don't look so good.

PROTAGONIST

Is it okay if I go home?

EXT. CITY-SCAPE - 5 MINS LATER

The Protagonist moves through the empty streets. He's clumsily re-dressed. Paranoid. Eyes dart around. His pace varies.

He lurches around a corner, then turns more cautious. Grabs a light pole, for support, and stares at a reflection that's made by his form, his flimsy shell, his whole boundary, in a blank shop façade.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For the first time, I was staring at the monster I couldn't beat. Rushing through the streets, I felt impossibly fragile. Like I shouldn't have even risked moving. But I had to.

He reaches his family's apartment building.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brother's asleep. The Protagonist marches over and shakes him awake.

BROTHER

(sleepily)

Good for you, Seb. You don't need to rub it in.

PROTAGONIST

No, shut up, would you?

Brother turns alert, realising the situation is serious.

PROTAGONIST

There's another thing that's different, isn't there?
Am I -

Brother looks away.

PROTAGONIST

AM I DYING? Cyrus? Brock? Whatever-your-name-is? Is that why you're both so cautious around me? Is that why you never let me watch fucking 'Sunny Beach'? ...because I might've realised I was in the same boat?

BROTHER

Shh. I hadn't got to that yet.

PROTAGONIST

When were you going to tell me?

BROTHER

I kinda assumed you'd already figured it out. I thought you were handling it stoically.

PROTAGONIST

Stoically?

BROTHER

'Getting on with things'.

PROTAGONIST

So I'm the only person who's gonna die IN THE WHOLE WORLD?

BROTHER

Maybe. But, I mean -

PROTAGONIST

And you hoped I'd just FIGURE IT OUT FOR MYSELF?

The Protagonist's in a rage. He finds a bag in a cupboard and begins stuffing it with clothes. He adds a small coin-jar, as well.

BROTHER

Seb, wait a sec. Take my money, I don't care. But you -

The Protagonist has his back turned. Keeps packing. Brother snatches The Protagonist by his shirt.

BROTHER

Listen to me. You can't tell other people about this. They won't treat you, anymore. Mum'll get locked up. Deregistered, probably. They might even -

Now, The Protagonist spins.

PROTAGONIST

What?

BROTHER

- put you out of your misery, I dunno.

The Protagonist is enraged. He picks up the inexplicable crossbow, which had been resting in the cupboard. Points the arrowhead at Brother, then sees the futility in this.

PROTAGONIST

You're not even scared, are you? Why do we have this?

He drops the crossbow, not waiting for the answer. Lifts the bag and walks out of the room.

Brother goes to the window. Soon, The Protagonist's screams are audible on the street outside.

'Fernando the Fish' remains in his tank, probably oblivious.

INT. BUS DEPOT - EARLY MORNING

It's still very dark. The Protagonist rushes erratically towards a bus station. He drifts into the path of a moving hover-bus. It beeps, he steps away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I didn't know whether to be more upset at myself, for not realising, or at my pissweak family.

The Protagonist leans forward to speak with an attendant in an otherwise empty ticket booth.

PROTAGONIST

Excuse me, how do I get to Sydney?

Then: he's sitting against a pillar, shivering, clutching his ticket. A nearby billboard has a dolled-up woman, 1950s-style, twirling the Earth on a fingertip - '*Cerco: The women's pill for everyone*'.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And yet although I'd been hit by the dark truth, although my life had upended, I'd grabbed a small hope.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT - YEAR 872

In the centre of the stage, that monologue is being presented by a ghostly hologram - the NARRATOR. The blue image of the 'old Protagonist', the hologram, stands at the lectern, ahead of the promotional banner for 'The Guestbook'. It's the voice of this projection that we've been hearing.

NARRATOR

...At some stage, for everybody else, there must have been a 'treatment'.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERATION COTTAGE - EVENING, 'YEAR 862'

Crimson colours have leaked through the sky. A chill's in the air, and the bugs in the grass sing sharper. Although still sitting over the cabin's guestbook, The Protagonist has paused. For warmth, he briefly rubs his shirt, shoulders.

He tracks the sun as it's swallowed by the mountain-line. With it gone, he stands up from the plastic chair and table, returns inside. The mountain scene lingers. But the daylight drains fast.

Episode II

EXT. SCHOOL-YARD - DREAM SEQUENCE, 'YEAR 820'

The Protagonist, as he appears at age 18, stands inside another green wheelie bin.

Cameron and Tommo - from Adelaide - are straining to push him towards a larger staircase. Could be twenty metres high. At the bottom, there's only swirling nothingness.

The Protagonist can't stop their momentum. He's speechless. A version of Warwick calls out from way back.

'WARWICK'

For crying out loud, Rowan! Stop!

But the bin carrying The Protagonist makes it to the edge, lurches and -

CUT TO:

INT. HOVER-BUS - MORNING

The Protagonist wakes. He's curled-up in a seat in the back corner – the safest part of a driverless vehicle. The other passengers ignore him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

As morning properly breaks, the speeding hover-bus passes a road sign: 'Sydney - 400km!'. Wind turbines and farmland are the background.

And they're suddenly passing one of those infernal tourist attractions. Basically, it's a large model of the Earth rising above the toilets at a rest-stop. 'Miniscule Planet'. Its green landmasses, blue oceans are faded.

The side of the bus has an advertisement for 'Sydney Zoo'. The image features a range of 'extinct' Australian megafauna.

(continues...)