

POKÉMON  
REBIRTH

# BRINK

**ARC ONE**

PART THREE

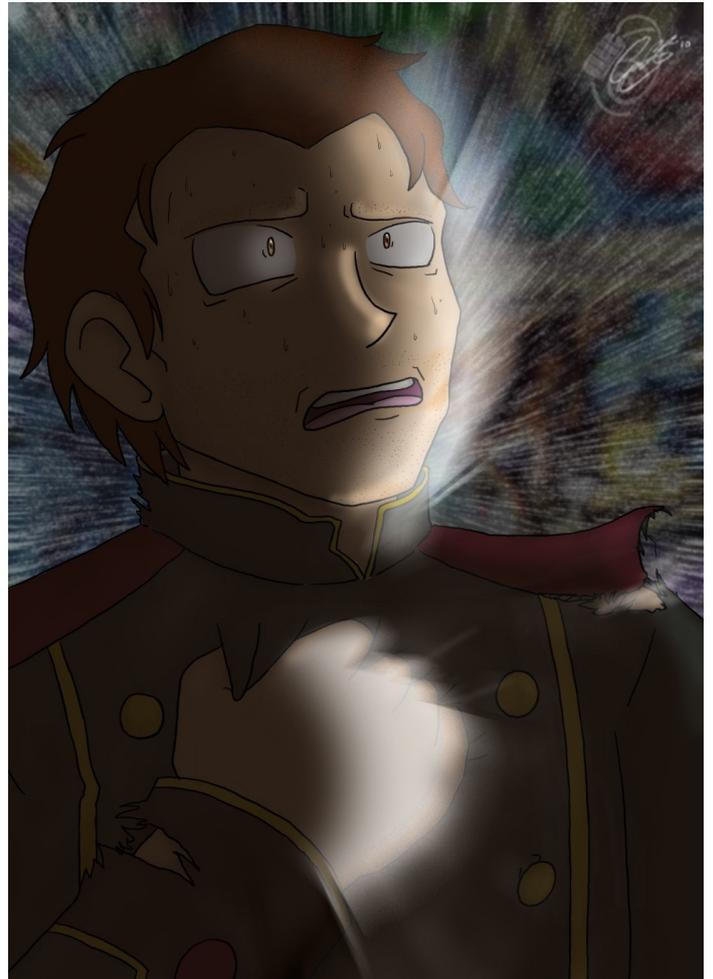
The imprisonment chamber. GIOVANNI MORTEGO is experiencing a series of memories he can't pinpoint the origins of. Like a dream that flits from sequence to sequence, the memories are fragmented and disconnected from one another, except for a tall shadowed humanoid figure who remains present in all of them, threatening, chastising and lashing out at him. The figure's bizarrely modulated voice is difficult to identify.

[soft disappointment with an edge of disgust] "A creature like you could never understand what I'm trying to achieve..."

[volatile] "You'd better do it right this time...or you're going to experience a world of pain!"

[anger] "I own you! You exist for me!"

The final set of memories place Giovanni in a darker, more clinical looking room. It feels as if he is being smothered by numerous metal components, clasped uncomfortably around every limb, fastened tightly to the sides of his head. He is aware that the figure from all the other memories is present in the room with him. He feels confused, frustrated...and lost.



**GIOVANNI** - ...what is my purpose?

**???** - "To serve your master. You were created to fight for me. That is your purpose."

**GIOVANNI** - \*angry\* But you said we were partners! We stood as equals!"

**???** - \*matter of fact\* "You were created by humans to obey humans. You could never be our equal."

Giovanni tries to move, but he finds himself restrained – not only by the metal components, but also the numerous wires and tubes connected to them. Flickers of different pokémon scatter across his mind; he cannot properly see them, and yet, emotions bubble to the surface at these disparate memories. Guilt. Fear. Anguish. Fury.

**???** - "Choose to defy me, and your friends will be used as experimental specimens. They wouldn't last very long..."

**GIOVANNI** – \*embittered\* You're despicable...

You may control my body, but you shall never control my will~

The shadowed figure walks closer to Giovanni, and he recoils in horror as he discovers he is face to face... with himself.

*Memory-Giovanni is backlit by the harsh glow from an open doorway, a creepy, sadistic smile growing wider as he approaches.*

**MEMORY GIOVANNI** - "Living creatures all have their limits..."



*Some weeks pass, shown by the passage of time within the Fiore Seer Repository.*

*Back inside the containment chamber, Giovanni is lying down, staring up into the void with wide, grief-filled eyes. The containment chamber works like a form of Pokéball - the being within it is reduced to an energy-like state, with their biological functions suspended. Unlike a Pokéball, a being in the containment chamber remains fully conscious.*

**GIOVANNI** - I have been here so long...it seems like forever.

Who am I? What have I...done?

Why...?

*Cut to Mewtwo standing outside the absol shaped prison units, gazing at the one Giovanni is currently in. The Warden is standing calmly and quietly nearby.*

*Mewtwo's eyes narrow as his psychic abilities allow him some degree of insight into what is happening within the containment chamber.*

**MEWTWO** - \*murmurs\* I do not trust you. I do not like you. And yet...here I am feeling sorry for you, and your malleable will.

**WARDEN** – It seems there may be hope for him. His conscience appears to be responding to the memories of his victims.

I shall review in another month. Perhaps then, he may have come to understand the error of his ways.

**MEWTWO** – \*discontent\* And then what happens, Cosmoem? We just...release him?

**WARDEN** – I know this must be difficult for you. You share a torrid past with this human.

**MEWTWO** – So do others. Do you expect them to just forgive the horrific acts he committed?

**WARDEN** – Not all.

*\*starts floating away\** Some will.

*Mewtwo's brow furrows as the warden leaves, then he turns back to gazing at the containment unit.*

#####

*The Tatooan countryside. Mondo and Cory can be seen hiking.*

**MONDO** – [Voiceover] It's been two weeks since Cory and I said goodbye to Caley and the others. Two and a half since that whole crazy thing with Team Rocket ended. It's almost difficult to believe any of that even happened, now.

*They pass some collateral damage – a hillside that has partly crumbled, with earth and dislodged trees scattered around its base.*

**MONDO** – [Voiceover] Almost.

There's still a lot of loose ends to tie up for me, anyway. Things I need to know. I want to understand more about this 'Mirage Flight'.

*He looks at the photocopy he made of a page from the Scale Falls Library book.*

**MONDO** – [Voiceover] I think it's the key to understanding myself.

Cory's continued to surprise me with his ability to adapt. Maybe that comes with being part Ditto.

I'm actually glad he decided to come along with me. It would have been pretty lonely otherwise.

*Shot of Mondo and Cory having reached another Seer Repository.*

*Cut to inside, the Repository lobby. One of the Seers is seated at a desk, taking a phone call, while in the background, a gardevoir tends to some cleaning duties.*

**SEER** - \*puzzled, worried\* A bad reaction to evolving? That's not something I've ever heard of happening before...I-I'll put you through to the medical department.

*Mondo and Cory approach the desk as the Seer puts the phone handset down. She looks at them, with raised eyebrows and an expression of surprise.*

**MONDO** – Hello. I was looking for some more information on a unique happening, and it was suggested that I came here.

**SEER** – \*a little wary\* By who?

**MONDO** – Uh...the Pokémon Guardsmen. They said that only Agrarian Seers had the authority to show me what I wanted.

**SEER** – Hmm... ..well we don't normally allow outside visits without prior appointment. What is it you were looking for?

**MONDO** – I wanted to learn more about The Mirage Flight.

*The woman freezes.*

**MONDO** – I just...I feel I'm connected to it somehow. \*he points to the photograph on his crumpled article\* That word has showed up in my dreams for the longest time.

**SEER** – \*trying to remain composed\* I see.

*She pauses, before glancing over her shoulder at the gardevoir.*

**SEER** – Marissa? Could you come here please?

*The gardevoir approaches, with a curious expression.*

**SEER** – This young man wishes to access the Arch Records. Is he rightfully disposed?

*Mondo looks perplexed as the gardevoir eyes him. The pokémon's eyes widen, she glances in astonishment at the Seer and nods. The Seer pales a little.*

**SEER** – R-right then.

What is your name?

**MONDO** – Tate Simmons.

**SEER** – Well, Tate. Please come with me. I'm afraid your friend will have to wait down here with Marissa – this information can only be shown to you.

**MONDO** – Oh. \*looks back at Cory\* I'll just be a moment, buddy. Okay?

**CORY** – Sure. ^^

*Cut to the Seer leading Mondo up a vast staircase, lamp in hand. They reach a particularly imposing door, almost double Mondo's height.*

**SEER** – This is as far as I am allowed to go. Ring the bell, and you will be seen to shortly.

*She lowers her head a little, and retreats back down the staircase. Mondo looks nervous as his eyes scan over the door. Circles connected by curved lines have been meticulously carved into the door's surface, along with images of diguard and celebi. Upon the archway above is written the words 'Only those rightly disposed may pass beyond this doorway'.*

*Mondo gingerly reaches out for the bell cord and tugs on it. An eerie ringing echoes.*

*The doors open. Standing in the centre of the archway is a woman dressed in a dark green flowing dress with a puffy yellow collar. The woman lowers her arms – given her distance from the archway, it appears to Mondo that she has opened the doors using telekinesis.*

**MONDO** – Uh, hello. I'd like to look at the...uh...the 'arch records', please?

*The woman eyes Mondo for a moment, before turning and beckoning him silently in. As they walk through the corridor, the wall lights begin to glow. Mondo gazes round in awe. Just like the door he entered through, the ceiling of the corridor is also quite high up, and delicately sculpted with images of latias and latios.*

*They reach a figure crouched in the centre of a room at the end of the corridor. He appears to be meditating, and does not react as the woman approaches.*

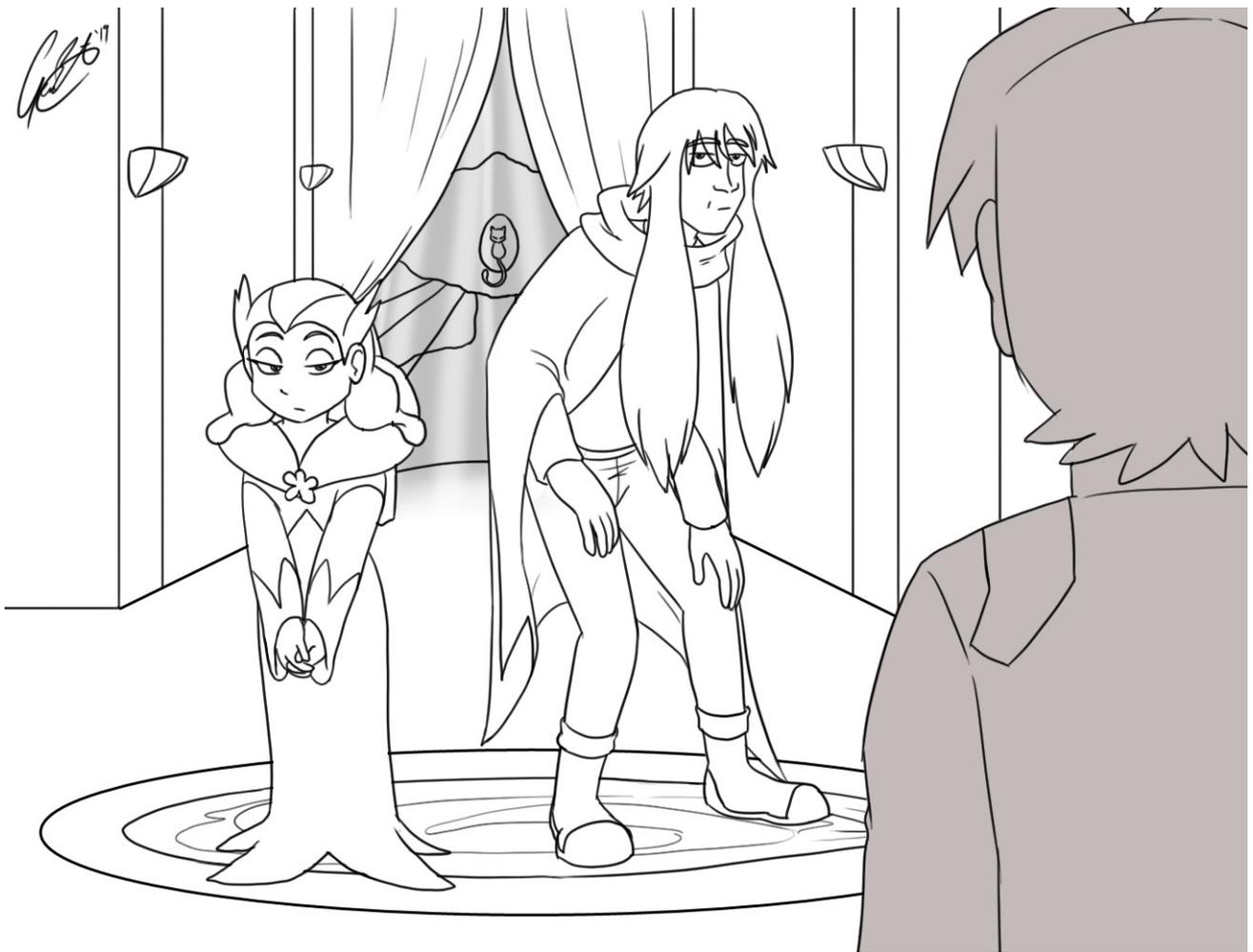
**???** - A member of the rightly disposed is here to see you, Keeper.

*Mondo flinches, as the voice is in his mind instead of his ears.*

**???** – Thank you, Loe.

*The man slowly stands up. Mondo tries not to stare, as this particular Seer is very tall, at around 9 feet.*

**???** – Welcome, young man. It has been some time since I was last visited by a member of the rightly disposed. I am Azett, the Arch Record Keeper. I take it you are here to gain a better understanding of yourself.



**MONDO** – That’s right, sir. This... ‘Mirage Flight’ - I feel I had something to do with it.

*Azett nods, though his expression conveys discomfort amongst his solemnness, as if he would rather this conversation not progress further. But Mondo’s longing expression persists, and the Seer relents.*

**AZETT** - Taking on this knowledge is no light task. You will not be able to share it with anyone else. It will become your load to bear. Are you sure you wish to go ahead with this?

*Mondo shifts from one foot to another in hesitation at Azett’s delivery, before gathering his courage.*

**MONDO** – Y...yes. Not knowing my past has weighed on me ever since I lost someone close to my heart.

*He lifts the photocopy of the plane images and gazes at it.*

**AZETT** - Very well.

*Azett leads Mondo to an ornate structure which, at first, could be mistaken for an elaborate pipe organ.*

*Reaching into his cloak, he brings out an item that looks like a key, which he inserts into the machine.*

*Projected energy forms into a flat panel, creating a screen, while the front panel of the machine slides upward, revealing a number of tile-like buttons.*

*Azett types away at this keyboard, connecting to the Pokémon Guardsmen database, before accessing a classified record.*

**AZETT** - The aircraft in the picture you are holding was the last of several to crash land on our world, Mr. Simmons.

**MONDO** – Wait...I remember Ridley saying it came from a place that most people don't know exist. What place is that?

**AZETT** - It is a life-bearing planet in a dimension neighbouring this one.

*A number of video clips from people's cameras and other devices are selected and viewed. Mondo gazes upon fragmented shots of a large dimensional rift in the sky, from which a plane emerges, trailing debris and partly indistinguishable by corruption-like squares.*

**MONDO** – \*astonishment\* There are *planets* in other dimensions? All this time I thought only pokémon lived out there...

...but what was even *on* that plane? And did...did it survive?

*Azett says nothing, but continues to work on the computer.*

*Mondo's eyes grow wide as a list appears. 252 entries, the passengers and cabin crew that had been present aboard the aircraft upon its time of impact. Some entries are accompanied by a set of personal details, others with photographs, but the list as a whole has various data corrupted and unreadable*

**AZETT** - These are the records the Pokémon Guardsmen managed to retrieve from the aircraft.

**MONDO** – \*shock\* But...but those are people! Human beings!

**AZETT** - Correct~

**MONDO** – \*bewildered\* I don't understand... are you telling me that people from *another dimension* came to Oci? But how? That just looks like a normal plane to me.

**AZETT** - It was. These people were never supposed to come here. They didn't even know Oci was here. Yet somehow... they found their way into the space between our dimension and their own.

*Mondo recalls the extent of the damage he saw on the photo of the plane.*

**MONDO** – \*shaking his head\* It's a miracle anything made it through in one piece.

*He flinches as he catches sight of a photograph on the list.*

**MONDO** - Wait, stop a minute.

*The old Seer obliges.*



PASSENGER NO. 96

TRANSCONTINENTAL AIRL

FIRST NAME: [REDACTED]

LAST NAME: [REDACTED]

D.O.B: [REDACTED]

TRAVELLING FROM: J [REDACTED]

TRAVELLING TO: SIN [REDACTED]

*The listing is missing several vital details, yet the photograph is as clear as day. It is of a small boy, no older than three, with messy oak brown hair and a beaming smile.*

**MONDO** - *\*distant, dawning realisation\** Oh man... That's why I remember those things. I was on that plane. I'm from...

**AZETT** - The Alphaworld, yes.

**MONDO** - *\*as if processing this\** The Alpha...world...

*\*looks up, a little worriedly\** ...does that make me an alien?

**AZETT** - Not at all, Mr. Simmons. There are a few differences between us, but they are at the deepest level.

**MONDO** - Like my Aura frequency?

**AZETT** - *\*raises eyebrows, then smiles a little\** You *have* been doing a lot of searching, haven't you?

**MONDO** - *\*shaking his head\** ...this is so messed up. You've told me so much, but now it feels like I know even *less*. >\_<

**AZETT** - *\*softly, resigned\** This is the burden that we bear.

**MONDO** - Are there others like me living on Oci?

**AZETT** - A few.

**MONDO** – \*frowns\* But why is this being kept so secret?

**AZETT** - Because the Original One has forbidden us from making contact with the Alphaworld. The Mirage Flight's arrival was accidental. You had no control over coming here. But we must not deliberately allow more Alphagens passage.

**MONDO** - Why not?

**AZETT** - If we were to succeed in contacting the Alphaworld, the outcome could destroy all life on Oci.

\*turns\* And that is all I am permitted to tell you, Mr. Simmons. Perhaps there will come a time when I may be able to reveal more.

*Mondo leaves unhappily, guided by Loe. Azett watches him descend the stairs and remains standing alone, before quietly reciting a passage from the Oo'rekimei – the historical document preserved by the Agrarian Seers.*

“Do not reach back through the void,

Do not call to the ones who came before.

For great calamity shall befall the unwise.

Them, and all with them.”

**AZETT** - \*to self\* This is the burden we bear...

*Cut to Mondo wandering through the lobby.*

**MONDO** - \*thinks, disgruntled\* I come from there...don't I have a right to know the whole thing?

*Cory stands up from where they had been seated, on a padded bench surrounded by potted foliage.*

**CORY** – \*upbeat\* So, what did you find out?

**MONDO** – Well, it's pretty wild. The Mirage Flight...turns out that plane was from-

*He stops, wide eyed and mouth open, as a faint croak escapes his throat. The sentence remains clearly in his mind, but the young man finds himself unable to utter it aloud, as if his tongue has been paralysed. Mondo shuts his mouth, looking bewildered and a little embarrassed.*

**CORY** - \*looks sad\* I don't suppose you can tell me, can you?

*There's a small flashback to Azett saying "You will not be able to share it with anyone else."*

**MONDO** - \*thinks\* I literally can't .\_. What did they do to me?

*Mondo sighs.*

**MONDO** – I'm sorry, Cory...

**CORY** – It's okay. I have to keep secrets about my past, too. It's not always easy, but sometimes... we have to. Right?

*Mondo smiles a little.*

**MONDO** – Yeah... I guess we do.

*Cut to a restaurant somewhere. Cory is eating a plate of curry while sat at a table. Mondo is using a videophone nearby, while chewing on a cereal bar disinterestedly. The videophone is in audio only mode.*

**DENISE** – [on the other end of the phone] How did it go? Did you get your questions answered?

**MONDO** – *\*distant\** In some ways...yeah. My nightmares finally make sense. I can't talk about it, though.

**DENISE** – Oh. Wow...big stuff, huh. :o

**MONDO** – *\*muted\** Mm-hmm. I don't know what to do now. I hadn't thought that far.

**DENISE** – You could go back to working at Nashgri City Lab? They seemed to get on well with you there.

**MONDO** – *\*discouraged\** There's no point. I only asked to stay there because I thought it would help me find out more about my past. Now I've learned all I can, I... *\*sighs\**

**DENISE** – Hmmm...

...say, how would you and Cory feel about helping out with a Pokémon VR project they're running in Johto? :D

**MONDO** – 'VR'?

*Cut to Denise's place. She is using a headset with a PokéGear strapped her belt outside while attending to the lawnmower. In the background, the other pokémon are doing various garden jobs.*

**DENISE** – Virtual Reality! It's at a place called FlareSoft - my dad gave some programming support to them last month. They're looking for extra guys to pitch in at the moment, and you've got a thing for programming. Why not give it a go?

**MONDO** - ...sure. That seems as good enough a place to start as any. ^^

**DENISE** – That's the spirit! I'll send you the details, okay? Okay. Speak to you later, Tate!

*She disconnects the call, the lawnmower makes a slightly whiny sound for attention.*

**DENISE** – *\*jokingly\** Yeah yeah, Pacey - my attention's all yours now.



*The lawnmower makes a happy noise. Denise prods around a little more inside the device then shuts the side hatch down.*

**DENISE** – Ta-dah! Maintenance complete. You’re all good to go. Just watch out for the ornaments, will you?

*The lawnmower makes a noise like purring and rumbles off.*

*Cut inside to Jessie and James standing in the living room of the Nichols’ Mansion.*

**JESSIE** – Okay, I get what we did in the past was bad, but... *\*wistful\** I miss the thrill, James.

**JAMES** – I know what you mean.

We need to find something thrilling to do, that won’t be bad!

**JESSIE** – *\*pouts\** But I can’t think of anything else we’re good at...besides being bad.

*Some music starts playing off screen.*

**JAMES** – *\*enthused\** Ooh! It’s starting!

*A wider angle shows they’re in front of the Nichols’ family karaoke machine, the track has just loaded up so they start singing to it. They’re really getting into it with poses and stuff.*

*During the song, GABRIEL NICHOLS wanders into the room, sees what’s going on, and raises his eyebrows with a smile.*

*The song comes to an end, Jessie and James are in their final poses, Gabriel claps, causing them to swing round in a mixture of accusation and puzzlement.*

**GABRIEL** – \*impressed\* That was some performance. You two are really in sync!

**JAMES** – Oh! Thank you ^-^

*Gabriel goes outside to see the lawnmower and the garden pokémon doing their jobs. The latter glance up and greet him as he passes.*

**GABRIEL** – Doing some fine work out here, everyone!

**DENISE** – Hey dad ^-^ Ready to go?

**GABRIEL** – Yep. Time to get your tools packed up, sweetheart.

**DENISE** – Alright ^-^

\*turns to the pokémon (and Errol who has also been helping) as well as the mower\* Back in a few hours, guys! Don't start anything while I'm gone! I'm looking at you, Pacey!

*The lawnmower makes a grumbling noise, to which the larvitar chuckles and the mower shoves her over.*

*Jessie and James are now slobbering on the sofa as Denise and Gabriel re-enter the room. The TV is on, though neither of them seem to be watching.*

**JESSIE** – \*half-accusing\* Where are *you* off to in such a hurry?

**DENISE** – I promised I'd help dad out with his job in Violet City. Any luck figuring out your plans?

**JESSIE AND JAMES** - \*dispirited\* Not yet...

**DENISE** – Aw don't let it get you down, guys ^-^; Something will hit you soon enough.

Later!

*Gabriel and Denise leave. As they do so, Errol comes in looking a bit dirty and rubbing his hands together.*

**ERROL** – Are youse two still moping about yer lack of poipose in here?

*Jessie and James look at him with frowns.*

**ERROL** – Y' should get out for a bit, get inta some yard woik! X3

**JAMES** – I'll pass... T\_T

**JESSIE** - I don't feel like scraping about in the dirt... T\_T

**JAMES** – Besides, you've been doing that all morning. Aren't you tired?

**ERROL** – Well... I guess I could do wit' putting my feet up.

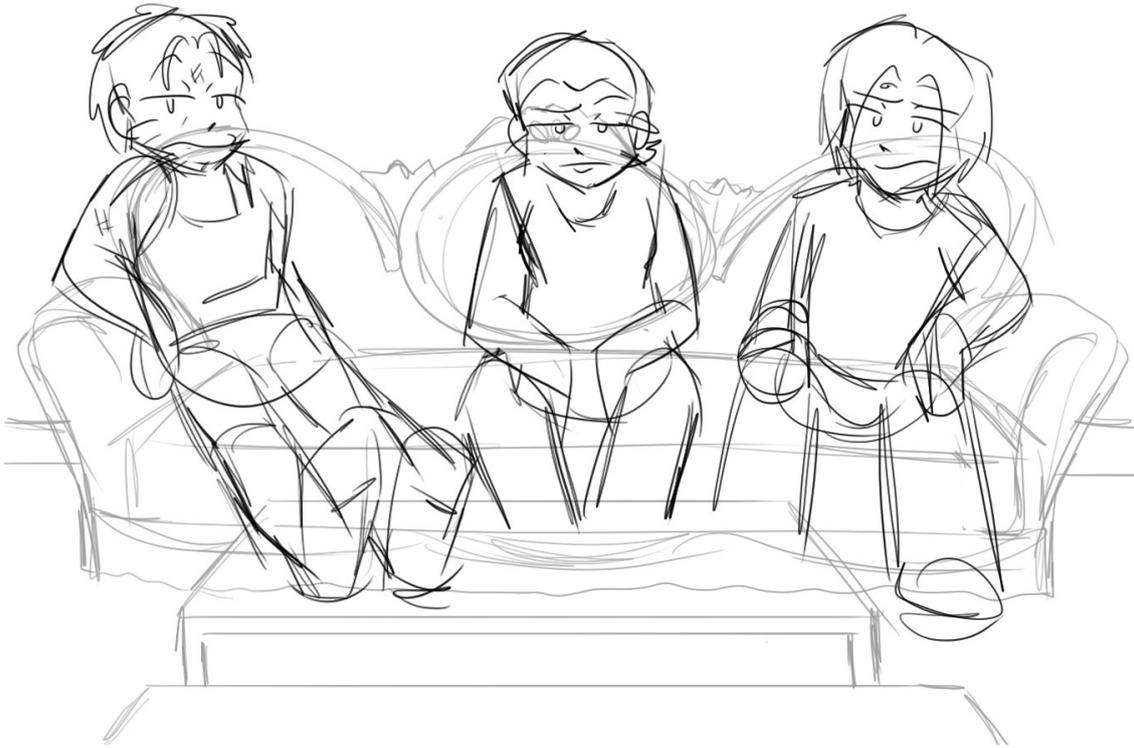
*He flops on the sofa next to Jessie and James, slips off his boots with an emphatic sigh of relief, then plonks his feet on the coffee table. James grimaces slightly at the smell of Errol's feet.*

**JESSIE** – \*disgust\* Ugh! Relocate your farmer feet, will you?

*Camera angle now focuses on the TV screen, where a movie is running. The actors Bryce and Diantha are playing the roles of the two characters on screen.*

**???** - The Carmonte Tournament would be impossible, Ms. Nadya. My set hasn't got the kind of Duel Pieces those other players have~

**NADYA** - You don't understand, Mr. Luca. It's not about the pieces you own... it's about your passion for the game.



**JAMES** - \*unimpressed\* Hmmph. Predictable.

**ERROL** - \*nonplussed\* Da acting's kinda wooden :/

**JESSIE** - \*dismissive\* We could make a better movie than this 'story by numbers' grimer slop.

**NADYA** : Well then.. ...I will do it myself!

*There is a pause. Smiles creep onto the faces of Jessie, James and Errol as the same idea dawns.*

**ALL** - That's it!

**JESSIE** - \*excited\* We could make movies!

**JAMES** - \*grins\* Yeah! We've got plenty of experience, flair and talent for mindblowing, jawdropping productions, after all.

**ERROL** - \*matter of fact\* But we don't have any moolah.

*Jessie and James pause, then look sad.*

**JAMES** - \*downcast\* Oh...that's true.

**JESSIE** - \*insistent\* Ask your parents to fund us, James! They're rolling in riches!

**JAMES** – \*disbelief\* Are you crazy? Do you even remember what they did *last* time they got their hands on me? >8o

**ERROL** – Wait wait. Sure, asking Jimmy’s folks is a bad idea, but da *funding* part... now dat’s got potential.

**JAMES** – I say we head back to Kanto and ask my Nana and Pop-pop. They’re full of good advice! Besides, I’ve been meaning to go check up on them since I left Team Rocket.

**JESSIE** – \*triumphant\* Alright! To Kanto, and our glorious filmmaking future!

**JAMES & ERROL** – \*eager\* Yeah!

**TO BE CONTINUED**

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