



CLEO
OF THE
NORTH

PILOT

Written by

Nick Henry Jackson

(714) 329-6687
jacksonnicolas@me.com



ACT ONE

EXT. POLAR TUNDRA - ISLE OF SPØKELSER - DAY

Herds of wild YAK roam the icy landscape.

Ancient glaciers lie among a striped mountain called the Örn that looms in the distance, emitting a low <HUM>.

A title reads:

**ISLE OF SPØKELSER
VERY, VERY COLD**

Something <ZOOMS> past frame, spooking the herds. A BABY YAK flops on its back, <WHIMPERING>.

EXT. GULF SHORE - TRIBAL VILLAGE - DAY

A class of TRIBAL GIRLS (12-15, brown fur coats) hurry to the shore of a pebble beach where DRIFTWOOD RAFTS await them.

Each raft carries a fishing cage and oars carved from tusks.

INTERCUT BETWEEN POLAR TUNDRA (CLEO) & GULF SHORE (NANA)

A GOLDEN YAK wearing some super sweet goggles sprints full speed over the tundra. This is CHERUB.

Riding atop Cherub is CLEO (14, as excitable as she is naive). She wears braids and identical goggles.

CLEO
WOOO! C'mon Cherub!!

At the gulf, an old matriarch named NANA (70s, hardened shell, gooey center) rides her own yak, LADY, up to the shore. She and Lady both rock wrinkles and a hunch.

Nana somersaults with the dexterity of a gymnast off of Lady's back and onto the shore. 10/10 landing.

The class drifts into the water on their rafts, preparing their fishing cages like they've practiced this before.

Nana notices one raft left ashore without an occupant.

She <SIGHS>.

Cleo speeds along with Cherub.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Get ready!

They approach a thick sheet of ice.

CLEO (CONT'D)

...NOW!

Cherub LEAPS high in the air, eclipsing the sunlight...

The girls at the gulf pull their cages out of the water:
little to no fish for anyone. They exchange uneasy looks.

One of them, BETH (15, teacher's pet) shows off a minnow.

BETH

Look what I caught!

NANA

(to everyone)

Trials will resume tomorrow.

Nana takes the lone raft and drags it away from the beach.

End intercut. We'll be staying with Cleo.

EXT. POLAR TUNDRA - ISLE OF SPØKELSER - CONTINUOUS

Cleo & Cherub <SLAM> onto the slick ice and slide far away, until they pass a set of tick marks cut into the ice, slowly coming to a halt.

CLEO

YES! New record!!

She leaps off of Cherub who patiently sits still while Cleo whips out a knife and cuts a new tick mark.

CHERUB

I was feelin' real slippery today.
Probably my best work.

Oh yeah, Cherub can talk. (Unlike the other yaks.) Only Cleo can understand him.

Cleo pats his scruff.

CLEO

Keep doing whatever you're doing.

CUT TO:

Quick shot of Cherub hugging a SEAL against its will. He lets go, leaving a layer of seal grease on his undercarriage.

BACK TO:

EXT. POLAR TUNDRA - CONTINUOUS

She approaches a patch of dirt where the ice recedes, kneeling down to scan her rows of shoddy vegetation.

Some spots have no growth whatsoever, others only poked out of the ground before shriveling and dying.

She pulls out a small wooden instrument carved into the shape of an OWL. It functions like an ocarina/vessel flute.

CLEO

I heard all living things respond
well to music.

Cleo blows into the flute and some awful <NOTES> come out. Ridiculously bad notes.

She touches a dead plant. It <POOFS> into dust.

CHERUB

Maybe not all living things.

Then Cleo notices something--

She brushes aside dead leaves to reveal a GREEN SPROUT. It unfurls, doing a little shimmy. It supports a ruby red BABIP BERRY collared by white petals.

CLEO

I KNEW IT!! I KNEW IT I KNEW IT! We
don't need the stinkin' Garden, we
can do this! We're gonna be okay!

Faint <SHOUTING> is heard somewhere in the distance.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Nana said 'Oh, there's plenty of
fish, they'll come along.'

The <SHOUTING> grows louder, of men's voices.

CHERUB

Uh, Cleo?

A hazy shape emerges out of the clouds behind her. Only Cherub notices. It looks like... a balloon?

CLEO
 She'll say, 'Cleo, babip Cleo...
 berries aren't even native to
 the island.'

CHERUB (CONT'D)

The balloon voyager descends right towards them.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 I'd like to see her try to deny
 this!

CHERUB
 CLEO!

Cherub scoops up Cleo and hustles away.

CLEO'S POV: She finally sees the balloon, thrashing in the wind with different flaps and metal instruments dangling from its sides. It heads straight for her vegetation.

CLEO
 NO! Cherub, wait!!

<CRASH!!>

The impact skids and splinters across the ice. It shreds through Cleo's dead plants and green sprout.

The balloon flies past the same baby yak, knocking it on it's back. More <WHIMPERING>.

Cleo and Cherub stop and watch from behind a nearby boulder.

The mess slows to a stop as the balloon deflates, and TWO UNCONSCIOUS PASSENGERS tumble out of the carriage.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 <SHORT GASP> Driftfolk?

One passenger is an older, bald gent with a wily mustache named GUSTAV (60s). The other is a young lad, MAGNUS (16), with shaggy blonde hair and a great jawline.

CLEO'S POV: We see what's left of her mangled vegetation. Hopeless.

She approaches the wreck, curious yet careful, like it could explode any second.

Suddenly a broken metal contraption spews <HISSING> steam at her. She jumps back.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 ...Let's go.

Cleo retreats to Cherub. She hops on and they head back the way they came, leaving everything behind.

Magnus <GROANS>. He touches his bruises and scrapes as he comes to, confused.

MAGNUS' POV: Fresh footsteps lead away from their crash.

EXT. TRIBAL VILLAGE - DAY

This is a quaint fishing tribe. Flanked by a gulf, what few structures they have are built entirely out of driftwood and ice. And bones. (Modeled after Yakutian balagans)

ANGLE ON: A bear statuette sits atop a monument pillar at the edge of town. Mysterious markings are written all over it.

Cleo rides Cherub past the monument. She's a bit shaken up.

CLEO

Act casual. And sneaky. We're just heading home, nothing happened.

CHERUB

Ooh, moral ambiguity. My favorite.

Cherub squats low and tip-toes past some huts. It's not any sneakier than before.

They pass SNOOKS, the SEAL, swiping yak fur off his tummy.

SNOOKS

Hey Cherub-- no more hugs, alright?

BETH (O.S.)

Been somewhere important, Cleo?

Cherub freezes. REVEAL Beth blocking their path.

CHERUB

(still frozen)
Can she see us?

CLEO

Beat it, Beth.

BETH

I bet Nana would be real interested to hear where you've been.

CLEO

And I bet your nose stinks, being up my butt and all.

They move around Beth but she sidesteps in front once more.

BETH

She looked pretty disappointed this morning.

CLEO

Oh bleh blah bloof, Beth. I bet she didn't even realize I was gone.

Meanwhile, Nana appears behind an unaware Cleo. Beth has the biggest, dumbest, smirkiest smirk.

CLEO (CONT'D)

She was probably too busy congratulating you for breathing.

In the B.G., Nana LEAPS high out of frame.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Situational awareness tends to be fleeting when you're 200 years old.

Nana LANDS perfectly in front of Cleo after an impressively long hang time.

NANA

200 years *young*, to you.

CLEO

(pretending)

Anyway Beth, I appreciate the offer to help catch some bowhead lemmings but I'm afraid they're extinct.

("notices" Nana)

Hello, Nana! How lovely to see you!

Nana reveals an OAR, the same the girls used on their rafts. She tosses it to Cleo.

CLEO (CONT'D)

...Nana, I know I was gone, but I may have discovered something important.

NANA

Litter duty. The rest of the week.

CLEO

What?!

WHIP TO:

A DRIFTWOOD ENCLOSURE. A YAK exits, kicking some sand back with its hind legs. It's a glorified, massive litter box.

BACK TO:

CHERUB
Yikes, apologies in advance.

CLEO
(to Nana)
Just because I didn't show up to catch a whopping zero fish?

BETH
Today was just an off day.

CLEO
See? I wasn't even there and I knew you didn't catch any! Meanwhile, I was out trying to grow food for the tribe and it actually worked!

NANA
Oh? Could you show us?

Cleo's demeanor darkens.

CLEO
...No.

Beth <GIGGLES>.

CLEO (CONT'D)
I'd like to see you try to grow babip berries, Beth!

NANA
My Cleo, babip berries aren't even native to the island.

INT. YAK LITTER ENCLOSURE - DAY

Cleo digs around in the sand with a SHOVEL and a LARGE SACK.

CLEO
Stupid litter duty. Stupid Beth.
(beat)
We have a better chance of finding food in here than in the gulf at this point.

Cherub wipes his feet and kicks some more sand towards Cleo.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Thanks a lot.

EXT. YAK LITTER ENCLOSURE - EDGE OF VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cherub exits. His eyes widen.

CHERUB'S POV: Magnus approaches the town while dragging an unconscious Gustav via frayed rope tied around his ankle.

Cherub reverses back into the enclosure.

ON MAGNUS. Desperation in his eyes. <PANTING>. He looks back at Gustav, face down on the ground.

MAGNUS
We're almost there, Papa.

<THWAP>!

REVEAL Cleo, whose shovel just landed a sharp hit on his noggin. And he's unconscious again.

Cleo and Cherub stand over the two men.

CHERUB
What was that for?!

CLEO
They could be dangerous! I panicked! If anyone sees me with Driftfolk I'm doomed... what are they doing here?!

CHERUB
Well. Not much, now.

CLEO
...What should we do?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. VARIOUS - TRIBAL VILLAGE - DAY**

Cleo sneaks around dragging the large sack meant for yak litter-- only it's conspicuously shaped like 2 grown men. Cherub follows.

CLEO
What do we do with this?!

CHERUB
We could hide them with the other bodies.

CLEO
(dry)
Ha-ha.

They pass the main area where a circle of MATRIARCH ELDERS (60s-70s) sit in a meditative state; among them is Nana.

They're of all different shapes and sizes but share the same leathery look of wisdom.

CLEO (CONT'D)
(to Cherub)
We're going to take them back to where they crashed. Then they'll wake up with amnesia, forget they ever saw a village, and then...

CHERUB
Starve in the ice?

Cleo bumps into someone-- a TRIBE CRAFTSMAN (male, 50s).

CLEO
Sorry. Excuse us.

CRAFTSMAN
Is that all from the yak enclosure?

CLEO
Mhmm. Yep. All of it.

CRAFTSMAN
(pointing the opposite direction)
Disposal is that way.

Cleo nods and drags the sack the opposite direction.

CLEO
 (to Cherub)
 Now what?

CHERUB
 Uhh...

Cherub points down next to Cleo.

The sack rolls down a slope towards the lower town.

CLEO
 Of course.

They sprint after it.

A BLACKSMITH (40s, female, dusty) carries an assortment of HUNTING BLADES and other sharp accoutrements.

<SMACK>! The sack swipes her feet out from under her and the sharp objects go flying up in the air.

Cleo & Cherub run past her as blades rain down.

They contort and maneuver in mid-air trying to avoid a <SWOOSHING> spear here and a <SWINGING> knife there.

One knife shaves a patch of fur off of Cherub's side.

CHERUB
 Actually not the worst fade I've gotten.

Ahead of them, the sack rolls into the construction site of a hut. Ice blocks, neat stacks of bones and boards lay around.

It bowls up a board propped on a stack of ice, toppling an arrangement of bones like they're bowling pins.

The sack flies into a CHILDREN's (5-8) game of Arctic volleyball (like regular volleyball, only the ball is a wad of blubber).

The sack gets caught in the net-- then SLINGSHOTS across the village. Cleo & Cherub watch it soar overhead.

<SMACK>. The sack finally lands... in the center of the matriarch elders' circle. The old women barely react.

ELDER WOMAN
 Huh? What'd you say?

RANDOM VILLAGERS gather around to see what the commotion is.

Cleo runs into the circle.

CLEO
Pardon me! Nothing to see here,
just a girl and her... yak sack.

GUSTAV (O.S.)
HOLY SMOKES!

REVEAL Gustav, now conscious and totally not in the sack.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
A WHOLE VILLAGE!

Everyone <GASPS> at the sight of him.

CLEO
What the?

Cleo opens the sack he's supposed to be in. Out pops Snooks.

SNOOKS
(dizzy)
I'm outta here.

He bounces off. Then Magnus emerges, <HEAVING> for air.

Townpeople <DOUBLE GASP>! Nana pushes through the crowd.

NANA
Cleo!

CHERUB
Here we go again...

NANA (CONT'D)
Get away from them!

Nana pulls Cleo by the arm and holds her tight like a mama bear, backing away from Gustav and Magnus.

NANA (CONT'D)
Why are you here? What are you
after?

MAGNUS
(dizzy)
Ma'am, we mean no harm... we
crashed...

Gustav, meanwhile, is observing the nearby huts.

GUSTAV
These are quite structurally sound!
Do you have the schematics perhaps?

NANA

Leave at once. Outsiders are not welcome.

MAGNUS

All we need is temporary shelter.

MALE VILLAGER (O.S.)

(from the back)

Not a chance!

GUSTAV

We would also like to return this.

Gustav reveals Cleo's GREEN SPROUT housed in a small tin cup. It is completely thrashed, its berry deflated.

FEMALE VILLAGER (O.S.)

Is this a joke?

Cleo unleashes herself from Nana's grasp and runs to Gustav.

CLEO

Wait!!

NANA

Cleo!!

Cleo takes the tin cup from him and looks at her poor sprout.

CLEO (CONT'D)

How did you... why did you...?

She's stunned. Nana connects the dots.

NANA

(sotto)

Babip berry.

GUSTAV

This is the first green we've seen in months. We figure it must've been important... and I apologize for landing on it.

Cleo turns to Nana, unsure how to feel.

NANA

... You may stay one night, at the fishing posts. You must be gone by morning. Cleo will guide you.

Villagers scowl at her decision.

GUSTAV

Thank you. Now, if you'll excuse me.

Gustav <ZOOMS> out of there to analyze every nook and cranny of the town, its huts, inhabitants and more.

GUSTAV (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I KNEW IT!!

EXT./INT. LOOKOUT QUARTERS - AIRSHIP - DAY

A LARGE MAN, wearing a burly coat with his back turned to us, looks out over the expansive horizon of glaciers from his metallic zeppelin as the sun sets.

A medley of <MOTORS> and <WHISTLES> work in the background, like the airship is a breathing, hardworking organism.

The man unsheathes a scroll that unwinds into a MAP.

HIS POV: Way out in the distance, the silhouette of land.

REVEAL the weathered and bearded face of the man, LEON. If there ever was a man that resembled a mountain, this is him.

He has gray skin and striking blue eyes that look out over the approaching Isle of Spøkelsar.

We hear <SCRATCHING>. At his leg is a plump cat wearing a scarf named JORDSKJELV, or ROALD for short. Leon picks him up and cradles him.

LEON
(baby voice)
Why hello Jordskjelv! Who's close to land? We are! We're close to land! Who's gonna imprison Gustav for treason? We are!

EXT. GULF SHORE - TRIBAL VILLAGE - NIGHT

Nighttime provides hardly any darkness. The sun sits just above the horizon, resting in a hazy purple fog.

Magnus huddles over a small pit, trying to get a fire started with some meager flint. He struggles.

Cleo sits a healthy distance away, gripping her shovel tight and watching them like a hawk.

CLEO
Well, if you're both comfortable...

She stands up to leave. Magnus throws the flint in the pit.

MAGNUS
(shivering)
I can't do it.

He and Gustav look to Cleo for assistance. She's unamused.
Cleo picks up the flint and <CLICKS> it together repeatedly.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
Do you have anything to eat, maybe?

CLEO
Why are you here?

MAGNUS
Because we crashed trying to use
the delusional steering system he
invented.

GUSTAV
I HAD IT UNDER CONTROL!

MAGNUS
WE TESTED IT BACK HOME AND *KNEW* IT
DIDN'T WORK!

GUSTAV
IMPATIENCE IS A VIRTUE!
(beat)
Anyways. We have a time sensitive
rendezvous... at the North Pole.

Cleo stops <CLICKING> the flint.

CLEO
You mean the Garden?

GUSTAV
I suppose that's what some call it.
How do you know about the Garden?

CLEO
Why are you going there? What kind
of rendezvous? Have you ever been
before? Is it real?

Gustav <LAUGHS> and turns to Magnus.

GUSTAV
I like this one.

MAGNUS
(still shivering)
Yeah, that's great.

Cleo <CLICKS> the flint once more, and a FIRE roars to life. Magnus shoves his hands straight into the flame.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
Oh thank goodness. Ahh....

GUSTAV
Well, thank you, uh...

CLEO
Cleo.

GUSTAV
(gesturing to himself)
Gustav. This is Magnus.

Magnus waves with his hand on fire.

Cleo turns to leave... then:

CLEO
I suppose I can see if there is
anything to eat.

She wanders towards the shore. We hear Cleo's <AWFUL FLUTE
PLAYING> O.S.

MAGNUS
Is she... enticing the fish?

CLEO (O.S.)
I found one! HIYAH!

We hear a loud <PUNCH> O.S.

Cleo returns with her flute and a tiny COD with a black eye.

COD
(to Cleo)
Hello, I heard your awful music and
thought it might be my friends...
have you seen any of my friends?

GUSTAV
Are there any bigger fish...?

Cleo shakes her head.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
That'll do just fine then!

The cod frowns.

MOMENTS LATER

Everyone eats the cod.

GUSTAV
May I see that owl instrument?

Cleo hesitates. Then hands it to him. He inspects it closely.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
Enchanting.

CLEO
What are you looking for at the pole?

GUSTAV
Not looking for anything, but returning something. The most important thing, actually.

Gustav reaches in his coat.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
Do you know what this is?

He pulls out a STONE IDOL, shaped like a BEAR with markings on its chest. It closely resembles the bear statuette we saw on the village monument.

INT. CLEO & NANA'S ICE HUT - NIGHT

Cleo lies awake on her cot. She chews on the remaining piece of the cod's head, who is still frowning.

Nana <SNORES> laying in the cot beside her. The smashed green sprout in the tin cup sits next to Cleo's cot.

Carved into the walls beside her cot are recurring images of two creatures: a BEAR and an OWL. They are cradled into one another, forming a circular shape (think yin-yang).

A name carved below the bear reads: URSUNORR

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MONUMENT GROUNDS - OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: The bear atop the village monument.

Magnus watches as Gustav holds parchment against the pillar and carefully sketches over it with a piece of charcoal.

Gustav spots a MALE VILLAGER (40s, strapping fisherman) glaring at them.

GUSTAV
Evening, sir.
(gesturing to the pillar)
Could you tell us more about this?

The villager storms off without a word.

EXT. CLEO & NANA'S ICE HUT - NIGHT

We hear a small <COMMOTION>. Cleo exits her hut to see:

An ELDER MAN has collapsed from fatigue as other VILLAGERS hustle to help him up.

Cleo rushes over.

CLEO
Are you okay?

A fellow VILLAGE GIRL (16) shoos her away.

VILLAGE GIRL
We don't need your help.

CLEO
He needs something to eat.

Cleo extends the remaining cod to the elder. He takes it.

ELDER MAN
Thank you, Cleo.

She gets disdainful looks from the other villagers, and retreats back to her hut.

Before entering, she looks out at the Örn in the distance. A cold breeze nudges her towards it.

Beside the hut, Cherub sleeps on his side, drooling. Cleo approaches and pets his head.

CLEO
Psst. Cherub. Get up.

Cherub <GRUNTS>.

CLEO (CONT'D)
I think we may need the stinkin'
Garden after all.

EXT. VARIOUS - VILLAGE - NIGHT

Cleo stealthily maneuvers behind huts. She somersaults to one, then burrows underground on her way to the next.

An aloof Cherub trots in plain sight behind her.

Cleo pokes her head around a hut, cupping her hands like binoculars. She eyes the elder matriarchs' circle, still gathered in the center of town.

CLEO
(hushed)
Be careful, Cherub. They must be discussing important village matters.

CLEO'S POV - In a quiet circle, the women use carved tusks to <CLICK> and <SLIDE> ivory tiles with painted pictographs into formations atop a block of ice. It's their kind of mahjong.

ON THE ELDERS.

ELDER WOMAN
Checkmate.

OTHER ELDER WOMAN
What?

Back ON CLEO.

CLEO
(to Cherub)
Okay, here's what we're going to do. I'm going to sneak through that way to avoid getting noticed by this snooze-fest. Since we're more likely to be noticed together, you'll split off around the low point of town. We'll reconvene near the fishing posts and meet Gustav and Magnus. Any questions?

NANA (O.S.)
Sounds like a plan.

REVEAL Nana.

CLEO
You're supposed to be snoring!

CHERUB
Can you repeat the part about the snooze-fest?

NANA

My dear, your curiosity is a detriment. You have no business with those Driftfolk. They will be of no concern to us by morning.

CLEO

Nana, do you know where they're going? The *Garden*! Imagine what we could bring back for the village!

NANA

Myths, just myths! Do not get caught up in this again. Our gulf is fine, as it always has been.

CLEO

There are villagers starving!

NANA

You of all people should know the dangers that lie beyond our tribe.

Cleo looks hopeless.

NANA (CONT'D)

I see so much of your mother in you... which is why Beth here will monitor you for the night.

REVEAL Beth, who Nana yanks into frame.

BETH

Hey dropout!

Beth <CLASPS> an ivory handcuff to Cleo and her own wrist.

CLEO

MONITOR?! She's babysitting me?

NANA

Don't get into trouble!

Nana backflips O.S.

BETH

She promised me, her star student, extra time on the water tomorrow. Now come on, let's have a sleepover.

She skips away. Cleo refuses to move and gets dragged along. Cherub waddles behind them.

CLEO
I can't believe this. We have to
get to the Garden.

CLEO'S POV - As she's getting dragged on the ground, she sees
a stable of the village's YAKS--over a dozen--resting and
loosely tethered with ropes.

CLEO (CONT'D)
(to Cherub)
Psst!

Cleo gestures to the stable.

CHERUB
On it.

Cherub veers towards the stable.

ON CHERUB as he hustles and sticks out one of his sharp
horns. It <TWINKLES>.

CHERUB (CONT'D)
BOO!

Cherub startles the yaks as he whizzes by, his horn SLICING
the rope tethers.

Cleo fist pumps. As they approach a hut, Cleo extends her
wrist and snags the handcuff on a sharp bone sticking out of
the hut's support. It <SNAPS>!

She crawls to freedom. Beth stops.

BETH
What are you doing?

ON THE STABLE YAKS, looking confused. Suddenly, REVEAL Cherub
charging at them full speed, <ROARING>!

They all <SCREAM>, rushing out of the stable.

ON CLEO, scrambling out of the way. Beth isn't so lucky-- she
gets flattened like gum underneath the stampede.

The yaks clobber the huts and ice, <STOMPING> anything in
their way. Cherub stops beside Cleo, proudly.

CLEO
There ya go!

CHERUB
(out of breath)
I'll make it up to those guys.
(MORE)

CHERUB (CONT'D)

This isn't the first time I've spooked 'em.

CLEO'S POV - From a distance now, she sees the hoard heading for the elders' tile game. <FRANTIC WHEEZING> as the matriarchs hobble out of the way. The yaks <RAM> into the center of their circle, sending tiles flying.

An errant tile lands all the way at Cleo's feet. It depicts a hoard of yaks chasing a person.

CLEO

Uh. Maybe we should go.

She hops aboard Cherub and they rush off.

EXT. GULF SHORE - NIGHT

Cleo arrives at the shore, the chaos now in the background.

Gustav & Magnus are gone. The post is abandoned, except for Snooks the seal, who snuggles beside the dying bonfire.

They ride away from the town, towards the site of the crash.

EXT. CRASH SITE - POLAR TUNDRA - NIGHT

Magnus watches Gustav rummage through his wrecked voyager.

Above them in the sky are dancing auroras in the form of MANTA RAYS, swirling and swimming.

MAGNUS

It's no use, Papa.

GUSTAV

Do you think Cleo's village has any dual hydrometer-altimeters laying around?

MAGNUS

They live in bone huts.

(beat)

Also you invented that.

Gustav tries tying torn ropes and piecing metal parts back together. Magnus unfolds the deflated balloon to reveal a thick gash in the tarp.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Papa. We need to set off on foot.

GUSTAV

I have a schematic for an adhesive strip that could easily fix that tear! Perhaps I could get my hands on some blubber...

The scraps Gustav pieced back together completely fall apart.

MAGNUS

Papa, you're delusional! We need to stop wasting time with dead-end inventions and clueless village girls if we're going to avoid Leon!

REVEAL Cleo behind them.

GUSTAV

Seems your village girl has come to the rescue.

Magnus spots her, embarrassed. Cleo swallows her pride:

CLEO

I don't know you, and I don't know if I can trust you. But you are going to take me with you. Even if I am just a clueless village girl... my tribe is in danger of starvation and I believe the Garden is our only hope.

GUSTAV

Cleo... I don't think you're prepared for an expedition like this. We'll be up against more than just the elements. Where we're from, people avoid this region for a reason. You won't last.

CLEO

And I don't think you'll last without me and Cherub. I've seen winters here. You two will never make it on foot.

She scoots and makes room for two more people atop Cherub. Gustav and Magnus exchange concerned looks.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CRASH SITE - POLAR TUNDRA - DAY

The brighter morning has arrived. The wreckage remains, abandoned. A looming shadow engulfs the land.

Leon's airship blimp gracefully descends, unfettered by the winds. It touches down without a whiff of turbulence.

A metal door opens from the cockpit. Roald scurries out. He wears booties and a thick coat made specifically for a cat.

Roald waddles to the wreck and plays with a loose rope.

Leon enters. The desolate voyager seems no surprise to him.

He kicks broken parts at his feet, <CRUSHING> indistinct contraptions without a thought.

Leon notices the imprints of footsteps in the ice and dirt leading northbound.

He unsheathes a set of hefty binoculars and follows the path.

EXT. POLAR TUNDRA - BEYOND THE VILLAGE - DAY

Cherub carries Cleo, Gustav, & Magnus out of sight of the village.

Gustav toys with a small metal mechanism, tinkering like he's trying to invent on the fly.

CLEO

Why do we have to stop at the mountain?

GUSTAV

The Örn is said to be an ancient spiritual hotspot. Some say it's even the snout of Ursunorr itself sticking out of the earth. If we have the true Idol of Ursunorr, which I strongly suspect we do, then the mountain will tell us.

Magnus rolls his eyes.

ON CHERUB, who struggles underneath the trio. Cleo pats him.

MAGNUS

Not that I don't appreciate
hitching a ride... but could this
yak go any faster?

Cherub <WHEEZES>.

CHERUB

Who, me? Probably, except I was
volunteered to carry strangers to a
place we're not sure exists.

Cleo looks around at sleeping herds of WILD YAK.

She pats Cherub to stop and hops off. The men slide down.

CLEO

How do you feel about mounting your
own steeds?

MAGNUS

I doubt we'll find any that suit
us.

REVEAL a PAIR OF YAKS right beside Gustav and Magnus -- one
with a gray bushy mustache and a bald head, the other with
long tufts of blonde hair covering its eyes. Seems familiar.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Yeah, okay.

MOMENTS LATER

The trio have all mounted their own yaks now; Gustav with his
mustachioed companion and Magnus with his blonde one.

CHERUB

(to the new yaks)
So do you two know any good
watering holes around here?

They just stare, deadpan.

CHERUB (CONT'D)

Cool, cool. We'll catch up later.

Cleo leads them away.

CLEO

What will you name--

GUSTAV

I thought you'd never ask! I shall name him HONUS, after the famed aeronautical engineer, of course.

HONUS <WHINNIES>. Which is weird because yaks don't do that.

CLEO

And you, Magnus?

MAGNUS

Uh... I'll need to think about it.

CLEO

You better think fast, or no-name here will get restless!

Magnus carefully pets NO-NAME. No-name BUCKS and Magnus <SMACKS> his face on their dirty back.

EXT. CLEO & NANA'S ICE HUT - DAY

Nana emerges from her hut, <YAWNING>. Lady awaits her, suspiciously blocking her view.

NANA

Good morning, Lady.

She pets her head. Lady nervously <HUFFS>.

NANA (CONT'D)

Has Cleo gotten an early start?

Nana tries walking past Lady but she blocks her path again.

NANA (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

Every step Nana takes is blocked. She finally jukes Lady with a point guard's ankle breaker. Lady tips over, <THUD>.

REVEAL a wrecked town from last night's stampede. Huts are destroyed, villagers scrounge pieces of whatever they can off the ground.

Tired yaks are sprawled all over the place.

Nana looks like she's just witnessed a murder.

NANA (CONT'D)

...CLEO?!

She frantically shuffles around the grounds looking for her.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS - TRIBAL VILLAGE

Elders pick up scattered game tiles.

Fishing posts are bulldozed.

Families collect broken bits of their homes.

END MONTAGE / EXT. YAK STABLES - TRIBAL VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nana finds the empty stables, then the snapped handcuff.

BETH (O.S.)

Ouch!

Nana stumbles back, realizing she's stepped on Beth, who is still completely flattened.

NANA

Beth, dear? What happened?

BETH

Oh, you know. Stampede.

NANA

Where is Cleo?

BETH

I'm sorry. I should have followed her.

EXT. MAIN AREA - TRIBAL VILLAGE - DAY

Nana searches the center of town, passing those who are still grazing the mess.

NANA

CLEO?!

Nana single-handedly lifts a SLEEPING YAK off the ground to check underneath it. Nope. <THUD>.

As she turns around, REVEAL Leon standing over her with a sinister grin. Nana <GASPS>.

LEON

Seems you've lost someone, ma'am?

NANA

Who are you?

Roald reveals himself on Leon's shoulder, looming with the same grin. But his is way cuter.

LEON

I'm looking for someone as well.
Perhaps you've seen him.

Nana notices a WHIP holstered in Leon's belt. He is unlike anyone she's seen before.

Leon takes an intimidating step closer.

LEON (CONT'D)

(re: the town)
Looks like he may have already come
through here.

Nana, not one to cower, suddenly HURLS the entire sleeping yak right at Leon.

Leon catches it.

Then he HURLS the yak even farther over the horizon like it's a stuffed animal.

VILLAGERS stop and stare.

LEON (CONT'D)

We should help each other.

Leon turns to address the entire village.

LEON (CONT'D)

How many of you have lost something
today?

(beat)

I am Leon the Bountiful. I am
searching for the same man I
suspect did this to your village.
The ones who crashed in the ice
just south of here.

We hear affirmative <MURMURING> among the townspeople.

Nana's eyes widen. Leon grins.

LEON (CONT'D)

Just as I thought. His name is
Gustav; notice how he doesn't have
a cool adjective in his name like
mine. He has stolen something
important not just from me, but
someone from you now as well.

VILLAGER (O.S.)
Who is adjective?

Leon gestures to Nana.

NANA
(solemn)
My granddaughter. My Cleo.

More <MURMURING>.

VILLAGER (O.S.)
Her granddaughter is an adjective?!

LEON
I am pursuing Gustav to the north.
(beat)
And I will find your Cleo as well.

Roald gives Leon a confused look.

NANA
I will go with you.

Nana confidently steps up, but keeps a cautious distance from Leon. She doesn't trust him yet.

More townsfolk step forward. The fisherman Gustav encountered the night prior, one of the elder matriarchs, and more.

As their search party grows, Roald unleashes a bold <MEEP>. It's the best battle cry he can muster.

EXT. BASE OF MT. ÖRN - DAY

Cleo, Gustav & Magnus have left the comfort of open tundra and entered a thick fog that greets them with harsh wind.

Cleo & Cherub stop at a fissure in the ground.

MAGNUS
What's the matter?

CLEO
This is the farthest I've ever been
away from home.

Magnus gives Gustav an uncertain look.

MAGNUS
...Really? We're not *that* far.

GUSTAV
Magnus, how many days do we have?

MAGNUS
30.

GUSTAV
30 days, Cleo. That's all we have. You've shown bravery in coming this far. But are you truly ready for what lies ahead? History greater than myth. Beasts beyond dreams, that even our new friends here have not laid eyes on.

A beat.

Cleo nudges Cherub forward, who hops over the fissure, continuing on. Gustav grins.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
As I thought.

Gustav and Magnus follow, each hopping over the fissure.

They trail the edge of the striped Örn, squinting to see anything.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
She's even more beautiful up close... I think.

MAGNUS
And has *she* told you anything about the idol yet?

Gustav untucks the idol from his coat. Nothing unusual.

GUSTAV
Not yet. We'll have to go higher.

MAGNUS
Are you kidding? The fog only gets thicker up there, how will we navigate?

GUSTAV
Ooh, if only we had my navigator prototype from back home. It scans your surroundings in infrared for situations like this!

MAGNUS

You exposed every animal within a
mile of it to radiation.

GUSTAV

THERE WAS URANIUM ORE IN THAT
RESERVOIR AND YOU KNOW IT!

Suddenly Cleo is gone.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)

Oh. Where's she off to?

CLEO (O.S.)

Going higher!

Gustav and Magnus can faintly see Cleo & Cherub rushing up
the mountain.

MAGNUS

Papa, we should be pushing farther.
We have transport now, we could
leave her behind...

GUSTAV

In science, we cannot accept
answers without absolute certainty.

Gustav & Honus ascend after Cleo.

MAGNUS

Yeah, make-believe demi-god bears.
Total science.

Magnus begrudgingly follows.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Ugh... come on, you.

No-Name <SNORTS> and carries him up the mountain.

EXT. THE SOUTH FACE - MT. ÖRN - LATER

The trio trudges upwards through gradations of sediment and
dense snow. The fog thins out as they go higher.

A <SCURRYING> sound approaches.

Suddenly, a white POLAR FOX <POPS> its head out of the snow
with a dumb grin. It's fur gleams white and blue.

Magnus' yak excitedly charges the fox.

MAGNUS
Hey hey! Down boy!

The fox disappears again under the snow. Then reappears a moment later in a different spot. And again and again like whack-a-mole. Magnus gets thrashed as No-name chases it.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
Stop it, you!

Cleo and Gustav <GIGGLE>.

GUSTAV
Aye, you should've given him a name!

The fox jumps out of a hole and runs off across the mountain, taunting them. No-name runs after it, of course.

Cleo and Gustav <CAKLE> while Magnus is hauled beyond some snowy rocks out of sight.

CHERUB
I remember my rambunctious days.

Gustav checks the idol. His breathing is heavy.

GUSTAV
Cleo, take this.

He extends the idol to her.

CLEO
What? Why?

GUSTAV
The air is thin. Take it higher.

Cleo takes the idol and clutches it tight. She's taken by his apparent trust in her.

CLEO
Come on, Cherub.

They carry on as Gustav hangs back and watches.

She passes over a rock crest, then hops off of Cherub. With the idol in hand, she touches it to the ground.

The earthly <HUM> of the mountain returns. This time it's much louder, like the deep blaring of horns. <RUMBLING>.

Rocks and pebbles vibrate and bounce past them. Suddenly the idol glows a vibrant TURQUOISE.

She raises it in the air for Gustav to see.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Gustav! Look!!

GUSTAV
(pointing above her)
Cleo! Look!!

CLEO'S POV: She turns around to see the peak, as a plume of snow shakes down towards them.

The giant plume almost starts to resemble... a BEAR?

CLEO
What is that?!

GUSTAV
Where is Magnus?

As if the plume itself took a heavy swipe at the mountain, a huge shelf of snow <BREAKS>.

A white wave of snow and ice descends right towards them.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
RETREAT!! MAGNUS!!

Honus and Gustav fall back and rush down the mountain from where they came. Cleo doesn't move.

CLEO
Gustav, what was that?!

CHERUB
What are you talking about Cleo?!
Hop on, let's go!!

She flips back on to Cherub and skedaddles the direction No-name chased the fox.

The avalanche draws closer.

CLEO
MAGNUS?!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW