



***The Cast:***

## MOON



Astra



Chipper



Nyx



Raine



Riptide



Veil



Vinton

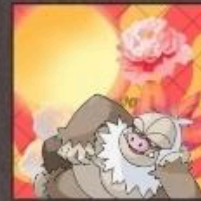
## SUN



Carrie



Evan



Grigol



Johnson



Josh



Keylee



Koa

The screen cuts black.

Then, the sudden, heavy thump-thump-thump of helicopter blades breaks the silence.

The camera sweeps low over the Jordanian desert—nothing but endless, rolling dunes of white sand, jagged black rocks, and heat waves warping the horizon.

This is a rescue mission for a franchise that almost died.

After the sheer disaster of Blood vs. Water, the producers wanted to pull the plug.

Wabbo was almost fired. The show was practically a corpse.

But behind the scenes, a quiet loophole and a lifeline from H breathed life back into the series.

Now, the stakes are completely reset in a wasteland that will actively try to break you. It is a psychological pressure cooker where the environment itself is an enemy.

The chopper doors slide open. The scorching desert air rushes into the cabin, instantly melting the comfort of the air conditioning. Wabbo leans out over the edge, looking down at the vast emptiness below.

18 strangers from entirely different worlds are about to be dropped into a land that boils them by day and freezes them by night. No safety nets. No second chances. Just raw, human desperation.

18 people.

39 days.

ONE. SURVIVOR!

## ***Episode 1: Sandy Storms***



The camera shows two camels carrying a group of 7 pokemons each attached to them by a carriage. The boiling sun heat is exactly what pokemons don't want .

With a lemonade glass in hand Wabbo comes on the screen.

'We are in Jordan right now, the temperature is over 40 degrees and today is the very special day- the first day of Pokemon island's new season!' He comments

'This season will feature 14 pokemons, each selected because of their uniqueness, and they will battle out until one outwits, outlasts and outplays all the rest' Wabbo adds

'The season is revolved around the sun- a mythic dial used since our pokemon ancestors discovered it can create life and made our development possible; and the moon- the celestial entity helping pokemons getting to sleep and controlling the ocean'' Wabbo comments

'Here in Jordan the Sun reaches a staggering 42 degrees while at night temperatures can drop up to -10. With all of this in mind lets start the journey'' Wabbo points at the camels that begin to drop pokemons.

A rattata's little pawns leave marks on the burning sand. This season each pokemon is given a type of shoe to not make them burn their feet. They are also given their camp next to an oasis for water and food purposes.

A raichu is enjoying the view of the sand despite the struggles



**[Koa Confessional]**

Aloha. I'm Koa. Back on Melemele, the ocean teaches you everything you need to know about survival. You don't fight a crashing wave; you respect it, you read it, and you glide right through it. I spend my days teaching the young ones how to find their balance when the water gets rough, and honestly? This game isn't any different. Everyone here is so busy trying to kick and scream against the current, drowning in their own paranoia. Me? I brought the sunshine. I'm here to show this cast that patience isn't weakness—it's a weapon. I'm gonna win because you can't catch a guy who flows like water, and you definitely can't blindside a Pokémon who smiles through the wipeouts. While they're all exhausting themselves trying to control the tides, I'll just be riding the perfect wave straight to the end. Hang loose, right?

On the opposite camel a Pachirisu trips and falls down on the burning sand



**[Chipper Confessional]**

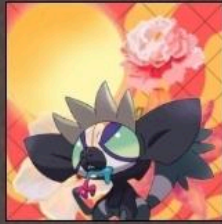
Hey there. I'm Chipper. Growing up in a tiny Johto town with parents who practically kept me wrapped in bubble wrap, you learn to get creative. If you want to touch the stove, you don't ask—you just do it when they aren't looking. I didn't become a rebel by throwing fits; I became one by learning how to walk without making a sound. I've watched enough reality TV from my bedroom to know exactly how this goes. People talk a big game about loyalty, but a knife in the back feels the same whether it comes from an enemy or a friend. Actually, it's a lot easier to slide it in when they're already hugging you. I'm gonna win this game because while everyone else is busy playing the hero or crying over "broken promises," I'll be the one quietly slipping through the cracks. They won't see me as a threat until I'm already holding the check. Hey, don't hate the player—hate the game.

The pokemons are instructed to stand in the designated area

"As you can see" Wabbo starts "There are 14 people here. 7 people each are divided into two tribes. One tribe's line is yellow, and the others' is purple. This is the case because this season's theme is Sun vs Moon" He explains

The pokemons start cheering that they have made it on the season. Soon enough Wabbo turns to the Sun tribe.

# SUN



Carrie



Evan



Grigol



Johnson



Josh

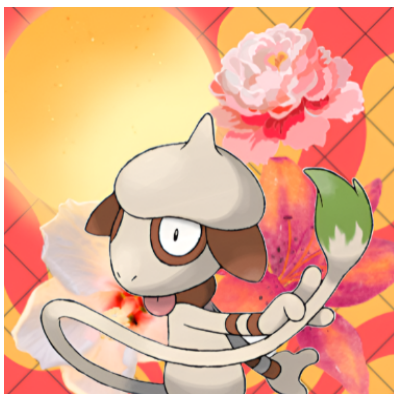


Keylee



Koa

“The Sun represents the certain light at the end of the tunnel. It gives life to everything on our planet and it indicates the morning's arrival. You have each been selected because each of you has a particular trait- either the hope, giving of life or certainty in actions, that ties in with it.” Wabbo explains and gives each of its members a buff.



**[Johnson Confessional]**

Bonjour. I'm Johnson. Most people look at this island and just see dirt and trees. I see a blank canvas, waiting for a masterpiece. Back home, my career is doing amazing—I can turn a blank wall into a whole new world with just a few strokes of my tail. My family has always been the ultimate muse for my art, the ones who taught me to look at life through a different lens.

I'm not here because I'm desperate; I'm here for the ultimate experience. This game is just another medium to master, a living, breathing sculpture of strategy and human nature. Winning the money would do incredible things for the people who inspired me to pick up a brush in the first place. I'm gonna win because while everyone else is stressing over the messy details, I'm the only one who can see the bigger picture. I have total confidence in my

vision. By the time this season is over, I won't just have outlasted them—I'll have painted the perfect path straight to the final Tribal.

Wabbo turns around at the Moon tribe



"The pokemons on Moon represent the elegance of the night. They don't need to say something so the others notice their presence. Their chaotic energy may create tides in this game but the right balance causes the perfect combination-success. And that is what they come for" Wabbo exhales



**[Nyx Confessional]**

They call me Nyx. Growing up, my family had my whole life mapped out. "Evolve into a Sylveon, Nyx! Become a Leafeon, be useful." So, what did I do? I evolved into an Espeon out of pure, unadulterated spite, packed my bags the second I turned eighteen, and left them with nothing but dial tone. Since then, I've survived in the shadows, taking the kind of shady jobs people don't ask questions about, and keeping company with the only mind I actually respect: William Shakespeare. To me, this island isn't a game show. It's a stage, and all these other Pokémon are merely players, stumbling through their lines. They think they can read

me because I'm a psychic type, but they have no idea what it's like to operate in the dark. I'm gonna win because I've already mastered the art of the exit. While they're busy playing out their little tragedies, I'll be pulling the strings from the wings. As the Bard himself wrote: hell is empty, and all the devils are here. They're about to find out I'm the worst one.

Wabbo looks at the groups formed and points at the challenge mat.

"As you can see there is a big wooden structure. On the structure there is a built in slide in which a pokemon would use to slide to the next step. When you have done this you will be given balls to throw at a net. If you manage to score a ball into all of the nets before your opponent you win the privilege to pick one of these items" Wabbo announces and points at the rewards

"The items include a tarp, comfort items, a basket of fruit, tea and coffee, champagne, flint, and a mystery box." Wabbo adds

The pokemons glare at the rewards and choices. The two tribes need to pick a member that will battle each time until no rewards are left.

On Sun talks about who wants to go first.

"I would love to go first" Johnson mutters to the others.

"I think i would be good at the net part" He adds

The tribe nods

On the other side Moon debates.

"If you want me i will do it first" Nyx comments

The pokemons agree.

The tribes start whispering about the items they should pick.

"Have you selected the two?" Wabbo glances as them

Nyx and Johnson step up to the ladder and climb the top onto the slides

"On my go, 1,2,3,GOOO" Wabbo shouts

Both Johnson and Nyx start sliding through the water on the slide. Splashes of water fall down onto lucky pokemons.

Soon enough Nyx reaches the end of the slide and starts throwing the coconuts at the net.

Johnson follows and he also begins to throw them. They are neck and neck but with a last throw and a coconut in the net...



Johnson wins!

He chooses flint for Sun.

The next match up is Vinton the Azumarill vs Grigol the Slaking

Both of them go on the slide again. The speed catches up to both and they crash in the water with a lot of force.

The two start trying to hit the others' hand so they would drop the coconut.

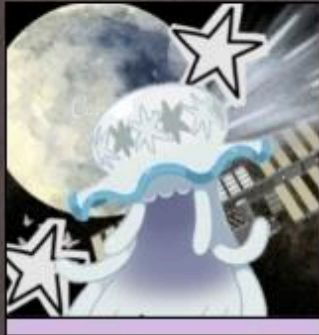
Wabbo stops them and the game continues.



Grigol wins!

He chooses the mystery box for Sun.

One after one the others begin to also battle each other now



Astra



Josh

Astra from Moon will compete against Josh from Sun.

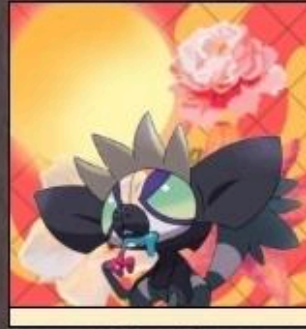


Josh wins!

He chooses tea and coffee for Sun.

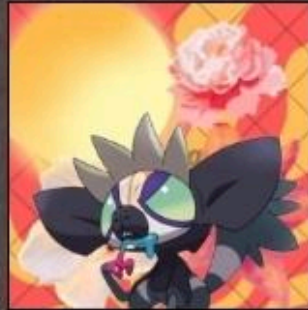


Raine



Carrie

Raine from Moon will compete against Carrie from Sun.

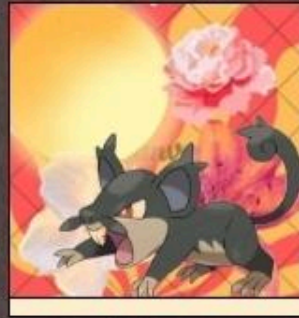


Carrie wins!

She chooses a basket of fruit for Sun.



Chipper



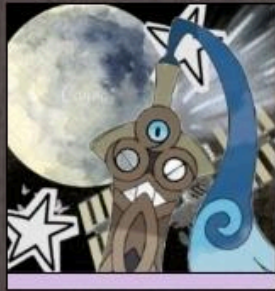
Evan

Chipper from Moon will compete against Evan from Sun.



Evan wins!

He chooses a tarp for Sun.



Riptide



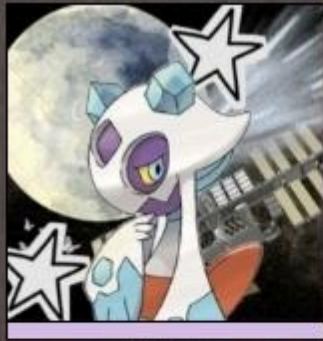
Keylee

Riptide from Moon will compete against Keylee from Sun.

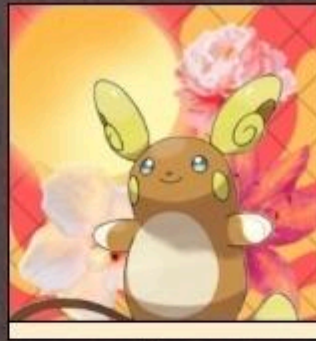


Keylee wins!

She chooses champagne for Sun.

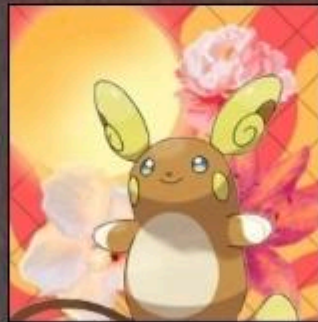


Veil



Koa

Veil from Moon will compete against Koa from Sun.



Koa wins!

He chooses comfort items for Sun.

“7-0 for Sun, this was a blowout Moon. Get to know each other and I will see you at the challenge mat”

Sun cheers while getting the rewards.

Under the blinding midday sun, the heat radiated off the copper-colored rocks in shimmering waves.

The horizon was a massive, labyrinthine maze of canyons and monolithic mountains, where the sheer scale of the landscape made everything else feel completely insignificant.



Back at Sun the tribe starts working on the shelter. **Josh** immediately shows them how to work.

“So as you can see here we have flint. With flint we make fire. The fire is crucial to our survival. In the world history fire has been used to develop and to scare enemies. If we manage to control the fire we will control the bad weather” Josh mentions



**[Josh Confessional]**

Ten-hut. I'm Josh. They told me a landmine was supposed to be the end of the line. Boom. Game over. But you see this face? I'm still standing, and I rebuilt this body piece by piece until I was stronger than the day I enlisted. If a military-grade explosive couldn't eliminate me, what makes these amateur Pokémon think they stand a single chance? This island is a tactical grid, and I am the supreme commander. The problem with this cast is that they lack discipline. They lack order. They lack my vision. I see the matrix of this game, and I will be orchestrating every single movement, every alliance, and every vote with absolute, flamboyant authority. If you step out of line on my beach, you will be detonated. I'm gonna

win because my will is an unbreakable fortress. While they're running around like headless Torchic, I will be executing a flawless, high-velocity campaign straight to the top.

Koa quite likes the mentality of Josh. As Josh is near the oasis to grab some water for the tribe Koa goes next to him and performs a little trick.

Since he is a surfer he manages to perform a high velocity turn and falls into the water perfectly.

"Quite impressive as I see. You will be a strong team member." Josh comments

Koa chuckles and goes next to him.

"And you can be a strong ally. Your vibes are really harmonic and you seem like an outspoken person" Koa replies

The two strike a deal.

While the two are talking, the others back at camp are getting frustrated.

"We shouldn't be doing all of this for someone like him" **Carrie** whispers to **Johnson**

"With patience the results will come eventually" Johnson responds

Carrie however shakes her head and decides to go searching for a shadow under a palm.

Johnson, seeing the commotion, decides to surprise her. He grabs some natural paint from the nature and paints a beautiful art piece.

As Carrie is almost falling asleep near the water Johnson approaches her.

"Ta da!" Johnson smiles and gives her the art.

"Wow, I actually quite like it, I didn't expect you to have such a talent. I am sorry for my grumpiness towards you." Carrie replies

"It is okay. Everyone can feel strange at the start of the game" Johnson chuckles

Carrie whispers to Johnson

"Possible alliance?" She asks

"We shall name us the Color Odyssey!" Johnson replies

"Deal!"

## Sun Alliance #1 (6 Strength)



**Carrie**  
Loyalty: 6



**Johnson**  
Loyalty: 6

Sun Alliance #1 forms.



**[Carrie Confessional]**

Listen up. I'm Carrie. Back in school, people used to tell me I had an attitude problem. No, I just have a very low tolerance for idiots. Teachers tried to control me, my parents tried to ground me, and I bypassed all of them because I'm smarter than them. Now, I spend my time tagging the city and rewriting the rules, because why should I listen to people who are beneath me? I applied for this show because I was bored and the pop culture on TV is dying for a real villain. I looked at the casting pool for this season and almost gagged. It is a literal circus of desperate losers, and I'm going to enjoy every single second of tearing them apart. I'm not here to make friends, and I'm certainly not here to be nice. I'm gonna win because while these pathetic, sensitive little Pokémon are crying at Tribal Council and begging for approval, I'll be smiling as I vote them out one by one. I am social enough to fake it to their faces, but the second they turn around? I'm going to absolutely shred them. Welcome to my nightmare, losers.

The camera pans down to Moon tribe.



After the crushing defeat at the challenge morale at camp was still high.

'Even if we didn't win the rewards we have each other which is more than enough' Veil reminds them and the others nod



**[Veil confessional]**

Good morning, class. I'm Veil. For the longest time, I thought being a school teacher was my ultimate calling. I wanted to guide the youth, watch them grow, and be the perfect, responsible role model. And for a while, it was everything I dreamed of. But after years of grading papers and playing nice, the walls started closing in. I felt trapped in a box I built for myself, suffocating in my own routine. So, I started letting the real me out. A little mischief here, a little rule-breaking there. I got in trouble, sure, but for the first time in years, I actually felt *alive*. The thrill of the gamble brought back the vibrance I thought I'd lost forever. I applied for this show because this island is the ultimate playground with absolutely zero repercussions. Out here, there are no principals, no parent-teacher conferences, and no behavior reports. I'm gonna win because while everyone else expects me to be the sweet, nurturing educator, I'll be using those exact same maternal instincts to manipulate them. Class is officially in session, and these Pokémon are about to get a lesson they'll never forget.

The tribe decides to divide in groups. Nyx and Astra grab water to clean, Vinton Raine and Veil decide to grab leafs for shadow coverage and Riptide with the help of Chipper watches for fruit and coconuts.

As Nyx and Astra grab some water they exchange a few words about their backstories. When Astra and Nyx go to the oasis's clear water a piece of yellow and orange gets noticed.

'IT IS MINE' Astra screams and her and Nyx lunge at the parchment. But as a loud thud is heard both of them see the paper sliding down the current.

Each starts swimming towards the scrolls dodging obstacles. Astra and Nyx try to block the other from swimming but they fail and soon enough it almost goes next to camp.

'Fine lets make a trust pact, the scroll is for both' Astra stops

Nyx grabs it soon after it stops in a rock.



'Congrats' Astra adds

'Yeah i guess, with us having the idol we could protect one another's backs' Nyx shrugs

'I accept a deal when i see it' Astra comments



Greetings. I am Astra. To me, the emotional spectrum of other Pokémon has always been a profound fascination—and an absolute mystery. I watch them cry, I watch them bond, and I simply do not comprehend it. Where they see friendship, I see a complex puzzle. Where

they see an alliance, I see a controlled laboratory experiment. I entered this game because Survivor is the ultimate petrie dish of human nature. I want to dissect this concepts of "trust" and "loyalty" under a microscope to finally understand why others value them so deeply. Why let such volatile, unpredictable variables dictate your survival? I am going to win because while the others are blinded by the chemicals of emotion, I am operating purely on data and logic. I will manipulate their connections, test their breaking points, and solve this social equation piece by piece. By the time they realize they're just subjects in my study, the experiment will already be complete.



Meanwhile Vinton and Veil gather palm leaves for the shelter. The two express their struggles about the current climate and environment. They laugh about the challenge blowout.

‘With all of those talks I have found in you a likeable person’ Veil admits shrugging of the debris on her shoulder.

‘I love the teacher backstory, we can make a good duo’ Vinton replies

‘What about the Valedictorians?’ Veil suggest in excitement

Vinton grabs some more palm leaves and nods in profound agreement





### **[Vinton Confessional]**

If it has rules, a score, and a winner, I've probably analyzed it, broken it down, and mastered it. I didn't become a top-ranked poker player by relying on luck; I became one by reading the board and playing the players. The moment I stepped onto this beach, my brain started calculating the odds of every single outcome. But out here? Being the smartest guy in the room gets you a one-way ticket to Ponderosa. If they know you're a shark, they cage you. So, my strategy is simple: I act like a total dummy. I'm just the big, goofy guy who's happy to be here, lifting heavy things and nodding along to whatever they tell me. They think I'm just a shield they can hide behind. I'm gonna win because while they think they're stringing me along, I'm the one slowly building the pot. I'm going to let them think they have the winning hand right up until the final river card—and then I'm taking everything they've got. Checkmate. Or should I say, *read 'em and weep*.

Both tribes are stopped when the challenge begins.

The tribes are called in by Wabbo who is standing in front of the challenge

The heat waves warping the horizon do nothing to cool the competitive fire down on the beach. Wabbo stands by a massive course constructed of heavy ropes, steep wooden platforms, and massive, iron-bound wooden crates scattered across the sand.

"For today's immunity challenge, we are testing coordination, brute strength, and spatial awareness," Wabbo shouts, gesturing to the field. "You will race through a heavy rope mesh, haul three massive, heavy crates across the sand, stack them to form a stairwell to a high platform, and then use the pieces inside to solve a tribal symbol puzzle. First tribe to get their puzzle locked in wins safety. Losers? A date with me at Tribal Council."

"Survivors ready... GO!"

The tribes launch off their mats. Right away, the physical differences between the groups collide.

On the Sun side, Josh the Incineroar acts as an absolute powerhouse. He tackles the rope mesh with terrifying speed, tearing open gaps for his tribemates. Grigol the Slaking moves with massive strength alongside him, shoving the first crate out of the sand before the Moon tribe even clears the ropes. Carrie and Evan scramble over the top, barking directions. Sun takes an early, crushing lead.

But the Moon tribe doesn't panic. They rely on synchronization.

While Sun is relying entirely on Josh and Grigol to muscle their crates through the deep sand, Moon works like a single unit. Riptide the Honedge drives into the base of their first crate, cutting through the sand resistance while Vinton the Azumarill uses thick, powerful muscles to shove from the rear.

The turning point hits at the stacking station. Sun's communication completely fractures. Grigol decides to lay down, letting out a heavy yawn instead of lifting, leaving Josh to heave a massive crate under his own power. Johnson and Keylee try to help, but their coordination slips, and the second crate crashes back into the dirt, nearly pinning Koa's tail.

Moon seizes the opening. Astra the Nihilego uses floating, eerie momentum to keep the top crate balanced while Chipper the Pachirisu and Nyx the Espeon direct the precise placement from above. With a synchronized push, Moon drops their final crate into the slot with a resounding *CRACK*.

"Moon has their staircase built! They are moving to the puzzle!" Wabbo screams.

Raine the Mismagius and Veil the Frosllass scramble up the crates onto the high platform, their eyes instantly scanning the jumbled wooden puzzle pieces. Down below, Sun is still screaming at each other as Josh tries to clear the final stack alone.

On the platform, the air turns freezing. Veil moves the blocks with clinical precision, sliding the jagged edges together while Raine hovers over the board, aligning the pattern seamlessly. Sun finally gets their pieces up to the table, but it's too late.

With a definitive, heavy thud, Veil slams the final center block into the groove.

The gong echoes across the water.



"Moon wins immunity!"

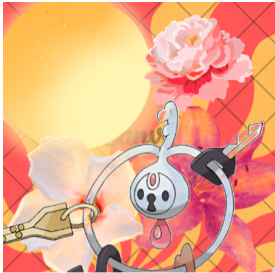
The Moon tribe erupts on the platform, Chipper diving into Vinton's arms while Nyx shares a sharp, victorious nod with Astra.

Across the arena, the Sun tribe collapses into the hot sand, the sting of defeat settling in immediately as Josh glares directly at a completely unbothered Grigol.

Back at the sun camp tension is heavy. The tribe who won in dominant fashion the reward now has to crown its first boot. That is a fate no one wanted.

And with the tribe being of 7 even 1 vote could change the outcome.

Despite performing badly Keylee tries to improve her relationships



**[Keylee Confessional]**

I'm Keylee. Growing up in the heart of Kalos, everyone else was obsessed with fashion and status. Me? I was looking at the ground, searching for keys. I've been collecting them since I was old enough to walk, and today, my collection is over four hundred strong. People always called it a weird hobby, and because of it, I spent my childhood locked out of every social circle. I never really learned how to relate to other Pokémon, so I just kept to myself and my keyrings. But every key has a purpose, right? It's meant to open something that's shut. I applied for this show because I'm tired of being isolated. I want to finally open the door to making real, true friends. Maybe if they give me a chance, I can show them just how awesome a collection can be. I'm gonna win because while everyone else is trying to lock each other down with secrets and lies, I already know exactly how to read the locks. I might be socially awkward, but I'm observant. I'm going to find the right combinations, unlock the perfect alliances, and take home the prize. Who knows? Maybe the final Sole Survivor trophy comes with a key.

Over by the water, Johnson and Carrie instantly split off to wash the mud off their faces.

They've been attached at the hip since Day One, a quiet, observant pair who let everyone else do the screaming.

"We can't keep carrying dead weight," Johnson says, wringing out his paint-smeared cap.

"Koa is a liability. He's the stereotypical surf guy who thinks this whole experience is a vacation. He's too simple-minded to play with. If we keep him around, he's just going to get confused at the first merge vote and ruin a plan."

Carrie shakes her head, her eyes tracking back toward the shelter where Josh is currently pacing.

"Koa is a dummy, sure, but he's harmless. Josh is the actual disease on this beach. Did you hear him during the stack? If we vote out a follower like Koa, we just let the dictator think he's running the show. We need to cut the head off the snake while we have the numbers."

At the same time, Josh is up at the shelter, aggressively chopping a coconut with a machete.

Koa is sitting right beside him, idly playing with a piece of seaweed, completely oblivious to the target on his back.

They've formed an unlikely duo—the explosive athlete and the laid-back beach bum.

"It was Keylee," Josh growls, pointing the blade toward the jungle.

"The physical stuff was fine, but the communication crumbled because she panicked. She dropped the second crate because she couldn't handle the pressure, and it almost crushed your tail. In a game like this, you cut the weakest link first. If we keep Keylee, we lose the next challenge. Period."

Koa nods slowly, blinking.

"Yeah, totally, dude. Stacking was heavy. But, like, Carrie gives me weird vibes, man. She looks at me like I'm a piece of old driftwood."

Meanwhile, Grigol and Evan are sitting directly in the middle of camp, completely content. Grigol is lounging back against a massive palm tree, entirely unbothered by the fact that Josh blamed him for yawning during the challenge, while Evan sits beside him, sharpening a stick and reading the room perfectly.

They are the ultimate swing votes, and they know it.

Evan leans over to Grigol.

"Josh just pitched Keylee to me. He says she's a challenge hazard. But if we vote Keylee, we're just building Josh's resume and giving him total control of the tribe."

Grigol lets out a low rumble, adjusting his position.

"Josh is loud. Loud is annoying. But Johnson wants Koa because he thinks Koa is too stupid to talk strategy. If we keep Koa, he's a vote we can control later. If we vote out Josh now, our tribe gets weak and we keep losing. I don't want to go to Tribal Council every three days just because we wanted to punish a guy for being bossy."

Evan nods, seeing the logic.

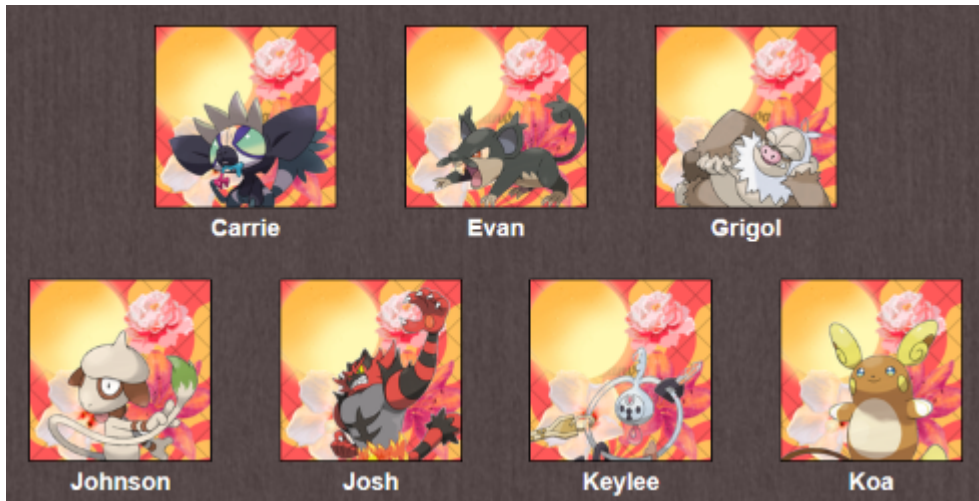
"So we let them fight. If Carrie pushes too hard for Josh, we tell Josh she's coming for him and let the big targets eat each other. We just need to make sure whoever goes tonight doesn't mess up our position in the middle."



**[Evan Confessional]**

My name is Evan. For thirty-three years, my life has been defined by one word: work. But the hardest, most rewarding job I've ever had is being a single dad to my three kids—eight, five, and three. When my wife passed away, my world fractured. If it wasn't for my sister stepping in to help, I don't know where we'd be. Ever since that day, every single breath I take, every sweat drop, and every sacrifice is for them. I didn't come to this island for a vacation or a shot at reality TV fame. I'm here to prove a point to my babies back home. I want them to look at the screen and see that no matter how tragic life gets, you don't fold. You roll up your sleeves, you face the storm, and you earn your way out. I'm gonna win because my motivation is an immovable object. While these other Pokémon are playing for their egos, I am fighting for the future of my family. I am prepared to do whatever it takes to bring that money home. They can try to outwork me, but they'll never out-hustle a father fighting for his kids.

As the freezing night approaches the seven pokemons embark on their path to tribal council



The crackle of the fire is the only sound cutting through the heavy Jordanian night as the Sun tribe takes their seats on the wooden logs.

Behind them, the desert is pitch black, a freezing contrast to the sweltering afternoon. Wabbo sits across from them, his gold-plated megaphone resting on his knee, his eyes scanning the fractured group.

"We go from a massive, multi-million dollar production in *Blood vs. Water* to this—seven people who can't even slide three wooden crates into a slot without completely imploding," Wabbo starts, his tone biting and direct.

He points his finger straight at the powerhouse of the tribe. "Josh. You were screaming out there like a drill sergeant. Is the pressure already getting to you on Day One?"

Josh tenses, his massive arms crossed tightly over his chest.

"It's not pressure, Wabbo, it's frustration. We had a massive physical lead because Grigol and I did the heavy lifting. But this isn't a solo game. When people start panicking, dropping their corners, and failing basic communication, the structure breaks down. If pointing out that incompetence makes me a dictator, then fine. I'm a dictator who wants to win."

Carrie lets out a sharp, dry laugh from the back row.

Wabbo immediately shifts his focus. "Carrie, you look amused. What's the joke?"

"The joke is that Josh thinks shouting louder fixes a broken plan," Carrie says, leaning forward, her eyes locked onto Josh.

"There's a massive difference between leading a tribe and barking orders to feed your own ego. When someone acts like they own the beach on Day One, they aren't building a team. They're just building a target."

"Hold up, dude," Koa chimes in, shaking his head, his relaxed surf-guy cadence completely out of place in the high-tension environment.

"Josh was just trying to get us the win, man. The boxes were heavy. It's like, you gotta have that aggressive energy to catch the wave, you know? It feels like people are getting bad vibes over nothing."

Johnson shifts on his log, clearing his throat to cut off the beach-bum logic.

"With all due respect, Koa, this isn't a surf competition. You need people who actually understand the stakes."

Wabbo leans forward, a wicked grin breaking across his face. He turns his gaze right to the dead center of the logs.

Wabbo stands up, his smirk widening as the paranoia reaches its peak. "Clear lines drawn. Arguments made. It is time to vote."

He gestures toward the dark path leading behind the tribal set. "Carrie, you're up."

***"Carrie voting confessional"***

Delusion and confidence are 2 very bad traits to have, 2 traits that you excel in

'Koa voting Confessional'

Nothing against you as a person, is just how the game works!"

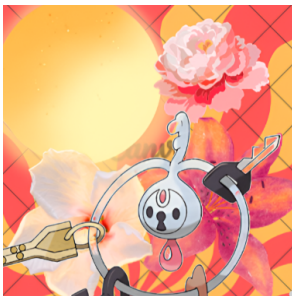
**Wabbo grabs the voting urn.**

**"If anyone has a hidden immunity idol they want to play now it is the time to do so!"**

**No one looks at their bags, just around to see the others**

**'Okay, i will read the votes!'**

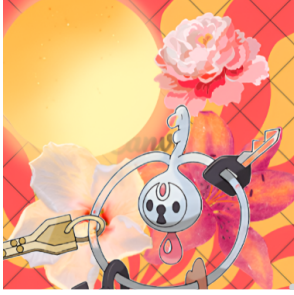
**First vote:**



**Keylee**



**Koa**



**Keylee**



**Koa**



**Keylee**



**Koa**

**3 votes Keylee,3 votes Koa,one vote left...**

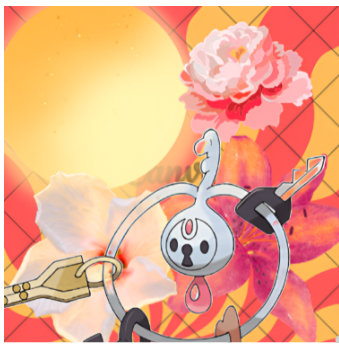
**The group's eyes widen.**

*“Why is the vote so close” a pokemon murmurs*

*Wabbo flips the last parchment*

*The 1st person voted out of Pokemon Islands Sun vs Moon...*

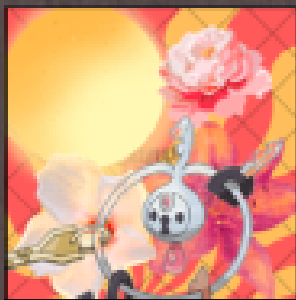
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*Keylee, thats 4 votes and it is enough*

*Gasps are heard in the air.*

*‘I guess i am always the outcast’ Keylee stands up teary*



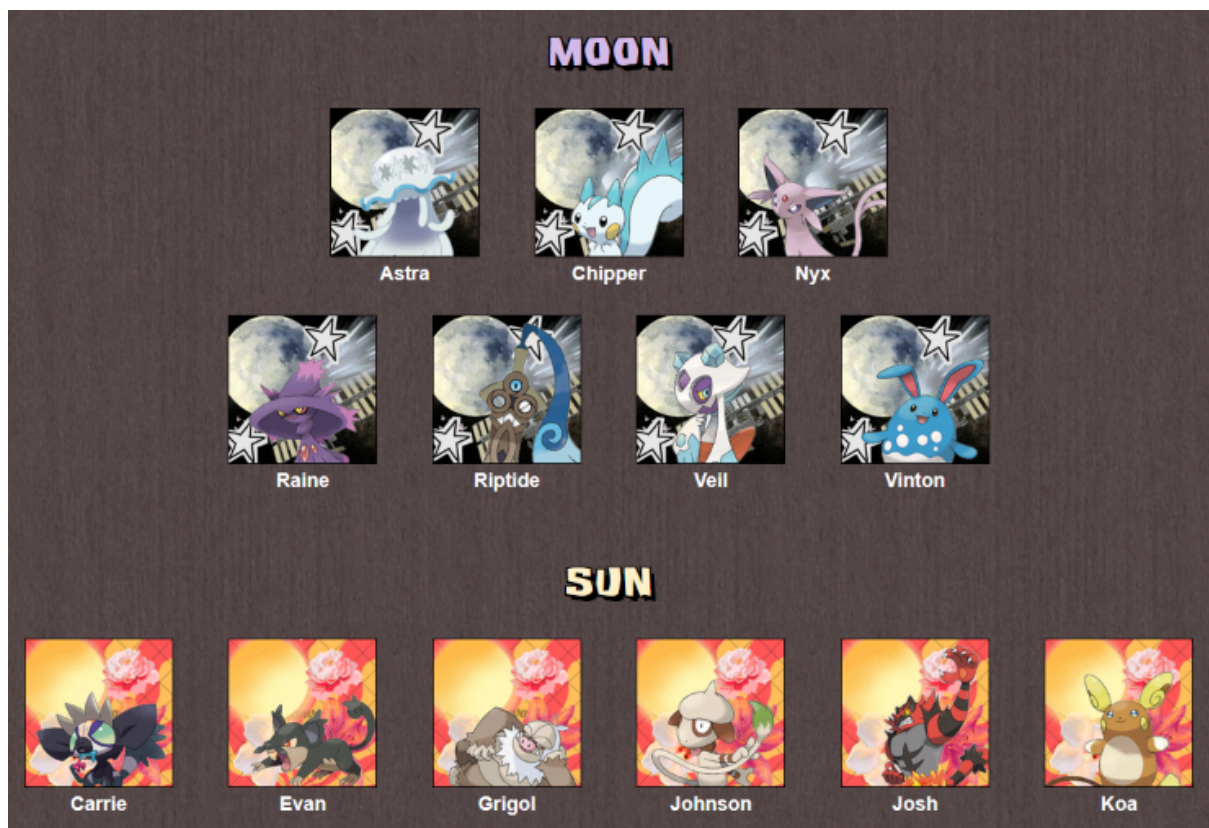
**Keylee, the tribe has spoken.**

## Vote Summary

**Keylee:** *Evan, Grigol, Josh, Koa*

**Koa:** *Carrie, Johnson, Keylee*

## Episode 2: Don't twist my words!



After arriving back at camp the pokemon were surprised by the landscape.

Without a single city light for miles, the desert night took over. The sky turned into a velvet canopy crowded with billions of bright, icy stars and the clear, glowing streak of the Milky Way.

Down below, the massive sandstone mountains looked like giant, sleeping shadows guarding the quiet valley.

"Why is it so cold" Koa shivered trying to warm himself.

The second the six contestants step back into the camp, Koa drops his torch into the sand, lets out a loud, echoing whistle, and launches into a wildly obnoxious victory dance right in the middle of the clearing.

He's grinning ear to ear, throwing his hands in the air, and doing a terrible, exaggerated surf-shuffle over the gravel, kicking up small clouds of dust.

He struts right past the shelter, flashing a huge, dimwitted peace sign directly at Carrie's face.

"Good vibes win every time!"

Carrie is already shivering from the biting desert wind, her hands balled into tight fists inside her jacket.

She stands frozen by the edge of the shelter, watching this spectacle with a look of pure, unadulterated disgust.

Her plan failed, her targets are still breathing, and now she is forced to watch this. The peace sign pushes her straight past her absolute breaking point.

"Are you genuinely this brain-damaged, or did you just drop out of school before they taught basic human decency?" Carrie snaps, her voice cutting through the valley like a razor blade.

Koa stops mid-shuffle, blinking his eyes, his arms still half-raised in the air.

"Whoa, chill out, Carrie. I'm just stoked to be here, man. Don't be a buzzkill."

"Do not tell me to chill out, you pathetic, simple-minded clown," Carrie sneers, stepping down from the shelter platform right into his face.

. "You sat at tribal council looking like an absolute idiot who couldn't spell a word if your life depended on it. You survived tonight by pure luck because other people had actual adult conversations, and you're running around celebrating like you just solved world hunger."

Koa's easygoing smile completely vanishes.

He drops his hands to his sides as the insults finally pierce through his laid-back exterior.

"I'm a clown?. At least the tribe actually wants me around. You're just pissed because nobody listened to your garbage plan."

"They didn't listen because they are just as blind as you are," Carrie fires back, her eyes narrowing into slits.

"But enjoy your little dance while it lasts. Because the absolute second I get the chance, I am personally going to vote you out, pack your bags, and send you right back to whatever cheap beach you crawled out of. You are a waste of space, a waste of food, and an absolute embarrassment to this game."

She scoffs loudly, turning her back on him to march over to the far side of the shelter, muttering viciously under her breath.

Koa stands in the dirt for a long moment, staring after her, the celebratory mood completely dead as the reality of a bitter, personal war settles over the Sun camp.



**[Corinne Confessional]**

"Living with Koa is a form of psychological torture that I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. He is a walking, breathing advertisement for why some people shouldn't be allowed to reproduce. He survived one vote by pure, accidental luck, and he celebrates by doing a pathetic, infantile surf-shuffle in the dirt right next to my head.

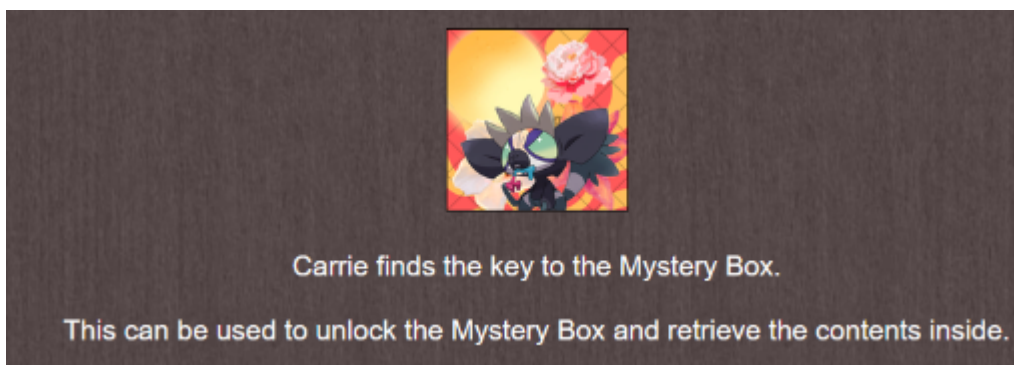
Johnson soon comes to her.

"Don't be so mad just because we were on the wrong side of a vote' Johnson says as he is knitting a blanket.

'I just need a moment to breathe" Carrie admits

The freezing night air bites at her skin, but she welcomes the cold as she wanders deep into the dark canyon brush, ostensibly to clear her head. Instead, she starts ripping through the base of a hollowed-out rock formation, her fingers catching on the rough sandstone.

Her hands hit something cold and metallic.



"The mystery box we won at the starting challenge...' She mutters

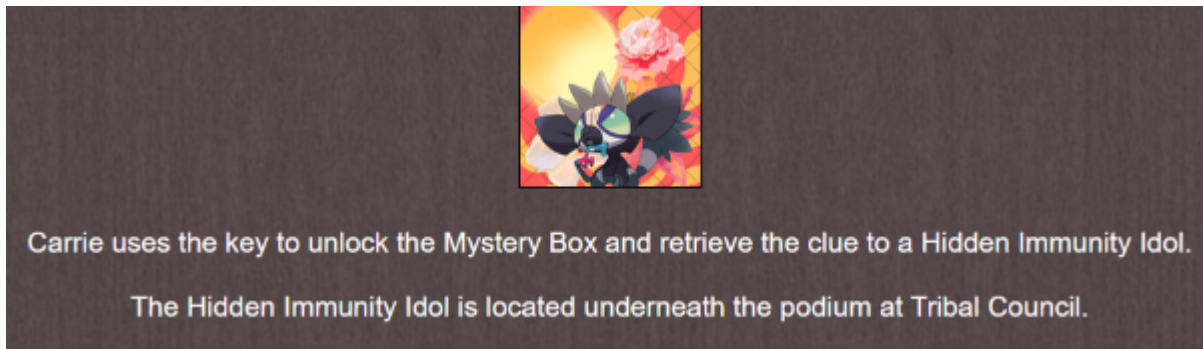
Buried beneath the loose gravel, Carrie finds the key to the Mystery Box

She catches her breath, stuffing the small iron key into her pocket

. She doesn't hesitate. Moving like a ghost through the shadows, she navigates back to the edge of the camp where the heavy wooden container sits wedged between two equipment crates.

Her heart hammers against her ribs, but her hands are steady. She slides the key into the lock, gives it a sharp twist, and opens the latch.

Inside, Carrie retrieves the clue to a Hidden Immunity Idol.



She opens the parchment quickly by the dim, ambient silver glow of the moon.

Her eyes narrow as she reads the location: *The Hidden Immunity Idol is located underneath the podium at Tribal Council.*

A slow, vicious smirk spreads across her face.

Throughout the entire process, no one notices Carrie.

The camp remains totally dead to the world, leaving her holding something valuable for the next time they face Wabbo.

..

On Moon the a Honedge wakes up during the night.

He goes to the oasis in the freezing cold and starts swimming with astute precision and an elegant touch.

The loud splashes are heard by Astra and Vinton.

“Do you hear it?” Vinton asks

“We shouldn't check it out,it is freezing outside” Astra replies covering her head with a blanket

Vinton rolls out of leaf and blanket spot to see what is happening .

In the night he sees Riptide performing water tricks.

At the finish he expects applauses but Vinton isn't too happy.

“You know that this is our water supply and you swimming in it without needing to cool off from the sun isn't really thoughtful?” He mutters

“Wow I didn't expect that reaction” Riptide shrugs and goes back to camp



**[Riptide confessional]**

They call me Riptide. I was born into a prestigious line of flawless, silver-steel Honedgedes destined for champions. But I loved the ocean. The salt air and sea mist turned my blade a rough, jagged green, and my family cast me out for it—mocking me as a useless piece of rusted scrap. I hid in the dark until I met Aroma. She didn't see junk; she saw the ocean in my blade. She healed my scars, taught me how to smile, and for the first time, my eye glowed a brilliant, joyful blue. Then, one morning, she was gone. Her fragrance vanished, leaving nothing but a single, faded petal. Now, I'm the urban legend they whisper about along the coast. I hide in the deep ocean by day, but when twilight hits, I rise from the surf to cut through the foggy night roads. I'm not playing this game for fame, and I'm not playing it for a title. I am here to find the only person who ever valued me. I'm gonna win because a blade forged in rejection and fueled by love cannot be broken. While these other Pokémon are playing a game of social status, I am on a relentless hunt. I will slice through every alliance, every obstacle, and every lie on this island until I catch that sweet, familiar fragrance on the wind and bring my friend home.

The morning heat bakes the pale canyon gravel as Veil tries to organize a camp cleanup, her voice slipping into the practiced, commanding rhythm of a school teacher trying to guide a wayward student.

"Nyx, you possess an incredibly sharp mind," Veil says, gesturing toward the woodpile.

"If you actually applied yourself and helped the younger members understand the layout of the camp, you would make an amazing mentor. It's a genuine tragedy to see that level of potential go to waste when you could be so useful to this tribe."

Nyx stops dead in his tracks.

The word *useful* hits him like a physical strike, instantly dragging up the bitter memories of his youth when everyone pestered him to evolve into a Leafeon or a Sylveon just to satisfy their own expectations.

He turns slowly, his eyes glowing with a cold, piercing Espeon intensity as he fixes his gaze directly on her.

"Let me make something entirely clear to you," Nyx says, his voice dropping to a dangerous, lethal whisper that echoes off the ancient sandstone cliffs.

"I did not break my own chains and force my own evolution out of pure spite just to stand on this sand and take a lecture from a hypocrite."

Veil blinks, her easygoing facade fracturing as she takes a step back.

"Nyx, I was just trying to show you your own value—"

"You were trying to put a collar on me," Nyx cuts her off, stepping forward as the air between them grows heavy with tension.

"I am not a project for your unfulfilled life. Keep your maternal instincts, keep your patronizing advice, and stay out of my way."

He turns on his heel and disappears into the jagged shadows of the canyon, leaving Veil standing completely alone in the dust.

### ***[Nyx Confessional]***

***I shattered my own family ties and forced my own evolution out of pure, unadulterated spite just to ensure no one would ever dictate my worth again. I am not a wayward child for her to fix, and I am certainly not a tool for her camp cleanup crew. If she attempts to step into my orbit with that patronizing tone again, I will dismantle her game so thoroughly she'll be begging to go back to her classroom."***

Seeing the commotion, Raine goes to Nyx to help.

Raine walks up, carrying a heavy bundle of thick, rough desert scrub for the night fire.

She drops the wood with a loud, dusty thud, wiping her brow with the back of a calloused hand. She looks at Nyx, her face lined with the hard, no-nonsense grit of someone who has spent her whole life doing real, back-breaking labor.

"You're gonna burn a hole through that paper if you keep staring at it like it owes you money." Raine mutters

"I am reading, Raine. Or at least, I was attempting to before the ambient noise level increased." Nyx shrugs, his paws flipping on the next page

"Right. 'Reading.' You're stewing. You've been wearing that same sour look since Veil opened her mouth earlier. Look, I ain't got a fancy education, and I sure as hell don't know whatever old stories you're reading in that book. But I know what a proud kid looks like when someone pushes him into a corner." Raine responds

"I am not a child, and I don't need a psychological evaluation from you either" Nyx says

"Then quit letting her win. Out here, you start snapping at people like that, they're gonna put you down just to keep the camp quiet. I've worked twice as hard as anyone on this island my whole damn life just to get a fraction of what they take for granted. You want to survive this? You don't scream at 'em. You swallow your pride, you nod your head, and you wait until they look away before you cut the rug out from under 'em."

"You're telling me to play nice with someone I utterly despise." He asks

"I'm telling you to play smart. I don't care much for her high-and-mighty attitude either, Nyx. But she's got people listening to her right now. If you go off into the woods and play the brooding loner, you're making it easy for her to put your name down. Use that fancy brain of yours for the game, not just for holding a grudge. Let her think she's got you figured out. It makes 'em sloppy." She reminds him

"A calculated retreat to secure a definitive victory. I suppose even Shakespeare would approve of that strategy." Nyx replies

"Like I said, I don't know who that is. But if it means you stop glaring at the dirt and start helping me secure the numbers, then yeah. Let's go with that." She chuckles

She turns back toward the fire pit to tend to the flames, leaving Nyx alone in the fading light, his grip on his book loosening as a much quieter atmosphere begins to root.

"Wait! Me and Astra made an alliance" Nyx shouts loud enough so Rain can hear but not loud enough to inform others

Raine turns around. 'Perfect then.that's three,we can add a 4th and boom"

"I have been thinking of Vinton. He is smart,loyal and a bit dumb to controll' Nyx replies making sure no one notices them

'I have to suggest Chipper,as he is way stronger than he may look,and is quite an underrated strategist too" Raine asks for approval

'Then why not both?'

Soon enough Raine and Nyx grab the other 3.

"I would love to work with you,but what shall our name be" Chipper asks

"What about The Quintet?" Astra asks

"We have a deal" Vinton nods cheerfully



**[Raine Confessional]**

Oh, hello. I'm Raine. Growing up in a small Canadian town, people always looked at me and assumed I was fragile. They thought I couldn't handle the heavy lifting. But true strength isn't about muscle; it's about endurance. When a horrific car crash took my husband and my sweet daughter from me, my entire world shattered. I could have given up. Instead, I stood up, rolled up my sleeves, and dedicated every single day to working myself to the bone so my surviving children—and everyone around me—had absolutely everything they could ever need. Don't mistake my kindness for weakness, though. If you cross a line, act lazy, or try to slide by on this beach, I will call you out right to your face. I have zero tolerance for nonsense, and I'm not afraid of a little confrontation. I'm gonna win this game because I've already survived the worst storm life could possibly throw at me. These little tribal politics? They're nothing. While everyone else is complaining about the bugs and the rain, I'll be out-working them by day and out-stepping them by night. I am here to build a future for my family, and God help the Pokémon who tries to get in my way.

After a while the tribes are called by Wabbo to the challenge.

The mid-day desert heat beats down relentlessly on the challenge arena as Wabbo stands before the two competing factions.

With Astra sitting out for the Moon tribe to even the numbers, the stage is set for a brutal, high-stakes showdown.

"Alright, everybody, welcome to your second Immunity Challenge: Gatecrasher," Wabbo announces, gesturing to the massive obstacle course laid out across the pale desert sand.

"For today's challenge, three members from each tribe will be strapped into a heavy, reinforced wooden battering ram. You must coordinate your movements, race down the track, and smash through a series of three reinforced wooden gates. Once all gates are completely demolished, the remaining members of your tribe will use a giant sling to launch boulders, attempting to smash three clay targets suspended mid-air. The first tribe to shatter all three targets wins safety! Losers? Tribal Council, where someone will be the second person voted out."

Wabbo holds up the gleaming idol.

"Moon, you are looking to keep your momentum. Sun, you are fighting to avoid a date with me tonight. Let's get it on!"

**Gate 1:** Both teams charge forward, their feet kicking up thick clouds of dust. Moon hits their first gate with a massive crack, shattering the wooden beams on impact. A second later, Sun's ram collides with theirs, Grigol's massive frame absorbing the shockwave as the gate splinters into pieces.

**Gate 2:** The fatigue sets in instantly. The desert sun bakes the heavy timber, making it feel twice as heavy. Josh barks strict, rhythmic timing commands like a military officer, keeping Evan and Grigol perfectly synchronized. Sun takes the lead by half a step, violently cratering the second gate and breaking right through. Moon is hot on their heels, their ram swinging with desperate, frantic energy as their second gate explodes into kindling.

**Gate 3:** It's a dead heat. The final gates are reinforced with heavy iron bands. Moon hits first but the gate holds! They pull back, roaring as they swing again. Sun reaches their gate, and with a unified, explosive surge from Josh and Grigol, they smash forward. *CRASH!* The iron bands snap, and Sun's ram plows straight through the wreckage. Moon shatters theirs a mere two seconds later.

With the gates down, the remaining tribe members take their positions at the massive, elastic-corded slings.

For Sun, Carrie, Johnson, and Koa step up to the firing line, hauling a heavy stone boulder into the pocket of the sling.

Moon is remarkably efficient, getting their first boulder loaded and fired before Sun can even steady their platform.

*SMASH!* Moon strikes their first target, sending red clay raining down onto the sand.

"Moon takes the lead! One target down for Moon!" Wabbo yells.

Koa and Johnson strain against the massive rubber bands of the Sun sling, pulling the pocket back to its absolute limit.

Carrie aims, eyes narrowed, calculating the arc. "Release!" she snaps. The boulder flies true—*crack!* Sun ties it up!

Moon fires their second shot. It clips the edge of a target, spinning it violently, but it doesn't break.

Seizing the opening, Sun loads another stone.

Koa pulls back with everything he has left, his feet slipping in the loose gravel.

Carrie adjusts the alignment. *BOOM!* Sun's second target shatters into dust.

"Sun leads, two to one!" Wabbo shouts over the roaring crowd. "Moon needs to answer right now!"

Moon responds with total precision.

Their next boulder streaks through the air, obliterating their second target. It is tied, two to two. One target left for each tribe.

The heat is suffocating, and the pressure is palpable.

Both tribes are loading their final rocks at the exact same moment. Moon pulls back. Sun pulls back.

Moon fires first.

The boulder sails high, narrowly missing the target by inches and thudding harmlessly into the sand reservoir behind it.

"A miss for Moon! Sun has the window!"

Carrie doesn't blink.

She guides Johnson and Koa as they haul the pocket back to the absolute breaking point. "Hold... steady... *NOW!*"

The sling snaps forward with a violent recoil.

The heavy boulder launches into the desert sky, tracking perfectly straight. Time seems to slow down as it cuts through the heat haze.

**SMASH!!!**

The final clay target explodes into a spectacular cloud of dust and fragments



All of them cheer in tears as they manage to do it

Soon enough the final clay of moon also gets destroyed, but it is too late.

Wabbo grabs the totem.

"Today was very close but Sun managed to make it just a second closer, as for Moon, I will see you at tribal where someone will become the 2nd person voted off"

**[Veil Confessional]**

***Losing to such a close finish sucks and going to tribal sucks even more***



After the challenge loss a lot of pokemons are worried,because it is the first tribal they will attend.

And since no one wants to be the first person voted off,everyone is willing to play hard.

Nyx goes to Astra,talking to his day 1 alliance.

"Honestly i am a bit relieved we lost. This is the perfect chance to take out someone like Veil. She is controlling and acting as a nice pokemon,but when her mask slips the delusion takes over" He says

'Ok,but... i am not sure if anyone else is willing to vote for her,and people like Chipper who is bad at challenges and Riptide who tampered the water supply are bigger priorities' Astra mentions

***[Astra confessional]***

***I think that Veil has blinded Nyx's option making. He is really focused on her which makes me consider if we should go for a bigger threat***

Nyx approaches the new formed alliance,with Vinton,Raine and Chipper.

"I am down to vote for Veil" Nyx announces

When Vinton hears this he stops in his tracks.

He and Veil had made an unlikely friendship and trustworthy alliance,and he doesn't feel comfortable with booting the person he trusts the most first.

"I saw Riptide that night trying to tamper the water supply. He is very unpredictable and volatile,probably will do whatever it takes to reach one round further' Vinton suggests

'I second this as well" Chipper says

**[Chipper Confessional]**

***Going after Riptide sounds like a good play,since he is a big challenge competitor and swimmer. Keeping more people who are bad at challenges gives me more room to work with and not being targeted due to strength***

"I am not to sure about the two,i am a bit scared of both consequences" Raine admits

Vinton informs Veil about her target as she is sunbathing.

"I can't believe Nyx is targeting me due to conversation we had earlier" Veil admits

'It is dumb indeed" Vinton admits

'Then why don't we work with Riptide and vote Nyx out?" Veil suggests

Vinton is a bit worry but nods

Veil goes towards the water where Riptide is swimming.

'Hii since we are both being mentioned as a potential option why don't we vote together.Vinton is with me and we could vote out Nyx" Veil brings up the idea

Riptide does a magnificent spin in the water

'It is perfect for me" He says and swims away

### ***Tribal Council day 3***



The torches flicker against the dark sandstone walls of the Tribal Council arena as the Moon tribe takes their seats, the heavy weight of their impending vote hanging in the air.

Wabbo sits across from them, his hands rested on his knees, his eyes scanning the tense faces.

"Alright, Moon tribe. Welcome to your first Tribal Council," Wabbo says, his voice echoing in the quiet canyon. "Let's get right into it."

Wabbo points his stylus toward the group, locking eyes with Veil first.

"Veil, let's start with you," Wabbo says.

"You came out here wanting to break out of your usual routine, to show a completely different, more vibrant side of yourself. But today at camp, it seemed like that new approach ran headfirst into a brick wall. How hard is it to navigate being the person you *want* to be out here when people are constantly judging your past?"

Veil shifts on her stump, offering a calm but slightly strained smile.

"Wabbo, when you spend years guiding people on the right path, it becomes second nature to want to help others find their footing. I came out here to be free and have fun, but when I see someone with immense potential just letting it waste away, my natural instinct is to speak up. Unfortunately, out here, a genuine attempt to be useful can be completely twisted into something ugly."

Nyx doesn't even look at her, his posture rigid and his eyes fixed entirely on the fire pit, though his jaw tightens noticeably.

Wabbo nods slowly, then shifts his gaze across the seating arrangement.

"Vinton, let's go to you. Veil is talking about trying to help the tribe, but we all know that the day after a challenge loss is when the real knives come out. What has the game dynamic actually looked like back at camp today?"

Vinton leans forward, a chaotic, knowing smirk spreading across his face. He doesn't hesitate.

"To be honest Veil and Nyx have both been targeting each other this afternoon due to dumb reasons.

The structure of the tribe fractures instantly. A collective murmur ripples through the seats.

"Vinton, that is entirely untrue," Veil interrupts, her voice rising as her teacher persona completely drops, replaced by genuine agitation.

"I have been trying to secure this tribe's future—"

"Oh, it's completely true, Veil!" Vinton fires back,

"You walked right up to me behind the water well and told me Nyx was a liability who needed to go because he wouldn't fall into line. And Nyx? Nyx literally cornered me by the rock formations five minutes later, told me you were a patronizing hypocrite, and asked if I had

the spine to vote you out tonight! You two are completely obsessed with destroying each other, and you're dragging the rest of us into the mess.

Before anyone could say anything Wabbo tells them that it is time to vote

Nyx Confessional

Despite all of this i am still voting for you,i hope i see you out tonight

Riptide Confessional

I am voting you because when you snore it sounds like a whaler is chocking

***Wabbo grabs the urn.***

***"If anyone has a hidden immunity idol and would like to play it,now it is the time to do so.***

***Everyone looks around but no one stands***

***"Ok then i'll read the votes'....***

***First vote***



***Veil***



***Riptide***



**Nyx**

***That's 1 vote Veil,1 vote Nyx,1 vote Riptide***



**Riptide**



**Veil**



**Nyx**

***That is 2 votes Veil,2 votes Riptide,2 votes Nyx, 1 vote left.....***

***Wabbo grabs the last parchment***

***The 2nd person voted out of Pokemon Islands Sun vs Moon...***

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***Riptide, thats 3 and it is enough***

***Riptide grabs his torch***

***'You have lots of explaining to do' Veil whispers at Vinton***

***'It is what it is' He replies***



***Vote Summary***

***Riptide: Chipper, Raine, Vinton***

***Nyx: Riptide, Veil***

***Veil: Astra, Nyx***