

LUCY HUMAN

SCREENPLAY
BY
JOHN DAWSON

FADE IN

EXT. SPACE - PRESENT DAY

The luminous blue orb of EARTH.

A large

ALIEN SPACE SHIP

drifts across the blue, slowly spirals towards Earth, becoming smaller and smaller.

INT. BRIDGE - ALIEN SPACE SHIP - DAY

A hive of activity.

ALIEN CREWMEN rapidly manipulate the controls of the flashing consoles which ring the bridge.

In the center, a large viewing screen filled with the image of Earth.

Two alien figures, one tall, the other short, stand in front of the screen.

Identical uniforms, black jack boots, black tunic, black gloves, peaked caps.

SHORT ALIEN

Will one human specimen be enough?

The tall alien reaches out a hand, pats the shorter one on the head.

TALL ALIEN

Yes, my little gem. Just one.

A CREWMAN turns from one of the consoles.

CREWMAN

We are now in Earth orbit, Prince Jarl. Your orders?

The tall alien whirls round.

From a cruel, almost human face, his unfeeling eyes fix on the crewman.

JARL

My daughter, the Princess Snorka is captain of this ship.

The crewman jumps to his feet.

CREWMAN
My apologies, Prince Jarl.
Princess, your orders?

Jarl pats the short figure on the head again.

JARL
Your orders, precious?

Snorka irritatedly shrugs off his hand.

She slowly turns to the crewman.

Mean, piggy eyes set deep in a pudgy face.

A malevolent glare.

SNORKA
Descend to the surface, fool.

EXT. COLLINSWORTH BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - DAY

LUCY LEWIS, 12, strides purposefully across the deserted school quadrangle.

Her untidy blonde hair falls in drifts across her shoulders.

Peeking out from the pockets of her crumpled school blazer, white rats.

They sniff the breeze excitedly as she strides on.

A large clump of bushes in the middle of the quad.

She stops, bends down, carefully extracts the rats from her blazer pockets, shoos them into the bushes.

LUCY
You're free now.

Straightening up, she marches on.

Her school socks flap about her ankles.

The imposing entrance of the main school building looms in front of her.

INT. COLLINSWORTH SCHOOL - DAY

A long echoing corridor, lined with portraits, cabinets full of silver trophies.

At the end, MR. McNIECE, mid 50's, paces agitatedly in front of a door, a battered leather briefcase clutched to his chest.

O.S. the thump of shoes on the polished wood floor.

Quickening.

He looks up, sees Lucy running towards him, drops the briefcase.

LUCY
Mr. McNiece. Mr. McNiece.

She flies into his hesitant arms, hugs him.

LUCY
You came.

He frees an arm, nervously adjusts his glasses.

MR. MCNIECE
Why, of course my dear. As your legal guardian I would be remiss in my duties not to be at your side in such circumstances.

Lucy steps back.

MR. MCNIECE
Lucy. Your socks.

LUCY
What? Oh yes.

She bends down and hauls the socks up.

Mr. McNiece sighs, makes a half hearted attempt to tidy her up, picks a twig from the shoulder of her blazer, runs a hand over her hair.

He bends down, picks up his briefcase, turns to the door.

A polished brass plaque reads:

"MRS. PAGE

SCHOOL COUNSELOR"

Back to Lucy.

MR MCNIECE
Shall we?

EXT. QUADRANGLE - COLLINSWORTH SCHOOL - DAY

Lucy skips along excitedly.

LUCY
You were wonderful, Mr. McNiece.

Mr. McNiece mops his brow with his handkerchief.

MR. MCNIECE
Dear me, dear me, how stressful.
What an imposing woman.

Lucy skips on ahead.

He calls her back.

MR. MCNIECE
Lucy. Lucy.

Lucy turns reluctantly.

LUCY
I know, I know. Respect school
property.

MR. MCNIECE
Quite. You appreciate that Mrs Page
had a point. Those laboratory rats
are school property.

LUCY
But they're animals. Not things.
Not property. And they were so sad.
Locked up all day.

MR. MCNIECE
This is the second time, Lucy.

LUCY
Third, actually.

MR. MCNIECE
Lucy. You didn't. Not today.

An exasperated look.

MR. MCNIECE
But there are rules, dear girl,
rules.

Lucy kicks the ground.

LUCY
You're all the same. No one
understands.

She flounces off, throws herself on a nearby bench.

EXT. COLLINSWORTH SCHOOL - DAY

Lucy sits on the bench, hands in lap, swings her legs back
and forth.

Mr. McNiece settles on the bench beside her.

MR. MCNIECE
I, I know how difficult it must be,
Lucy.

LUCY
I'm sorry.

Lucy's legs stop swinging.

She stares doggedly at the ground.

Almost a whisper.

LUCY
Why did she have to die?

Mr. McNiece raises his eyes heavenward.

He pulls Lucy closer, blinks back a tear.

MR. MCNIECE
I am so sorry, Lucy. Your mother
was a wonderful person. Such a
terrible accident.

LUCY

It's not fair. It's not fair.

She buries her head in Mr. McNiece's jacket.

Sobs.

INT. MR MCNIECE'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

The sedan brakes at the school gates.

Mr. McNiece glances up at the rear view mirror.

MR. MCNIECE - P.O.V. - MIRROR

Framed in the mirror, the solitary figure of Lucy stands in the parking lot, raises a hand, waves half heartedly.

Mr. McNiece thrusts an arm through the lowered driver's side window, waves in return.

MR. MCNIECE

My poor, dear girl. What is to become of you?

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - COLLINSWORTH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Darkness illuminated only by the flickering light from a computer screen.

The light plays across Lucy's face as she stares intently at the screen.

In her hand a gaming joystick.

She manipulates it with astonishing rapidity.

LUCY - P.O.V. - COMPUTER SCREEN

Swarms of small spacecraft attack.

Lucy evades them with ease.

Fires again and again.

BACK TO SCENE

A tear trickles down Lucy's cheek.

She manipulates the joystick frenetically.

Suddenly stops, pushes back her chair.

Rises.

Hurls the joystick at the wall.

Kicking aside the clothes littering the floor, she storms out of the room.

EXT. FLAT ROOF - COLLINSWORTH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The door to the roof swings open.

Lucy steps out into the brightly moonlit night.

Gazing up at the stars, with arms outstretched, she begins to spin slowly.

INT. BEDROOM - COLLINSWORTH SCHOOL - NIGHT

JULIE MARKS, 14, and SARAH ROSSI, 14, sit side by side on a bed, giggle as they text madly on their mobile phones.

Sarah looks up through the open window, nudges Julie.

SARAH
She's at it again.

JULIE
What?

SARAH
That dog, Lewis. Look.

Julie follows her gaze.

JULIE
Ha! No wonder her father left.
She's totally loopy.

INTERCUT - ROOFTOP/BEDROOM

Rumbling, like far off thunder.

Electrical discharges crackle above the roof of the science block.

A roiling black cloud descends.

Lucy stands transfixed, silhouetted against the sky.

Julie and Sarah, phones forgotten, rush to the window.

Lucy slowly raises her head, fearful, a hesitant glance upwards.

Screams.

The cloud parts to reveal the alien ship.

Julie and Sarah, eyes like saucers, start back from the window.

A shaft of brilliant light shoots down from the ship, encasing the lonely figure of Lucy.

In a flash, it is gone, and with it, Lucy.

Julie and Sarah stare in disbelief for a second, then turn to each other and scream wildly.

INT. LUCY'S CELL - ALIEN SHIP - DAY

Lucy lies on a bed, blinks into wakefulness, quickly shuts her eyes again.

Slowly she opens them, looks around.

Bare, prison cell.

No windows.

A harsh glare of light.

She screws her eyes shut for a second, opens them again, starts to sit up.

From above her, a scrabbling sound.

She stares fearfully at the ceiling.

In the center, a grilled air vent.

It begins to move.

Pulling her knees up, she buries her face in her skirt, hands over her ears, shouts.

LUCY

Mr. McNiece, Mr. McNiece, help me.
Please.

The scrabbling stops.

Lucy raises her eyes to the ceiling.

The grille is gone.

In the blackness of the void she glimpses a large, yellow,
REPTILIAN EYE.

She screams.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE LUCY'S CELL - DAY

The corridor sweeps round in a curve.

Two jack booted feet pound out a rhythm on the floor.

INT. LUCY'S CELL - DAY

Lucy hunkers in a corner, eyes screwed shut, hands over her ears, sobs and shouts, as the noise of the pounding boots recedes.

LUCY

Help. Heeeelp. Somebody help me.
Pleeese.

O.S. A thump.

Lucy opens one eye.

LUCY - P.O.V. - THE ALIEN.

Green scaled, lizardy, long tail, big yellow eyes, standing upright on its back legs.

It leans towards her, blinks.

BACK TO SCENE

Lucy screams again, covers her face with her hands.

A flurry of scrabbling sounds.

Then silence.

A pause.

Lucy opens her eyes.

The room is empty.

Fearfully, she raises her eyes to the ceiling.

Looking down at her from the air duct, the frightened face of the alien.

For a long moment they stare at each other.

Lucy slowly starts to rise, inching her way up, back to the wall.

The face retreats into the darkness, hesitantly reappears, disappears again.

Lucy straightens up, eyes fixed on the duct.

The face reappears.

Slowly, the alien lowers itself, suspended by its long tail.

Instinctively, Lucy presses into the wall.

LUCY

Get away from me.

Inches above the floor, the alien releases its tail, drops with a thump.

It rises on its back legs, leans towards her, blinks again.

Lucy edges along the wall.

The alien watches.

LUCY

Don't come any closer. I, I'll
scream.

She startles as the alien wraps its long tail over one shoulder.

Slowly it points to itself.

ALIEN

Sloor. I am called Sloor.

