

**1 EXT. PLATEAU - DUSK****1**

An epic sky of blood red.

We're in a dystopian near-future of heat, 40°C the new norm.

As the sun sinks over a barren landscape stretching to infinity, a dot appears on the horizon.

A rusty, vintage car.

Caption mixes up - ANGLESEA, WALES

**2 INT. CAR (GREEN SCREEN) - DUSK****2**

Driving, is DR MICHAEL O'BRIEN, white, mid 30s, in the uniform of a university academic. A dark, brooding man who seems to have retreated into the blackest recesses of his mind.

He sits up straight, two hands on the wheel. Steely eyed. Focussed.

In the passenger seat, his young sister ALYSSA CROSSLAND, early 20s. Kid brought up by another kid (Michael). A mixed-race, fuck-you brat. Wild, Afro hair, Tee, bangles, skimpy shorts.

Feet on the dash, she's plugged into ancient, up-cycled headphones, eyes glued to her cracked, futuristic-looking mobile screen.

She chews gum, pulls long strings of it from her mouth, wraps them round her forefinger, then back in her mouth.

Michael turns, scowls at this.

She pretends not to see.

**3 EXT. FRONT YARD - DUSK****3**

The car pulls up in front of a cabin's dusty front yard.

Everything is peeling, sun blistered, retro, recycled.

Dripping with sweat, they carry inside suitcases, boxes rammed with periodicals, scientific equipment, food and giant glass bottles of water.

Alyssa stops - a ping in her headphones. Checks her mobile.

ALYSSA  
 Boom. Three more investors.

MICHAEL  
 What did they pledge this time?  
 Chewing gum?

ALYSSA  
 (annoyed)  
 Ten dollars actually. And two at  
 five Euros. It's since that  
 interview.

Michael scoffs.

**4 INT. KITCHEN - DUSK 4**

In the kitchen, an ancient fridge, sink and tatty table.  
 Michael and Alyssa carry in boxes, also through to -

**5 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT 5**

- the studio/lab, a barn-like space. Dimly lit.

Light-beams shaft through blinds.

Soon, it's jam-packed with ancient text-books, scientific periodicals, reconditioned futuristic laptops and a scuffed mobile X-ray imaging machine.

Alyssa sits, switches on her laptop.

MICHAEL  
 (infuriated)  
 We haven't finished.

She ignores him. Hits PLAY.

On the laptop screen, across a table from each other, in a dark vlogger's studio, sits Michael, who's being interviewed by DANTE CASTROLINI (mid 20s, enthusiastic hot-guy, high-energy).

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Turn it off.

Alyssa ignores him.

FLASHBACK TO:

**6 INT. VLOGGER STUDIO - DAY****6**

The interview is peppered with captions and illustrations. We see the camera-man and audio guy.

Dante is respectful and enthusiastic.

Michael's face couldn't show more disdain.

DANTE

This week on lifeoutthere.com,  
paleoanthropologist Professor  
Michael O'Brien, whose book 'The  
Missing Link' just went viral thanks  
to you guys.

MICHAEL

It's Doctor.

DANTE

Sorry?

MICHAEL

I'm no longer employed by the  
university, 'Professor' is  
incorrect. I have a doctorate - it's  
Doctor.

DANTE

You got fired for publishing it?!

MICHAEL

My contract was terminated by mutual  
agreement.

DANTE

See that's a pisser man - that  
book's a bible to a whole bunch of  
people out there, you know that  
right?

MICHAEL

Unfortunately, yes.

DANTE

Which is why you're crowd-funding  
the research to keep going?

MICHAEL

My sister is.

**7 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT****7**

At the word 'sister', cut to Alyssa, stretching gum out of her mouth and rolling it in a ball -

- while - Michael erects a giant PIN-BOARD which covers the top wall.

On it, he attaches a VAST MAP of the terrain we're in.

Neatly, he pins to it, polaroid snaps, post-its, line drawings and colour prints of reconstructed pre-homo sapiens ancestors such as the neanderthals.

As we pan across these iconic images - the interview continues in voiceover -

DANTE (V.O.)

Got a post here from a 'Princess Nefertiti' who wants to know, 'How did you first discover the lines?'

MICHAEL (V.O.)

We know the first archaic humans lived here from around a million years ago.

DANTE (V.O.)

What, you mean like neanderthals?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Pre homo neanderthalensis - for example homo antecessor and homo heidelbergensis.

**8 EXT. PLATEAU (GREEN SCREEN) - DUSK**

**8**

Bathed in the sun's setting rays, Michael and Alyssa stand way apart from each other taking measurements with optical distance meters and ranging poles.

Alyssa enters the number on a battered laptop sat on a decrepit portable camping table.

Voice-over from the interview continues.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I wondered whether the paleogeography of this area might yield fossils -

The terrain glitches with red, green and blue infrared bands. For a brief moment, labyrinthine lines appear, like we're being observed from outer space.

FLASHBACK TO:

**9 INT. VLOGGER STUDIO - DAY****9**

MICHAEL

So I used the multispectral imaging of satellites to collect absorption properties from the surface lithology. It was then I noticed the patterning in the outcrops - a uniformity.

It's clear Dante doesn't understand a word he's saying.

DANTE

Lines?

MICHAEL

No - the idea of connecting them came subsequently.

DANTE

Like joining the dots!

**10 EXT. PLATEAU (GREEN SCREEN) - DUSK****10**

The sun's almost gone. Blood-red sky.

MICHAEL

(pointing)

There's the top - curving round here to the base.

ALYSSA

I'm starving. Are we done?

FLASHBACK TO:

**11 INT. VLOGGER STUDIO - DAY****11**

Dante clicks at his laptop.

DANTE

OK, this post from 'Space-molester' says: 'In your book you claim these lines may be some kind of message to us from prehistoric times. But isn't it more likely they're from the same advanced race of extraterrestrials who built the pyramids?'

MICHAEL

My book took on a life of its own.  
But to be totally clear - I'm not a  
conspiracy theorist. So, no, I don't  
subscribe to the pseudo scientific  
idea that intelligent,  
extraterrestrial beings made contact  
in antiquity.

Dante - taken aback.

DANTE

You're aware all nine of the Giza  
pyramids face the exact magnetic  
North Pole when the Egyptians hadn't  
even invented the compass yet?

MICHAEL

Scholars have come up with a number  
of plausible explanations as to how  
this might have been achieved.

DANTE

Plausible is stretching it.

MICHAEL

And aliens isn't?

DANTE

So you're saying neanderthals from -  
like - zillions of years ago were  
brainy enough to peg out giant  
signposts - which can only be seen  
from space?

MICHAEL

Not zillions of years ago, around 40  
to 60 thousand years ago.

DANTE

But they were all as thick as shite.

MICHAEL

We don't know that.

DANTE

You're kidding right?

Awkward pause.

MICHAEL

Sorry, was that a question?

DANTE

Neanderthals were brainy?

MICHAEL

I'm not suggesting these marks were made by homo neanderthalensis.

DANTE

Who then?

MICHAEL

Perhaps an archaic human species yet to be discovered.

Dante looks at book.

DANTE

The Missing Link.

**12 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT 12**

With a black felt-tip, Michael connects lines with Xs. Steps back. Stumped.

Come on brain, solve the riddle.

The map on the board glitches through to -

**13 EXT. PLATEAU - DUSK 13**

- its exact terrain match.

The creepy, labyrinthine red, green and blue infrared bands cut across the landscape.

**14 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT 14**

Alyssa, eyes locked on Dante in the screen, bites into an apple

ALYSSA

(mouth full)

You didn't tell me he was fit.

MICHAEL

He's an idiot.

FLASHBACK TO:

**15 INT. VLOGGER STUDIO - DAY 15**

MICHAEL  
Any more emails or can I go?

DANTE  
Only if you promise to keep us  
posted.

Michael takes off his mic and stands.

MICHAEL  
In the event of my research yielding  
the anticipated outcome, and once  
it's been subjected to the usual  
scholarly peer review, it will, of  
course, be published.

DANTE  
We haven't stopped recording yet.

But Michael's crashed past the cameraman and audio guy and is  
gone.

**16 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT**

**16**

Alyssa cocks her head at the screen exasperated.

ALYSSA  
Really? You were supposed to be  
raising money!

But he's too engrossed in the map. He steps back up to the  
map - frowning.

Alyssa, apple finished, puts the core on the table and picks  
up the ball of chewing gum she laid down. Puts it back in her  
mouth, surfs the net.

Michael traces his finger along a line - pauses.

Holds breath.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Boom. I've found a bar.

But Michael's trembling.

MICHAEL  
I want to dig here.

ALYSSA  
(not listening)  
An hour and a half's drive.



MICHAEL  
I'll get the lamps.

ALYSSA  
Wait. Now?

MICHAEL  
Get the GoPro.

ALYSSA  
No.

Stops in his tracks.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
I want to go out.

MICHAEL  
We're going out.

ALYSSA  
(angrily)  
I mean 'out out'. Like - for a drink  
out.

Shock.

MICHAEL  
Why?

ALYSSA  
Err - 'cos we've been up since five,  
we've just done seven sixteen-hour  
days - I'm sick of this. I want a  
break.

MICHAEL  
I think this is 'it'.

ALYSSA  
You've been saying that every night  
since we got here. If it is 'it',  
'it' can wait 'til morning. They've  
got a live band - a Stereophonics  
tribute act.

Michael - jaw on floor.

MICHAEL  
Absolutely not.

Alyssa glares at him. Stands, banging back her chair.  
Flounces past.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 (stabbing with his finger)  
 Alyssa! You come back right now!

But she's gone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Alyssa!

**17 EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT**

**17**

Michael stands at the door, icy. Alyssa, who's in the car all dolled up, starts the engine.

ALYSSA  
 (sing-song)  
 Don't stay up all night stalking  
 Sarah.

MICHAEL  
 (sing-song)  
 Don't come home at breakfast off  
 your head.

ALYSSA  
 Don't keep treating me like I'm  
 still six.

She switches on music - loud. Car screeches off.

**18 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT**

**18**

Michael stands, consumed with rage, trying to calm down.  
 Can't.

Spots his large, beat-up mobile on the table. Looks away.

Opens a cupboard, finds the whisky, pours a large one not  
 looking at his mobile.

Mobile beckons from the table.

Drinks. Breathes rhythmically. Rhythmic breathing not  
 working.

Beckon beckon. Gives in.

Snatches the mobile. Flicks to her timeline. A smart,  
 confident, beautiful woman.

He knows he shouldn't but he does - dial her number.

SARAH

Hello this is Professor Sarah Gregory. I'm no longer using this number and it doesn't take messages. Please write if you need to get in touch. Thank you.

Just loves/loathes the sound of her voice.

Breathes slowly, deeply. His eyes swivel round the room.

They swerve past the map. And then back - and land -

- on the spot he pointed out to Alyssa earlier.

Narrows eyes.

Approaches.

Eyes bore into it.

Yes. The lines are all connecting at one spot.

Finishes his whisky dregs.

Abruptly, snatches up his old GoPro and a torch. Exits.

**19 EXT. PLATEAU (GREEN SCREEN) - NIGHT 19**

Full moon, carpet of stars. GoPro round Michael's neck.

Michael, hyper vigilant. His instinct tells him something's here.

Suddenly - what was that? A breath? Turns in its direction.

**20 OMITTED 20**

**21 OMITTED 21**

**22 INT. CAVE CAVERN - NIGHT 22**

Enters a dark cave.

The narrow passageway seems to spiral for eternity. Torch shafts its thin beam as down, deep into the earth, Michael descends.

It's getting colder. Exhaled breath forms condensation.

Now Michael's shivering in the bollock-freezing cold as his rasping breath bounces round the echo chamber.

It's too cold to keep going. He's about to turn back when his torch lands on a wall.

Shivering, teeth clattering, approaches it.

His eye, two millimeters from the surface -

- when suddenly - he spots it.

A mark?

Frowns. Flashlights it.

Yes - it's a mark! One straight, delicate line.

Can't believe his eyes.

Gently, with shivering fingers, wipes the surrounding area. Blows off sand - SLO-MO particles dance.

Jumps into action - GoPro up onto his forehead, switches its video camera ON. From GoPro's POV, Michael's watch, enveloped by his breath's condensation, comes into view.

MICHAEL

(shivering)

It's two twenty-six a.m., Friday the 4th of September, this is Doctor Michael O'Brien. See this mark? Could be mistaken for a naturally-occurring fissure in the rock face - but see? It's too uniform for that. The surface - it's been repeatedly scored with a lithic flake.

**23 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT**

**23**

From GoPro's POV, his hand swishes across the large map.

MICHAEL

See? These lines curve arterially - down here and here - landing here - which is the exact point we've found the scored mark.

The bang of a door interrupts him. GoPro swings round to the kitchen (Michael's POV). Alyssa has returned. With someone. GoPro off as, silently, Michael steps forward.

*Framed in the kitchen door's vertical slit is a bloke snogging Alyssa. We'll come to learn that it's DANTE, but right now, all we can hear is snorts of drunk laughter and skirt being unzipped, shirt being torn off.*

*They stumble into Alyssa's bedroom, shut its door. BEING FILMED IN KITCHEN, NEXT SCENE.*

Silence.

Michael bursts into action, loads an old bag with lamps, brushes, pointing trowels, gloves, rugs, a portable table.

**23A INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**23A**

Framed in the kitchen door's vertical slit is a bloke snogging Alyssa. We'll come to learn that it's DANTE, but right now, all we can hear is snorts of drunk laughter and skirt being unzipped, shirt being torn off.

They stumble into Alyssa's bedroom, shut its door.

**24 INT. CAVE CAVERN - NIGHT**

**24**

Wrapped in blankets, trembling with the cold, Michael lays out tools and see-through plastic archeological collecting bags neatly on the portable table.

Aims a lamp at the rock face.

Mounts GoPro on his head. Switches on the video camera.

Meticulously, brushes and scrapes round the mark.

Condensation swirls from each exhaled breath.

More marks now revealed. They form a delicate latticework.

His finger traces their fine lines from POV GoPro.

MICHAEL

Do you see? This design has all the hallmarks of a prehistoric petroglyph carved into the stone.

Suddenly - there is it again - a breath.

Lifts his trowel - hits something hard.

A jolt of sub-minus temperature shoots through him like a bullet, forcing him back, almost toppling him, making him cry out, shiver uncontrollably.

Needs a moment to recover.

From GoPro's POV: lifts his finger. It hovers nervously at the newly-created gash.

Deep breathing.

Touches with his fingers.

A blast - a jet of condensed air.

He cries out in pain.

Via unsteady GoPro, blows on his fingers, reacting to the pain.

Switches GoPro off. Places it down.

Takes a long moment to calm himself.

SLO-MO - focussed - eyes back to the rock-face. As if arming himself, slides on thick, leather gloves and picks up the trowel. Military.

Approaches. Gets to work.

From the POV of a locked-off shot to show the passage of time, Michael scrapes. Brushes. Scrapes.

See-through plastic archeological collecting bags of soil, labelled neatly, line up through the night.

A shape slowly reveals itself.

**25 EXT. PLATEAU - NIGHT 25**

Night turns to dawn. Creepy vibe.

**26 INT. CAVE CAVERN - DAWN 26**

Michael can't move. Can't believe his eyes.

Now it's clear -

- the shape is a large egg, lying sideways, about 1.5m long, its surface the colour of deepest ochre.

**27 EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING 27**

Michael strides from the plateau to the cabin carrying his empty bag.

## 28 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

28

Enters - to be confronted by DANTE sat the kitchen table.

DANTE

Way-hey it's the doc. Remember me?

MICHAEL

How could I forget. Sorry, what are you doing here?

DANTE

Met your sister at a bar last night. Didn't guess for a bit - 'cos -  
(low voice)  
- how come - you're white and -

MICHAEL

Our mother loved weddings. Hated being married.

DANTE

Funny.

MICHAEL

Don't think our dad would have agreed with you.

DANTE

Meaning?

Michael puts down his bag and crosses to the ancient kettle. Spoons instant coffee into a mug angrily.

MICHAEL

She vanished when I was seven. Re-appeared five years later with a 'very special present just for me'. Spent the weekend getting acquainted - and was gone.

DANTE

What was the present?  
(pause, then gets it)  
Alyssa?

MICHAEL

Our mother was in Ethiopia on an archeological dig when she got pregnant. So just guessing.

DANTE

Who abandons their kid?

MICHAEL  
 (with difficulty)  
 Someone who puts her work first.  
 Coffee?

DANTE  
 Black, three sugars - I couldn't get  
 online? Need to check some stuff.

Grumpily, Michael logs him onto the kitchen's laptop.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
 Oh haaayy! Here she comes -

Alyssa enters, sleepy, sexy, in Dante's last-night shirt.  
 Walks to him. He slides his fingers down the length of her  
 hip.

MICHAEL  
 (to Alyssa)  
 Coffee?

He gives Alyssa a 'look' - which she pointedly ignores.

ALYSSA  
 Black please.

Leans her body right up against Dante, oozing sexy,  
 pretending to examine the screen.

Michael finds himself making coffee for three.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
 (pointing at screen)  
 That's our site.

DANTE  
 (scowling at screen)  
 Was gonna mention this at the  
 interview - who designed this?

MICHAEL  
 I did.

DANTE  
 Don't want to hurt your feelings  
 mate, but it's kind of shit.  
 (exasperated, to himself)  
 No-one reads walls of text like  
 this, you gotta break it up - get  
 some images in here, dynamic  
 headings. Be intuitive, focus on  
 connective values. What's the  
 password to the back end?



ALYSSA

This is my investors page - see -  
they can pledge stuff here.

DANTE

Like what?

ALYSSA

Water, petrol. Sometimes even money.

DANTE

(exasperated)

Needs to be way more more hard-sell  
than this.

Michael's had enough. Grabs his bag.

MICHAEL

(to Alyssa)

Can I have a word?

ALYSSA

Wait here babes.

Michael and Alyssa exit into the studio/lab, Michael closing  
the door firmly on Dante.

Who looks at the door for a long beat.

Then stands. Crosses to it. Presses his ear to it silently.

**29 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - MORNING**

**29**

Michael strides up and down angrily, loading a bag with more  
blankets, gloves and trowels.

Alyssa stands - narrow-eyed - following his pacing. Knows  
something's up.

MICHAEL

The idiot who believes in aliens?  
Don't tell me. Everything sounds  
plausible after five pints.

ALYSSA

He gets me.

MICHAEL

Three guesses which part of you he  
gets.

ALYSSA

He'll be gone by tonight.

MICHAEL  
He needs to be gone right now.

**30 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 30**

Dante listens, but can't make out what they're saying.  
Thinks.

**31 EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING 31**

Silently, he crosses to the studio/lab's window.  
Through the slits in the blinds, watches the action inside.

**32 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - MORNING 32**

ALYSSA  
You going to make me stand here all  
day - or tell me what's going on?

Michael stops.

MICHAEL  
I found something. Last night.

ALYSSA  
Where?

MICHAEL  
A cave - on the exact spot where the  
lines meet - here.

ALYSSA  
You found something and you didn't  
tell me!

MICHAEL  
You were tied up.

ALYSSA  
You should have interrupted!

Michael snatches the GoPro from his bag. Replays the footage  
of the jewel-like egg. Her incredulous face.

She throws her arms around Michael, jumps up and down - he  
stands, stiffly.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
(squealing)

My investors are gonna go ape-shit!

MICHAEL

Get the SLR camera. I want to record everything.

ALYSSA

(low voice)

Wait. What are we going to do with 'him'?

MICHAEL

Get rid of him.

ALYSSA

How?

MICHAEL

You're the woman with the smooth moves, you'll think of something.

ALYSSA

(gasps)

You did not just say that!

Pause.

Undoes a couple of top buttons on Dante's shirt. Opens the studio/lab door to -

**33 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

**33**

- Dante typing nonchalantly at the laptop.

DANTE

(not looking up)

Hey.

ALYSSA

Hey.

Presses into him - sexy.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

So. I need to get back to work. So I was thinking - how's about we hook up next week? Next week's sing-along even?

Dante smiles sweetly, slides his hand up her thigh.

DANTE

Sounds peachy.

ALYSSA  
I'll give you a lift back into town.

DANTE  
I'll get my bag.

He saunters through to Alyssa's bedroom. Alyssa throws stoney-faced Michael a grin.

Dante re-enters with his bag. Walks through to -

**34 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - MORNING**

**34**

- the studio/lab. Holds out his hand to Michael.

DANTE  
Mate. Happy hunting.

Michael nods, not taking the hand.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
Keep me posted.

MICHAEL  
Once any research has been peer-group reviewed -

DANTE  
(joining in)  
- group reviewed and published -  
yeah yeah, I know the drill.

Dante's hand still hovering.

Michael has to take it. They shake.

Whip! With the other hand, Dante snatches the GoPro from Michael's bag.

MICHAEL  
(grabbing for it)  
Give me that!

But Dante ducks out of the way. Switches it on.

DANTE  
(grinning)  
What have we here then?  
(pause, awed)  
Woah. What is that?

Michael snatches. Dante ducks.

ALYSSA  
 (reaching for the GoPro)  
 Babe, give it back.

Dante dodges her. Michael lunges for him.

MICHAEL  
 You little shit.

As Alyssa catches the GoPro, both men crash to the wall, their faces millimeters apart, dripping sweat. Alyssa snatches at Michael's shirt.

ALYSSA  
 Michael, get off him!

Michael releases.

Dante's eyes glint.

DANTE  
 Ker-ching, no?

MICHAEL  
 (sarcastically)  
 No - because fossils of archeological significance are moved to academic institutes for research and display.

DANTE  
 Goes without saying. But - just saying -

Doesn't finish. Doesn't need to - Michael gets him.

MICHAEL  
 Get out.

DANTE  
 Really? You really want me out there telling the world about this?

ALYSSA  
 Dante!

MICHAEL  
 What do you want?

DANTE  
 What's best for you.

MICHAEL  
 (sarcastically)

And that would be what?

DANTE

You're an academic. Your talents are best used focussing on the research.

(pause)

I'll sort the message.

MICHAEL

Message, what message?

DANTE

The website for starters - needs work.

Alyssa's face shifts.

ALYSSA

You know what? He's right.

MICHAEL

(to Alyssa)

Stay out of this?

ALYSSA

When news of this gets out it'll be crazy.

DANTE

(pointing at her)

Right! Which means you need someone like me to manage the shit-storm.

MICHAEL

The shit-storm will be handled by my university.

ALYSSA

(double-takes)

You don't mean Sarah.

DANTE

Who's Sarah?

ALYSSA

The woman who fired him. Who also happened to be his fiancé. Before she fired him.

MICHAEL

(to Alyssa)

That's enough.

DANTE

Who I'll take care of 'cos I'm  
legally trained.

MICHAEL  
You - have a law degree?

DANTE  
Sort of.

MICHAEL  
A sort of law degree. That's  
original.

DANTE  
And - you'll have access to my  
online channel.

Michael scoffs.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
Hey - it's got up of 17 thousand  
subscribers.

MICHAEL  
Half of whom think martians built  
the pyramids.

DANTE  
The half that made your book a best-  
seller.

MICHAEL  
I can't believe I'm listening to  
this.

Moves to exit but Dante blocks his way.

DANTE  
Whatever this is - it's going to get  
complicated. Right?

Michael hesitates.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
You know I'm right. You stick with  
what you're good at. I'll manage the  
rest.

Long silence. Michael coming around.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
You have my word - you're the boss.  
Whatever you say - goes. Nothing

happens without your say-so.  
Nothing.

He puts out his hand for the shake.

**35 INT. CAVE CAVERN - DAY**

**35**

The three, side-by-side in front of the egg, shivering, wrapped in blankets.

Whooping, Dante takes pictures with the SLR camera hanging round his neck, zooming into the photos on the LCD.

DANTE

Some kind of alien dinosaur egg?

MICHAEL

There's no such thing as aliens.  
You're on firmer ground with the dinosaurs.

DANTE

You sure it's old? Not some NASA Black Project? One of those tech billionaire doomsday bunkers?

MICHAEL

I want it carbon dated. Once we've determined its age, we'll decide next steps.

ALYSSA

I'll run back down to the cabin and get my kit.

MICHAEL

No. I want it back in the lab.  
(scowling at Dante)  
Dante's right - it may be contemporary - I don't want to be made the laughing stock all over again.

ALYSSA

How are we going to heave it down there?

MONTAGE:

Heavily gloved, in blankets, Michael and Alyssa dig round the egg.

They girdle the egg with blankets.



Heave. Heave.

As the egg breaks away, it seems to swirl in a mist of condensation.

They carry it, in its blanket sling.

**36 OMITTED 36**

**37 OMITTED 37**

**38 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON 38**

We follow the egg in its sling, like an emperor's sedan.

MICHAEL

Wait there.

**39 INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 39**

Michael grabs duvets, blankets from a trunk. Exits.

**40 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON 40**

Michael constructs a nest from the duvets, blankets and books.

The three of them position the egg. A ghostly shape in the large, dusky room, emitting condensation.

Dante takes photos -

DANTE

So what's the plan?

Cut to - Michael, wearing thick leather gloves to protect his fingers from the cold. With a scalpel, he scrapes samples from the egg into a Petri dish. Full forensics vibe.

BCU and SLO-MO as particles flay off.

NO LONGER WEARING GLOVES - he feeds samples into the bench-top mass spectrometer.

MICHAEL

It'll take around twenty minutes for the result, help me with the scanning imager?

Alyssa and Dante wheel the box-shaped machine to the egg (no longer wearing gloves).

Alyssa switches 'on' - and frowns at the results on the laptop screen.

ALYSSA

Weird.

DANTE

What.

ALYSSA

Nothing.

DANTE

There's nothing inside?

ALYSSA

The scanner isn't penetrating the shell. It reacting like it's made of metal. Or a mixture of finely-ground metal and - something.

MICHAEL

That can't be right - let me see.

On the laptop screen, the outer rim of the egg is light-emitting but inside it's one big dark haze.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It can't be solid - we'd never have been able to lift it.

ALYSSA

Then must be just the casing.

DANTE

So it is man-made?

ALYSSA

Definitely not animal or vegetable.

Michael - body blow - can't bear to spit out the words -

MICHAEL

Recent then?

ALYSSA

Must be. Creepy thing for someone to make - then bury - who'd do that?

DANTE

See - I'm telling you - that's some  
classified bunker up there.

Michael turns on his heel and exits. Alyssa groans and  
follows.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
(calling after)  
Love to hear it if you've got a  
better explanation.

He picks up the SLR camera and snaps.

**41 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

**41**

Michael pours coffee.

MICHAEL  
Doesn't make sense.

ALYSSA  
Maybe -

MICHAEL  
(dangerously)  
Maybe what?

ALYSSA  
(awkwardly)  
Maybe there are no lines. Nothing's  
pointing to anywhere. You see what  
you want to see, make connections -  
which aren't there. Maybe Sarah was  
right.

MICHAEL  
How dare you.

Angrily, with coffee, he turns on his heel - back into the  
studio/lab followed by exasperated Alyssa.

**42 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - EVENING**

**42**

Standing near the steaming egg it's freezing. Michael  
shivers.

Suddenly - he's got an idea.

He bangs open a cupboard - pulls out an ancient two-bar  
electric fire. Positions it so it's pointing at the egg.

DANTE

What are you doing?

MICHAEL

(to Alyssa)

Get the heater from your bedroom - I want to try something.

DANTE

You wanna thaw it out?

Moments later - Dante, Alyssa and Michael position heaters round the egg.

Stand side-by-side. Nothing - just noisy hot air.

Interrupted, now, by a rattling print-out from the bench-top mass spectrometer. Alyssa tears it off. Reads. Shows Michael.

DANTE

Can I see?

She hands him the crude, stick-box grid.

DANTE (CONT'D)

What is this, the eighties?! And this tells you what?

ALYSSA

Nothing.

DANTE

Nothing?

ALYSSA

There are tiny traces of carbon there - but the bulk - definitely some kind of ground metal.

Angrily, Michael snatches the paper from Dante, scrunches it up, chucks it at the bin.

MICHAEL

I don't believe it. The petroglyph's definitely Late Pleistocene.

Ugly silence. Everyone locked on the egg. Seriously nothing happening.

DANTE

We just going to stand here and watch it all day?

MICHAEL

Yes.

DANTE

We need to cut into it - see what's inside. Got a drill?

MICHAEL

I don't want to damage it just yet.

DANTE

Why not?

MICHAEL

(exploding, to Alyssa)  
Get him out of here.

ALYSSA

(taking Dante's hand)  
Give him a moment babe.

She pulls him to the kitchen. *Through the slit in the door we see Dante sit at the laptop and type. (FILMED IN KITCHEN, SEE SC 42A).*

Michael stands frowning at Alyssa's laptop screen - there's the strange, oval shape. Can't bare the sight of it. Stabs 'off'.

Walks to the egg. Glares in silence.

Alyssa enters. Watches him a beat.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Dante's found some guy who'll lend us tools.

He glowers at her, no reply.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

He's got stuff like an electric drill.

Pause.

MICHAEL

Go on then. Yes, get some tools. Good idea.

ALYSSA

We'll be back in a couple of hours.

As she exits -

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

(joking)  
If it hatches you'll call?

MICHAEL  
I'll send you the dinosaur pic.

She exits. Off screen, they drive off, music blaring.

It's creepily dark. The noise of the heaters.

Michael scowls at the egg.

Pulls out the whisky bottle, pours a glass. Slugs.

Can't tear his eyes from this exquisite thing.

Heaves an old armchair so he can watch, blanket around him.  
Drinks whisky. Wills it to do something. Silence. Nothing but  
noisy hot air.

**42A INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**42A**

Alyssa pulls Dante into the kitchen. Through the slit in the door we see Dante sit at the laptop and type.

**43 EXT. PLATEAU - NIGHT**

**43**

Everything's eerily quiet beneath the carpet of stars.

**44 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT**

**44**

Michael in the armchair, asleep - whisky bottle and glass empty.

Wakes with a jolt.

A sound. Michael freezes.

A sound. Michael freezes.

From the egg? Michael, stone still.

Another sound. Like a crack.

Michael stares. Heart racing. A sudden, very loud splintering.

Spots the single hair-line - across the surface. Oh shit.

Long silence.

Another crack, travelling now, slowly, across the surface.

Michael - wait - what if 'it' bites?

**45 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT****45**

Michael opens the cutlery drawer, lifts out the large kitchen knife - back -

**46 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT****46**

- to the egg.

Stands in front of it. Wields knife.

Cracking's becoming insistent.

Now, the largest crack in the shell is wide enough for thawing, damp, tightly-packed moss to spring through.

He stares, astonished. Wielding a knife suddenly feels silly so puts it down. Turns off the portable heaters.

Approaches hesitantly. In BCU, his fingers reach forward to pick out a moss clump.

In his hands it feels vigorous. Threaded through it, unlike anything he's ever seen, delicate stems of fragile plants in vibrant colours of emerald green and ruby red.

Astonished, he rubs it between his fingers. Lifts it to his nose. Smells deep. It smells amazing.

Jolted into action, he places moss clumps inside archeological collecting bags carefully.

A large shell-section is ready to come away - he picks up a towel to protect his fingers and pulls.

Moss tumbles out - as he's bagging up -

- he sees something. Entombed in the green.

He freezes. Heart beating a thousand miles an hour.

Another large shell piece cracks - ready to come away. He pulls it, lays it down.

His eyes now rest on - what seems like the back of a head.

Steps back, but another shell piece is calling to be pulled off. Steps forward, manoeuvres it away.

Stands - shell in hand.

Yup - it's definitely some kind of creature, its back to him, curled up. Motionless, its skin glistening through the

springy moss.

Hesitant - walks round slowly.

Now he's face to face with -

- her.

Can't breathe.

Her.

Body shaking - because she's mesmerising.

Late 20s/early 30s. A woman who's not our species, homo sapiens, but definitely is of the homo genus. Almost us but not quite.

Tall, slim, strong, the kind of beauty that's totally out there. Strange. Striking. One-of-a-kind. Eye-catching. A little disturbing. Breathtaking. Rebellious.

Olive skin. Chiselled cheek bones laced with astonishingly elaborate tattoos. Thick, wiry red hair threaded with shells and feathers.

Dress with scorched lines in intricate, latticed patterns delicately embroidered with feathers and beads.

2.0 LUCY as she'll be named.

Michael - transfixed. Can't move. Can't believe his eyes. The most incredibly astonishing - exquisite - thing - he's seen in his life ever.

His mobile rings harsh and sudden, he leaps out of his skin.

Can't answer. Ring ring.

It's Alyssa. He just can't move.

Ring ring.

Noise deafening. Ring ring.

Answers it.

Alyssa, pissed, her face on the screen, drowned out by music, has to yell.

ALYSSA

Hey.

(no reply)

Michael?



MICHAEL  
W-w-where are you I can hardly hear  
you?

ALYSSA  
(hiccup)  
At some bar.

MICHAEL  
Where?

ALYSSA  
No clue - some place near Dante's -  
we OK to stay on a bit?  
(no reply)  
Anything happen with the egg?  
(no reply)  
Hello?

He looks at her.

MICHAEL  
N-no.

ALYSSA  
What was that?

MICHAEL  
What was what?

ALYSSA  
Dante says 'hi'.

Dante pops into screen.

DANTE  
Yo.

MICHAEL  
S-stay out as long as you like.

ALYSSA  
(surprised)  
Really?

DANTE  
Sure?

ALYSSA  
Totally sure?

MICHAEL  
Totally.

ALYSSA  
 (waving with Dante)  
 Sweet. OK. Bye!

MICHAEL  
 Bye.

Michael, shaking so much he can hardly hang up.

**46A INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

**46A**

*SAME DIALOGUE AS PREVIOUS SCENE FOR MOBILE.*

Alyssa, pissed, her face on the screen, drowned out by music, has to yell.

ALYSSA  
 Hey.  
 (no reply)  
 Michael?

MICHAEL  
 W-w-where are you I can hardly hear you?

ALYSSA  
 (hiccups)  
 At some bar.

MICHAEL  
 Where?

ALYSSA  
 No clue - some place near Dante's -  
 we OK to stay on a bit?  
 (no reply)  
 Anything happen with the egg?  
 (no reply)  
 Hello?

He looks at her.

MICHAEL  
 N-no.

ALYSSA  
 What was that?

MICHAEL  
 What was what?

ALYSSA  
 Dante says 'hi'.

Dante pops into screen.

DANTE  
Yo.

MICHAEL  
S-stay out as long as you like.

ALYSSA  
(surprised)  
Really?

DANTE  
Sure?

ALYSSA  
Totally sure?

MICHAEL  
Totally.

ALYSSA  
(waving with Dante)  
Sweet. OK. Bye!

MICHAEL  
Bye.

**47 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**47**

Enters - takes out an old enamel bowl, fills it with water from the clanking tap attached to the portable water tank - opens a drawer, lifts out an old linen cloth.

**48 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT**

**48**

Enters the studio - stands for a beat to give his brain time to absorb all this. Approaches.

Places the bowl by her head, wrings out the cloth.

BCU: Water drops. Exaggerated sound.

Should he, shouldn't he? With his hand - gently touches her face. No movement.

Wipes her face - her body - picking off flecks of moss.

No movement.

Back into the kitchen for clean water.

**49 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 49**

Tap on. Catches himself in the mirror - what's happening?

**50 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT 50**

Noises off - tap running. Silent as death in here.

Lucy - face motionless. Body - motionless. Hand - motionless.

Until - imperceptibly - one finger twitches.

**51 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 51**

Michael - opens a high cupboard for towels. Head turns in profile (so Lucy can see through doorway). Lifts them down.

**52 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT 52**

Lucy's eyes open. Piercing jade-green. Flick round the room.

Eyes land on Michael through the doorway, lifting down towels.

Lifts her hands, moves her head, flexing out the stiffness - vigilant - eyes never leaving Michael.

As his head turns towards her, she snaps them shut, body dead still.

He re-enters the studio/lab - places the bowl beside her. Notices a small shard of egg still on her body. Moves his hand to lift it -

Crack! Vice-like, her fingers whip round his wrist.

He cries out. Tries to yank away, but she's got him.

In a split second - she's up - pinned him in an agonising armlock, her lips millimeters away from his ear.

He tries to break free - smash! - finds himself spinning - crash-landing - on the ground - one of her arms across his neck, the other strapping his hand.

In an unknown tongue peppered with clicks, mouth inches away - she speaks.

LUCY

Ghh [click] air-har der-prff  
[click].

MICHAEL

Not going to harm you. Promise.

Their eyes lock. Pause.

Abruptly, she releases him.

Carefully, he rises to his feet - while all the time - a stare-off.

She lifts her hand weirdly, like she's using her fingers as well as her eyes to 'read' him. It feels crazy - like she's digging deep in his soul.

Michael moves.

Regally - in her strange tongue - she motions for him to stay still.

LUCY

[Click] ghar-char-ge.

MICHAEL

Just wondered - if you'd like a towel?

He points at the pile. Mimes wiping his face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

To dry yourself?

He inches to it, picks it up. Holds it out to her.

She looks at the towel, back to him - takes it. Spots the bowl of water.

Eyes never off him, scoops water with her hands - washes her face delicately - dries herself.

He daren't move - he's totally freaked.

She looks round the room, taking an inventory.

Drops the towel to the ground.

Exits to the kitchen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Wait. Stop.

Lucy's eyes, taking it all in. Michael enters. She click/speaks haughtily.

LUCY  
Ghee-sceer [click] sh-aeek.

MICHAEL  
I'm sorry, I don't understand.

She mimes - drinking from her hands.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You want a drink!

Michael can hardly turn on the clanking tap.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Some water.

LUCY  
(strange accent)  
Water.

MICHAEL  
(double takes)  
Water! That's right!

He's silenced by her disdainful glare.

Takes out a glass. But before he can fill it, she takes the cup from around her neck and uses it to drink.

Leaving the tap running, she exits the kitchen into the front yard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
No! You can't go out there.

Turns off the noisy tap. Follows her out.

**54 EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT**

**54**

Lucy's eyes (where the hell is she?) clock the entire area - land at the plateau - high up ahead.

Intake of breath - recognition.

Sets off for it. Michael emerges.

MICHAEL  
Wait! It's dangerous - someone might see you.

He disappears inside the cabin, re-emerges with an old torch - follows her. Way up ahead she's sure-footed.

**55 EXT. PLATEAU (GREEN SCREEN) - NIGHT**

**55**

She's reached the plateau. Stops. Troubled eyes look over the epic, desolate, moon-lit vista - like she's communing with something.

She seems sickened by everything she sees.

Michael's finally caught up. Stops a short distance away - doesn't want to frighten her. She click/speaks.

LUCY

She-eegh [click] dhar-sheer.

MICHAEL

(shakes head, can't understand)  
What?

Again, that weird, paralysing glare - then she's vanished - into the cave, not interested in anything he's got to say.

**56 INT. CAVE CAVERN - NIGHT**

**56**

Lucy approaches the egg-shaped hole - horrified.

Michael enters the cavern behind her - torch beam shafting.

Their breaths fill the cavern with condensation.

He wraps a blanket around her tentatively. Takes another for himself.

LUCY

Shee-eegh [click] shh-ghar.

MICHAEL

It's where we found you.

He picks up his hand trowel and mimes digging.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We dug like this - here and - this  
is where you were.

Traces the edge of the hole with his finger. Her eyes well up.

LUCY

Shar-ghar shee [click] shay.

MICHAEL

What are you saying?

A tear erupts. He lifts his hand to catch it gently, she pushes his hand away angrily.

LUCY

Ghay-shaar [click] agh.

MICHAEL

What is it?

Her eyes flare with rage.

A long beat. Then, drops the blanket, turns on her heel, out of the cavern.

**57 EXT. PLATEAU - NIGHT**

**57**

Lucy glares over the ugly moon-lit vista. What to do next? Abruptly, she strides off back down the hill.

Michael after her with his torch.

**58 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT**

**58**

As they enter, Michael's mobile rings. It's Alyssa. Michael ignores it. Loud ring ring.

Lucy's hand makes for the bizarre contraption - Michael ducks out of her way. Ugly ring ring. She reaches for it again. He keeps it away from her until Alyssa rings off.

Hands it to her. She examines it, unimpressed. Doesn't seem to be fazed by the amazing technology.

MICHAEL

It's called a 'mobile'.  
(pointing)  
'Mo-bile'.

LUCY

(easily)  
Mo[click]bile.

Michael astonished.

MICHAEL

That's right. Mobile. Watch.

He crosses to the laptop. Dials. The mobile rings.



He returns to Lucy. Hits ON, lifts it in front of her.

Back to the laptop - her eyes drilling into him on the scratched old screen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hello.

She shows no surprise at this astonishing feat of science.

LUCY

(weird accent)

Hello.

Points at himself.

MICHAEL

Michael.

LUCY

(pretty fluently)

Michael.

Michael can't reply, stares at her puzzled - astonished - on the screen her eyes digging into him - intense.

She click/speaks in a low voice.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Ghh [click] air-har der-prff  
[click].

MICHAEL

What are you saying?

Pause. She drops the mobile - it crashes to the ground. Michael looks on helplessly.

She looks round the room. Spots the pin-board - approaches it. Studies intently the coloured photos and line-drawings of homo heidelbergensis, homo florensiensis and others.

Michael walks to her side and traces his hand across the images as he speaks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Homo antecessor - who we believe lived along the Norfolk coast nine-hundred thousand years ago. And this is homo heidelbergensis - lived in West Sussex half a million years ago.

She takes down a photo of a wax reconstruction of a neanderthal family - examines it intently.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Homo neanderthalensis - lived in Kent from around four-hundred thousand years ago, then here in Wales. They're drawn by the paleo artist John Gurche - see? They're from his book Lost Anatomies.

Her eyes bore into the photo.

MICHAEL

Do you recognise any of them I wonder?

She drops the photo to the ground - eyes lift up into the giant map.

Michael picks up the photo - feels a bit silly doing so.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(tracing lines)

This is how I found you - by connecting - the markers - you made?

Cold silence. Her demeanour has shifted.

Lucy speaks, her voice trembling with rage.

LUCY

Ghh [click] air-har der-prff [click].

Smacked by her anger, Michael takes a step back.

MICHAEL

What? What is it?

LUCY

Ghh [click] air-har der-prff [click].

MICHAEL

I'm sorry I don't understand.

Horrible silence. She pushes past him - through to the kitchen. Helplessly, he follows.

Lucy stands motionless, middle of the room.

Then eyes Michael with that weird, penetrative look.

LUCY  
Xchu [click] kerr-chach [click].

She mimes, hand to mouth. Michael frowns for a moment - then  
-

MICHAEL  
Food? You're hungry?

He mimes lifting food to lips and swallowing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Hungry?

LUCY  
Hungry.

He crosses to the fridge, takes out a plate of chops.

About to close the fridge door when -

- she's beside him, pressing her hands against the fridge's cold sides - like a scientist working out its mechanisms.

MICHAEL  
Fridge. To keep food cold.  
(miming)  
Cold.

She flicks him a look - don't patronise me!

LUCY  
Cold.

She crosses to the stove to examine it, leaving the fridge door open. He closes it then takes down a pan, turns on the gas hob.

MICHAEL  
(mimes)  
Hot. Hot fire.

LUCY  
Hot.

MICHAEL  
We're going to cook them - unless  
you eat them raw.

LUCY  
(firmly)  
Hot.

MICHAEL  
 (surprised)  
 Cooked then.

LUCY  
 Hot.

Astonished, he places the chops into the sizzling pan.  
 She watches him take out old plates, knives and forks.

MICHAEL  
 (pointing)  
 Plate. To eat on.

LUCY  
 Plate.

Chops done, he puts them on plates.

MICHAEL  
 Knife. Fork. To eat with.

She lifts them both up - walks into the studio/lab.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Where are you going?

Snatching the knives and forks, he follows her.

**60 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - DAWN**

**60**

On the ground, Lucy sets the plates side-by-side. Sits in a strange, regal-looking position.

Awkwardly, Michael sits down crossed-legged, opposite her, hands her a knife and fork.

MICHAEL  
 Hot. So eat - with knife and fork?  
 Or with your hands - whatever you  
 want.

She cuts the meat weirdly - but it's clear this isn't the first time she's eaten with implements.

Michael the scientist can't help observing. She looks up -

LUCY  
 Eat.

He picks up his fork - when -

- she freezes.

MICHAEL  
What is it?

No reply?

Silence - then Michael hears it too.

**61 EXT. FRONT YARD - DAWN 61**

A car approaches, vomiting music.

Alyssa drives. She's followed by Dante on an epic, ancient, vintage motorbike.

They swerve and park up in the swirling dust.

**62 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - DAWN 62**

Lucy leaps to her feet - cutlery crashing to the ground.

Michael beckons for her to be quiet.

MICHAEL  
Sssshhh.

**63 INT. KITCHEN - DAWN 63**

Michael enters - shuts the door to the studio/lab tight.

Alyssa and Dante burst in, laughing. Alyssa carries a box of tools, Dante a large, battery operated drill.

Stop in their tracks at Michael's dishevelled, lack-of-sleep vibe.

DANTE  
Been out on the lash bro?

ALYSSA  
You look worse than us.

MICHAEL  
What time is it?

DANTE  
Strong black coffee-time.

ALYSSA  
(looking at watch)

Five thirty - you haven't just woken up?

MICHAEL

No. Yes.

Attempts to look calm. Fails.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Let me get you that coffee.

Pours two instants, shaking, hands them out.

Dante chucks the tools down in the corner of the kitchen - the menacing large drill framing Michael's sickened face.

ALYSSA

(opening drawer)

Where's the aspirin?

MICHAEL

That much fun huh?

DANTE

(to Alyssa)

Chuck me a couple babe.

She tips out aspirin for them both - slugs coffee.

MICHAEL

Tell you what - go to bed.

ALYSSA

Nah, too wired.

She makes for the studio/lab door.

MICHAEL

Wait!

ALYSSA

What?

MICHAEL

You want another coffee?

Alyssa holds up her mug.

ALYSSA

Got one thanks - the one you just gave me two seconds ago. How's the egg?

No reply. Dante narrows his eyes -

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Michael?

Michael bars the way through to the studio/lab.

DANTE

Oh ho ho.

ALYSSA

Michael - you promised you'd call -  
what, it hatched, what?

Pause - boom - Dante crashes past Michael.

Michael catches his T-shirt but Dante's too strong for him.  
Runs -

**64 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - MORNING**

**64**

- into the studio/lab. Alyssa and Michael follow.

No Lucy.

DANTE

What happened - what was inside?

MICHAEL

Nothing.

ALYSSA

Nothing?

MICHAEL

Cracked open. Fell apart.

Slowly, Dante walks to the lined-up bags filled with moss.

Deafening silence.

DANTE

(sing-song)

Don't believe you.

BCU: Dante traces his fingers across the shell edges.

Eyes swivel round the room, land on the pin-board. Walks to  
it focussed - reflected in a photo - is something.

Whips round, eyes up. High in the barn-like roof, on a cross  
beam, crouches Lucy.

DANTE (CONT'D)

And - bingo.

Alyssa drops her mug.

Lucy jumps - pins Dante to the ground in a neck lock.

Pause.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
(nervously)  
Nice to meet you too?

Their faces inches apart - threateningly -

LUCY  
Ghh [click] air-har der-prff  
[click].

Alyssa, eyes popping, mouth open, about to step forward - Michael's hand bars her.

Pause.

Abruptly, Lucy lifts her arm to free Dante and stands - raises her other hand in her weird way.

They're transfixed by that stare of hers - like she's reading their minds - assessing, deeply, who they are.

ALYSSA  
W-what is she? I mean, she's not  
human - is she?

MICHAEL  
Most definitely post homo  
neanderthalis - so fits somewhere on  
the line between them and us.

ALYSSA  
Oh what? Some pre-human genus that  
figured out how to freeze themselves  
cryogenically when not out hunting  
woolly mammoths with spears?

Lucy puts down her arms.

LUCY  
Ghh [click] air-har der-prff  
[click].

ALYSSA  
So that's interesting.

DANTE  
What?



ALYSSA

The clicks. They're like the sounds found in the African Khoisan language group - the theory being the clicks are easily heard in high grass when hunting - unlike the sounds of our own language which don't travel so well.

She can't continue. Lucy's watching her, like she's reading her.

LUCY

(to Alyssa)

Air-ghar char-xchu preu.

Abruptly, Lucy crosses to the pin-board, looks up at the map - but - BCU - her ears, listening to everything.

ALYSSA

You know what's crazy? In a couple of days we could be translating her.

DANTE

Two days?

ALYSSA

If we nail the 'one thousand high-frequency words'. In any language, once you've got them down, you can understand pretty much eighty per cent of what anyone's saying.

DANTE

Wait - then we can download a Statistical Machine Translation programme - gather as many words common to both of our languages as possible - crunch the data -

His words hang as the enormity dawns. Lucy turns her head, eyes straight at Michael.

MICHAEL

We'll we able to talk to her?

Dante grins.

DANTE

(pointing at himself)

Dante.

LUCY

Dante.

DANTE  
 (pointing at Lucy)  
 You. What's your name?

LUCY  
 Gha-haar-ar[click]-harji-chi[click].

Dante snorts.

DANTE  
 Never going to remember that. I'm  
 calling her Lucy.

ALYSSA  
 Woah - re-naming people because you  
 can't be bothered to learn their  
 'foreign-sounding' name Dante?

DANTE  
 After that monkey, remember, the  
 first one to walk on two legs who  
 was found by those blokes when they  
 were listening to 'Lucy in the Sky  
 with Diamonds'.

MICHAEL  
 You mean the female Australopithecus  
 afarensis, found by Donald Johanson  
 1974?

DANTE  
 2.0 Lucy - 'cos she's the upgrade.

LUCY  
 (to Michael)  
 Ghh [click] air-har der-prff  
 [click].

MICHAEL  
 You're really saying we can  
 translate this?

The enormity of this renders everyone speechless.

DANTE  
 You haven't told anyone?

MICHAEL  
 Not yet.

DANTE  
 (whipping up one hand)  
 So I vote we spend a few days  
 scoping her out. Give ourselves a

head start. Before we hand her in.

No-one can speak. Pause. Lucy's eyes bore into Michael. Then she walks out of the room.

ALYSSA

OK - so now where's she going?

DANTE

Guessing she wants to get to work.

Grinning, he follows her out. Michael and Alyssa exchange a long look -

- until Alyssa bursts into excited-kid mode.

ALYSSA

Eeeee!

MICHAEL

We're to follow strict protocols. I want her x-rayed. And film everything. And we need to disinfect this place.

Alyssa throws her arms around him, whispers in his ear -

ALYSSA

Genius. I knew you were right.

**65 INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

**65**

Lucy makes a beeline for the laptop like she knows it's significant.

Dante pulls up three seats, pats the middle one. Lucy sits.

Dante and Alyssa on either side. Dante types fast.

Michael watches from the doorway.

MICHAEL

So how does this work?

DANTE

Just downloading the programme -  
(reading)  
- OK - first off, we gather as much text in parallel as possible.

He looks at Lucy, points at his own nose.

DANTE

Nose.

LUCY

Nose.

ALYSSA

Except you've got to say it in your own language.

LUCY

Ghe-zha [click].

DANTE

Did she just understand what you said?!

ALYSSA

(about laptop camera)

Wait, let me turn the camera on.

Their three faces appear on the laptop screen. Dante waves.

DANTE

Hello Lucy!

LUCY

Hello.

DANTE

Let's do this.  
(pointing)  
Ear. Mouth. Eye.

LUCY

Zhe. [Click] whu. Che-gna.

DANTE

(pointing)  
My nose. Your nose.

LUCY

Chu zu. Xe[click] chu.

Then, in her weird accent -

LUCY (CONT'D)

My eye. Your eye. My mouth. Your mouth.

DANTE

(slapping the table)  
Boom!

MICHAEL

(aghast)  
That's incredible.

ALYSSA  
I thought this was going to take for  
ever.

Impatiently, Lucy touches her hair -

LUCY  
Ghh [click] air-har.

DANTE  
Wait, slow down!

Cut to - Alyssa setting up the SLR camera and a tripod. Hits  
RECORD.

ALYSSA  
It's Saturday the 5th September - in  
the room - Doctor Michael O'Brien,  
Alyssa Crossland, Dante Castrolini  
and - the 'find' - provisionally  
named 2.0 Lucy.

MICHAEL  
(to Alyssa's camera)  
I think this is it!

**68 EXT. PLATEAU - DAY**

**68**

We float over the landscape - disturbing vibe.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
Around 40 thousand years ago, an  
unexplained mutation occurred in our  
DNA.

**69 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - DAY**

**69**

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
Some have called this, The Tree of  
Knowledge Mutation.

Wearing surgical gloves, Michael pushes a needle deep into  
Lucy's arm as Alyssa films them both.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry - this may hurt a little.

But Lucy's eyes drill into everything he's doing.

BCU: as noisily, blood sucks back into the syringe.

**70 EXT. PLATEAU - DAY**

**70**

We're floating towards the cave. Eerie vibe.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

At that moment - we experienced an explosion in our language suppleness.

DANTE (V.O.)

'Language suppleness'?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Meaning, for the first time, we were able to transmit to each other information about things which do not exist.

DANTE (V.O.)

Like what?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Imagined worlds. Unicorns. God. We went from talking about snakes and goats - to Sin and Satan.

**71 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - DAY**

**71**

As Alyssa films them - using the diagnostic radiology app on his iPad, Michael x-rays Lucy, saving the skeleton-image. Lucy examines the image.

In the heat, their close proximity un-nerves Michael.

**72 EXT. PLATEAU - AFTERNOON**

**72**

We float through the cave entrance -

**73 OMITTED**

**73**

**74 INT. CAVE CAVERN - AFTERNOON**

**74**

We float into the cavern towards the egg-shaped hole.

We've landed on the 'marks' scorched into the rock. They criss-cross the surface in a labyrinth-like magical code.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

When our language exploded so did we. The DNA mutation turned us from small-time hunter gatherers operating in small clans - into a species capable of using visionary language to unite millions of people in a single quest - thereby enabling us to dominate the planet.

75 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

75

Michael stands in front of the camera.

MICHAEL

I talk about it in my book - to date, no-one's been able to explain how - or why - this mutation occurred - I've always argued it was passed to us by another hominin species with whom we interbred. This has to be it! The missing link!

DANTE

(pointing at carrot)  
Hey Lucy. What colour?

ALYSSA

You're on colours already?

LUCY

Orange.

MICHAEL

We need to get to Magical thinking.

DANTE

Give me a break - we're still on carrots.

MICHAEL

Imagined worlds. God.

Through Michael's viewfinder - BCU Lucy - looks at him like she gets what he's saying.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We need to find out where she sits on the evolutionary line in human cognition.

DANTE

Fine! I'll teach her the Lord's Prayer.

**76 INT. ALYSSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**76**

In bed, Alyssa and Dante sit side-by-side on their laptops.

Alyssa clicks. Little squeal.

ALYSSA

Someone just pledged fifteen quid!

Dante leans to look. She grins at him. But -

DANTE

We don't want any more investors,  
shut the page down.

Alyssa - surprised by his tone.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Less for us. Shut it down.  
(tapping at his laptop)  
I'll do it, what's your username?

ALYSSA

Hey! That's my page!

DANTE

And you need to shut it down.  
(like an order)  
Now.  
(pause)  
Babe.

Tries to put an arm round her - it's shoved away.

ALYSSA

Get off me!

DANTE

This has gone way beyond 'pledges'.

ALYSSA

Err - made by my best mates.

DANTE

Who we'll take care of. But right  
now, we're fully funded. So click  
there.

She doesn't move. He points at the screen.



DANTE (CONT'D)

There.

ALYSSA

Yeah - I know!

Long pause. Reluctantly, she types.

Shuts the laptop. Puts it on the side table. He puts his laptop away, slides over her.

DANTE

Hey?

No reply.

DANTE (CONT'D)

(climbs onto her)

We are so sorted.

ALYSSA

(petulantly)

If we don't get arrested first.

DANTE

For what?

ALYSSA

I dunno. Harbours an illegal alien.

DANTE

What, you think she's from outer space?

He nuzzles her neck.

DANTE (CONT'D)

(alien voice)

Do-dee do-dee.

She hits him. Snorts. Reluctantly, gets into him.

77 OMITTED

77

78 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT

78

Michael pushes open the door.

Using duvets, Lucy's made a nest-like bed for herself on the ground. Lies eyes closed.

He watches her for longer than he should. She opens her eyes. Awkwardly, caught in the act, he nods and exits closing the door behind him.

**79 INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 79**

Michael sits in a corner arm chair scrubbing through images of Lucy who stares straight at him from the camera.

**80 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT 80**

Lucy gets up. Listens. All clear.

Sits at the laptop. Logs on. Seems to have learned the password by watching Dante. Types fluently, like she's connected with the laptop's mechanism. Creepy.

**81 EXT. PLATEAU - NIGHT 81**

As if from space, the terrain glitches, with the red, green and blue infrared bands - like someone's watching them.

CUT TO:

**82 INT. ALYSSA'S BEDROOM - MORNING 82**

Alyssa wakes. Turns over. Dante's gone.

Muffled sounds float to her from the kitchen.

**83 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 83**

Dante free-wheels on a swivel chair.

Alyssa enters. Crosses the room to pour a coffee.

ALYSSA

Morning.

DANTE

(pointing, speaking  
annoyingly slowly)

Watch this! This kettle is 'next' to  
the fridge.

At the laptop, Lucy repeats the sentence in her own click language, but then repeats the sentence in English.

LUCY

Char-geure [click] ghar-gharra xche  
 haar kwey ghar.  
 (speaking quickly)  
 This kettle is 'next' to the fridge.

Alyssa notices - Lucy's wearing earphones, one ear in, the other hanging loose. She crosses the room.

Now it's clear - Lucy's doing two things at once. Verbally inputting the translated sentences into the laptop - and clicking through online videos - stopping long enough to get the gist before moving to the next.

ALYSSA  
 What are you doing?

Lucy looks up. Her bore into Alyssa as the two women connect - not in a good way.

Calmly, Lucy clicks YouTube off.

Alyssa picks up her coffee - into the studio/lab.

**84 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - MORNING 84**

Alyssa closes the door firmly. Frowning.

**85 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 85**

Michael enters, makes himself a coffee. Lucy's eyes follow him, totally disarming him.

DANTE  
 Hey Lucy, show Michael how you can count. One, two.

MICHAEL  
 She's not a pet learning tricks.

**86 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - MORNING 86**

Michael enters. Closes the door behind him. Lifts his coffee to his brow to calm himself.

Alyssa's at the laptop, focussed, eyes drilling in.

ALYSSA  
 You need to look at this.

MICHAEL  
 And 'Good Morning' to you?

She's not listening. Michael sits beside her.

ALYSSA  
Us. Homo sapiens.

On the screen, a 3D model of a human, female skeleton.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
And this is her.

She superimposes Lucy's x-rayed skeleton over. Points. Speaks fast. Enervated.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Her skull - the cranium - the  
mandible - I'm guessing larger by  
two per cent. Here's her pelvis,  
ilium - again, one to two percent  
larger. The difference is tiny - but  
it's there.

Michael's looking at her astonished. Alyssa stops.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
What?

MICHAEL  
I haven't seen you like this -

ALYSSA  
Like what?

MICHAEL  
Like - when we were young.

But Alyssa doesn't care, she's too pumped. She brings up another skeleton, clicks between the three.

ALYSSA  
Homo neanderthalensis. Thicker  
bones, shorter limbs, thicker  
metacarpals. Quite a difference  
between us - but also her.

MICHAEL  
So she fits somewhere between us and  
the neanderthals.

ALYSSA  
Much - much - closer to us.

MICHAEL  
This is going to revolutionise our  
understanding of the timeline. The

supposition has always been that these archaic-humans were -

ALYSSA

Primitive? That's one thing she's not. She's got the one thousand words down pat and she's not even supposed to be learning them. Nothing she's seeing is surprising her - you'd think she's be freaking out. I just caught her on YouTube.

Michael stares at her.

MICHAEL

Doing what?

ALYSSA

I dunno. Scoping us out? But here's the kicker, here's her skull. And here's what happens when you super it onto the human cranium. Here's the human skull's orbital prefrontal cortex with its encephalisation quotient of 7, here's her's with an EQ of 12.

MICHAEL

12? That's not possible. Zoom in again?

She does. Can't believe what he's seeing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But that would give her a social grouping over five hundred.

ALYSSA

Having to negotiate a clan of that size would give you insane social skills.

He stands. Picks up a vial of Lucy's blood. Lifts it to the light.

MICHAEL

What would that mean for her powers of perception? Intuition. Her ability to read emotions. Creativity? She'd have the highest level of cognitive ability we've seen yet. It would be like having a mind that could travel through space and time.

Alyssa stares at Michael, something dawns on her. It's like, suddenly, she's intuiting there's something going on between him and Lucy.

ALYSSA

There's nothing going on with you two?

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

ALYSSA

She's not going to fix you.

MICHAEL

Fix me? What are you talking about?

ALYSSA

You know.

MICHAEL

No actually - I don't.

ALYSSA

Yeah you do. You mess up relationship after relationship because you don't trust women.

MICHAEL

Yes I do.

ALYSSA

No you don't. You don't trust them not to abandon you.

Michael blinks in disbelief. Then icy -

MICHAEL

I'm not the one cruising bars for one-night stands.

ALYSSA

What's that supposed to mean?

(no reply)

Go on. Say it.

(dangerously)

Don't you dare - ever - suggest I am anything like our mother.

Michael glares at her before exiting angrily.

Dante and Lucy sit side-by-side at the laptop. Michael and Alyssa enter. Michael watches Lucy.

DANTE

Dude?

Lucy looks up. Gives Michael one of her weird, penetrative looks, stands abruptly. Exits to the front yard.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Hey Lucy you can't go out there.

Michael follows her.

Alyssa, who's observed all of this, walks to the window, watches them, opens a packet of gum. Chew slowly.

**88 EXT. PLATEAU - DAY**

**88**

In the blinding heat Lucy walks towards the plateau, turning occasionally to make sure Michael's following.

**89 INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

**89**

Alyssa's sat next to Dante as he types crazily.

DANTE

(bewildered)

So the size of our brain is directly related to the size of our social group?

He uploads images which we see on the laptop screen.

ALYSSA

It's more like a 'ratio' - the size of the neo-cortex compared with the rest of the brain. So the Tamarin monkey has a brain size ratio of 2.3 - and a social group of five members. The Macaque monkey has a brain size ratio of 3.8 - so its clan is forty members.

DANTE

And the human clan is one hundred and fifty?

ALYSSA

Yeah - after that - it splits and a new group forms. You've heard that thing - like in businesses - a

hundred and fifty people is the optimum size for any department or company.

90 EXT. PLATEAU - DAY

90

Lucy and Michael reach the top.

DANTE (V.O.)

So the bigger the clan the smarter you have to be to flourish in it? Which makes Lucy unbelievably smart? Well she is, you can tell that a mile off.

The barren land stretches out as far as the eye can see. She swishes her arm in a strange way like she's communing with something.

LUCY

This land - it rains?

MICHAEL

Used to. But not for a long time.

(pause)

You were encased in a shell.

(no reply)

It's made from a delicately-ground rare metal. Very rare.

(no reply)

You mined it?

(no reply)

You understand what I'm asking you?

LUCY

Yes.

MICHAEL

But you left no trace.

Long pause - as she works out how much to reveal.

LUCY

We hide.

MICHAEL

Who from?

LUCY

You.

MICHAEL

Me? I don't understand.



LUCY  
Your people.

MICHAEL  
Us? You mean homo sapiens?

She steps away from him, eyes the vista.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
This is where you lived?

LUCY  
Yes.

MICHAEL  
Your clan.

LUCY  
Many clan.

MICHAEL  
Multiple hominin species lived here  
together?

LUCY  
Yes.

MICHAEL  
And what? You all lived peacefully?  
(no reply)  
What was it like? I mean did you  
talk to each other? Fight? We know  
you interbred.

Lucy's face - disdain.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
What I meant was - did you have a  
mate? A family?

LUCY  
Girl.

MICHAEL  
A daughter?

LUCY  
Her father - you.

MICHAEL  
Me? You mean my species?  
(no reply)  
Your partner, your mate was homo  
sapiens?

LUCY  
My girl. Taken - by your people.  
Here.

MICHAEL  
No.

LUCY  
Yes. Too many. You come. You push us  
to the cliff. Off.

She turns to look at him.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You - broken.

Michael can't move - it's like she's looking into the  
blackest recesses of his mind - seeing it all.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I will not go - to the broken world.

He stares at her, unable to speak. Does she understand the  
enormity of what she's asking of him?

MICHAEL  
What do you mean?

LUCY  
You keep me.

MICHAEL  
That's not possible!

LUCY  
(firmly)  
Yes.

She takes his hand.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You will not send me there. Say  
'yes'!

He pulls his hand away.

MICHAEL  
I can't.

He feels sick. Can't breathe.

She turns her back on him. Silence.

LUCY  
 Your god. If you are him.  
 (waving her hand across  
 the vista in her weird  
 way)  
 In my time.

MICHAEL  
 What am I seeing?

LUCY  
 Choose. One clan.  
 (pause)  
 All the rest to die.

MICHAEL  
 You mean, I'm god and I have a  
 second chance?

LUCY  
 Choose. One.

MICHAEL  
 Just one species? You're asking  
 would I still choose homo sapiens?

She glares at him. Turns her back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 What was her name? Your daughter?

LUCY  
 Xhu-ghaqui[click]haar-cha.

MICHAEL  
 Zoo.

LUCY  
 Xhu.

MICHAEL  
 Xhu.

LUCY  
 Ghaqui[click]

MICHAEL  
 Ghaqui -

Fails miserably at the click. She places her hands, weirdly,  
 on either side of his face.

LUCY  
 Bring tongue forward. [Click].

MICHAEL  
Xhu-ghaqui [click]haar-cha.

LUCY  
Yes.

Locked eyes. Sweltering heat.

**91 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT**

**91**

Lucy and Michael enter.

Dante and Alyssa sit side-by-side at Alyssa's laptop like two excited kids.

DANTE  
Check this out.

Michael walks to the laptop.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
Ready?

The words ARCHO and ENGLISH fill the the laptop screen.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
We've called her language Archo.  
Gettit? From 'archaic'.

He switches on the app.

As Dante speaks English, the laptop translates simultaneously into Lucy's language which we can hear in the background.

The effect should be astonishing, but it's not, it's creepy - a disturbing blend of of Korean-accented robot and ugly, electronic 'clicks'.

DANTE/COMPUTER  
(speaking very slowly)  
Hello - my - name - is - Dante. What  
is your name?

Lucy doesn't reply.

DANTE/COMPUTER (CONT'D)  
Lucy. Back in your time, what did  
you eat for breakfast?

The ghoulish translation hangs in the air. Long silence.

ALYSSA/COMPUTER  
(to Lucy)

Go on. Answer.

The irritating translation is now mirroring everything anyone is saying.

LUCY/COMPUTER  
Don't understand.

DANTE/COMPUTER  
(miming)  
Yeah you do. Breakfast? What did you eat?

LUCY/COMPUTER  
Don't understand.

ALYSSA/COMPUTER  
It worked earlier.

MICHAEL/COMPUTER  
Turn that thing off!

Pause. Relief.

Until, aghast, Michael spots something on the screen.

MICHAEL  
What's this?

DANTE  
It's pretty much finished.

As Dante clicks, we travel through the revamped website. It's brilliant. A masterwork in intuitive design.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
This is the language area - got the audio dictionary here. Here's the blog. Live footage here. Background info here.

ALYSSA  
(excited)  
And this is my investors' page. We've allocated points depending on the size of their pledge, like shares, so they can participate in the income stream.

DANTE  
The design's perfect right? Edgy. Like Lucy.

MICHAEL

It's not published?

DANTE

Not yet. But we're pretty much ready.

MICHAEL

Ready for what?

DANTE

Ready to launch her onto the market. We give your old university a six month window.

ALYSSA

So you get your old job back - after you've fired Sarah.

DANTE

Then we use its scientific reputation as the selling point to draw out a wealthy investor. Or a national museum. Whoever can pay.

MICHAEL

Sell her to the highest bidder?

DANTE

Been looking at the legals. Grey area I know, but strictly speaking it's finders keepers.

Michael can't breathe.

Blinks.

Frowns. He's seen something on the laptop.

MICHAEL

(reading with horror)

'Archaic human or Ancient Alien?'

DANTE

Mate.

He leans down and clicks. Dante tries to flip down the screen, but Michael wrenches it back up.

The rogue page fills the screen with stunning illustrations of epic structures like the Giza pyramids and Sacsayhuamán in the Peruvian Andes.

MICHAEL

(reading sarcastically)

'Much of human culture may have come from a 'Mother Culture' developed by extraterrestrial visitors in ancient times. All religious deities - or gods - are, by their very nature, extraterrestrial.'

DANTE

It's just a bit of fun. For the crazies out there who love your book.

MICHAEL

Fun?

DANTE

And who knows anything right?

MICHAEL

We know she's not a martian who flew in on a spaceship.

DANTE

Sure about that?

MICHAEL

Delete it now.

DANTE

Mate.

Michael snatches up the laptop high in the air.

ALYSSA

Michael.

Smacks it down on another table. Types.

MICHAEL

You still using my password or did you change it?

DANTE

Hey! Get off that!

MICHAEL

How do you get into the back end?

Dante leaps up, snatches the laptop away from Michael.

DANTE

Like I said, nothing happens 'til you say the word.

MICHAEL  
Like I said -

Michael sways unsteadily. Dangerous pause. He picks up the kitchen knife.

ALYSSA  
Michael?!

Hovers the blade at Dante's cheek.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?!

MICHAEL  
Stay back.  
(to Dante)  
You're going to sit down -

Dante sits.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
- and you're going to delete the site.

DANTE  
Mate -

MICHAEL  
(pressing knife into his cheek)  
Delete.

Pause.

Shaking, Dante lifts his hands in surrender.

DANTE  
You're the boss.

As Dante deletes, the laptop beeps and whirrs noisily.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
Site is - now - history.

MICHAEL  
And all the source folders.

Angrily, Dante clicks.

DANTE  
Everything's filed here. Everything we've filmed -  
(stabs)



Deleted. This is the dictionary -  
 (stabs)  
 Gone. History. Images. Gone, gone,  
 gone.

MICHAEL  
 Empty the trash.

Dante grimaces. Tiny pause. Trash empties noisily.

DANTE  
 And that - is the sound of silence.  
 Happy now?  
 (touching cheek)  
 Am I bleeding?!

Michael chucks Alyssa the First Aid Kit.

MICHAEL  
 (to Alyssa)  
 He'll live.

Lucy - expressionless.

Alyssa - open-mouthed.

**92 INT. ALYSSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**92**

Alyssa in bed, anxious. Dante pacing up and down.

DANTE  
 (raging)  
 He's totally lost it.

ALYSSA  
 He's just protecting his reputation.

Dante scoffs.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
 There's been an explosion lately, of  
 archeological looting and  
 international black market sales -  
 he needs to be seen to be doing the  
 right thing.

DANTE  
 We are doing the right thing! His  
 university gets its six-month  
 window, what more does he want?

ALYSSA  
 Hey. Come to bed.

He ignores her. Thumps the wall.

DANTE  
We should be cleaning up right now.

ALYSSA  
And we will. Just come to bed.

Hits two hands on the wall, stretches out angrily, ignoring her.

**93 INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 93**

Michael, edge of his bed, passes hands through hair.

**94 EXT. PLATEAU - NIGHT 94**

Moon and stars. Creepy vibe.

**95 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - NIGHT 95**

Lucy at the laptop typing.

Stands. Walks to the middle of the room, facing the map.

Eyes bore into it.

Picks up a pen, makes a small mark, albeit weirdly.

Stands back to inspect.

CUT TO:

**96 EXT. PLATEAU - MORNING 96**

The sun rises, blood red, over another thermometer-busting day.

**97 EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING 97**

In the dusty front yard, Michael's ancient car and Dante's rusty motorbike glint in the morning rays.

**98 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 98**

Lucy enters. Crosses to the window. Sun catches her face. Exits to the front yard.

99 EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

99

Tilts her head to the sun, closes her eyes. Stretches her arms out to her side weirdly as if communing with the universe.

100 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

100

Michael enters. Boils a coffee. Takes it to the window - which is when he sees her, like some other-worldly goddess.

101 EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING

101

Lucy opens her eyes. Intuits he's there. Turns to him.

She walks to the motorbike, slides her hand across. Michael opens the front door, joins her.

MICHAEL

'Motorbike'.

LUCY

'Motorbike'. We ride.

MICHAEL

(surprised)

Really? OK.

Cut to - moments later, he's collected the key which he lifts to show her. Inserts it. Gets on the bike.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(patting back seat)

You sit here.

She mounts. Wraps her scarf around her face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Don't be frightened. This will be very loud.

Turns key in ignition. Explosion of noise.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And very fast.

LUCY

Go.

102 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

102

Dante bursts in, runs to the window.

DANTE  
Hey, that's my bike you fucker!

**103 EXT. PLATEAU - MORNING** **103**

Far down below, the tiny bike follows the horizon, throwing up dust in its wake. Scarf around her face.

**104 INT. KITCHEN - DAY** **104**

Like a caged animal, Dante paces up and down.

**105 EXT. PLATEAU - DAY** **105**

Michael and Lucy pull up. Get off. She removes scarf from face.

He watches her cast her eyes over the barren land as if she's working something out from the 'line' makers.

After a pause, she intuits he's watching her and turns.

LUCY  
Michael?

MICHAEL  
I was just thinking. As paleoanthropologists - we excavate fossilised remains, analyse our findings. Write. Lecture. But all anyone really wants to know is - what was it like? Family, birth, death - what were your rituals, your taboos? Your unspoken codes - underneath everything?

LUCY  
You live in past.

MICHAEL  
For my job, yes, I suppose I do.

LUCY  
No you. You live in past.

Taken aback, he can't answer.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(swishing at vista)

This land - burning up.

MICHAEL  
Temperatures are rising. Yes.

He smiles. But she's not.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You mean you're saying I should be  
more focussed on the present.

LUCY  
You have spoken Alyssa?

Awkward.

MICHAEL  
Not yet.

LUCY  
You live with her.

MICHAEL  
Yes.

LUCY  
You are like - father.

MICHAEL  
Well she's my sister. But yes. I  
feel responsible for her.

LUCY  
Your mother?

He shakes his head.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Where is she?

MICHAEL  
Gone. When I was seven.

LUCY  
Where?

MICHAEL  
Who knows. Actually I do know -  
because sometimes I look her up.  
Always on some archeological dig  
somewhere -  
(bitterly)  
- making a splash. You know what, I  
don't want to talk about her.

LUCY

Your father?

MICHAEL

After she left? Dead man walking in booze-drenched shoes. When she came back with Alyssa - he should have acted smart. Instead, the stench of his desperation drove her away again - this time for good. Now I get it. Know how he felt. You do weird stuff when you've lost your mind. Then - with Sarah - when she fired me for publishing the book - it was like I turned into him. Just couldn't let it go. This whole trip's been about, 'I'm going to show her'. So the question is, how do you let go - from the woman you're supposed to be spending the rest of your life with - in wedded bliss - 'til death do us part? Where do you find the strength to walk away - re-join the human race - where people eat at mealtimes, sleep at night and think watching a tribute act is a great night out?

(pause)

Thank god you can't understand what I'm saying.

LUCY

Broken man.

MICHAEL

Spend your life pretending you're sane, just knowing the beast is dying to pounce. Witness! The pinnacle of our joint genus - oh so resplendent homo sapiens.

She's looking at him strangely, like she's understood every word.

She walks to a spot about a metre in front of him. Closes her eyes. Raises her arms weirdly.

She beckons to herself an imaginary figure standing next to Michael.

LUCY

Come.

Michael looks around - is she talking to him?

No - she's speaking to the imaginary figure. Now, it's as if this figure is standing right in front of her.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Your mother. This is her.

She click/speaks a weird and frightening chant.

Then, with a dramatic gesture, she whisks Michael's 'mother' away.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
She is here. Now she - gone.

MICHAEL  
(smiling)  
You've killed her off?

LUCY  
Who?

MICHAEL  
My mother.

LUCY  
(firmly)  
Your mother never was.

MICHAEL  
You're saying she never existed?

LUCY  
Who?

MICHAEL  
Okaaay.  
(smiling)  
This is going to save me a fortune  
in therapy.

But Lucy's deadly serious. Eyes still closed, she points at another imaginary figure.

LUCY  
Here is your mother. Her name -  
Lahay[click]lah. Say.

He frowns, bewildered. Doesn't speak.

Lucy snaps open her eyes.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(ordering)  
Say!

MICHAEL

Lahay-lah.

LUCY

No. Lahay[click]lah.

MICHAEL

Lahay[rubbish click]lah.

LUCY

(miming carrying a baby)

This is you. You are born. Here is  
Lahay[click]lah.

(mimes suckling)

She loves you. She is all you want  
and all you need. She never leaves.

MICHAEL

(shaken)

She never leaves me?

Lucy points to an imaginary child.

LUCY

You have seven years.  
Lahay[click]lah stays. She does not  
leave.

Michael's eyes well up.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(pointing)

You see her?

Michael, awkward, doesn't know what to say.

MICHAEL

Um, sorry I'm not getting this.

LUCY

Lahay[click]lah. See her!

MICHAEL

Go on then. Yes OK. There she is.

(waves jokily)

Hi.

LUCY

(sternly)

Here you grow. You are man and here  
she is. She loves - all that you  
are. Now and until you will die she  
is here. Say her name.



MICHAEL  
Lahay[rubbish click]lah.

LUCY  
No. Lahay[click]lah.

MICHAEL  
Lahay[click]lah.

LUCY  
Yes. She never leaves. Say it.  
(no reply)  
Say it!

MICHAEL  
She never left me. She will never  
leave.

She stands in front of him, her eyes locked in his, both  
unable to speak.

An intense connection. They're almost touching. Electric.

LUCY  
Talk to Alyssa.

She presses her hand to his heart in a weird gesture.

LUCY  
(firmly)  
Talk to Alyssa.

MICHAEL  
OK. OK. I'll speak to her when we  
get home.

**106 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**106**

Dante's at table typing angrily.

In surgical gloves and a procedure mask, and framed by a  
battered mechanical spinner and a tray of test tubes, Alyssa  
examines a bar chart on the laptop screen, puzzled.

She removes gloves and mask.

DANTE  
Does Michael ever sleep?

ALYSSA  
What do you mean?

DANTE

He was up all night.

ALYSSA  
Doing what?

DANTE  
Scoping out maps from round here.  
Found them in his history.

ALYSSA  
You've been stalking his history?

She bends to the screen.

DANTE  
(pointing)  
See. 2am. 3, 4.

We click through page after page of maps.

Pause.

ALYSSA  
Pretty sure that's not Michael.

He jumps up.

Approaches the large map on the pin-board frowning.

DANTE  
What's she up to?

Traces his finger along the felt-tip marks. Stops at a weird-looking X.

Frowns. Thinks.

Snatches up the SLR camera.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
(flipping through images  
on camera)  
These are the photos I took  
yesterday.

BCU: in the LCD (viewing screen) images of Lucy, the pin-board in the background.

Zooms in.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
These marks. They weren't here  
yesterday. She must have made them.

Dante chucks down the camera. Steps up close to the map.  
Picks up a felt-tip - makes lines connecting Lucy's Xs.

DANTE (CONT'D)

She's marked here to here - what do  
you think? A kilometer between them?

Alyssa doesn't reply. Because from this distance what she can  
see is - newly-drawn marks drifting into focus as the rest of  
the map blurs.

Parts of the map darken to reveal shapes.

Egg shapes.

Hundreds of them.

**107 EXT. PLATEAU - AFTERNOON**

**107**

As we drift across the barren landscape, infrared glitches  
reveal the same egg shapes formed by random-looking outcrops.

An army of buried 'Lucys'.

**108 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**108**

Alyssa points at the map.

ALYSSA

There's more of her.

Dante chucks down the pen, steps back to her side. Eyes  
boring in.

Long pause. Wide-grins.

DANTE

Oh ho ho!

Throws an arm round Alyssa, smacks a kiss on her cheek.

DANTE (CONT'D)

The goose that laid our golden egg  
just went nuclear. It's you and me  
babe. Flying to the moon.

Alyssa stiffens. Shrugs him off. Her voice darkens.

ALYSSA

And Michael.

DANTE

Sorry?

ALYSSA

It's you, me - and Michael - flying  
to the moon.

Faces her. Puts his two hands on her upper arms - looks into  
her eyes.

Blistering, uncomfortable heat.

DANTE

Babe, Michael's lost it. You know  
I'm right. So we need to be the  
grown-ups in the room.

ALYSSA

Meaning?

DANTE

We need to take this thing into our  
own hands.

ALYSSA

Still not following you.

DANTE

You think some near-bankrupt, Z-list  
university in the middle of bum-fuck  
no-where is capable of handling  
this?

ALYSSA

And you are. Capable of handling  
this.

DANTE

Legally trained.

ALYSSA

A six-month on-line course before  
dropping out?

Carefully he drops his arms. Atmosphere, poison.

DANTE

What are you saying?

ALYSSA

What are you saying?

DANTE

Ok.

(pause, deep breath)

What I'm saying is what we need is -  
 let's call him - a wealthy  
 benefactor - tech billionaire kind  
 'a guy - to buy the rights to this  
 thing - set up a foundation - all  
 tax deductible - you, me - and  
 Michael - in charge. I've been  
 scoping out some potential leads -  
 it's pretty much everyone with the  
 money 'cos - think about it - the  
 world's craziest bidding war.

His eyes gleaming. Alyssa - shaken.

DANTE (CONT'D)

You'd never have to work again.  
 Worry about money. Leave this  
 shithole - travel. Have some fun.  
 Have a life. It's what you keep  
 telling me you want.

The throb of Michael and Lucy's bike outside makes them jump.

Dante crosses to the window. Through the blind-slits watches  
 them dismount.

**109 EXT. FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON**

**109**

Michael and Lucy exchange a look. Michael knows what he has  
 to do. Lucy is wearing her scarf.

**110 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**110**

ALYSSA

OK but just give me some time - to  
 get him on side.

Dante cocks his head.

DANTE

How much time?

ALYSSA

As much time as I need!  
 (no reply)  
 He's got to be on board!

Little pause.

DANTE

Not really.

ALYSSA  
Err - yes really!

Dante shrugs, doesn't reply.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Ditch Michael, I'm gone too.

His look - like, so what.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
We'll totally disown you!

DANTE  
You know we're way past that babe.

Michael enters.

MICHAEL  
(to Alyssa)  
Can I have a word?  
(to Dante)  
In private?

DANTE  
No worries. You're the boss.

Saunters out, eyeing Alyssa.

Michael shuts the door firmly.

Alyssa, agitated. Michael, sun-kissed and relaxed - so not Michael - she narrows her eyes.

ALYSSA  
What have you two been up to?

MICHAEL  
Just out for a ride.

ALYSSA  
All day?

MICHAEL  
We dismounted a bit.

ALYSSA  
To do what?

MICHAEL  
Nothing. To talk.

ALYSSA  
About what?

MICHAEL  
 What is this, the Spanish  
 Inquisition?

He sits at the laptop.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 This the DNA analysis?

**111 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

**111**

Dante grabs the SLR camera, presses record. Points at Lucy.

DANTE  
 (sing-song)  
 Oh Lucy.

No reply.

He and Lucy circle the kitchen table.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
 Want to fill us in on all your mates  
 buried out there? Kind of creepy,  
 no?

In the viewfinder, Lucy's piercing eyes seem almost  
 translucent.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
 What's the plan huh?

**112 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**112**

Michael's fixed on the laptop, puzzled.

MICHAEL  
 No trace of anything? But we know  
 there was extensive interbreeding  
 between archaic humans.

ALYSSA  
 Apparently not with her.

MICHAEL  
 Her daughter - the father was homo  
 sapiens - so her clan's DNA did  
 enter out gene pool - against their  
 will.

Alyssa - glaring at him -

ALYSSA

Sounds like you had a right-old chin wag.

(no reply)

What's going one?

(no reply)

The shit's about to hit the fan on this thing, Michael, so don't go weird on me.

He's looking at her - weirdly.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

What?

MICHAEL

She'll be treated like some lab rat.

ALYSSA

Not our problem.

MICHAEL

Isn't it?

ALYSSA

No!

MICHAEL

'Cos you know what'll happen to her if she leaves here.

ALYSSA

'If'?! 'If' she leaves? What's that supposed to mean?

(pause)

Oh here we go.

MICHAEL

Let's just step through it - when she's taken from here, she'll be locked up in a cage like some laboratory monkey - experimented on - injected with every chemical under the sun. Cut open, impregnated even - you name it - for the rest of her life. When she dies, there's no way she's get a humane burial. Her corpse will be sawn up into small pieces and displayed in museums in jars of formaldehyde for all the world to ogle at. Every second of her life, every inch of her body, will be photographed, shared online. Desecrated.



ALYSSA

So, sorry - what are you saying. For the rest of her life we - what - hide her under the bed?

No reply. It dawns on her - this is his plan!

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You're kidding right.

MICHAEL

We destroy everything. All evidence she ever existed.

ALYSSA

Michael.

MICHAEL

And then - she can come and live with us.

ALYSSA

Oh my god he's serious!

MICHAEL

W-we'll create a new identity for her.

ALYSSA

Err, 'cos you and I have an address book full of identity-theft crooks we can call - not to mention thousands of pounds in our bank account to pay them?

MICHAEL

So she can live free.

ALYSSA

Live free?! And what - oh I know - help us publish the definitive treatise on our cognition's evolutionary timeline?

MICHAEL

Maybe.

ALYSSA

(yelling)

Listen to yourself! You're making no sense.

(suggestive pause)

And what if she goes out and gets herself pregnant?

MICHAEL  
That's not going to happen!

ALYSSA  
You don't know that. That baby would  
be contaminating our gene pool.

**113 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

**113**

Lucy's hand whips through the air, snatches at Dante's camera  
- he ducks.

DANTE  
Oh oh. Camera shy? Don't feel like  
talking? No worries. 'Cos I've got  
enough to  
(sing song)  
'kill it'.

**114 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**114**

ALYSSA  
And what about Dante?

MICHAEL  
Obviously he needs go.

ALYSSA  
Needs to - 'go'?

MICHAEL  
I-I mean leave!

ALYSSA  
Oh good - 'leave'.

MICHAEL  
Persuaded not to talk.

ALYSSA  
And you going to persuade him how?

MICHAEL  
I think that's your job don't you?

ALYSSA  
Michael - he's on a mission.  
Nothing's going to stop him now now.

MICHAEL  
(yelling)

How could you introduce that half-brained little shit into our lives?

ALYSSA

Err - I'm not the one screwing planet of the apes.

**115 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 115**

As an image on the camera screen, Lucy approaches, deadly.

**116 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON 116**

ALYSSA

I'm not wasting the rest of my already pissy little life - hiding out like some criminal.

She turns for the door.

MICHAEL

Where are you going?

ALYSSA

I'm sorry Michael.

Michael snatches her arm.

She yanks it away. Makes a break for it.

He throws his body against her. They crash to the floor.

She tries to crawl out from under him, but he's got her pinned.

**117 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 117**

DANTE

Got something to say something to our viewers babe?

Lucy grabs the camera, smashes it across the room.

**118 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON 118**

Still pinned to the ground, Michael and Alyssa hear the crash from the kitchen. Exchange a look.

**119 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 119**

Dante laughs.

Lucy's eyes flick to his mobile on the table.

He lunges, gets there first, fumbles it 'on'.

DANTE

(filming her)

Introducing 'The Missing Link'. She may look like some stone-age warrior who'd hack you to bits with her rock but trust me, she's anything but dumb.

POV: mobile - Michael and Alyssa burst into the kitchen.

Michael stops. Takes in the smashed laptop. The mobile.

World slows down. His eyes blacken.

Alyssa puts out her hand to bar him.

ALYSSA

(warning)

Michael.

MICHAEL

(hand out for mobile)

Give me that.

DANTE

(pointing camera at Lucy)

Say, 'Hello world'.

Michael lunges for the mobile.

But Dante snatches up the kitchen knife, whips his arm round Lucy's neck. Presses the blade into it.

Mobile still recording - POV: upside-down Michael.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Just saying - we're streaming Live.

Michael takes a step, Dante tightens his grip on Lucy.

DANTE (CONT'D)

You know she's just as valuable dead, right?

Searching for a weapon, Michael's eyes swivel round the room. Found something! The drill, resting in the corner with the hired tools, never used. Until now.

Snatches it up. Alyssa cries out, grabs his arm. Michael shoves her away.

MICHAEL  
 (to Dante)  
 Let her go.

Dante smiles.

DANTE  
 Err - no.

Dante's eyes dart round the room, searching for -  
 - his bike keys - there they are!

Hand reaches for them.

But in that split second, Lucy flips out from under Dante's grip. Hand snatches up the keys.

Everything slow-mos - all four of them - rasping breath.  
 Sweat. Heat.

Then -

Michael clicks ON the drill, lifts, aiming at Dante -

ALYSSA  
 No!

Boom! Dante breaks for the studio/lab.

**SCENE 120 OMITTED.**

**120A INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**120A**

Dante yanks the armchair in front of his body for protection, still filming everything.

POV mobile - Michael enters with drill, followed by Alyssa (freaked) and Lucy (expressionless).

Michael takes it slow - knows he has all the time in the world.

DANTE  
 Secret's out mate. Come on - you know it's over.

MICHAEL  
 (to Alyssa)  
 Delete his stream.

ALYSSA

We don't know his passwords!

Lucy walks to the laptop. Sits. Taps fluently.

ALYSSA

As in - we do seem to know his passwords.

DANTE

(sing-song)

Too late.

Michael flings the drill aside - lunges for Dante's mobile.

Catches Dante's wrist. Wrenches the mobile from Dante's fist.

But the mobile crashes to the ground as Dante shoves the armchair into Michael's gut.

POV mobile: it's filming what we're seeing with weird angles.

Michael bends double, breath punched out of him.

Dante side-steps to the drill, snatches it, lifts it up into the air.

Jerks and jabs wildly - at Lucy, Alyssa.

DANTE

Hey. Hey.

Stabs it into Michael's bent-over-double back.

Alyssa lunges for Dante.

ALYSSA

You little shit!

He shoves her away. She crashes to the ground.

Michael swivels round with dangerous eyes. His hands grasp the back of the armchair.

With strength he never knew he had, he raises it into the air - lunges towards Dante.

Flings. The armchair crashes into Dante who topples over.

Slo-mo - the benchtop mass spectrometer tips onto its side. Falls - its metal corner slicing into Dante's temple.

Blood pools at his forehead.

Alyssa approaches, horrified.

ALYSSA

No!

She kneels. Dante chokes on his last breath.

Michael blurred vision. Heat. Sweat. Dazed. Can't believe what just happened.

Hears a noise. It's the half-dead drill chugging away.

Staggers over to it. Switches it off.

The only sound - Lucy's fingers tapping on the laptop.

She stops. Looks round to them - expressionless.

ALYSSA

What now?

No reply.

ALYSSA

Call 999?

MICHAEL

Absolutely not.

(pause)

No-one knows he's here with us. That he met you - in that bar - came home with you?

ALYSSA

We're not going on with this!

MICHAEL

No-one can find out about her.

ALYSSA

No Michael! No. I don't agree.

Michael - deadly - like he's speaking to a child.

MICHAEL

You'll agree to whatever I tell you to.

(to Lucy)

Is the stream deleted?

LUCY

Yes.

ALYSSA

Oh yay. So now we can just walk away  
and pretend none of this ever  
happened. Dead body to worry about -  
but hey, can't have everything.

A deadly pause.

Then - abruptly - Alyssa snatches up her bag. Twists it  
upside down. Contents clatter to the table. No mobile.

ALYSSA

Where's my mobile? Who's nicked my  
mobile?!

Slowly looks over at Lucy, who's holding it.

ALYSSA

Give it to me.  
(no reply)  
Give me my phone!

Lunges for it, but Lucy sidesteps her.

A dangerous beat.

ALYSSA

Who are you? What do you want, what  
are you up to?

Lucy doesn't answer for a moment. Then, expressionless, she  
crosses to the laptop, types fast and fluently.

The ARCHO - ENGLISH translation page appears. In its Korean-  
accented English, the simultaneous translation runs quietly  
and creepily in the background.

Lucy's weird eyes penetrate them as she speaks.

LUCY/COMPUTER

Inchee-ghar-sshhheeee - Michael.  
(You are too clever Michael).

ALYSSA/COMPUTER

That doesn't sound like a  
compliment.

LUCY/COMPUTER

Hhhee-[click] xar - shay. Shay  
ssrraaa - [click] ghar har shay.  
(The marks - for my people - you  
should have left them).

ALYSSA/COMPUTER



You've been lying in wait for forty thousand years?

MICHAEL/COMPUTER

To do what?

LUCY/COMPUTER

Ssrrah - ah - chay schu [click] haar. Echi xhu ghaar. (Time isn't fixed. Its flow is malleable and relative).

**SCENES 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126 OMITTED.**

**127 EXT. PLATEAU - AFTERNOON**

**127**

Everything shimmers in pools of refracted, molten light as we swoop across the burnt-out visa from on high.

LUCY/COMPUTER (V.O.)

Shuu. Shuu - chaar xhi shuu xchenezi [click]. (You are a genocidal species. The planet's vandals. The broken ones. One day - soon - your species will burn itself off. Heat will rise. So will we. We are ready - balance will be restored).

**128 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**128**

ALYSSA/COMPUTER

Sorry what? You're waiting for Armageddon?

LUCY/COMPUTER

Your apocalypse. Not ours.

**129 EXT. PLATEAU - AFTERNOON**

**129**

Audio: marauders - women and children screaming.

LUCY/COMPUTER (V.O.)

When your species comes - you enslave. Pollute. Annihilate. I have seen it all - exactly as we predicted.

**130 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**130**

ALYSSA/COMPUTER

No! We - we were small-time hunter gatherers. Harmless enough 'til you came along - and our two species interbred.

Lucy's eyes darken.

ALYSSA/COMPUTER (CONT'D)  
It was you! Your DNA which made us what we are today.

LUCY/COMPUTER  
Against our will. When we saw what we had made - the most efficient killing machine this planet has ever seen - it was time for us to go into hiding and wait - until you are gone.

MICHAEL/COMPUTER  
'Us'?

He turns - eyes land on the pinboard's giant map.

MICHAEL/COMPUTER (CONT'D)  
There are more of you?

ALYSSA/COMPUTER  
Yup. A shit ton of them.  
(pointing)  
See?

From this vantage point, for the first time, Michael makes out the many hidden egg shapes.

LUCY/COMPUTER  
Four hundred thousand years - Neanderthals lived peacefully here - on this land. Four hundred thousand years from now - where will you be - homo sapiens?

Loud beeps from the laptop. Lucy crosses to look. Clicks away from ARCHO - ENGLISH, onto a Twitter-type streaming platform.

LUCY  
Michael.

He crosses the room, peers at the screen.

ALYSSA  
What is it?

MICHAEL

They're coming.  
 (reading)  
 Hashtag Lucy's out there.

**131 EXT. PLAINS - AFTERNOON**

**131**

Far below, making their way across the burnt-out terrain, an ant-like army of motor-bikes throwing up dust.

**132 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**132**

ALYSSA

Dante's mobile broadcast our location.

LUCY

I will not go - to broken world.

MICHAEL

We'll keep you safe I promise.

ALYSSA

(double-takes at Michael)  
 Sorry what?

MICHAEL

Alyssa, just go with this.

ALYSSA

We're not hiding her!

MICHAEL

(pointing at computer)  
 You want to feed her to those vultures?

ALYSSA

No, I - I - want to stick with the original plan - work within an academic establishment.

MICHAEL

When we thought we'd be digging up teeth?

ALYSSA

They're onto us! What - we spend the rest of our lives on the run? Your career - my life - over?

He doesn't reply.

She crosses to her laptop, snaps it shut. Picks up a cardboard box, sweeps pens, notepads into it.

MICHAEL  
What are you doing?

ALYSSA  
I'm outta here. Do what you want. I resign.

He grasps her arm.

MICHAEL  
You're not going anywhere.

ALYSSA  
Watch me.

She tries to shove him off, but he grips her more tightly.

Their eyes lock. Then -

- she breaks, makes a run for it. To the door. Hand fumbles at the handle, but -

- in a blink, Lucy snatches a small pickaxe, one of two lying on the table.

Lifts it high, flings -

- it somersaults through the air -

- judders into the wood a hair's breadth from Alyssa's face.

Michael gasps. Disbelief. Steps in front of his sister, using his body to shield her.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
You going to hack us both to death?  
Then what? Make a run for it? Good luck with that.

LUCY  
I woke - I thought to see my daughter.

MICHAEL  
What daughter? You told me she was taken.

LUCY  
She has sister.

MICHAEL

(shocked)  
You didn't say.

LUCY  
You did not ask.

Michael looks up at the map. The 'egg-shapes' blur in and out of focus.

MICHAEL  
(aghast)  
She's here?

From the table, she raises the second small pickaxe up into the air, the terrifying warrior queen.

Approaches Alyssa.

Hovers the pickaxe dangerously close to Alyssa's face, her green eyes glistening.

LUCY  
You - clever. But you are child. Why can't you grow?

ALYSSA  
Sorry?

LUCY  
(firmly)  
Why can't you grow?

ALYSSA  
No clue what you're on about.

Pickaxe blade rises closer. Alyssa squints down at it.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Why don't I grow up? You've seen who we are. I have no future. Degree worth nothing. Never gonna have a real job. A secure home. What's out there for me?

LUCY  
You want to live?

ALYSSA  
Well yeah, obviously.

LUCY  
Say it!

ALYSSA

Say what?

LUCY  
'I want to live'.

Alyssa grimaces.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Say it!

ALYSSA  
OK, then, yes.  
(pause)  
I want to live.

LUCY  
You do - what I say.  
(no reply)  
Promise!

ALYSSA  
(hands in surrender)  
OK, OK - I promise - within reason  
obviously.

**SCENE 133 OMITTED.**

**134 INT. CAVE CAVERN - AFTERNOON**

**134**

Wrapped in blankets, Michael and Alyssa drag Dante's body through the cave cavern.

Bodies taut, Lucy, Alyssa and Michael smash the egg-shaped hollow with pickaxes - all trace of its existence soon obliterated - using the rubble to cover Dante's blanket-covered body until it's vanished.

**135 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON**

**135**

The three carry paraphernalia to -

**136 EXT. FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON**

**136**

- a pyre in the front yard, tip everything on.

Michael hacks down branches, heaves them onto the pyre.

Opens the boot of the car, lifts out three giant, rusty cans of kerosene.

**137 EXT. PLAINS - AFTERNOON 137**

From far on high, the swarm of bikes forms the shape of a ugly, giant bird gliding across the dirt.

**138 INT. STUDIO/LABORATORY - AFTERNOON 138**

Michael stops at the map. He traces his finger across the lines Lucy's marked on the map.

MICHAEL  
She's here?

Lucy moves to his side. Doesn't reply. Then, in SLO-MO, she clasps the map's edges. It crumples down from the wall.

Cut to - the studio/lab empty.

**139 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 139**

The kitchen, bare.

**140 EXT. FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON 140**

Lucy comes out of the door. Stands at the pyre, thinking.

Lifts her eyes to the plateau then closes them - like she's communing with the whole of planet earth in some weird ritualistic way.

Track round.

Then - snaps them open.

Into the cabin, purposeful.

**141 INT. ALYSSA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 141**

Urgently, Alyssa shuts her case.

Lucy enters. The two women connect.

SLO-MO as Lucy speaks to Alyssa. Alyssa starts trembling as she listens to what Lucy's saying - but we, the audience, can't hear the words - we just see Lucy's slo-mo lips speaking.

Everything slows to a halt.

Lucy exits.

Alyssa, shell-shocked.

Pull-focus to Dante's backpack on the bed. Sits. Places it on her lap. Can't move.

**142 EXT. PLAINS - AFTERNOON**

**142**

The ominous bike formation spews up dust.

**143 EXT. FRONT YARD - DUSK**

**143**

Michael and Alyssa pour kerosene from the three cans over the pyre.

Lucy emerges from the cabin wearing her collar and dressed as she was in the opening scene including the scarf.

Alyssa takes out a box of matches.

Looks over at Michael and Lucy standing together.

Needs a moment to do the deed - a silent 'goodbye' to Michael's life work.

Strikes a match. Flames explode.

Alyssa and Lucy, exchange a look - this is the moment.

Alyssa nods.

LUCY

Michael.

He looks at her smiling.

But she's not.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I can not go.

MICHAEL

Sorry?

Her eyes deep in his.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yes.

LUCY

No.

MICHAEL



You can't stay here!

No reply.

She turns her face towards the fire.

His face - as it dawns on him what she's proposing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No.

LUCY  
(firmly)

Yes.

MICHAEL

Don't listen to Alyssa!

He moves to take her arm, she steps out of the way.

He snatches her hand. Won't let her go. She pulls but he's got her.

LUCY  
Let me go Michael.

MICHAEL

No.

LUCY  
Yes.

Tightens his grip.

Lucy exchanges a look with Alyssa who crosses to him, from behind puts her arms around him tight.

But he's still gripping Lucy's hand, just won't let her go - hurting her now.

MICHAEL

No!

Until -

- her hand - and then her fingers - yank free.

She takes a step back, now framed by the flames.

He struggles, but Alyssa's got him.

Lucy crosses to the pyre.

He struggles again, but Alyssa holds him firm.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No.

His eyes - merge with the blinding sun.

Cut to - a disturbing cacophony of: the moment Michael saw Lucy's face for the first time; the GoPro footage; Sarah's voicemail; Lucy's voice repeating Lahay[click]lah.

Clips of the scorching landscape. Time-lapse footage of the Giza pyramids, Peru's Nazca lines, Mexico's Teotihuacán's Pyramid, Stonehenge.

Louder. Hotter. Sweatier.

Swells to crazy as the excoriating sun burns everything up. Then white. And silence.

Cut to - Michael - bleached white eyes open. Blind.

Framed by the pyre's flames, Lucy turns to him.

**144 EXT. PLATEAU - AFTERNOON****144**

DREAM SEQUENCE:

In Michael's vision, he stands next to Lucy, looking over the far-as-the-eye-can-see scorched, brown earth.

Track round Lucy and Michael. She holds a handful of moss, squeezes fragile stems to release the sap. Closes his whited-out eyes. Rubs them with liquid.

Slowly, miraculously, the landscape comes to life with a wave of a vibrant green. The birdsong is deafening and electrifying in the dense, vigorous foliage.

The planet, as it was, in Lucy's time.

LUCY

Your god. If you are him. Choose.  
One clan. All the rest to die.

MICHAEL

You mean I'm god and I have a second chance? Just one species. You're asking - would I still choose homo sapiens?

She puts her hand on his chest in her weird way.

**145 EXT. FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON****145**

Michael can't move, eyes pinned to the now-dying fire, a small trace of Lucy's latticed leather dress is all that's left.

Alyssa stokes the fire so the dress burns up to nothing.

**146 EXT. PLAINS - AFTERNOON**

**146**

From bird-eye view, tiny below, the motor-bike swarm enters edge of frame - direction, the cabin.

**147 EXT. FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON**

**147**

Alyssa opens the passenger door. Takes Michael's arm gently, leads him to the car.

Walks round to the driver's side, gets in.

The car pulls away.

**148 EXT. PLATEAU - DUSK**

**148**

Car parked. Beside it, Alyssa waits.

The epic vista stretched out before him, bathed in red.

Michael stands, as if in some kind of trance/prayer.

Cut to - FLASHBACK - Michael and Lucy together.

MICHAEL

I never even learned how to  
pronounce your name.

LUCY

Gha-haar-ar[click]-harji-chi[click].

They sway, forehead to forehead.

MICHAEL

(whispering)  
Gha-haar-ar[click]-harji-chi[click].

Cut to - Michael, standing alone.

He opens his eyes.

Turns to Alyssa.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Let's go.

ALYSSA

Sure?

He nods.

She opens the passenger door for him.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Hey.

Puts her arms around him, head on his chest.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Love you.

**149 EXT. PLATEAU - DUSK**

**149**

The car, a tiny dot, pulls away from the plateau as the bike swarm reaches the black, burnt-out circle of cinders.

**150 EXT. FRONT YARD - DUSK**

**150**

In the dying embers, the charred giant map featuring Lucy's markings burns to oblivion.

LUCY/COMPUTER (V.O.)

One day - soon - your species will  
burn itself off. Heat will rise. So  
will we. We are ready - balance will  
come again.

**151 EXT. PLATEAU - DUSK**

**151**

Framed by the setting sun, the tiny car reaches the horizon.

And now it's gone.

Leaving behind the epic, burned up landscape.

FADE TO BLACK.