

LAST OF HER KIND

Written by

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EXT. PLANET LUX - BALCONY OF CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

The sky glows with colorful planets, brilliant stars, and a huge, glorious setting sun.

ROUX, a Luxonian Guardian, appears to glow as a golden brown humanoid figure with indistinct facial features.

He faces STERLING, a Luxonian Supreme Judge who glows as a white, elderly, humanoid figure and leans over the balcony, his back to Roux.

STERLING

So, you understand your role when
you return?

Roux grins.

ROUX

I'm your inside man, a Guardian
and... a spy.

Sterling turns and faces Roux.

STERLING

You use such colorful phrases,
Roux. All I ask is that you stay
alert. Watch for an opportunity.

ROUX

For what, exactly?

STERLING

I'm not sure. Humanity won't
survive the coming crisis. But
Earth will remain.

ROUX

You're going to harvest an
abandoned planet?

STERLING

Whatever is left. Perhaps more.
Maybe the remnant. We need help,
too. You do realize that?

Roux sighs.

ROUX

It's us or them?

Sterling returns to the setting sun.

STERLING

Let's just say that their loss may be our gain.

ROUX

And Cerulean? You know how he feels about humanity.

STERLING

I'm afraid I do. So like his father. But not like his son, I hope. I've sent Viridian over, just in case.

ROUX

To take his place?

STERLING

We'll see. Time is running out. Do your job, and we might just survive long enough to find out.

INT. EARTH - SMITH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

ANNE, 28, medium height and weight, wearing men's pajamas, holds a pregnancy stick while tears flood her eyes.

CERULEAN, a Luxonian Guardian, appears as a translucent shimmer in a male, 45, human form in the background. He studies Anne.

ANNE

Damn.

INT. SMITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Anne enters the bedroom where vacation and wedding photos line the walls. Anne wipes her eyes and appraises her slender figure in a mirror.

She peers around the room. Her eyes narrow. Cerulean's iridescent colors dim into shadow. A bird CHIRPS.

ANNE

Stupid bird! Get a grip, Anne.

Anne hurries into her stockings. PHILLIP, 30, a handsome, high-profile professional enters. He wears an expensive suit and taps an even more expensive watch.

PHILIP

Know what time it is? You're late.

ANNE

Don't remind me, Philip. I'm never late, and I don't want to start a rumor I've died or something. Fifth grade is precarious enough.

PHILIP

Anything wrong? You seem a little tense. I could --

Phillip beckons Anne toward his open arms.

ANNE

You'd better stop. I'm in no mood. Now grab me that sweater, and I'll be out of here.

Philip surveys the apparel draped over the furniture.

PHILIP

Which one, the black or the blue?

ANNE

Give me the black. I feel like I've been to a funeral.

Philip hands her the sweater and then massages her shoulders.

PHILIP

You gonna to be okay?

Anne blinks back fresh tears.

ANNE

No, but that doesn't matter. I should have my head examined. Sorry, but I've got to go.

Anne rushes through the door. Her shoes CLICK down the steps. Philip snatches his keys, stops, turns his head, and listens.

INT. SMITH'S BATHROOM - DAY

Philip frowns at a running faucet. The pregnancy stick catches his eye. He examines it, sighs, and tosses it back in the trash.

Philip examines his reflection, nods approval, and leaves. His FOOTFALLS echo down the steps. A door SLAMS shut.

INT. SMITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

In a flash of light, Cerulean appears as a rugged, middle-aged man with serious, sky-blue eyes.

His son, VIRIDIAN, 19, heavysset, with an adolescent's slouch, appears at his side.

CERULEAN

Observe, Viridian. Humans often lie... especially to themselves.

Cerulean whisks a lock of hair out of Viridian's eyes and studies him.

CERULEAN (CONT'D)

I like it. The look suits you.

VIRIDIAN

I hate it. Humans don't admire fat boys. I'm as ordinary as a rock.

CERULEAN

That's the point. Besides, I know what you really look like. Humans would be overwhelmed. As it is now, you won't excite much interest.

VIRIDIAN

Interest? I'm repulsive.

Viridian slouches across the room.

VIRIDIAN (CONT'D)

Humans will avoid me like one of their plagues! I can hardly move. How do they see anything? It's like being underwater.

CERULEAN

You'll get used to it. Taking human form is part of the adventure. Though, there are guardians who take on other forms...

Cerulean expression sours. Viridian flaps his arms.

VIRIDIAN

What if someone attacks us? Or one of their insane vehicles crashes into us? What then?

CERULEAN

We get out of the way. If necessary, we die and return later.

VIRIDIAN

Humans will want to know who we are, who our bodies are anyway.

CERULEAN

Humans face conundrums all the time. Eventually, they just close the file. You're not scared?

VIRIDIAN

No! I just don't like it here. Humans are pitiful. They're not like us at all.

CERULEAN

Your job is only to observe. Let the Supreme Council decide humanity's worth.

Viridian points to Anne's wedding photo.

VIRIDIAN

So why this one? What's so special about her?

Cerulean strides to the bathroom window and looks over an empty backyard, save for a single, two-person swing.

INT. SMITH'S BATHROOM - DAY

CERULEAN

Someone once said that there are no heroes in the grocery store, but that's where I first noticed Anne. She was helping her mother... a broken woman. I could see her strength even then.

Viridian taps the trash with his foot.

VIRIDIAN

She wasn't so strong today. She was terrified of being pregnant.

CERULEAN

That's where you're wrong. You should be more careful.

INT. SMITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cerulean reenters the bedroom and leans against the bed.

CERULEAN

Anne wasn't afraid that she might be pregnant. She was afraid of wanting to be pregnant.

VIRIDIAN

Yeah, right.

CERULEAN

We can come and go. We know there are more worlds than our own. But --

Cerulean points to the photo of Anne.

CERULEAN (CONT'D)

She knows nothing about our kind. Humans are often blinded by fear and for good reason. Life is very --

Viridian rolls his eyes. Cerulean pats his son's shoulder.

CERULEAN (CONT'D)

We should go. Anne'll be at school now, and it's our job to observe.

Cerulean starts forward, but Viridian remains unmoving.

CERULEAN (CONT'D)

What?

VIRIDIAN

How long will we watch them? I mean, will I have to do this my whole life?

CERULEAN

They won't last forever.

Viridian steps to the window and glares at the blank sky.

VIRIDIAN

Are they being punished?

CERULEAN

That's hardly for me to say. Humans believe their end will come with war and pestilence. But their end might come slowly, quietly... like a sunset with no sunrise.

VIRIDIAN

So what's the point? Why does the
Supreme Council even care?

CERULEAN

We observe to learn. Eventually,
humanity will understand their
place. We'll watch until they do.

Cerulean glances around one last time and raises his hand.

CERULEAN (CONT'D)

It's time.

There is a brief flicker of intense light, and they
disappear.