

More Than Words
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INT. STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

Dark, noir atmosphere. Moonlight shines in the flat. It's more like a room with everything in it: kitchenette in one corner. A small battered table with 2 chairs. An ancient sofa bed, whose stuffing is coming out of the ripped armrests, unfolded against the wall. The TV set sits on a blue fruit crate. Books strewn around.

A man in his mid thirties is typing on his laptop.

We read some of the words on the screen: "Appeared out of nowhere." "Eyes of the deepest blue." "Maybe a foreigner." "She was like a dream." "Then a sudden bang." On that cue we hear a sudden bang from the street. The writer jumps and goes to the window.

POV of writer: a woman in a long flowing trench coat runs down the street as if she was being pursued. End of POV.

The writer grabs his jacket and keys and heads for the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The writer runs into the street looking for the woman, but she's nowhere to be seen. Another sudden bang followed by the laughter of women. He turns toward the noise and sees a bunch of girls on hen night. They are popping each other's heart shaped balloons, mischievous, drunk, happy.

INT. STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

As he walks into his flat we see smoke coming from the darkest corner of his room. Sat on the unfolded sofa bed is the mysterious woman. She's smoking in traditional noir film fashion. Her face is darkened.

WRITER

You shouldn't smoke, it's bad for you...

She puts out the cigarette on a saucer with the remains of a crisp sandwich on the floor and steps into the moonlight. She goes to him and places a finger on his lips. Sexy, mysterious, probably dangerous.

MYSTERY WOMAN

You are the only one I can trust.

WRITER

Who are you?

The woman smiles in reply. A knock on the door calls his attention. When he turns back to the mystery woman, she's gone, vanished without a trace.

He opens the door and a girl dressed in a torn night gown rushes in and throws herself into his arms. She has bleeding scratches and bruises on her arms and legs.

WRITER (cont'd)

What the hell...

BRUISED GIRL

(upset)

Please, please you gotta help me.

The writer looks confused, he untangles from her and closes the door. When he turns back she's also vanished into thin air. He scratches his head, then turns suddenly to the window as a woman dressed in a sexy superhero suit practically flies in.

WRITER

Who...? How did you ge... Did you just fly?

SUPERHERO GIRL

Of course I did. There's no time to waste. Come...

Another knock on the door, he turns toward it, then turns back to the superhero girl, but he already knows... She's gone. He opens the door, there's no one there. As he's about to close the door a woman dressed in a sexy, tight dark leather suit bursts in. The writer opens his mouth to speak but she stops him with her hand.

WOMAN IN LEATHER

We're running out of time. You will do as I say.

He nods vigorously. Suddenly a very loud crash, glass flying everywhere, he has just the fraction of a second to look at the gaping hole that once was his window to see the green hand of what must be a female alien as she grabs onto the frame to climb in.

INT. STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

The writer is asleep at the table by the laptop. His phone rings. He wakes up with a start and picks up, but before he can say "hello"...

GIRLFRIEND

(from phone)

What the hell Steve? You are late. Are you gonna stand me up on Valentine's day? Did you forget our restaurant reservation?