

DISTANT PLANET

Written by Phil Hamer

Phil Hamer
Email: blackwoodboy@hotmail.com
Tel: 07812 052664

EXT: WOODS - DAY.

The woods have a tight, tropical feel but the trees are like nothing on earth. The light is tinged red. Move to a humanoid alien creature with smooth skin and no hair. He watches tiny spots of light dance above a metallic device on the floor.

Now we see a smaller figure. Younger. They converse in a language densely packed with hard consonants, but her voice is bright and his is gentle. *Subtitled.*

YOUNGER

(Alien language)

Why don't you ever let me go through?

OLDER

(Alien language)

We have everything we need here. And more. This is for those in other worlds, who may be without...

The lights begin forming a glassy, red orb a few feet off the floor. We watch it become fully formed, then the older humanoid presses a button on the device and picks it up.

He departs. The young female is left staring wondrously at the orb for a time, then turns and hurries after her father.

EXT: WOODS - NIGHT.

Same place. A glow appears within the orb. It builds, then crescendos with a flash and a creature exits the orb with a squeal and lands on the soft, mossy floor.

She stands up into a wary crouch. Peers around. Eventually she stands up straight. A slim figure with a thin head and large eyes that face out to the side like a fish.

We become aware of chanting in the distance. Tribal. She turns toward it, then edges into the trees.

EXT: ABERGLAS VALLEY - DAY.

South Wales. Pan along the green valley, over the terraces. Past the rusting pithead. Just behind the last row of terraced houses sits a large patch of bare ground, 100 yards across.

INT: KITCHEN - DAY.

HELEN LEWIS, 38, places toys on the edge of the table. A collection of ponies, a rag doll and an alien.

HELEN

Oh, and you...

She fetches a buzz lightyear. Daughter, AMY, 5, plays quietly across the kitchen and Sabby the dog sleeps on an old settee.

Happy, Helen perches stylishly on a chair near the patio door. Facing her inanimate audience, she reads from a notepad.

HELEN

Lurching through the clinging brambles
Of a life controlled by fear...

She glances up and catches the stare of the Buzz Lightyear. She becomes unsettled, clears her throat and resets.

HELEN

Lurching through the clinging brambles...
Of a life controlled by fear...

Another glance. She falters under the glare of the ponies.

HELEN

Divided by faith, colour and money
Now I hate those I also hold dear, oh
this is stupid...

Bright red, she stands and walks to the sink. Shakes her head.

HELEN

What's the point?

Amy's sweet voice comes from the other side of the kitchen.

AMY

They were pretty words Mammy.

Amy is idly playing with play-doh. Helen smiles, thrilled.

HELEN

Oh. Thank you sweetie!

Suddenly, loud music from out the back of the house. Helen goes to the patio window.

HELEN

Oh, the ceremony thing. Come on Ames,
let's have a look.

EXT: BACK GARDEN - CONT.

Helen and Amy wander down to the bottom of the back garden. Helen picks Amy up to sit on the wall, and they watch proceedings in the adjacent building site with interest.

EXT: AMPAK PLASTICS FACTORY SITE - CONT.

With dozens of diggers in the background, Local Mayor DOUG JONES, 62, climbs up onto a temporary stage containing a large screen and loud speakers. The music stops abruptly.

He begins a speech to an audience of media, dignitaries and locals. Helen and Amy have the perfect view.

DOUG JONES

To think that just four months ago this
was a patch of empty ground...

An ANGRY LOCAL pipes up.

ANGRY LOCAL

Empty ground? Rugby club more like!

DOUG JONES

...and now it will become a beautiful
symbol of growth... Growth for AmPak and
for this town, over forty jobs created.

A tall, tanned man with dazzling white teeth climbs up onto the stage behind him.

DOUG JONES

A pure, symbiotic relationship. AmPak
supplying economic salvation, us
supplying that granite Welsh work ethic,
evolved at the coal face...

EXT: HELEN'S BACK GARDEN - CONT.

Helen is smiling at the proceedings. Amy is looking on with curiosity. Helen leans in.

HELEN

Exciting isn't it!

AMY

I don't like that man.

HELEN

Oh... No, he's a good man!

EXT: AMPAK PLASTICS FACTORY SITE - CONT.

Mayor Doug Jones is finishing off his bit.

DOUG JONES

Now, please give a special Aberglas
welcome to AmPak CEO, Todd Forbridge!

The tanned American, TODD FORBRIDGE, 47, steps forward jauntily. He attempts to speak in Welsh.

TODD FORBRIDGE

Shoe May! Shoe May Aberglas... So nice to finally be here in the nation of song...

His dazzling smile falters as he peers down at his notes.

TODD FORBRIDGE

Cum... Cimrew...

Polite applause from a few dignitaries.

TODD FORBRIDGE

On behalf of my thirty seven *thousand* team members across the globe, I want to welcome Aberglas into the Ampak family!

Pause for applause, which eventually comes.

TODD FORBRIDGE

Now, lets hear it from the team!

Now a video starts up on the large screen behind. Overly loud, jaunty pop music and a series of clips.

In each clip, a different team of factory workers are standing together in canteens, or corridors, or boardrooms, holding up pieces of paper that spell out AMPAK WELCOMES ABERGLAS, and shouting the phrase out loud.

The video moves to a series of individuals, who deliver phrases with nauseous smiles and hammy 'Thumbs Ups'. First a New York accented man, wearing overalls and a cowboy hat.

AMERICAN MAN

YEEHAH! Welcome to Ampak, Aberglas!

GERMAN MAN

GO TEAM ABERGLAS!

SPANISH WOMAN

You can do it! Hey!

AMERICAN WOMAN

(Painfully quietly)
Hey you got this Aberglas...

EXT: HELEN'S BACK GARDEN - CONT.

Helen, smiling but slightly cringing, picks Amy off the wall.

HELEN

Come on, let's give Sabby a walk...

EXT: PEN-Y-FAN POND - A LITTLE LATER.

Local beauty spot. A pond surrounded by grass banks and ancient oaks. Local residents mill around. Amy throws a stick into the pond and Sabby splashes in to fetch it. Nearby, Helen is reading a book on the bank.

PAT GRIFFITHS, 89, arrives with her Yorkshire terrier Charlie, and takes off her coat to reveal an ancient bathing costume.

HELEN

Hia Pat!

PAT

Hia Love!

Pat wades into the cold water easily and leaps into a smooth breast stroke. Charlie rushes in to swim after her.

INT: KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER.

Helen is perched stylishly on the chair reading her poetry to the inanimate audience again, but now with more confidence.

HELEN

Lurching through the clinging brambles
Of a life controlled by fear
Divided by faith, colour and money
Now I hate those I also hold dear.

She smiles at the assortment of toys, then nods graciously.

HELEN

Oh! Thank you... So kind... I'll take some
questions but then I have to dash... Yes.

Helen nods toward the Buzz Lightyear. Pauses.

HELEN

Great question. It's about unshakeable
belief in your own ability. Learning not
to care what other people think of you.

She smiles benignly at her plastic and cloth audience.

HELEN

Not being embarrassed to love poetry.

The front door slams. Helen crams the poem into her pocket and runs to the kitchen sink. Her mum JEAN, 64, walks in.

JEAN

Looks like a bomb site in here! Put the
kettle on love. I see him next door got
daytime TV on again...

HELEN

And?

JEAN

He won't find a job sitting watching
countdown. Three kids they got...

She plonks down next to Sabby, who leaps off the settee.

JEAN

These Polish next to me now, claiming
benefits then watching Netflix every
night!

HELEN

(Weary)
They're Bulgarian. And the Mum is a
teaching assistant.

INT: AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Helen is reading with Amy in bed.

AMY

I have a little frog
His name is tiny Tim
I put him in the...

HELEN

Bathtub

AMY

I put him in the bathtub
To see if he could swim

INT: JOSIE'S NEWSAGENTS - MORNING.

Helen, with Amy in school uniform, buys her 'POETRY' magazine.
Newsagent JOSIE, 64, has a gravelly smokers voice.

JOSIE

How's your Mother love?

HELEN

Oh God, don't.

Josie scans the magazine and contemplates Helen's answer.

JOSIE

It's not her you know.

HELEN

Amy, put that down love, good girl.

JOSIE

I've known your Mother since we were
nippers. She's a kind soul.

Helen looks doubtful.

JOSIE

We grew up believing what we read. Some
still do. We mustn't hate them for that...

Josie picks up a lollipop from the counter.

JOSIE

You know, the best behaved girl of the
day gets a free lollipop in here now...

This gets Amy's attention. Josie hands the lollipop to Helen.

JOSIE

And Amy just won the prize for today!

HELEN

Oh, wow, thank you! (Quietly to Josie)
Josie, you don't need to do that.

JOSIE

That's just the rules!

Helen passes the lollipop to a beaming Amy.

AMY

(Thrilled) Thank you!

EXT: HIGH STREET - A LITTLE LATER.

Helen and Amy step out of Josie's. The Gazette newspaper board
outside reads 'Council Bribery Questions Over Factory Deal'.

A HOMELESS MAN, late thirties, is lying face down on the
pavement near an empty shop. People casually step around him.

HELEN

Hello?

She crouches and taps him on the shoulder.

HELEN

Can you hear me?

AMY

Is he dead Mam?

Helen feels his neck. Pulls him into the recovery position.

HOMELESS MAN
Fugginell mun, whass goin on.

EXT: HIGH STREET - A LITTLE LATER.

The man is now sat up against the doorway on his cardboard.
Helen approaches with coffee, sugar and a Cornish pasty.

HELEN
I didn't know if you wanted sugar.

HOMELESS MAN
Ah that's amazing. You're an angel.

HELEN
Now listen, don't be getting so drunk
that you pass out like that.

HOMELESS MAN
Yeah, no, I'm quitting now anyway.
Enough's enough.

EXT: SCHOOL GATES - MORNING.

Helen fusses over Amy at the crowded school gates.

HELEN
Right, bags... Oh look at your mouth!

Helen glances up at a group of alpha mums nearby. Two of them
look at Amy's filthy mouth then turn back into the group.

HELEN
(Whispering)
Fucking hell...

Helen licks a tissue, rubs it over a horrified Amy's mouth.

HELEN
Right off you go! I love you!

Amy hares into the playground, shoe sole flapping as she runs.
Alpha mum LYNSEY, 40, turns to Helen and smiles.

LYNSEY
They go through shoes so quick...

A timid smile from Helen.

LYNSEY
It must be hard though, on your own.

HELEN
Oh, I'm alright. I mean...

Lynsey has already turned back to her friends.

EXT: AMPAK PLASTICS FACTORY - DAY.

The factory is *already* twenty five metres high. We see it is starting to loom over Helen's entire street.

EXT: FACTORY GATES - DAY.

At the gates to the building site, three protestors stand behind a large yellow placard containing *Hazard* style skulls and the words 'NO To Toxic Plastics'. The protestors are JEFF, 61, LEAH, 34 and TOMOS, 19.

A TV news cameraman and REPORTER are preparing for a piece to camera. The reporter organises the protestors for the shot.

TV REPORTER

Just lift the poster up in front of you,
that's it...

JEFF

Can I put it in front of my double chin?

LEAH

No! I got my best cardy on, I need
people to see it!

JEFF

Don't get my bald patch mind!

A sleek black car with blacked out windows arrives at the gates from within the site, and pauses as the gates open.

JEFF, LEAH, TOMOS

Boooooo!

TV REPORTER

Derek! Get this!

INT: CAR - CONT.

Todd Forbridge and Doug Jones are in the back seat. Suddenly a TV Camera is pointing at them as they are booed vociferously. There is a darkness to Todd as he turns to Doug.

TODD

You said your town wouldn't protest.

DOUG

It's three people!

TODD

It only takes one TV camera Doug.
Listen. Deal with them.

DOUG

I'll have a word.

TODD.

No. *Deal* with them.

INT: JOB CENTRE - A LITTLE LATER.

A large, busy office. Helen is with a female ADVISOR, 28.

ADVISOR

I'm really sorry. No new vacancies this week.

HELEN

Nothing come up in the factory? That's opening soon.

ADVISOR

Nope, I think that's it now. All filled.

Helen looks defeated. The advisor looks at her with sympathy.

EXT: HELEN'S STREET - A LITTLE LATER.

Helen is chatting with neighbour from across the street, JOHI, 36, who is of Libyan heritage. Johi is bubbly, self-effacing, and has a strong Valleys accent.

JOHI

I went there last night. It's got sexy low lighting, excellent ambience. Somewhere you can put a nice dress on, you know?

HELEN

Ooh that's nice...

JOHI

And you get burger, chips AND a pint for five quid!

HELEN

Ooh, that's good.

JOHI

You should try it!

HELEN

Yeah, maybe...

JOHI
Come with me.

HELEN
I don't think I even own a dress.

Johi places a friendly hand on Helens shoulder and smiles.

JOHI
Well the offer's open.

HELEN
Thanks Johi.

INT: ABERGLAS SOCIAL CLUB - DAY.

Infant ballet class. A dozen Mums sit on the side beaming at the dancers. Helen, just away from them, smiles at Amy. The INSTRUCTOR, 23, has the class in the palm of her hand.

INSTRUCTOR
Let's stamp the sand down with our feet...

Amy and friends lift their knees up and stamp the imaginary sand.

INSTRUCTOR
Now, don't let the pirate see you, let's
tip toe back to the ship...

She gracefully whirls on her tip toes. The class follow with varying levels of grace. The mums giggle, some through tears.

EXT: CAVE - DAY.

Back on the alien planet. The orb creator and his daughter are inside a cave with a sandy floor. The man presses buttons on the metallic device, then turns to his daughter and smiles.

OLDER
(Alien language)
You want to do it?

The young girl is thrilled. She steps forward nervously, crouches and goes to press a large button. She hesitates and turns back to her father. He nods. She presses the button and the dazzling spots of light appear above.

YOUNGER
(Alien language)
How do you know where the other end is?

He crouches down next to her, and they watch the spots of light begin to dance.

OLDER

Every world has several lines of energy running along the landscape. Like rivers of power.

The wondrous light show reflects in their huge, deep eyes.

OLDER

Occasionally these rivers intersect to create an incredible energy fountain. There may be several fountains on each world.. We have designed our portals to automatically land on the most powerful energy fountain in whichever star system we have chosen to link with.

The girl stares at the lights as their dancing quickens.

YOUNGER

...is the fountain beautiful?

OLDER

Well, it is impossible to see energy fountains with our eyes, but yes... I'm sure that the most powerful energy fountain of each system must be in a place of wondrous beauty...

The girls eyes dance as she leans toward the lights, now almost a blur, and tries to picture the wonder beyond.

INT: HALLWAY - DAY

Cut to Helens airing cupboard. Helen opens the door and pulls several pairs of old knickers off the top of the boiler, then some towels from the shelf underneath. She pops them all into a washing basket and closes the door. The doorbell rings out.

EXT: HELEN'S DOORSTEP - CONT.

Helen swings open the door to ANDREW, 45, rather a fashion victim with his navy blazer, white t-shirt, above ankle jeans and white socks. He looks weary and stressed.

HELEN

Oh, hi Andrew.

ANDREW

Hi! She ready?

HELEN

She wants to stay with me this weekend, is that ok?

ANDREW

Oh. Yeah. Course!

HELEN

I did text earlier... How's Susie?

ANDREW

Yeah, she's fine.

Helen glances over to Andrews white BMW, where a young woman sits in the passenger seat examining herself in the sun visor mirror. She looks angry, even from a distance.

HELEN

How long now?

ANDREW

Six weeks.

HELEN

How's she coping?

ANDREW

Yeah, she's... Well. Angry. About being fat.

HELEN

She's too young...

ANDREW

She's twenty three!

HELEN

No, too young to have a baby.
Emotionally.

ANDREW

Yeah. She just wants it out now.

Andrew suddenly looks uneasy.

ANDREW

Listen. I've had a tough week... The showroom had to let me go.

HELEN

Oh no.

ANDREW

I'm looking, but there's hardly anything out there at the moment. And with the baby on the way too... Helen...

He looks down at his feet, then guiltily up at Helen.

ANDREW

I can't afford the payments. For now.

HELEN

What?

ANDREW

I can barely pay the rent. And Susie,
she's... she just can't stop buying
clothes.

Helen slumps against the doorframe, hands to her temple.

ANDREW

Not even baby clothes! Clothes for when
she's thin again. It's like a manic
compulsion...

HELEN

Andrew, I'm barely afloat here.

ANDREW

You still looking for a job?

HELEN

Yes! Every day!

There is a shriek from across the road.

SUSIE

ANDREW! Fuck sake!

Andrew is immediately overwhelmed by panic.

ANDREW

I'm sorry. I have to go. She gets...
sorry.

HELEN

What the hell am I supposed to do!?

ANDREW

I'll get the house valued.

HELEN

What? No!

ANDREW

Look, we're all having to live by our
means, if you have to downsize then...

SUSIE

ANDREW!!!

Andrew trots away. He looks over before getting into the car.

ANDREW
Helen, I'm sorry.

INT: LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Helen enters, plonks down on the settee. She's reeling. Amy is doing hula hoop.

AMY
Mam! I did three, look!

Amy tries to replicate but only does two. Helen forces a smile.

AMY
Aw... That was only two.

Amy tries a couple more times, then steps out of the hula hoop and observes her mother. Helen has her head in her hands. Amy sidles up close to her.

AMY
Shall we do dancing?

INT: KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER.

Helen presses play on her old hi-fi, Jim Reeves 1963 song 'This world is not my Home' comes on warm and loud. Amy climbs onto Helen's feet and they start dancing. Amy can't stop laughing. Eventually, this spreads to Helen.

JIM REEVES
(Singing)
This world is not my home
I'm just passing through
My treasures are laid up
Somewhere beyond the blue

The angels beckon me
From heavens open door
And I can't feel at home
In this world any more

INT: BEDROOM - EVENING.

Helen tucks Amy in. Kisses her head. She shuts the curtains, briefly grimacing at the huge factory outside, then heads out.

HELEN
Nigh night petal.

AMY
Nigh night Mam.

INT: LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER.

Helen sits in comfortable jogging bottoms and t-shirt, alone. Bottle of wine on the coffee table. It is dusk, no lights on.

An inane comedy panel show on the TV. After every line, Helen murmurs a humourless laugh along with the studio laughter.

INT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Helen is in the same position, but asleep. The bottle of wine is empty. Family Guy on TV. A scream on the show wakes Helen.

HELEN
Andrew?

INT: HALLWAY - CONT.

Groggy, Helen walks to the kitchen, out of shot. We hear her place the bottle into the bin. The kitchen light goes out.

She ambles along the hallway in near darkness, locks the front door and turns to walk up the stairs.

A soft red glow is emitting from the cracks of the airing cupboard door. We see Helens right hand moving up the bannister. It stops halfway up.

Her head appears and she peers down at the glow. She hurries back down and stands by the airing cupboard.

HELEN
Fuck!

She rushes to the kitchen, comes back with a small fire extinguisher, then pulls the cupboard door open. She gasps and stumbles back against the wall.

Inside is a spherical, glowing red orb. Three feet high, the bottom just above the floor. The boiler seems curved around it. Within the orb is... is that snow? Sand? And a red sky? The scene is distorted as if viewed through a fish-eye lens.

HELEN
What the fuck?

She stumbles to the front door and plunges into the street. She looks around for help, then takes her phone and dials 999.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR
Emergency. Which service?

HELEN

Um... Police?

EMERGENCY OPERATOR

Connecting.

POLICE CALL HANDLER

Hello, where are you calling from?

HELEN

12 Attlee Terrace, Aberglas.

POLICE CALL HANDLER

What is the nature of your emergency?

HELEN

Um...

Helen presses her left hand into her temple.

HELEN

There's an orb in my airing cupboard.

POLICE CALL HANDLER

An orb.

Helen steps into her hallway and peers toward the cupboard.

HELEN

An orb, like a sphere, I don't know...

POLICE CALL HANDLER

Is there an intruder in your house?

HELEN

No.

POLICE CALL HANDLER

I'm sorry... what is the nature of your emergency madam?

Helen closes the front door and goes to the orb. Now her fear subsides to the extent she can see its incredible beauty.

HELEN

I don't know. I... It's...

POLICE CALL HANDLER

What do you mean an orb in your airing cupboard? Can you be more specific.

HELEN

It's a perfect sphere...

POLICE CALL HANDLER

There's a perfect sphere in your airing cupboard. (A beat) Is it on fire?

HELEN

No.

POLICE CALL HANDLER

Madam, have you consumed alcohol or recreational drugs?

HELEN

No! Yes, wine. A bottle of wine.

POLICE CALL HANDLER

I can send someone to look at your sphere, but we're very busy so it might be some time. Perhaps you should ring 111 for the NHS out of hours service.

HELEN

Yes, I'll do that. I'm so sorry.

Helen ends the call. She is transfixed by the orb. The perfect clarity of the image. The lower half snow, or sand, the upper half... there is movement. Clouds moving across the red sky.

She pulls her phone back out and scrolls to 'Andrew' on her contacts. She presses call, then immediately cancels it.

HELEN

No.

She scrolls to 'Mam', pauses over the call button. She scrolls to 'Johi Price(Ethan Mam)'.

INT: HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER.

The hallway light is now on. Helen opens the front door.

HELEN

Oh Johi, thank you for coming.

JOHI

What's the matter, Amy alright?

HELEN

This is quite hard to explain.

She moves to the airing cupboard door, Johi follows.

HELEN

There's something in my airing cupboard

JOHI

What? It's not a spider is it!?

HELEN

I'm just going to open the door ok...

Helen opens the airing cupboard. Johi's mouth drops open.

JOHI

What. The. Fuck.

HELEN

(Hysterical)

I rang the police but they thought I was on drugs...

Mouth still wide open, Johi turns to Helen.

HELEN

I couldn't ring Mum cos it's gone ten...

Johi looks back at the sphere.

HELEN

...and so I phoned you.

JOHI

What is it?

HELEN

I don't know!

JOHI

We need to report it. Who do you report it to?

HELEN

The government?

Johi pulls out her phone.

JOHI

What's the governments phone number?

HELEN

Have they got a phone number?

JOHI

Or is it the FBI?

HELEN

The FBI is America isn't it?

Johi starts typing into her phone.

JOHI

What am I googling?

HELEN

Um... Hovering sphere. In airing cupboard.

JOHI

How do you spell sphere?

HELEN

Sphere... S-P-H-E-R-E

JOHI

...it's just got toys. Oh this is stupid,
we have to call the police.

HELEN

I did, they thought I was on drugs!

Johi moves to the sphere. She reaches forward to touch it.

HELEN

Careful!

JOHI

It's the most beautiful thing I've...

She puts a finger in. It becomes huge and mis-shapen through
whatever distortion of light is at play.

HELEN

Johi!

There is a brown streak as Sabby the dog appears from the
kitchen, runs through the women's feet and leaps into the orb.

HELEN

Sabby, no!

It is too late. Sabby is frozen for a second within the orb,
tail up, then she disappears.

JOHI

Fucking hell!

Suddenly, Sabby is visible on the other side. Walking away
fast, as if sped up, like old black and white movies.

JOHI

She's there!

Now we see that Amy has come downstairs and is standing just
behind them, holding her rag doll.

AMY

Sabby!

Helen turns around just as Amy runs forward, straight into the orb. It happened so fast. Helen shrieks.

HELEN

AMY!

Terror. Amy is frozen for a second inside, then appears on the other side and walks away in 'sped up' fashion. Screeching, Helen ducks and launches into the 3 foot high glowing sphere.

For a moment, she is frozen, weightless. There is no sound. All is black except for thin streaks of light whizzing past.

EXT: PLANET KAKLOOK - CONT.

Helen tumbles out of a dark orb at the back of a cave and drops softly onto sand. She rushes to the mouth of the cave.

HELEN

Amy!

There is a path ahead through walls of smooth rock. She hurries along it then clambers through thick brambles, her desperation to find Amy overriding fear.

She comes out onto a beach.

Everything is tinted red. In front, an ocean. To the right, rocky coastline. To the left, the beach extends into the distance. Amy is there, somehow already a hundred yards away.

HELEN

AMY!

Helen sprints after her. Out to sea are several islands, each with a volcano shaped mountain in the centre. Helen glances inland. Trees. Though unlike trees Helen has seen before.

HELEN

Amy, stop!

Amy plunges from the beach into the trees fifty yards away.

HELEN

No!

Helen reaches the treeline, there is a path through the trees. She puffs along it and then sees Amy walk out into a clearing.

HELEN

Stop! Amy, please!

Helen reaches the clearing and stops dead. Looming up, a huge volcano, it's tip pulsing orange. Thirty yards away is a dwelling, seemingly made of wooden logs. It looks primal but for a spiky metallic structure on the flat roof.

Amy is halfway to this when she stops. The door opens. Silhouetted against a yellow glow is a tall, sinewy creature.

HELEN

Amy!

The creature looks down at Amy, then up at Helen. Amy holds out her rag doll to the creature and toddles toward it.

The creature moves toward Amy. Helen tries to run but her legs give way. The creature reaches Amy. Helen screams.

HELEN

No, please!

The creature scoops Amy up with large hands, turns and glides back into the dwelling. Helen, sobbing, clambers to her feet.

The creature reappears with Amy, who now has a braided garment over her shoulders. A poncho? It carries Amy toward Helen.

When the creature is close, it stops and holds Amy out. Towering over Helen, it is humanoid in shape, has smooth skin, defined musculature and no hair. It's eyes are intelligent.

AMY

Where's Sabby?

Helen steps forward and takes Amy. The creature looks down at her. There is kindness and curiosity in its eyes. And, love?

AMY

Where's Sabby, Mam?

Helen, eyes locked with the creature, steps back. The creature does the same. Helen half turns around. The creature does the same. Helen turns and walks slowly toward the woods. She glances around. The creature is walking back to its dwelling.

EXT: BEACH - DAY.

Helen hares along the beach. Up near the tree line, Sabby freezes then hares after some terrified small creature.

HELEN

Sabby! This way!

Helen, followed by Sabby, clambers through the brambles, races along the path to the cave. Sabby jumps straight into the orb. Helen peers in, there is Johi's distorted face, mouth moving very slowly. Terror in her eyes. Helen's words are a whimper.

HELEN

What the fuck is happening.

Helen takes a deep breath and pushes Amy into the orb. She feels Amy being pulled from her hands, and then she is visible on the other side.

INT: HALLWAY - CONT.

Helen tumbles into the hallway and takes Johi's feet from under her. They both end up on the floor.

JOHI

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!

Helen clambers to her feet, confused. She looks into the kitchen where Amy is sat playing, still wearing her poncho.

HELEN

How long have I been gone?

JOHI

Like, thirty seconds? What happened?
What's in there?

Helen looks at her watch. 10:27pm. She walks to the kitchen and looks at the clock. 10:22pm. She sits down next to Amy.

AMY

The tall man was nice.

Johi looks at the orb for a while, then shuts the cupboard.

JOHI

I'm calling the police.

Helen touches Amy's new garment.

HELEN

No, wait...

INT: KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER.

Amy is sat on Helens lap, playing with her doll. Helen and Johi are sat at the kitchen table, Johi is at Helens laptop.

HELEN

Then I came back through the... tube.

JOHI

It doesn't look like a tube. What shall
I type?

HELEN

He was friendly. His eyes had empathy.

Johi starts typing into Google.

JOHI

Portal to another world...

HELEN

I feel so calm.

JOHI

'George Soros is a portal to an alien world...' Who's that? I'll try space tube to distant planet...

Helen strokes Amy's hair.

HELEN

Do you feel ok Ames?

JOHI

(Mumbling quizzically) Hilary Clinton sends orphaned children through wormholes to distant planets...

AMY

Yes.

JOHI

Wormhole, let's try wormhole... OH LOOK!

Johi shows Helen a Google Image of a glowing sphere.

HELEN

That's it!

INT: KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER.

Helen and Johi are leaning into the screen. A geeky American youngster is presenting a slick, graphic filled video.

YOUTUBER

...the ring of the wormhole starts as a sphere the size of the Schwarzschild event horizon. If we could pass through, we would not find ourselves in a black hole... we'd be instantly transported to the region beyond.

HELEN

That's it!

YOUTUBER

Scientific theory suggests the wormhole steadily increases in size as it gains energy from surrounding matter...

JOHI

We have to tell someone.

HELEN

What will they do? They'll take me away for testing. What if I'm contaminated with something and they have to kill me?

JOHI

Don't be stupid they won't kill you.

HELEN

I saw that on a film. The woman came back from space with a virus and they had to keep it quiet so they killed her!

JOHI

Helen, this isn't a movie, this is real life. They won't just kill you...

HELEN

You touched it!

Johi straightens.

HELEN

You touched it first! What if you're contaminated?

Johi, frightened now, examines her right hand.

HELEN

Fuck sake, it had to be me. A... wormhole opens up on Earth and it had to be in my fucking house...

JOHI

They wouldn't kill us would they?

HELEN

Well if they didn't kill us, they'd definitely take us away for testing!

JOHI

What sort of testing!?

Helens eyes widen as the reality sets in.

HELEN

...exploratory testing.

They both flinch. The Youtuber fills the silence.

YOUTUBER

If we had the knowledge and means to create such a portal, in theory a simple copper pipe could collapse this wormhole due to the positive charge...'

Helen and Johi look at each other.

EXT: 24HR SUPERSTORE - NIGHT

The gargantuan megastore, lit up like a spaceship, is incongruous in the dark, narrow neighbouring valley. Classical track 'Also Sprach Zarathustra' starts up.

INT: 24HR SUPERSTORE - NIGHT.

Helen, with Amy, and Johi rush into the vast, empty store. The music is now playing loud and tinny on the PA system.

HELEN

Will they even sell copper pipe?

They hurry across the store, scanning the aisles. Helen winces at the volume of the music.

HELEN

God, that music is loud.

Helen passes a fifty yard aisle just for Magazines. Eventually they spot a SHELF STACKER, 24, working in 'Aisle 35 - Jam'. The aisle contains only jam.

JOHI

Excuse me...

He doesn't hear. The music is too loud.

JOHI

Um, excuse me!

SHELF STACKER

Yes Madam.

JOHI

We're looking for copper pipe.

SHELF STACKER

Sorry?

JOHI

Copper pipe. Do you sell copper pipe?

SHELF STACKER

Oh, yes. Follow me.

He places down the jam, swivels and picks up two crutches. He hops away slowly. His right leg is in plaster up to the knee.

They follow on. Johi takes the chance to pick up biscuits cut from £3 to £2 on an aisle end. After a time, Helen intervenes.

HELEN

Can you just tell us the aisle number?

SHELF STACKER

No, no, it's fine I can take you there.

HELEN

Um, actually we're in a rush...

The shelf stacker stops and looks up at the whirring cctv camera's. Now he speaks quietly, almost conspiratorially.

SHELF STACKER

Um, thing is, I have to take you there.

JOHI

We'll say you did. If anyone asks.

He looks up at the cctv camera again.

SHELF STACKER

Ok, it's aisle 2, down the end.

The shelf stacker turns, and with one more fearful glance at the cctv camera, hops back toward the Jam aisle.

HELEN

Should he be working with that leg?

Johi has gone to another aisle-end to pick up two tubs of brightly coloured washing liquid capsules on 2-for-1.

HELEN

Come on Johi, we only need the pipe.

EXT: 24HR SUPERSTORE CAR PARK - A LITTLE LATER.

Helen strides out holding Amy in one hand and a copper pipe in the other. Johi follows, awkwardly pushing a full trolley. She gently collides with a post due to her wide turning circle.

JOHI

Woooah... Fuck.

INT: HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER.

Helen comes down the stairs. Amy is now up in bed.

AMY (O.S)

Nigh night!

Johi is already by the cupboard holding the copper pipe.

JOHI

Are you doing it or me?

HELEN

I'll do it.

Helen takes the pipe from Johi and tremulously pushes it forward. The orb distorts and a thin bolt of electricity shoots out to the pipe.

HELEN

Ah!

Helen jumps back. The copper pipe falls to the floor.

HELEN

Fuck, that hurt!

The orb is still vibrating violently. Helen crouches, picks up the pipe and flings it down into the kitchen. The orb settles.

HELEN

Too much. Too much energy.

JOHI

Throw it in then! Throw it in from the living room. I'm a good thrower.

HELEN

No, feels dangerous. Too powerful.

JOHI

Maybe we *should* tell the Police. They'll just get some scientists probably. And maybe we should be tested..

Helen is rubbing her head.

HELEN

Let's hold fire for now. Sleep on it.

Johi is unsure. She looks down into the beautiful orb again.

EXT: AMPAK PLASTICS FACTORY - MORNING.

The factory construction has been completed. It is 50 metres high. We see Helen's entire street is in its shadow.

EXT: FACTORY GATES - CONT.

A sunny morning. Jeff and Leah set up the placard. Tomos takes his backpack off and rubs his sleepy eyes.

JEFF

(Singing)
Oh what a beautiful morning,
oh what a beautiful daaaay...

TOMOS

Busting for a pee.

EXT: BUS STOP - CONT.

At a bus stop further down the road, two men are loitering and watching the protestors. BARRY, 34, thin and mean, is wearing army cargo trousers and t-shirt. DAVE, 35, chubby, is wearing a navy adidas tracksuit.

DAVE

I need this money bad.

BARRY

How come?

DAVE

Me and Jumbo held an event at The Beaver last night. Snail racing.

BARRY

Snail racing?

DAVE

Jumbo was supposed to give half a gram of speed to no.5. We was gonna clean up.

BARRY

Jesus Dave.

DAVE

One fucking job he had. What did he do?

Barry lights a cigarette.

DAVE

Gave it cocaine.

BARRY

Yup.

DAVE

You can't give cocaine to a snail! I'm
in for five hundred. With bad people.

EXT: AMPAK PLASTICS FACTORY SITE - CONT.

Jeff finishes pouring his coffee and joins Leah behind the
placard. Tomos is now sat on his backpack a few yards away
scrolling through his phone.

TOMOS

Ooh, seven mentions on Twitter!

JEFF

Pam's convinced we're having an affair.

LEAH

Is she?

JEFF

I said 'Don't be so ridiculous'.

A tiny, hurt frown from Leah.

JEFF

I said 'For starters I'm twenty years
too old for Leah...'

Tiny hurt turns to tiny relief. She smiles.

LEAH

I dunno, you got that silver fox thing.

JEFF

'For seconds', I said, 'I barely got the
energy to keep you happy any more let
alone a hot thirty year old mistress'.

Leah swells with the compliment.

LEAH

Thirty four now mind... too old to be a
mistress.

Jeff squints toward the two men down by the bus stop.

LEAH

I could still be a muse, but not a
mistress.

End Of Sample